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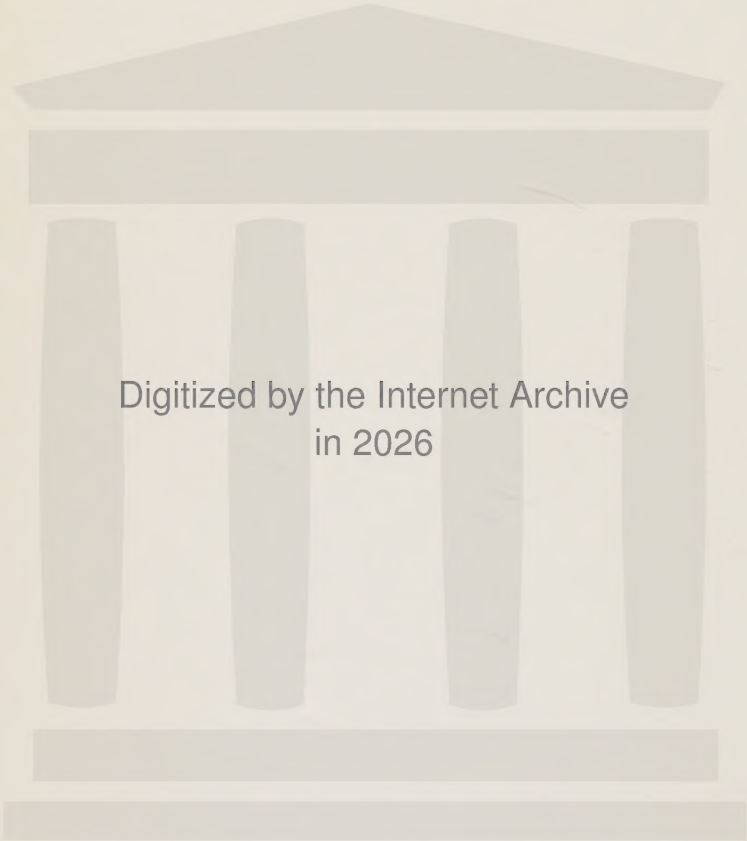
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A Moorland Village

I NEVER quite knew how we found that little village. Somebody had been talking over recent experiences of English country life—a Devon winter, a Cornish spring. The names of the quaint little towns and villages fascinated us, and one or two lingered in our minds after the conversation drifted toward American

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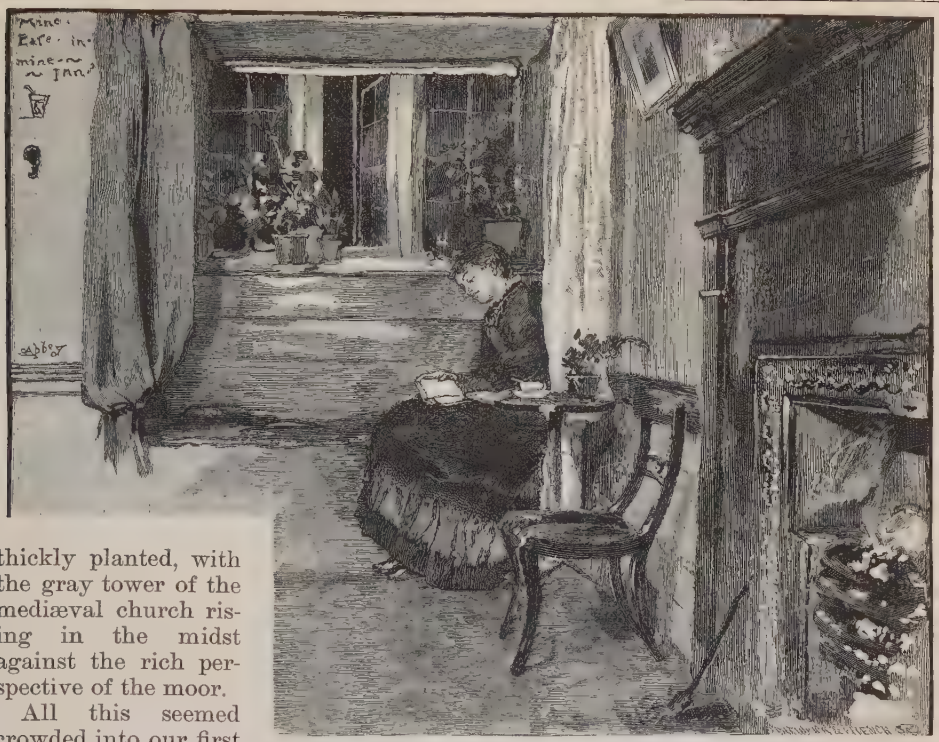
VIEW FROM THE COMMON.

topics. About the Devonshire region there seemed an aroma of poetry, primitive fashion, and the romance which tradition gives: village ghost stories, customs that were born of the most arrant superstitions, quaint modes of speech and fashion that were unknown beyond that country of the moors and tors—all these flavored the gossiping talks we indulged in in advance. A certain familiarity with the country grew upon us, yet there was so little planned for the trip that we were all rather surprised to find ourselves, one August evening, entering the main street of a village in South Devon. It was a rainy twilight: gray clouds were floating away, leaving great patches of blue, and a pale glow from the west colored the thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, and illumined the queer old-fashioned street.

The street began just where our coach stopped—at an inn which had once been a monastery, and yet bore every trace of its ancient purpose. The porch was built of heavy gray stone, the windows were groined and mullioned, queer gables here and there were dotted with tiny windows, some round, others square, and the entrance hall or court was stone-flagged, with deep niches on either side of the stone wall. There was a jumble of houses just at the beginning of the village street; some very old, with peaked roofs and tiny lattice casements peeping out under heavy sheaves of thatch; others smartened up with an air of something not older than a hundred years, with long, low stories, square windows, and doors jingling a bell as they opened. Some of these had gardens fairly aglow with tall old-fashioned blossoms that gave light, color, and fragrance to the landscape; but the street itself was paved with stone, and curiously bare of verdure; scarcely a tree was to be seen, and so little attempt at shade that it was easily seen the moorland sun was never fierce enough to be feared. From these first houses and the inn the street wandered away irregularly, but with some halts, one in particular at a square market-place, and certain undulations which were marked by such village necessities as a pump, trough, and town cross. There were a dozen or more shops, each one characteristic of the village, as well as the trade practiced within; a widely open and luminous forge; two or three extremely respectable brick houses of Queen Anne's period, one of which looked out from a swaying bower of vines, and bore on a great brass door-plate the inscription, MR. BRAND: *Surgeon.* Then came a building with a wide open portico, which we learned was the corn exchange on market-days, and the lounge for talkative people between whiles; and the post-office, which bore the royal arms and the regulations of her Majesty in blue letters on its doorway, and a modest sign above intimating that the best stationery and picture-frames were to be bought within. Beyond this the High Street seemed to gain verdure and new quaintness: there was a curious bit of wall with a tangled hedge, and behind it stood the old almshouses of the village. At the street's height the church-yard came in view—an open slope, peaceful and



"MINE EASE IN MINE INN."

thickly planted, with the gray tower of the mediæval church rising in the midst against the rich perspective of the moor.

All this seemed crowded into our first impression of the village, to be renewed, with many added details, later; and we made this rapid survey as the coach rolled up to the inn porch, and we sat waiting for the luggage and parcels to be taken down from the roof. How much Americans owe to Dickens for their impressions of English inns! Our own, being of such nature, were somewhat dashed by the tranquillity of this old inn in the midst of its mediæval surroundings. The courtyard was too far in the rear to have its clatter reach us. A few loungers, it is true, stood about, talking together in shrill tones; but the arrival of the coach produced a momentary lull rather than any excitement. A tall thin boy, in very low shoes and tight-fitting corduroys, came out for our luggage, while a rosy-cheeked genuine "Devon maiden" stood ready to show us to our rooms. Not many tourists had ever staid a week in the little village. A few commercial travellers; my lord and lady having luncheon and changing horses, or stopping a moment on a hunting morning; a sprinkling of Londoners in the sporting season; various classes of pedestrians—these kept the landlord tolerably busy. But we had the choice of several rooms, and engaged a long low sitting-room, with deep window-seats and latticed casements, and sleeping-rooms in which the beds stood like great canopied thrones, heavy with red hangings and carved oak posts. Our sitting-room was on the ground-floor, and near by the staircases wandered to the upper rooms with delightful irregularity. The floors and walls were built chiefly of stone, the doors and wood-work were of solid oak, and in all the rooms the ancient windows remained unchanged. On the lower staircase the sides of a dozen steps were bordered with boots of various sizes and degrees of newness. As the days passed on, and these boots and shoes seemed never to find occupants, we began to wonder as to their purpose, and one of our party suggested that the owners walked out of them in procession in the morning, and into them at night. We never solved the problem; but there they stood, day after day, well cleaned, ready for instant service, two by two, in orderly perspective. Up stairs one of our rooms was a sort of turret chamber, with narrow convex windows high up in the wall, whence monks and, later, in its

THE TAP-ROOM.

castle days, armed retainers may have gazed. The stone ledges below were slightly worn, the casements swinging with a creak that suggested ghostly visitants from a vanished world.

From the upper windows queer angles of the village came in view. There was a small butcher's shop just below one casement; another overlooked the village school, with its morning sounds of shrill young voices; a third took in the courtyard of the inn, where hostlers were constantly employed, and whence the liquid Devon tones reached our ears now and then.

"Yeu be goin' to Lunnon a' Michaelmas, bean't ye?" was one of the first sentences wafted up.

"Ay, oi be a-goin' teu deu summat o' the soart."

"Ay, yeu bean't te fule some o' the place thinks 'ee, John Morgan."

This dialect was always spoken in a clear, cheerful voice, with no stammer, but a deliberate utterance, which made the words quite impressive.

The inn was tidily kept. The maids were flitting, busy young women, upon whom nearly all the work of the house devolved; the landlady and her eldest daughter presided over the tap-room, which was quite the place of one's fancy, with a perspective of cozy parlor, to which a fire-lit tea table gave a home-like air. The tap-room seemed to be the general lounge toward night-fall of villagers who had opinions to give or ask, and some privileged visitors were invited into the landlady's sanctum, where her husband was fond of sitting with a rustling provincial newspaper and glass of steaming grog.

The inn quite absorbed us for a day or two, so that we had grown somewhat familiar with Devon voices and ways before we wandered about the streets, and village life and customs were unfolded to our view. Some previous experiences helped us greatly to understand it all. There is this about English country life: frank and open as it appears at first view, a gradual process of absorption is necessary before the mainsprings of its existence can be

understood. One must live among the people, observing even the trifling part of their life, before the social creed is appreciated. It is hard to reach the traditional influences of an English community, and yet from these grow all the governing facts, and a study of English country life under its various aspects is most interesting to Americans, who see results at first without feeling the cause or meaning.

The village streets entertained us greatly from the outset with their perpetual though tranquil animation: the moving figures of men, women, and children; the ever open doorways and bright firesides; the flowers in every window; the silent, sunny spaces by the road-side; and the coming and going of wagons, carriers' vans, and coaches. The principal shops were the butcher's, the "tea-grocer's," the "green-grocer and poulterer's," the baker's, the "dairyman's," and the "draper and mercer's." Around these prominent trades-people circled a few lesser lights: a cobbler, who worked most laboriously in his doorway, flanked by two grimy apprentices, and with a perpetual background of tall wife and clamorous children; the tailor, who occupied a neighboring house, and stitched in a fine old kitchen furnished with Chippendales; he sat upon a table in a deep old window fairly overhung with flowers, and being a very old man, brought his eyes perilously near the needle at every stitch. Sometimes passers-by would tap on the window-pane, and then bring their heads in at the always open door.

"How art 'ee, John Timbs?" we would hear them saying.

"On the go," from the tailor, who never turned a muscle toward them. We wondered often, seeing his intense application, whether the demand was greater than the supply; but all over the village his stitching was famous, and a good pile of corduroys and waistcoats was always waiting to be distributed.

THE CHURCH.

The leading trades-people wore an air of great respectability; their shops were trim and fine, and their customers usually deferential. This attitude of superiority was the great difference between London shop-keepers and themselves; except when some one obviously belonging to the "gentry" appeared, the shop-keeper's tone was lofty; his wife and daughters, usually serving in the shop, would address the customers with various degrees of familiarity: "Well, now, Mrs. Bunting, what for you to-day?" or, "Well, Jane, what 'ee been sent for, my gell?" or, "How do *you* do, Elizabeth Wills? Have 'ee come for something warm this weather?"

These remarks would be accompanied by a good-humored condescension, which occasionally encouraged the customer to sit down and rest awhile between purchases, and possibly enter into family details. It is hard to characterize all this. Differing subtly from the intercourse in American country stores, it lacked our heartiness of question and response; our never-failing interest—called by the satirical curiosity; our readiness to be astonished or amused. The English country man or woman possesses but slight faculty for any such expression or emotion: grave facts are received with an unruffled calm, and grief and joy alike seem robbed of all excitement; but there is a certain intensity in their brevity and quiet utterances not without its dramatic force, and critical moments are sometimes pathetic from their very silence.

The shops were ranged in the two principal streets hard by the market-place. The butcher's, as is customary throughout England, was a very open-looking building, the butcher himself usually visible on the door-step, and all the best meats hung without, exactly as in the shops of Chaucer's day, or that chaotic period before the exchange was established to give system to trades-people and purchasers; the draper's had one bulging window, and a loud bell over the door; and the baker's win-

THE CHURCH-YARD WALL.

dow was principally filled with sweet cakes and buns, which formed so grievous a lure for the children of the neighborhood that there was always a row of little marks on the panes above the dangerous confections, and one never approached the baker's without sending a flock of juveniles flying in various directions. The shops were interspersed with houses and inns, nearly all of which were whitewashed and thatched. Many of the buildings were mediæval; some had curious old porches, with seats on either side, and a bit of flagged court; here and there appeared the peaked roofs and tiny windows of Henry the Seventh's day, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had furnished many models. In the humbler district every door stood open, morning, noon, and night, so that, going up and down the street, one could catch glimpses of a succession of interiors, all arranged much after the same fashion, all characterized by deep window-seats with high narrow casements, giving the prettiest background to the stone-flagged kitchens, with a bit of muslin curtain, and always the added grace of flowers. We used to think we had never seen in any part of the world so many flowers and children; both seemed to grow equally carelessly; every doorway overflowed with little people, bare-armed and bare-necked, but never barefooted; and every window was blooming with flowers and green with ferns.

Away up at the end of the village street was the forge, always open, busy, and cheerful, its shadows giving a Rembrandt effect to the angle of the road in which it stood, and its luminous centre casting out lurid gleams in which the dusky farriers could be seen at their work, while outside was sure to be a group of idlers about the horses waiting to be shod: old men, in smock-frocks and broad-brimmed hats, leaning upon sticks; boys of every age from three to twelve; one or two shy, rosy-cheeked girls in holland pinafores, with bare red arms and enormous hob-nailed shoes. Above this scattered group was the dense foliage of an old tree whose branches sheltered the roof and wide portal of the forge. It was a very pleasing road-side picture, characteristic of the village work and people, and formed one of the half-dozen centres for color and effect. One visitor after another, lounging up to the spot, would always address a very formal greeting to the smith and his men, deliberateness seeming to be the first principle among the villagers, and a certain sarcastic element occasionally lending zest to the conversation.

"Thomas Endicott be whoam again: hast heerd, smith?"

"Ay; bad news flies, Maister Jones."

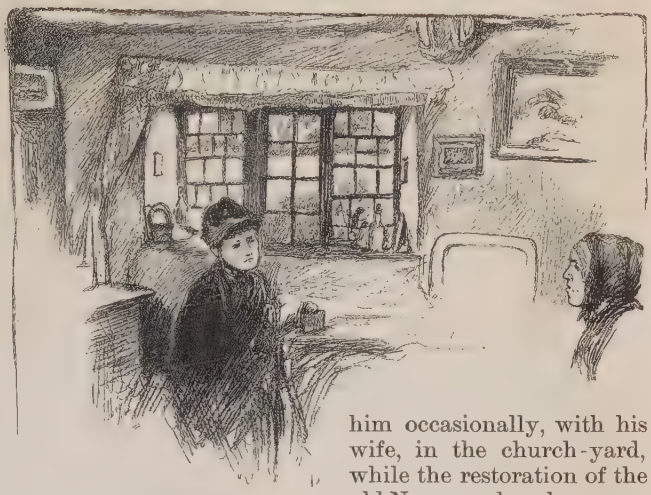
"Hast seen un?"

"Noa; but oi zeen un's wife, an' her showed her'd 'ad a onpleasant zurprize."

These remarks, being uttered oracularly one morning in the group about the smithy, seemed to attract no special attention or resentment. Into this calmly conversing company came the prim figure of the curate, at sight of whom all voices fell, leaving the clang of the anvil suddenly predominant; and while the horses were being shod, the holy man entered upon a mild and genial conversation with the old man nearest him.

The curate's was the most familiar ecclesiastical figure in the village. I often wondered if he appreciated the monotony of his life, the perpetual going about among schools and cottages and lanes. We used

to see him, now and then, walking between two tall young women who were active parishioners, and seemed to enjoy "cottage visiting" intensely. Opinions, theories, tales of woe, questions of relief—all these seemed to float in and out of their talk as the restless philanthropists passed us. Socially the curate of a village is considered a dangerous sort of person, imbued with a marvellous deal of fascination for younger daughters and unguarded heiresses. He has a salary of from three hundred to eight hundred dollars a year, and on this not unfrequently he marries, looking forward, it may be through years of toil, to some "living" which a relation, friend, or patron holds.



COTTAGE VISITING.

The rector of the parish was rather an exclusive gentleman, elderly, refined, scholarly, comfortably off in this world's goods, and on intimate terms with all the leading county families. We used to see him occasionally, with his wife, in the church-yard, while the restoration of the old Norman church was going on, stopping for a word with some little "Mary Jane" of the village, and looking after the welfare of passing souls in a general and kindly fashion. As for the church itself, it became speedily the central attraction of the place for us. It was a fine old building, gray-towered, and full of lustrous glass of the fifteenth century; the high, old-fashioned pews were rapidly giving place to new ones, yet enough remained to give the church that

AN ALMSHOUSE.

STOCKS IN CHURCH PORCH.

look of permanent quaintness we had expected. There were arches of pale gray stone dividing the aisles, a brass lectern, a fine rood-screen and organ painted in Byzantine colors; the walls were of hammered stone; and high up on one, above a great square pew, was a carved and painted figure holding out at arms-length the helmet, heraldic crest, and arms of a certain mediæval knight, who, in Chaucer's day, used to sit in this corner pew; for four centuries a long Latin inscription has borne testimony to his virtues and prowess, while his bones have lain in the crypt below. Near some of the windows were vacant niches which a shrine or water font of old days had filled. There were other tombs of mediæval date, some with effigies; indeed, in this, as in most old churches in Devonshire, the monuments were quaint and interesting in the extreme. In one the stone figure of a warrior, a Templar, with legs crossed, lay next to that of his wife, a prim lady, closely coifed, whose name, "of beloved memory," was cut deep down into the stone. From the church porch one could see the whole stretch of summer landscape, varied with such diversity as park, manor-house, and hunting fields could give; irregularly marked by hedges, shaded here and there by lofty elms, shining where a thread of river pursued its way between level meadows, and a straggling line of poplars rose like sentinels; the whole closed in by the uplands, that shone in the twilight with a rich purple glow, clouds rolling from their summits, a curl of gray mist floating away across the country, giving a touch of autumn soberness to the summer-tinted land.

Some primitive traditions still linger about these old parish churches in the moorland country. In one to which we drove one day we found the parish stocks still in their accustomed place in the church porch. No one about there had ever seen them occupied, but our landlady told us that her grandfather had often seen them in use in his young days, "near a hunderd year agone." They looked piteous implements of torture, but the old woman who showed us about said she wished they were in use to-day. "Some of they idle village boys 'ad best 'ave they feet stuck into 'em," she said, energetically, thinking perhaps of her apple-trees. She took us up into the old gallery by a little flight of steps from without, which had formerly led into the vestry, and thence we went into the muniment-room, where the old parish records and church registers were kept in a heavily panelled and iron-bound chest, which looked as if it might have been buried ten feet deep during the Puritan ravages.

On sunshiny mornings or evenings we used often to go into the old church, and sit studying the monuments and windows, and enjoying the calm and the flickering shafts of sunlight on the stained glass. Sometimes the organist came to practice, and filled the old church with harmonies, touching old chords, and playing bits of music not always heard in the prim Sunday services. The church-yard was a common thoroughfare, yet it was usually silent, the voices of children rising now and then, and occasionally one heard the grave tones of a conversation between old men and women meeting on the path. The very old men seemed particularly fond of sitting on the tombs in the sunshine; day after day we saw the

same patient old figures there, as though they fain would grow to know and love the earth which some day would lie above them. One day a vault was opened to receive the coffin of some great lady, and quite a little crowd of old people gathered about in the sunny space above the steps, while the sexton and his men worked, their conversation being solemn and retrospective, but evidently very enjoyable.

When Sunday came the church bells rang out in the mellowest, sweetest chimes. Three times a day this was renewed, and the whole purpose of the village seemed to be church-going, interspersed with walks in the lanes or woods, or down by the most irresistible little river and mill-stream, where one met dozens of artists, fishermen, and lovers, on Sundays and week-days alike. We had enjoyed the rush of the mill-stream, and seen the pointed roof of the miller's cottage, and one day we went out to make further acquaintance with that most characteristic English scene, a village mill. It was easily found. A bend in one of the lanes led into a wide sunshiny space, against which was built the wall of the miller's garden, rich with roses and hollyhocks, and a plant quite new to us, a tall green stem, topped with a flame of scarlet flowers, and known about the moors as "red-hot poker." We had hardly lifted the latch of his gate before the miller appeared, crossing a little bridge. He was a tall old man, loosely built, with a weather-beaten light brown face, in which was that combination of geniality and doggedness so often seen among the English country people. He was dressed in loose corduroys of faded hue and a homespun shirt, that added to the general impression of pale brown and white he produced crossing the gay little garden. He welcomed us with a sedate good humor, and learning we had come for sketching purposes, led the way past his pretty cottage to the mill, which stood on the edge of the garden, with a background of orchard green touched here and there with western lights. It was a venerable old mill in form and color, "built," said the miller, stroking a bit of wall with one brown hand, "about two hunderd year agone. They windows has been put in nigh about the same time; they be proper good ones, zur, they be."

The walls were immensely thick, and the deep-set windows had heavy iron frames, and small panes of glass, some diamond-shaped, others curiously panelled, like the windows of a church. There was a tangle of ivy over one side, some knotted trees grew at another, and behind one of the great water-wheels—there were two—was perched a little balcony, with a foot-bridge leading to a rustic path that looked just suited to country courting. The miller grew communicative as we sauntered about. He had a farm, he said, in connection with the mill, and he paid a hundred pounds a year for the whole; there was a great deal for him to look after, for times were so bad he couldn't afford to hire much help.

"Apple crops be nought this year," he said, kicking away two or three tiny red apples at his feet. "I'll be durned, zur, if we doan't lose more on her"—with a

THE CHURCH—GALLERY STAIRS.

THE MILL.

gesture toward the orchard—"nor what we gains, her be zo poor, her be."

Presently he invited us into the cottage for a cup of tea—a civility impossible to decline without giving offense in England. The house was of the same date as the mill, and quaint and curious enough; but within, walls and ceiling were whitewashed—for light, I suppose—so that, except in form, it did not give an impression of antiquity. I never saw a neater place, and the miller's wife was the picture of contentment and good humor. Cool fragrances reached us from the dairy, which was just beyond the kitchen, and we enjoyed an inspection of the butter and cream displayed on linen cloths. We had an excellent cup of tea, while the miller's wife talked to us about America. She had a "nevvy" there, she said, "in a part called 'Mykygan,' or 'Mychygan;' that wur the name, wa'n't it, John?" she said, appealing to the miller.

"Ay, that's it," he answered, speaking with the deliberation due an utterly mysterious subject. "It wur Mychygan, in Nurth Ameriker."

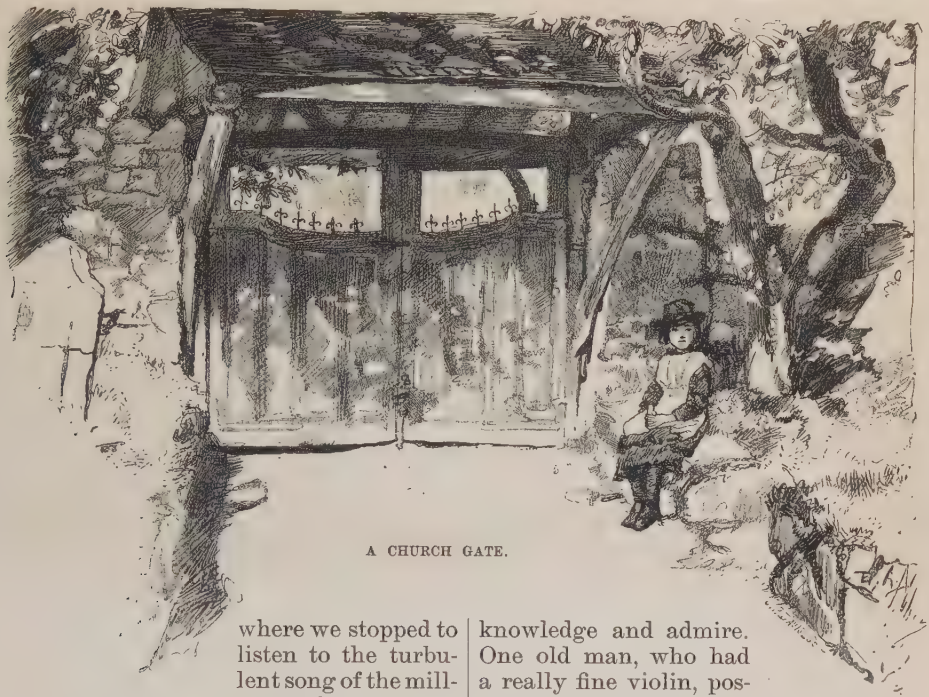
"Do 'ee happen to know it?" the good woman asked, doubtfully.

We told her something of that sunny State, fleeting visions of Detroit rising before us with a peculiar incongruity as we sat in the miller's cottage in the far west of England. A word or two seemed to strike her as a ray of light; she brightened at once.

"Ay, John, do 'ee hear?" she exclaimed. "That's the part Luke Stivers be in. Well, well!"

This stray bit of information seemed to wake her into a general interest in America, and while she busied herself with the fire-irons, she asked innumerable questions, receiving our answers with a curious thoughtful smile. We could not but think how long she and the miller must have speculated as to where or what that distant unknown country was. One word of it from us, as Americans, seemed to have suddenly made it tangible—a real shape out of the mists it had been in—something more than a very difficult-sounding name; and the good woman seemed to enjoy the new sense of familiarity with the place, and talked of "Luke" as if now they might really hope to see him again.

We left the miller's wife standing in the doorway, still wearing the pleased, thoughtful smile our talk of Michigan had awakened; and the house, with its peaked roof and moss-grown thatch, the garden full of old-fashioned flowers, and the whitish-brown figure of the miller standing at the gate, made a charming picture as we looked back at it from the point



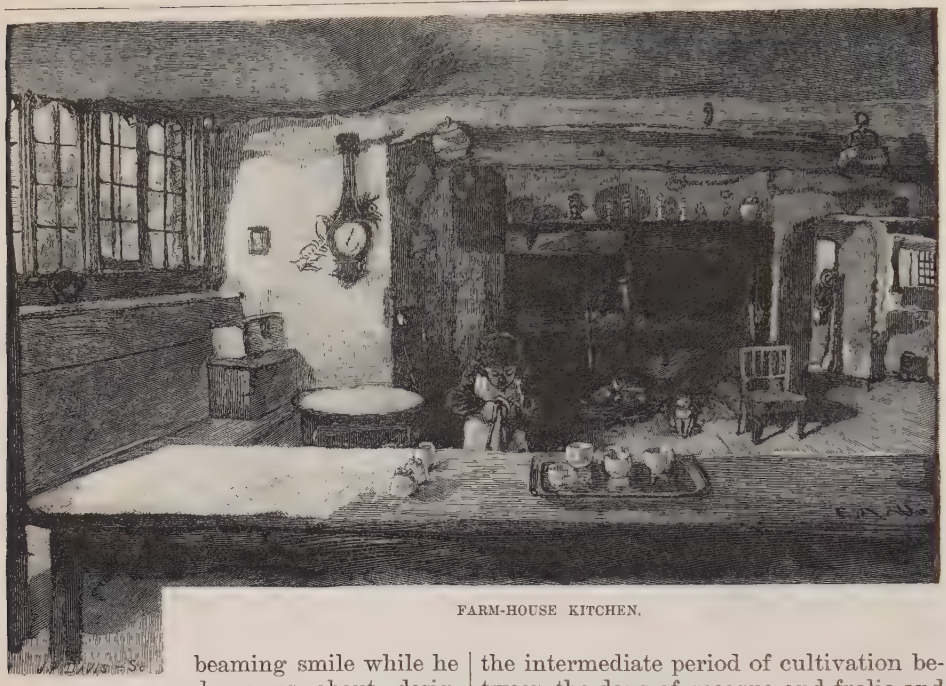
A CHURCH GATE.

where we stopped to listen to the turbulent song of the mill-stream below.

The miller's was not the only cottage in which we found a cordial though sedate welcome. Many of the good women standing on their door-steps were ready enough to ask us in as we passed, or at least to show that they were gratified by our suggesting an entrance. We usually made old furniture or china an excuse for a little gossip at the open fire-place, where one or two children were sure to be basking, and some member of the family knitting with great rapidity. Nearly everybody was plaintive over the "bad times"; yet there was a great deal of cheeriness and cleanly comfort about those cottage interiors: stone-flagged floors, windows deep set and full of tiny panes, old-fashioned "ladder-leg" tables, here and there a bit of "Chippendale" and the gleam of old blue delf, gay bits of rag carpeting, tall clocks of mahogany, and settles and carved chests of oak that had been hewn somewhere about the time this moorland village was sending Pilgrims across the Atlantic; these objects recurred with slight variations in every little household, and the people themselves were curiously alike.

Here and there an individual was conspicuous for some merit or peculiarity, which all his neighbors were swift to acknowledge and admire. One old man, who had a really fine violin, possessed a spirit of such tunefulness that it was comforting to hear his simple strains of an evening out on the common, and he seemed to be a recognized musical authority in the little community. Sauntering about the church-yard one day, I heard him discoursing with a village friend on the relative merits of choir and congregational singing. "It be a godly thing to hear a many voices tegither," the old man said, with his finger poised in air; "but they boys can't keep the teune, un can't, un be so anxious like to make the *noise* o' it." Which bit of criticism impressed me as valuable and worth remembering.

One or two persons in the community were supposed to understand the localities and neighborhoods so thoroughly that no one else troubled himself to know where any road led to. When we first made passing inquiries as to certain points of interest near by, we were always told, "Job Thomas 'ull tell 'ee; he knaws," or, "Neighbor Brunt 'ud knaw, zur." Brunt proved himself a most able guide and charioteer, and perhaps the best part of his society was his intense love of the moorland country in which he had been born and bred: not a tree, or hedge, or bit of upland, but he knew and loved with a quiet fervor which showed itself in a



FARM-HOUSE KITCHEN.

beaming smile while he drove us about, designating the various objects of his delight in quaint terms of admiration, and pushing his hat further and further back on his head while he talked. It was entertaining to hear the conversation of other villagers with Brunt. His house faced the market-place, and his door-step always presented a scene of animation, the old man seated or standing just within, engaged, when not attending to customers, in making flies for the village sportsmen. Back of the group we could see Brunt's orderly kitchen, with its cozy kettle, dancing fire-light, and walls decorated with all kinds of moorland souvenirs—dried heather, ferns, and pressed wild flowers; and here and there some crude engravings of great hunts, in which the fox seemed to be leading the huntsmen down the most terrible precipices or up the boldest crag.

The people were curiously primitive, their lives free from passion, it appeared, and if tinged by the sadness which Americans nearly always observe in English country people, there was yet a quaint humor, and great fondness for special festivals. Perhaps their merry-making was too rough to be always picturesque. It partook so strongly of the olden time grotesqueness that this little corner of the world seemed hardly to have known the intermediate period of cultivation between the days of masque and frolic and those of calmly ordered bazars and village teas. Signs and tokens, dreams, warnings, presentiments — all these are firmly believed in by most of the country people, who frequently sit together of an evening telling fortunes with cards, and drawing comfort or dread from the prophecies of hearts and spades thus casually turned uppermost. In the midst, however, of many fancies which are simply grotesque, there remain some customs which have all the charm of primitive usage, as well as a picturesqueness of their own. May-day still keeps something of its old sweetness of song and dance, and the harvest-time can never be anything but lovely, I think, in England, though its special customs are growing fewer every year; but the Devonshire Christmas is still surrounded by pretty usages, one of which, belonging to the moorland region, I will give as an illustration of how far back these people go for their inspiration. It is called "wassailing the apples," and those who follow it seem imbued with the belief

> "That more or less fruit they will bring
> As you do give them wassailing."*

* This custom is supposed to be a relic of the ancient Roman sacrifices to Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees.

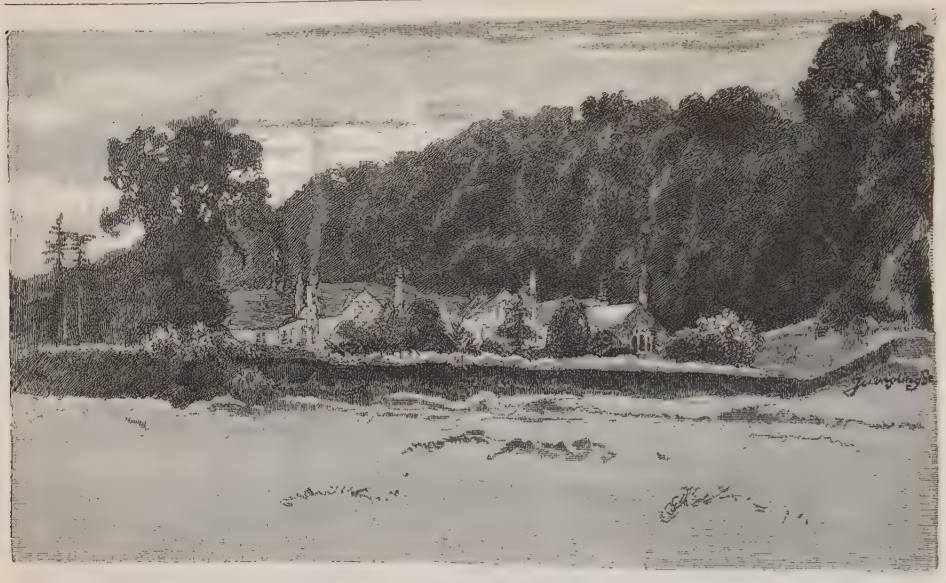
On Christmas-eve the farmer and his family and friends assemble in the great kitchen, and enjoy a feast of cakes and cider, after which they solemnly repair to the orchard, carrying a huge pitcher and a cake. Two or more of the party hang pieces of cake on the branches of some one tree, and slowly pour cider into its roots; then forming a ring, the company circle about the tree with a swaying movement, chanting the following verse:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,
Hats full, caps full,
Bushel, bushel, sacks full,
And my pockets full too. Huzza!"

WASSAILING THE APPLES.

This sung, the farmer and his friends cheer loudly before leaving the orchard, and sometimes fire off a gun. Given the background of a rambling old English farm-house, an orchard silvered by the winter moon, a group of country people, young and old, chanting the quaint verse in the magic circle, and one can fancy how picturesque such an old-time custom might be. But with these, as with other traditional influences, it is difficult to say how much is feeling and how much belief. There is in the ordinary English nature a curious outer layer of reverence for what is past and what is established, and through which genuine beliefs find it hard to penetrate so as to assert themselves as better. The Englishman who begins to doubt his traditions usually does so by a sort of rough defiance which is prompted by a sense of wrong-doing, a shame-facedness, a desire to make people fear to contradict him lest their opinions break down his new resolves. This serves, fortunately, I feel sure, to keep green many old customs in that western country; and it is not hard to feel the weird influences of the moors: their changing lights, their long solitary twilights, their winter gloom, all seem to infold the country, and keep it in many ways what it has been for centuries.

As for the amusements of the people, they seemed but few in a social way. Sometimes there was a dance at a cottage or a farm; a wedding usually afforded an opportunity for festivity; and the opening of some gentleman's park, or a school treat, brought out all the villagers in



THE MANOR-HOUSE.

brave attire, especially the children, whose young voices we so often heard in passing the long low school-house. The treats consisted in an afternoon tea on the lawn of some fine house, with games, perhaps; prizes for running, jumping, etc.; and a drive to and from the scene of festivity in a long open wagon decked with mottoes of the most hopeful character, as if the little occupants, singing for joy within, had no thought but of Judgment-day, and the crown they were then to wear.

It was harvesting-time before we left the village, and all along the country roads were signs of that cheerful season. One day we went out to an old farm-house built in 1610, which had, even to its heavy clamped doors and quaint furniture, defied time and change completely. The fields about lay yellow with their ripeness, dotted here and there with scarlet poppies, and there was a beautiful old-fashioned garden like a "pleasaunce," at the back of the farm-house, with a sun-dial, and a stone wall all vines and sunshine. I shall never forget the kitchen, or "living-room," where we spent the afternoon sketching: the walls of panelled wainscoting mellowed by time; the fire-place deep enough to roast "the whole," as they say, speaking of the Christmas beef; the furniture heavy carved oak, and the windows two-storied, with a perfect glow of summer blossom without and within. The corner cupboards and black oak shelves shone with the rarest old china; a Derby set lent its deep blue and golden glow to one side, pale yellow Worcester lined another bracket. Here, indeed, was a place for the virtuoso to revel in; yet to the home-like little family party assembled these surroundings had only the value of traditional property, and had none of that fictitious value which fashion gives. The family presented an admirable type of the middle-class English yeomanry. There were three or four pretty little girls; a buxom, bustling mother, with a sweet clear voice and merry laugh; two stalwart boys of nine and eleven; and the father, a tall, heavily built man of fifty, with a face that was worth sketching for its honest strength and clear, quick expression. The little girls had a governess, who seemed also to be a general assistant in the household affairs. Soon after we arrived, the harvesters' tea was made ready—a duty which interested us greatly. When the trays were prepared, the mother called out, "Here, maidens, each to your place"; and the little girls appeared, somewhat shyly, poured tea into the brown mugs, cut huge slices of bread and butter, and then called in the "lasses" from an inner kitchen. These were two strong young women-servants, who carried the trays out to the harvest-

ers in the field; and later we saw varied groups about the hay-stacks, drinking tea and talking and laughing gayly, the bright colors of their gowns and corduroys blending with the evening lights and the pale yellow grain stacked about them.

This old farm, like most others in England, belonged to a manor property, and paid rent to the "lord of the manor," though for generations it had been in the hands of one family, and was almost considered their property. The tenant farmers are a fine class; though entirely distinct from the "gentry," still possessing in many instances the qualities which make the backbone of a nation. They are famous in the hunting field, as all readers of English fiction know; and down in that moorland country I heard a group of old farmers lamenting the hunting tendencies of their own class in the present day. "Not a one of 'em now but must keep his two or three beasties in the stable," said an old prophet, lugubriously. "I tell 'ee what it's a-coming to; swamp an' ruin it be. They be for a 'unt, un be, if the crops war all a-goin' back into the airth agin." Three other old heads nodded gravely, and I saw the unwitting subject of these remarks making his way across the common, a tall young man with a free, bold step, and an air better fitted, it is true, for the squire than the yeoman. Now and then the two or three great gentlemen of the neighborhood used to be seen in the village. "The old duke" was of course the leading gentleman; but the county had its earl, baron, baronet, and various esquires of lesser degree, all of whom, together with the clergy, constituted the "county society." The very grand houses were rather dull places, we thought; but some miles from our village was a manor-house which seemed to embody all our ideas of traditional form and quaintness. It was a rambling old house set deep down in a park that was luxuriant in glades and meadows and blooming gardens. The house was approached by a noble avenue of ancient elms, its gable ends peering above a belt of firs, and its old chapel window rising up from a gay garden bed. It was made up of a series of quaint buildings which rambled about a court where shrubs and flowers grew in rich profusion against the gray old walls. A vine with blossoms that later were scarlet hung over the entrance porch, and at one side a white and yellow rose-bush held riotous sway. An ancient building, with the gargoyles and casements of ages, looking out from behind crimson and white roses that some young hands may

HALL IN MANOR-HOUSE.

have planted a few summers ago, is very striking to an American eye. At this manor the contrast was peculiarly impressive. As we stood in the porch, still rough hewn with the stone benches of the fifteenth century, we could lift our hands and pick a whole armful of deep crimson and pale "lady white" roses; and the windows fronting the court were ablaze with blossoms.

I think I never saw a more enchanting hallway than that in the old manor. It was long and low, and lined on one side with the quaintest windows, whose diamond-paned casements swung out against the tangle of vines and flowers; on the other with heavily carved old oak presses, which our friends told us had been there since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The music-room had been a chapel long ago, somewhere in the fifteenth century, when the building was a monastery, and its form was so little changed that the niches for statues and holy-water fonts remained, and the vaulted roof still bore the legends and arms of the various bishops who dwelt here in early days. Near by was an old turret stair; and midway down the hall was a grand room with a great sweeping bay-window; such a room as might have seen stately dances centuries gone by, in all that was sumptuous in fabrics and laces; might have heard

A HEATH.

the voices and laughter of all that was fair and grand in Devon. Up stairs the rooms were perpetual surprises as we went from one to another through the picturesque corridors, dipping up and down, with queer angles, and high, deep windows. The most fascinating room of all was that prepared two hundred years ago for the birth of the heir. The roof was arched, the walls were wainscoted, and above was a beautiful frieze with vines and fruit in bass-relief, and over the carved mantel a huge shield with the family crest and coat of arms, and a Latin motto signifying force and courage and fidelity. Those mottoes of old families are fine souvenirs of power; they blazon forth the ambition, the ideal, the final tradition of an old house that perhaps contended for these brave virtues with feasting, riot, and decay. The nineteenth century had crept into the rooms with a slow and not ungraceful movement; bits of the artistic decoration of to-day showed here and there like paint and powder on a worn court beauty; the pale, faded colors of the past, wherever they remained, were treasured with pious care; but of the mediæval furniture which once graced the rooms hardly any was left, and my lady's fireside looked curiously rejuvenated with a deep cushioned chair before it covered with dainty chintz and lace.

It was near this old manor that some of the prettiest lanes led away into the quiet country. Who that has ever walked through a genuine English lane forgets its charm? About our moorland village we found every variety, and studied the Devonshire verdure and blossom in many aspects. The roadways are generally narrow; a firm foot and wagon path, with close hedge-rows diversified by bramble, holly, woodbine, honeysuckle, and clematis. Sometimes the tangle of greenery hangs above a rugged stone wall or earthen embankment; sometimes tall trees break the line, and sway across the road with feathery branches through which the sunshine filters slowly; sometimes the banks are all delicately fringed with maiden-hair and ferns, the long fern and the broad-leafed growing in rich profusion, with here and there the color of some dainty wild flower. In the springtime we saw these hedges starred with primroses, and the lower edges plentifully colored with lenten lilies and crocuses and the bold "daffadowndillies" which flourish like gay maidens in the heart of the west of England country. In the later summer, when we went down to the moors, all the bold glory had vanished; but there were still rich blossoms—foxglove with stems of purple bells, blue flowers, narcissus that lays its pure pale blossoms so softly against the ferns, the gleam of sweet-robin here and there, dandelions, and a tiny white flower that rests

on the bosom of the hedges, and even of the moors, in spite of all the fierce winds that sweep across the furze and heather,

We could not see it fairly from the village street, but sauntering one day across a bridge that led into a vine-embowered

A DEVON LANE.

and finally, best of all, the intense glow of the scarlet poppy in fields and road-side, blazing like live coals in the deep, cool verdure.

Behind all this, far back against the horizon, lay the rich dark coloring of the moor, which can not be written down, or even, I think, done justice to in painting; it formed the background for our little village, its varied shades toning the perspective with so rich and dark a beauty that all paler bloom seemed faded and lustreless in comparison. The aspect of the moor is totally unlike that of any other scene; it has an individual character as marked as that of the ocean, or the Alps, or the arctic ice-fields, and no amount of description prepares one against surprise on beholding it for the first time.*

lane, we came suddenly in view of the rich upland, with its alternate shades of

* Dartmoor, or "the Moor," is a famous tract of half-mountainous country lying across the centre of Devonshire, between Exeter and Plymouth—a region about ten miles wide and thirty in length; rocky, barren, uninhabited save by cattle and wild animals, covered with gorse and heather, but destitute of trees, by reason of the fierce blasts that rage there at all times save in the mildest months of summer. The region takes its name from the beautiful river Dart, the English Rhine, which rises in the moor, and flows into the sea at Dartmouth. Much of the land belongs to the Prince of Wales, who visits it occasionally to hunt the deer, this being now the only part of England where the native wild deer exists. The country bordering upon this desolate region is densely populated, and has been so for centuries; in fact, if we may judge from tradition, and also by the number of ancient Norman churches which dot the landscape, it is probable that the population of the rural districts was even greater four or five centuries ago than now. One can hardly drive a mile in any part of South Devon without seeing the towers of one or more of these picturesque old churches, and from a hill-top half a dozen may often be counted, but they are not half filled by the modern congregations.

A WINDY SUNSET.

purple, brown, and yellow. No need for us to feel the strong pure air blown across it; it typified in a glance the "wind-swept moorlands of the west." We could scent the breath of the strong air, the heather, the mingled odors of herb and earth which make the moorlands keen with fragrance. We felt all impatience for a drive out upon the desolate, fascinating region; but Brunt shook his head. "Not tew-day, zur," he said, looking at the sky. "Yew can't go on to the moor if it has been rainy."

"Why not, Brunt?"

"Why, zur, it be so moist and soggy like the horses can't stand in it; they gets they feet caught tew once, zur."

A day or two later, however, our desire was gratified, and we drove across the bridge, and round by a pretty, peaceful country, the road curving about a hill. We came suddenly upon a strong, fresh breeze charged with life. At the same moment we found the surroundings swiftly changing; from a green-embowered lane we emerged upon a rocky, trackless hill-side, thick with furze and heather, except were gray bowlders were heaped up. The ground was soft and elastic, with a luxuriant vegetation. Above, the sky was half hidden by swift-flying clouds that cast deep shadows on the moor, with shafts of purple and golden light between. The moor seemed endless, yet when we reached a high point we looked down upon a wide sweep of country, a group of villages framed in the rich landscape of two counties, Devon and Somerset. Church and tower, park and hamlet, lay peacefully below us, while the wild, dark upland we were driving across had a peculiar character of its own, suggesting perhaps some unpainted picture, some touch of Hardy's pen, some bit of witchcraft, yet in reality wholly unfamiliar to our eyes and minds. A gale was blowing furiously before we reached the lower plains again, the twilight was fitful enough to satisfy our ghostliest fancies, and the two or three figures we passed of women gathering brambles and furze seemed to close in the scene with a curious effect. Color, fragrance, solitude, and storm—the moorland had shown us all its elements, and it emphasized our impressions of the western country vividly.

There was growing animation in the country during the last days of our stay; understood when we learned that at a neighboring town the great "pleasure fair" of the county was shortly to take place. Perhaps the English fairs no longer congregate all the lads and lassies for fun and frolic as in the olden times; yet

there is enough of primitive festivity about them to make them amusing and entertaining spectacles. From far and near the farmers send their goods for sale on the great day the market-place is the scene of action, and all the minor inns of the town are brave with the decorations and good cheer of the occasion. Quite early in the day we arrived in the market town, which was a jumble of old times and new, one end fine with villas, crescents, and squares, and the smartness of provincial fashion, the other sleepy, quaint, and old-fashioned. The market-place stood midway, circled around with fine market buildings, in which by ten o'clock every variety of booth was arranged. Out in the square the side shows and stalls were prominent, and the scene presented an appearance of the most exciting animation: "cheap Johns" raising their voices above the clown's shrill demand upon the public attention, jugglers tossing their knives deftly, and gypsies calling upon all the "pretty ladies" and gentlemen to have their fortunes told—"Now, my lady, now, good gentleman, while luck 'waits ye." In the midst of these varied performances the soberer booths were ranged, all made attractive by the confection known as "fairings"—a twisted colored sweet which all English children expect to have on fair-day. An aged friend of ours sent in some of the fanciful candy on this day, remarking he remembered buying it sixty years before, and nearly every fair-day since.

By night-time the fun and festivity culminated. A public ball was given in one of the market rooms; flaring lamps and torches flung a delusive glare over the tents, booths, and stands; the crowd became more emphatically of the country-side, and the clamor was rather boisterous. I don't know quite how long the festivity was kept up, nor how many sheep and cattle were sold; but as we drove out of the town early the next morning, we encountered slowly drawn vans and carts full of a jumble of goods and sleepy-looking people; a shepherd was lazily driving a remnant of his flock down a lane; a group of farmers were talking, with their thumbs in the air and their voices mellow. Our little village looked very peaceful when we came back to it for a final leave-taking. October had fairly come to send a deeper glow across the moorlands, and a fuller tone to the long lines of hedge and border. As we drove away, a gust of wind sent some leaves rustling down upon the coach, not red and glistening autumn foliage such as we knew was coloring the banks of the Hudson across the water, but faded yellow leaves—the color that made an old-time poet speak of autumn as the "time of fading and decay." As we curved the hill-side, we looked back, and saw the little village embosomed in its rich uplands, peaceful, active, and primitive—a picture worth seeking and carrying away.

SPRING STEPS.

I.

Once more upon the hills my eager feet,
By Winter's spite too long imprisoned, run,
And 'mid the boscage, waking to the sun,
The happy heralds of the spring-time meet.
The shy arbutus in its masked retreat
Hides close, but vainly, its bright bloom begun,
For my hot greed hath ruthless rapine done
On baby blossoms faintly flushed and sweet.
The odorous pines are burnishing their green,
While dainty larches the infection take,
And out on the soft air their tassels shake,
As 'shamed to have their barren liveries seen.
So the brown maples and the birches white
Bestir themselves to mend their woful plight.

II.

Not yet the tender feet of bright-eyed May
The moss-veiled bosses of the woodland press;
A few bold buds, from Winter's dire duress
In happy freedom sprung, their charms display;
While here and there, along my random way,
Like cloudlets dropped, lie shreds of Winter's dress,
Torn by the copses in his northward stress,
That chill the venturous violets with dismay,
Yet by their pallid contrast make more plain
The timid hues that flush the sleeping grass,
And bid its weary swoon of silence pass
Into the verdurous flow of life again.
Forever green, both weald and wold would lack
The charms December steals and May brings back.

III.

I stand, this April-waning morn, between
The tears of Nature and her kindling mirth,
Between the sleep and waking of the Earth,
Whence this grand miracle is soonest seen.
A silent wonder floods the air serene,
In happy presage of the Spring's sweet birth,
Not Plenty's horn, poured in the lap of Dearth,
The gladness of whose coming can outmean.
O tuneful choirs, whose errant spies to-day
Are piping in the glades their herald notes,
Tune with your austral music all your throats,
And come to chant for us the birth of May.
Till then let April weep impatient tears,
Whose stress such after-wealth of beauty bears.

HIERONYMUS'S CHARGE.

"NOW, 'Onymus Pop," said the mother of that gentle boy, "you jes take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone ter de hangin'. An' don't you leave dis house on no account, not if de skies fall an' de earth opens ter swaller yer."

Hieronymus grunted gloomily. He thought it a burning shame that he should not go to the hanging; but never had his mother been willing that he should have the least pleasure in life. It was either to tend the baby, or mix the cow's food, or to card wool, or cut wood, or to pick a chicken, or wash up the floor, or to draw water, or to sprinkle down the clothes—always something. When everything else failed, she had a way, that seemed to her son simply demoniac, of setting him at the alphabet. To be sure, she did not know the letters herself, but her teaching was none the less vigorous.

"What's dat, 'Onymus?" she would say, pointing at random with her snuff brush to a letter.

"Q"—with a sniff.

"Is you *sho'*?"—in a hollow voice.

Woe be unto young Pop if he faltered, and said it *might* be a Z. Mother Pop kept a rod ready, and used it as if she was born for nothing else. Naturally he soon learned to stick brazenly to his first guess. But unfortunately he could not remember from one day to another what he had said; and his mother learned, after a time, to distinguish the forms of the letters, and to know that a curly letter called S on Tuesday could not possibly be a square-shaped E on Thursday. Her faith once shattered, 'Onymus had to suffer in the usual way.

The lad had been taught at spasmodic intervals by his sister Savannah—commonly called Sissy—who went to school, put on airs, and was always clean. Therefore Hieronymus hated her. Mother Pop herself was a little in awe of her accomplished daughter, and would ask her no questions, even when most in doubt as to which was which of the letters G and C.

"A pretty thing!" she would mutter to herself, "if I must be a-learnin' things from my own chile, dat wuz de mos' colicky baby I ever had, an' cos' me unheerd-of miseries in de time of her teethin'."

"IS YOU SHO'?"

It seemed to Hieronymus that the climax of his impositions had come, when he was forced to stay at home and mind the baby, while his mother and the rest of them trotted off, gay as larks, to see a man hanged.

It was a hot afternoon, and the unwilling nurse suffered. The baby wouldn't go to sleep. He put it on the bed—a feather-bed—and why it didn't drop off to sleep, as a proper baby should, was more than the tired soul of Hieronymus could tell. He did everything to soothe Tiddlekins. (The infant had not been named as yet, and by way of affection they addressed it as Tiddlekins.) He even went so far as to wave the flies away from it with a mulberry branch for the space of five or ten minutes. But as it still fretted and tossed, he let it severely alone, and the flies settled on the little black thing as if it had been a licorice stick.

After a while Tiddlekins grew aggressive, and began to yell. Hieronymus, who had almost found consolation in the contemplation of a bloody picture pasted on the wall, cut from the weekly paper of a wicked city, was deprived even of this solace. He picked up "de miserbul little screech-owl," as he called it in his wrath. He trotted it. He sang to it the soothing ditty of—

> "'Tain't never gwine to rain no mo';
> Sun shines down on rich and po'."

But all was vain. Finally, in despair, he undressed Tiddlekins. He had heard his mother say, "Of'en and of'en when a chile is a-screamin' its breff away, 'tain't nothin' ails it 'cep'n *pins*."

But there were no pins. Plenty of strings and hard knots; but not a pin to account for the antics of the unhappy Tiddlekins.

How it *did* scream! It lay on the stiffly braced knees of Hieronymus, and puckered up its face so tightly that it looked as if it had come fresh from a wrinkle mould. There were no tears, but sharp regular yells, and rollings of its head, and a distracting monotony in its performances.

"Dis here chile looks 's if it's got de measles," muttered Hi, gazing on the squirming atom with calm eyes of despair. Then, running his fingers over the neck and breast of the small Tiddlekins, he cried, with the air of one who makes a discovery, "It's got de heat! *Dat's* what ails Tiddlekins!"

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that might account for his restlessness and squalls. And it was *such* a hot day! Perspiration streamed down Hi's back, while his head was dry. There was not a quiver in the tree leaves, and the silver-poplars showed only their leaden side. The sunflowers were dropping their big heads; the flies seemed to stick to the window-panes, and were too languid to crawl.

HIERONYMUS SINGS A SOOTHING DITTY.

Hieronymus had in him the materials of which philosophers are made. He said to himself, "'Tain't nothin' but heat dat's de matter wid dis baby; so uf *cose* he ought ter be cooled off."

But how to cool him off—that was the great question. Hi knitted his dark brows and thought intently.

It happened that the chiefest treasure of the Pop estate was a deep old well that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced Champagne. The neighbors all made a convenience of the Pop well. And half way down its long cool hollow hung, pretty much all of the time, milk

DISPOSING OF TIDDLEKINS.

cans, butter pats, fresh meats—all things that needed to be kept cool in summer days.

He looked at the hot, squirming, wretched black baby on his lap; then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together.

"If I was ter hang Tiddlekins down de well," he reflected, "'twouldn't be mo' dan three jumps of a flea befo' he's as cool as Christmas."

With this quick-witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes he had stuffed poor little Tiddlekins into the well bucket, though it must be mentioned to his credit that he tied the baby securely in with his own suspenders.

Warmed up with his exertions, content in this good riddance of such bad rubbish as Tiddlekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather-bed, and dropped off into a sweet slumber. From this he was aroused by the voice of a small boy.

"Hello, Hi! I say, Hi Pop! whar is yer?"

"Here I is!" cried Hi, starting up. "What you want?"

Little Jim Rogers stood in the doorway.

"Towzer's dog," he said, in great excitement, "and daddy's bull-pup is gwine ter have a fight dis evenin'. Come on quick, if yer wants ter see de fun."

Up jumped Hi, and the two boys were off like a flash. *Not one thought to Tiddlekins in the well bucket.*

In due time the Pop family got home, and Mother Pop, fanning herself, was indulging in the moral reflections suitable to the occasion, when she checked herself suddenly, exclaiming, "But, land o' Jerusalem! whar's 'Onymus an' de baby?"

"I witnessed Hieronymus," said the elegant Savannah, "as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys, who cheered, without a sign of disapperation, two canine beasts, that tore each other in deadly feud."

"Yer don't mean ter say, Sissy, dat 'Onymus Pop is gone ter a dog-fight?"

"Such are my meaning," said Sissy, with dignity.

"Den *whar's* de baby?"

For answer, a long low wail smote upon their ears, as Savannah would have said.

IN SUSPENSE.

"Fan me!" cried Mother Pop. "Dat's Tiddlekins's voice."

"Never min' about fannin' mammy," cried Weekly, Savannah's twin, a youth of fifteen, who could read, and was much addicted to gory tales of thunder and blood; "let's fin' de baby. P'r'aps he's been murdered by dat ruffian Hi, an' dat's his *ghos'* dat we hears a-callin'."

A search was instituted — under the bed, in the bed, in the wash-tub and the soup-kettle; behind the wood-pile, and in the pea vines; up the chimney, and in the ash-hopper; but all in vain. No Tiddlekins appeared, though still they heard him cry.

"Shade of Ole Hickory!" cried the father Pop, "whar, whar is dat chile?" Then, with a sudden lighting of the eye, "Unchain de dog," said he; "he'll smell him out."

There was a superannuated bloodhound pertaining to the Pop ménage that they kept tied up all day under a delusion that he was fierce. They unchained this wild animal, and with many kicks endeavored to goad his nostrils to their duty.

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy—so was the dog called—was hungry. So he hurried with vivacity toward the fresh pork.

"De well!" shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling down all in a heap, and looking somehow like Turner's "Slave-Ship," as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flannel and ruffled petticoats.

"What shall we do?" said Sissy, with a helpless squeak.

"Why, git him out," said Mr. Pop, who was the practical one of the family.

He began to draw up the well bucket, aided by Weekly, who whispered, darkly, "Dar'll be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, *and Hi won't miss dat hangin'*."

Soon appeared a little woolly head, then half a black body, the rest of him being securely wedged in the well bucket. He looked like a jack-in-the-box. But he was cool, Tiddlekins was, no doubt of that.

"'DE WELL!' SHRIEKED MOTHER POP."

Mother Pop revived at sight of her offspring, still living, and feebly sucking his thumb.

"Ef we had a whiskey bath ter put him in!" she cried.

Into the house flew Father Pop, seized the quart cup, and was over to the white house on the hill in the wink of a cat's eye.

"He stammered forth his piteous tale," said Savannah, telling the story the next

RESUSCITATING TIDDLEKINS.

Miss Clara did not encourage his self-sacrificing proposal; but for all that, it was not long before Tiddlekins grew warm and lively, and winked at his father—so that good old man declared—as he lay on his back, placidly sucking a pig's tail. Savannah had roasted it in the ashes, and it had been cut from the piece of pork that had shared the well with Tiddlekins. The pork belonged to a neighbor, by-the-way; but at such a time the Pop family felt that they might dispense with the vain and useless ceremony of asking for it.

The excitement was over, the baby asleep, Miss Clara gone, and the sun well on its way to China, when a small figure was seen hovering diffidently about the gate. It had a limp air of dejection, and seemed to feel some delicacy about coming further.

"The miscreant is got back," remarked Savannah.

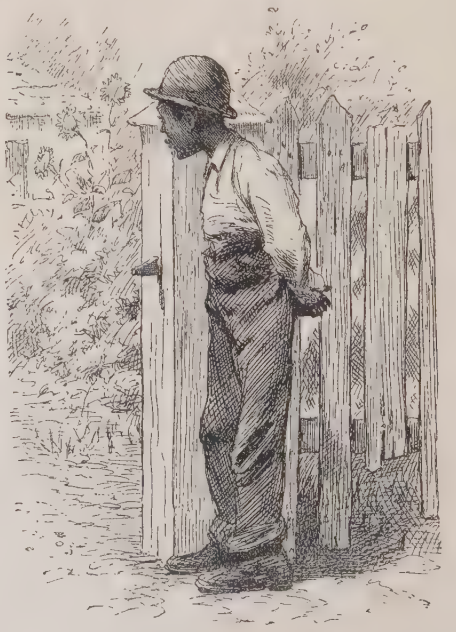
"Hieronymus," calls Mrs. Pop, "you may thank yo' day to her school-mates; "and Judge Chambers himself filled his cup with the best of Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to see us resusirate the infant."

Mother Pop had Tiddlekins wrapped in hot flannel when he got back; and with a never-to-be-sufficiently-admired economy Mr. Pop moistened a rag with "the best of Bourbon," and said to his wife, "Jes rub him awhile, Cynthy, an' see if dat won't bring him roun'."

As she rubbed, he absent-mindedly raised the quart cup to his lips, and with three deep and grateful gulps the whiskey bath went to refresh the inner man of Tiddlekins's papa.

Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were his threats against Hieronymus, deep his lamentations over his child.

"My po' little lammie!" he sobbed. "Work away, Cynthy. Dat chile mus' be saved, even if I should have ter go over ter de judge's fur anudder quart o' whiskey. Nuthin' shall be spared to save that preciousest kid o' my ole age."



HIERONYMUS RETURNS.

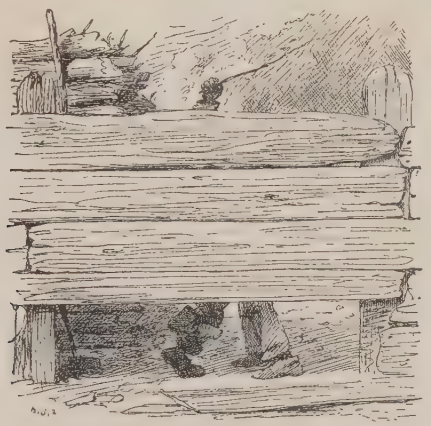
heavenly stars dat you ain't a murderer dis summer day—"

"A-waitin' ter be hung nex' wild-grape-time," finished Weekly, pleasantly.

Mr. Pop said nothing. But he reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air.

Then he walked out to Hi, and taking him by the left ear, led him to the wood-pile.

And here— But I draw a veil.



WORKING-WOMEN IN NEW YORK.

THERE are many business men not wholly uncharitable in their way of looking at life who do not perceive anything out of the common, or calling for immediate alleviation, in the straits of a young woman who has to live in the city upon four dollars a week. "If," they say, "she had any aptitude, she could earn more;" and this, perhaps, is conclusive with them that nothing can be done, that nothing need be done. Not having aptitude is her misfortune; she is necessarily not worth much, and any one who is inclined to look at the subject sentimentally is forced into a corner by the inexorable logic of political economy.

Is there, after all, any higher arbitrament than that of supply and demand with which humanity is compelled to concern itself? There are thousands of working-girls in New York who dress and live well, who have aptitude, dexterity, intelligence, and experience. It is they who combine the garniture of my lady's bonnet with an artistic sensibility to color, and give the muslin rose that is so soft and pinky its botanical realism; who, as designers and decorators, find positions of varied usefulness; and who, in retouching photographs, dress-making, and doing various work requiring facility and taste, command fair salaries. There is another class, poorer but still capable of earning a sum sufficient for decent board and clothing — the workers on upholstery, fringes, feathers, and millinery goods. "Look at them!" says the commercial man to whom the subject of the condition of working-women is broached—"look at them! my dear sir. They dress neatly—yes, very neatly; they are certainly not starving, nor overweighted by the sorrows of their circumstances, and I don't see that their faces show any tremendous defects in the ventilation of our factories." This dear good fellow has no other time for reaching into such matters than after dinner at his club, and there is no easier way of solving a social problem than through the medium of a mild and fragrant cigar and a *pousse-café*.

But there are many more thousands in the city with no special ability and no special value, who toil, and blind themselves, and wear themselves to death, for an unimaginable, incredible pittance, who plod along for the sake of mere existence, enduring more than will be believed, filling every waking hour with labor, sacrificing themselves in every way, and willing to suffer so much to prolong it that the simple possession of life, though it is imbittered to the extreme, seems to be sufficient compensation for a martyrdom.

ROOM OF A POOR SEAMSTRESS.

Another plea for non-intervention with the privations of certain classes is that they are habituated to their condition, and that, not having a contrast to it, they do not feel its hardships as an observer perceives them. This also is a happy post-prandial idea. Nevertheless, there are some working-women in New York who, however inured they may be to hunger and the dismalness of tenement attics, however ignorant and unambitious, can not help feeling the destitution and burdensomeness of their circumstances, who struggle without hope, and cling to life with a blind instinct, though the circulatory system is all that it yields them in the way of benefit. It is so easy to be partial in speaking of such a subject as this that, desiring the reader to weigh the evidence for himself, I feel that no other eloquence is necessary than that which the facts themselves possess, and perhaps there is no better introduction for these than through the Working-women's Protective Union.

This society was established some sixteen years ago, to promote the interests of women who obtain a livelihood by other employments than household service, and especially to provide them with legal protection from the frauds and impositions of unscrupulous employers. In making shirts at *fifty cents a dozen* there may not seem to be scope for fraud; but little as some working-women are paid, it is diminished by a variety of tricks of the trade, and sometimes it is withheld altogether. There are employers who are never able to make the exact amount of change on pay-day, and who deduct a few cents from week to week, until the total loss to the unfortunate employées is many dollars. There are other employers who find no little profit in exacting a deposit from the women to whom they give work, ostensibly as security, but practically as a premium, the depositor never obtaining her money again; and another way of still further impoverishing the fagged-out women is to deduct something on the ground that their work is not as good as the sample, or that it is delayed in delivery.

The sewing-machine frauds are pretty familiar. Every woman who lives by sewing must have a machine, and a machine is a costly article. But there are hosts of accommodating agents who supply the desideratum on easy, even generous, terms.

"Here is a silent, lock-stitch, fully improved article. Take it home, madam, and pay for it in installments of five dollars a week. Nine fives are forty-five; in nine weeks it will be yours. More than this, I will give you work to the amount of five dollars a week, and you

need not put your hand into your pocket once."

Who can say that it is a bleak, faithless, and merciless world when such men as these abound? The woman signs a paper, almost invariably without reading it, as, the greater part of it being printed, it has every appearance of authenticity; and the machine, with all its improvements, is delivered to her. Not unlikely, unless the price put upon the machine is more than its value, and the sum is increased if the woman pays for it by her own work, the employer deducting various amounts on the plea, before mentioned, that her work is not up to the standard.

It is against such mean swindles as these that the Protective Union exerts itself, and to prevent which it was founded. Left to themselves, the women imposed

COMPLAINT-DAY AT THE WORKING-WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

she is shrewd, a worn-out article, regilt and reburnished, has been foisted upon her; and in this case she will be allowed to hold it when the installments are complete. But if it is a valuable machine, the intention of the agent is to eventually deprive her of it. Perhaps he assures her that he has the fullest confidence in her, that she need not be overpunctual with her installments, and she, perhaps, believing him, delays payment for two or three weeks, when she is within a few dollars of her last installment. On the pretext that she has not fulfilled her part of the contract, she is dispossessed of the machine; and when the document that she has unwittingly signed is examined, it is found to be so constructed that the seizure is legalized. In nearly all cases upon are often too ignorant to know how to seek the recovery of their machines, or too poor to prosecute. They appeal in vain for consideration, scold the agent, and then subside in the sympathy of their neighbors, unless they find the Union, which is an implacable litigant for them, carrying their cases from court to court, and employing the most capable counsel, if necessary, to secure justice. The mere fact of its existence represses much wrong, and it has contested its cases with such persistence that few defaulting employers are willing to defend a suit brought by it; but at the same time it should be said that it does not proceed to law until it is convinced of the validity of its cause, and it does not immediately take for granted all the *ex parte* testimony brought to it.

Once a week a lawyer attends the rooms of the Union in Bleecker Street, and the persons complained of are summoned to meet the plaintiffs. If the former do not appear, and also ignore a second summons, the case is taken into court at once; but usually the employer presents himself to answer the charges made against him, and sometimes he proves that it is he who has been injured—sometimes—by no means often.

The employers are for the most part small tradesmen, a number of whom produce work for one large house; the large houses themselves are scarcely ever implicated, and it is usually the agents, not the companies, that are concerned in the sewing-machine swindle. The most frequent type among the defendants is the man whose shabby and unclean exterior is apt to excite commiseration with his probable distress, who whines his defense with profuse obsequiousness to the lawyer and the officers of the Union, but who, if foiled in his intention to deceive them, suddenly reveals an extraordinary change of nature, becoming insulting and bitterly vindictive. Neither obsequiousness nor reprobation being of avail, however, and finding the law imminent, this wholly objectionable person, who has professed to be penniless, opens a well-filled wallet, and reluctantly satisfies the claim. But sometimes the defendant is a woman moving in good society, or a fashionable milliner who has declined to pay her workwomen; and sometimes, too, a flourishing firm reveals how a part of its success at least has been obtained by cheating and oppression.

A few of the complainants are neatly dressed, and intelligent in face and manner. Among these are teachers and the higher grade of workers, who are also victims to some extent of the impositions which it is the object of the Union to put down; but what that is pleasing to look upon can be expected in most of them? Labor carried on far into the night, insufficient food, and perpetual distress wither and stupefy, and the faces that we see are sallow and lugubrious, the dresses are stained and torn, and the dispositions of the women are fretful or extremely subdued. Not a few of the clients of the Union taste meat only once a month, and their vegetarianism does not immediately prepossess one by its apparent effects.

There have been women among them who make shirts at thirty-six cents a dozen, and who could not collect even this pittance from their employers; others who make quilts, and toil eleven hours a day, for four dollars and fifty cents a week; others who make paper boxes ten hours a day for three dollars and eighty cents a week; and others who, as book-folders, have not been able to earn more than three dollars a week. When these women have appealed to the Union, it has not been to exact an increase of the amount, but to collect the amount itself, of which attempts have been made to defraud them.

"By beginning work at six o'clock in the morning and continuing it till dark, then finishing the button-holes in the evening, a good worker can make three dozen shirts a day," a person well informed told me; and if, then, a woman had the extraordinary adeptness which the sewing of this number implies, she might make seven dollars a week, provided she had no objection to committing suicide in this deliberate and laborious way.

But very few succeed in making this much; most of them are to some extent distracted by family duties, and the average wages are probably less, if anything, than four dollars a week. Shirt-making is perhaps the poorest of all occupations, but there are many others little better. The price paid for the making of chemises by the dozen, trimmed with pleated bosoms, is a dollar and twenty cents; plain chemises ninety-six cents a dozen; and for more elaborate work, twelve and a half cents a piece. For finishing pantaloons and making button-holes, thirty-six cents a dozen pairs are paid; for making vests the price is about fifty cents each, and for making flannel coats of inferior quality for the Southern market, fifteen cents each. For making slipper bows, three cents a dozen are paid, and ten cents a dozen for common caps.

It is a matter of curious interest how women who earn so little continue to eke out their existence. "How do they live?" we asked. "They don't live," said Mrs. Ferrer, the superintendent of the Union, and this seemed to be the only conclusion possible.

The majority of sewing-girls who work on such inferior articles as shirts which retail at forty or fifty cents apiece, toil from morning to night for little more than a loaf of bread, a cup of tea, and a

bed in a tenement attic. The needle is the natural weapon of every woman who has to battle for herself in the world, and the occupations in which it is available are so overcrowded and underpaid that the benevolence strikes us as being misapplied which exerts itself in adding to the surplusage of seamstresses, as various industrial schools and sewing societies do exert themselves. Are there not other trades, the reader may well ask, to which the young girls of the poor may be directed, and for which they may better be prepared than this precarious and at the best very unremunerative one? Is there, he may also inquire, any other occupation as hopeless, as hungry, as fatiguing as this?

As to other trades, while there are many into which the sex has entered, most of them are not much easier or better remunerated than sewing for the "slop-shops." The shirt-makers can do their work at home, and thus have an opportunity to keep an eye on their children, and prepare their husbands' meals at the same time. This advantage was set before us by an employer, who desired to prove that the lot of these women was not so bad as it might be, and to some extent it is an advantage. But of late years *crèches*, or dry-nurseries, have been opened in some parts of the city, where a working-woman can leave her children while she is at work, reclaiming them in the evening, and a good example of this sort may be found at No. 48 Mulberry Street, where the wife of a physician has established a *crèche* in a model tenement-house. The elder children are provided with a mid-day lunch of

DAY NURSERY FOR CHILDREN IN MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

The answers of the two questions may be combined. The utility of teaching girls sewing, except for personal and family uses, in which it is obviously indispensable, does not appear very emphatic; but they demand so little—only enough to prolong a life however miserable, and to defer the uncertainty and horrors of death—that it seems a mercy to even put this resource before them.

bread and molasses, and the younger ones with milk. There is a spacious and clean yard for the former to play in when the weather is fair, and a cheerful dormitory for the babies, a score or more of whom were wrapped in contentment and slumber, each in a cot or cradle, when we called a few months ago. A charge of five cents a day is made when the parents can afford it, but it is oftener remitted

GIRLS MAKING FRINGES.

than paid, and only in a few instances has the charity been abused by the failure of a woman to come for her child in the evening. When abandonment has been attempted, it has been checked, and so far from neglecting their offspring, most of the mothers are in a hurry after their work to embrace the well-cared-for babies and bear them home.

Coming back to the question as to what other occupations besides sewing are open to women, the list is so long that a mere enumeration is impossible. In the city or suburbs we find women employed in staining and enamelling glass; in making glass signs; in cutting ivory, pearl, and tortoise-shell; working in gutta-percha, gum-elastic, and hair; making willow-ware and cane chairs; feeding printers' presses and setting type; making and packing candles; moulding tablets of water-colors; assisting in the manufacture of chemicals and fire-works; making clocks, enamelling dials, and painting the cases; finishing backgammon boards; making and dressing dolls and toys; stitching the cloths and making the pockets of billiard tables; painting the handles of brooms, and weaving twine into netting; making paper collars and twine; burnishing jewelry and making buttons. There are about five hundred millinery houses in the city, employing over two thousand milliners, and the manufacture of straw hats engages several thousand women in weaving the braid, sewing, and bleaching. The artificial-flower trade employs about four thousand women, many of them French, and it is as lucrative to adept hands as any other. The manufacture of hoop-skirts is

said to engage over ten thousand women, who spool the cotton, weave the tape, and cover the steel; and the cap trade gives employment to many more thousands, whose earnings vary from three to five dollars a week. The weaving of hair cloth is also done by women, the packing of confectionery, and the making of shoe "uppers."

Some of these occupations, and others to which we have not yet referred, are dangerous to the operatives, not merely from the long hours of toil, the insufficient food, and the lack of proper ventilation in the workshops, but from the nature of the materials and the manner of fabrication. "Behind our tinted Salviati glass, our painted Sèvres china, our Minton majolica, and shining silver plate," a brilliant writer once said in this Magazine, "are long rows of pallid faces breathing death that they may live." The artificial-flower makers, the gold-leaf workers, the button-gilders, the cigar-makers, and the lucifer-match makers also suffer from the nature of their occupation.

In large manufactories of artificial flowers the ventilation is usually sufficient, and precautions are taken to prevent the inhalation of poisonous colors. But nearly all the brilliant leaves are made in the artisans' own home, a back room or an attic devoted to all the purposes of existence, and the arsenic that produces the spring-like vividness of color is diffused in the atmosphere and absorbed by the system. The fabric from which the leaves are cut is colored in the piece, Paris green, cold water, and starch or gum-arabic being used for the purpose. This liquid is spread by the fingers over lengths of fine calico or muslin, which are afterward beaten or kneaded by hand until they have an even tint. They are then spread out in frames to dry, and are next cut and shaded, the final process being their immersion in warm wax, and the removal of any loose color upon them. The detached particles float in the air, and are inevitably inhaled by the workers, whose handkerchiefs are speckled with dots of green blown out through the nose. Another operation, technically known as "grass-work," consists in the fastening of small glass beads or "dew-drops" to the artificial blades, which dislodges portions of the color, and leads to its inhalation. The consequences are variable. When the persons employed are cleanly in their habits, and keep their

CIGAR-MAKERS STRIPPING TOBACCO.

windows open, an occasional headache or an attack of dyspepsia is the most they suffer; but in other cases all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning are revealed in eruptions of the skin, nausea, colic, and general debility.

In gilding metal buttons, mercury and nitric acid are used, producing their characteristic diseases; and in making lucifer-matches the work-women sometimes contract the terrible disease which is technically described as necrosis of the maxillary bones, many cases of which have been treated at Bellevue Hospital. In the preparation of gold-leaf the substance is so fragile and buoyant that the doors and windows are necessarily kept closed, and the air of the work-rooms becomes very impure. But the women who suffer most from the character of their occupation are the cigar-makers, who, mingling with men, boys, and children, toil many hours a day for five or six dollars a week, living in an atmosphere surcharged with dust and fumes that would make the most inveterate smoker sick. Part of the work is done in factories, but most of it is done in the dwellings of the operatives, and in neither is any attention paid to ventilation or cleanliness. Growing girls at the verge of womanhood suffer in many ways, and are as much under the influence of tobacco as a constant smoker. Their faces are pale, and their eyes are dead; a stupor overcomes them; their nerves are unsettled, and their lungs are diseased in nearly every case.

Should any woman who is seeking a means of livelihood, without previous experience, read these pages, she can not feel encouraged, and there is little, indeed, to be added that will stimulate her. The industries open to women may be divided in three classes. First are those to which, from their deep significance, we have given much of our space—the trades of cigar-making, shirt-making, under-wear making, and tailoring, which in the lower branches employ the poorest, least intelligent, and most abject, and which yield so little that the mendicant passing from area to area is usually better fed than the persons who engage in them. The second class may be said to include such trades as artificial-flower making, the manufacture of upholstery trimmings, book-binding, printing, dress-making, envelope-making, and millinery, the places in which are generally filled by a more intelligent class than the former, and which, if the operative is tasteful, dexterous, or experienced, afford the possibility of a decent home and comfortable clothing. The third class embraces those higher occupations to which women of refinement, thrown on their own resources, at once bend themselves, and which, through the existing mania for household decoration, have been variously extended—not, however, without attracting such large numbers of women by its adaptability to their wants that almost at the outset the omens of prosperity are threatened with the defeat of fulfillment from overcrowding. Certain other employments we have omitted from these by no means detailed groupings, with view to a special reference to them hereafter.

As to the third class of occupations, an estimable woman, a poetess herself, maintained the idea some time ago that nine hundred and ninety-nine women to one man are born artists; that the artistic instinct is born with a woman, grows with her, and never entirely forsakes her; and that if the study of art were not made barren to her, she would supersede men in every branch of art, it being her nature to adorn, to beautify, to decorate. It is not to our purpose to speculate on what women might be, but to describe what she is; and at the same time it is worth while quoting the opinion of Mrs. Susan N. Carter, who for many years has been principal of the Cooper Union Art School, and who, though entertaining a far-reaching sympathy with her sex, is not a visionary as to its capabilities. Mrs. Carter told us that when professional artists are brought in contact with the pupils, and see their work and earnestness, these gentlemen predict the most brilliant futures for them, and confess to the discovery of unsuspected strength in them. But her own experience is that the "sticking-point" comes to the woman too soon. While she is in a class, with her teacher, in a studio, or associated with other students, she is animated, persevering, and full of ideas. But when she is left to herself, her interest flags, and she wavers in her aim. Of the women graduates Mrs. Carter estimates that only one-third ever become professional artists or teachers. Of the other two-thirds, one-third marry, and the others are undetermined as to their course.

The Cooper Union school is entitled to consideration here, as it enables most of the students to support themselves, and is

to some extent a bureau of employment for women in art industries. The instruction is wholly gratuitous, and was given last year to two hundred and fifty-five pupils. Some of the graduates are employed as teachers of drawing, receiving from a dollar to two dollars an hour for their lessons; others are engaged as designers in carpet factories, wall-paper factories, and in designing embroideries. There is a constant demand for teachers of drawing in schools and families, and most of the students qualify themselves for these positions; but there are other openings also, and many employers come to the Union in search of women who can decorate pottery, silk, fans, *menus*, and buttons. The fashion of decorating by hand, which has extended to buttons and ribbons as well as to flower baskets and bridal dresses, may prove evanescent, and with its extinction leave many women without an occupation who now have a profitable one, but there will be a demand for teachers as long as the population increases and intelligence spreads. As we have said, those of the pupils to whom it is necessary can support themselves at least during part of the course, and fifteen thousand dollars were reported to the principal as being earned last year by teaching, enlarging photographs, and decorating. The art school includes a class in engraving, with an average attendance of twenty-two, and in this also some of the pupils are enabled to partly support themselves, though not until they have been under instruction for some time. As a

PAINTING TILES.

WOMEN DECORATING CANDLES.

profession, engraving is admirably suited to women. A competent hand can earn from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and even twice the latter sum in the higher branches of the profession, which call for artistic ability far above mechanical aptitude, and which have many vacancies to be filled.

The manifold usefulness of the Cooper Institute is further shown in a school of telegraphy for women, with about forty pupils—the only school of the kind recognized by the Western Union Company, which appoints the instructors from its own operating staff, and provides situations for the graduates in its offices. At present there are more operators than vacancies; but of the telegraph service as an employment for women we shall have something more to say later.

It is pleasant to retreat from the stifling atmosphere of the workshops that we have seen, and the wretched attics, into those fields where women are occupied under normal conditions, where they are neither beasts of burden nor half-starved slaves, where the surroundings are not detrimental, and their natural abilities are exercised. What contrast could be more striking than between the desolation of the sewing girl's attic and the pretty parlors of the Decorative Art Society, with its treasures of porcelain, tapestry, painting, modelling, and embroidery, all wrought by women's hands? On the first glimpse of the latter we seem to meet the sex on its conventional ground, in the exercise of its inherent delicacy of touch and refinement of taste; the mind of the spectator, disembarrassing itself of the oppression laid upon it by previous observations, gladly seizes upon the possibilities here suggested of a fairer era. But the path of the women employed in this way is not strewn with riches; and we know that behind these empanelled hollyhocks, and the lilacs which stand out in purplish relief against the ebony ground, are weariness, disappointment, and struggle. This painted story on tiles for a fire-place—the long sedge growing up the sides, and the cranes winging themselves toward the declining sun—suggests poetic fancy, as well as manual proficiency; but it is not unlikely that the artist finds little profit in her talents. And so it is with most of the other articles on exhibition, some of which show a feeble sort of prettiness, without a forcible

purpose or capable execution, while others indicate definite art ability. The producers are nearly all poor, and sometimes have a very bitter struggle for existence.

The main purpose of the society is to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of art work done by women; it seeks to induce women to master one kind of decoration, rather than diffuse their energies in several directions; it has an art library, and classes in various art industries; and it solicits orders for its *clientèle* from dealers in decorated pottery and porcelain, cabinet-work, draperies, embroideries, and other articles of household art. Wax flowers and fruit, feather flowers, leather-work, skeletonized leaves, knitting, crochet, under-clothing, plain sewing, and similar articles are excluded.

Any person sending a first contribution will receive a contributor's number, if the article is accepted by the examining committee, and by this number she will be thereafter known, and her work will be identified. The accepted article is signed by the society, and if it is considered to be specially meritorious, the society's seal is attached to it. When the contributor does not mark it with the price, she is required to give an estimate of the cost of materials, and when it is sold the full amount is paid to her, less ten per cent., the society's commission. Rejected articles are returned to the sender, with criticisms of the committee. Among the articles considered appropriate for admission, if of sufficient merit, are pottery, china, tiles, plaques, embroideries, window,

SALES-ROOM OF THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

book-case, cabinet, and other hangings or curtains, mantel and bracket lambrequins, decorated table and other house linen, panels for cabinet-work painted on wood or leather, paintings upon silk for screens, panels, and fans, decorated *menus*, and decorated note-paper.

The contributions come from all parts of the country, and over 5700 articles were received last year. The largest amount paid to any one contributor was $675 for paintings on china; and from this the reader may well conclude that under the most favorable circumstances the decorative arts do not lead on to fortune. Occasionally a woman is heard of who receives fifty dollars apiece for her plaques, and the fact is circulated far and wide, creating an impression in every necessitous woman's mind that she may be able to do likewise. But it is only when considerable ability is combined with business "push" that one is so successful, for the painter is usually compelled to solicit her own orders. The number of instructors who advertise themselves, and the hundreds of women who are taking lessons in china-painting, silk-painting, the coloring of photographs, and crayon-drawing in all large cities, ought to deter others from venturing upon an occupation already so well filled. The farmer's wife and daughters in Kansas and Nebraska, the impoverished women of the South, the widows of army and navy officers, and girls in New England homesteads are all submitting contributions to the Decorative Art Society. Those who are poor and who work for bread are brought into competition with other women who pursue art as a recreation. Nearly every lady now devotes some part of her leisure to panel-painting or china-painting, and however generous she may be, it has all the pleasure of novelty when she can sell what she produces, be the amount never so trifling or immaterial to her.

Despite the numbers engaged in them, however, the decorative arts are "a good walking-stick" to women of taste and ability; by them many women may add to their incomes, and when special talents of a high order are brought to them, they are sure to yield a comfortable if not handsome living. The society employs seamstresses of its own in art needle-work, besides giving gratuitous instruction in this branch to poor women; but that the needle is a sorry staff to lean upon is again shown by the fact that these skilled workers of the society are only paid a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day, the hours being from nine to five.

Within a stone's-throw of the Decorative Art Society is a magnificent jewelry establishment, and passing through the splendid show-rooms with their glistening and lustrous *vitrines*, we find in the upper stories of the building a number of women "black-bordering" stationery, and decorating candles, *menus*, and various articles of silk. The "black-borderers" are better paid than the others—say from ten to sixteen dollars a week—as theirs is an occupation requiring a peculiar experience, which is not easily obtained in the United States; but the decorators, who give outward evidences of a prosperous condition, command salaries with which most of the substantial comforts of life are possible. We think again of the tobacco-workers, the pale-faced match "hands," and the sewing women; we contrast their lot with the lot of the women here, where the work-rooms are lofty and sunshiny. At a photographer's in the same neighborhood other women are seen at work under favorable conditions, mounting and retouching photographs, for which salaries of from ten to twenty-five dollars a week are paid. But the field is narrow, and vacancies do not often occur. Some photographers employ women to print from the negative, and pay them from ten to twenty dollars a week; a first-class "hand" with long experience may command twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. About twenty women are employed at a jeweler's factory in Prince Street, as burnishers of silver and plated ware, at which they earn from five to fifteen dollars a week; and thousands of young women are occupied as saleswomen in the retail stores of Sixth Avenue and Grand Street.

Those who are familiar with the pert manners of these shop-girls, and their tawdry affectation of finery, will not be disposed to bestow much sympathy upon them. Many of them live with their parents, dress well, and are fairly educated, as, indeed, they must be in writing and arithmetic. But those who are dependent upon themselves have a struggle which palliates their incivility. The hours are long—never less than ten; and the wages are small—so small that the employers are usually reluctant in mentioning them.

SHOP-GIRLS.

The cash-girls are paid a dollar and a half a week, and if they are honest, diligent, neat in dress, and prepossessing in face, they may be promoted to the positions of saleswomen, in which, if they add to the previously mentioned qualities the tact that brings a hesitating customer to conclude a purchase, they may become worth ten dollars a week after some years of experience. But there are many girls of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen who are satisfied with five or six dollars, and six dollars is probably above the average pay. Can girls in these positions live comfortably on this sum? By practicing economy in every direction, counting every penny, and spending nothing idly, they may succeed; but a decent living, not a comfortable one, is what they aspire to, and what most of them attain.

We have already spoken of the school of telegraphy in connection with the Cooper Union, and it remains for us to add that not only are the principal officials of the telegraph companies in favor of the employment of women, but the operators also encourage them; and those who have children are bringing their boys up to other occupations, and preparing the girls for this business, which is entirely suited to their capacities. Beginning with a salary of twenty dollars a month, a young woman is gradually advanced to fifty dollars, and if she proves very expert, she may receive eighty dollars a month. The hours are from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon, there being an intermission of twenty minutes for luncheon, and the surroundings are as little injurious as those of any trade.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE COUNTRY OF LUTHER.

IT has been frequently remarked by foreigners that, as *travellers*, Americans are ubiquitous; that wherever they may roam, from the Giant's Causeway to the Cataracts of the Nile, or from the Pillars of Hercules to Nijnii-Novgorod, they never fail to meet parties of our ever-restless countrymen, with guide-books in hand, "doing" Europe in the most approved manner, and contenting themselves with a superficial view of the various objects of interest which attract countless thousands to all parts of the Old World.

So far as the more popular and established resorts are concerned, there is certainly more fact than fancy in the observation, but the opinion becomes an innocent libel upon our *omnipresence* when it includes within its scope the many places of less note, but no less interest, which dot the densely crowded map of Europe.

The great tide of human travel which annually leaves our shores and sweeps across the Atlantic invariably deflects southwardly from England, meanders slowly through France and Switzerland, with a lateral current toward the Rhine, ebbs and flows during the winter months along the classic shores of the Mediterranean between Nice and the Holy Land, and when the snow begins to melt upon the crests of the Apennines, or the breath of the African simoom gently murmurs a warning of spring, the same restless stream sets northwardly on its course through the Tyrol, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and the Netherlands, to the German Ocean, and finally divides its forces between the homeward course or toward Scandinavia, Russia, and the cheerless regions of the midnight sun.

This is the popular, customary, and, *par excellence*, the *fashionable* tour of the Continent, and hence it is as difficult to change the route as it would be to arrest the annual hegira from the West.

The natural consequence is that the visitor frequently remains oblivious to the fact that he is travelling upon the periphery of a section of country whose natural beauty and historical interest should commend it strongly as a fertile field for the gratification of the tastes and fancies, however varied, of the most exigeant of modern tourists.

From the parallel of the city of Leipsic on the east to the vine-clad valley of the Rhine on the west may be said to lie the most weird, picturesque, and romantic region of the great German Empire, for (incredible as it may appear to the modern reader), with all the military tendencies and predilections of its people, their highly practical system of education, their abstruse teachings in philosophy, and their unostentatious mode of life, even the father-land has its poetic side, and can unfold volumes of stirring traditions—sparkling leaflets from the days of knight-errantry and chivalry—and furnish an amount of rich legendary lore, song, and story unparalleled in the history of nations.

The richly diversified section which embraces the fertile region between the Harz Mountains on the north and the Thuringian Forest on the south is replete with associations which speak eloquently of the rise and progress of Germany, and intensify every remembrance of her eventful past.

From the fifth century to the present time this special country has been prolific in furnishing material for the historian's pen. It has been the battle-ground of domestic and international wars; the principal highway for the advance and retreat of devastating armies; the land of romance, poetry, and song; the home of many of the most celebrated literary characters in the world's catalogue of prominent men; the scene of remarkable events which have aroused Europe; and was the theatre wherein was successfully enacted the first act in the great drama of the Reformation, the prologue to which, inaugurated by Wycliffe and boldly proclaimed by Huss and Jerome, had been suppressed a century before by the merciless fiat of pontifical Rome.

The city of Leipsic—itself possessing historical souvenirs more than sufficient to sweeten the labors of the student and scholar in his search for ancient land-

LUTHER'S REPUTED BIRTH-PLACE, EISLEBEN.

marks—is an admirable point of departure for an extended series of excursions into this picturesque country. This old and famous university town guards, as it were, the eastern entrance to the Thuringian Valley, and lies within easy reach of several spots which belong almost exclusively to the sphere of action of the heroic Luther. A very short journey places the traveller in Eisleben, a stagnating little town, which must ever possess no common interest, from being the reputed and generally accepted village where the obscure boy, the jovial songster, the ascetic monk, the learned professor, the dreaded opponent of pontifical supremacy, the fearless champion of religious liberty, and the great reformer, first saw, in 1483, the dawn of that world which in later days he was destined to enlighten. I speak of this spot as the "reputed" birth-place of the immortal Luther, in order to give the benefit of a claim for that honor advanced by the official fathers of the obscure hamlet of Möhra, the home of his parents, situated in the heart of the Thuringian Forest. It

CATHERINE VON BORA.

is recorded that seven great cities contended for centuries for the enviable distinction of welcoming Homer into the world. Two places, comparatively "unhonored and unsung," are now competitors for that of the reformer. Historical evidence favors the Saxon village; notwithstanding which, the Thuringians do not yield the point, but maintain that he was born in their district, and conveyed in early infancy to the tender guardianship of their rival. Be this as it may, it is certain that in Eisleben he preached his last sermon, and there also, in 1547, his ever-restless spirit found that peaceful repose in death to which his almost tragical life of constant dispute and opposition had been a stranger.

The modest little house wherein these events happened still stands in all its primitive simplicity, a mute yet eloquent reminder of the great exemplar it once sheltered, and in the present day the spirit of Luther seems to hallow anew its use and appropriation for the education of poor children. It is regarded by the villagers with becoming reverence, and shown to visitors with a local pride which is as natural as it is justifiable.

A short distance to the east, on the banks of the Elbe, and upon the line of railway between Leipsic and Berlin, stands the old university town of Wittenberg, of respectable antiquity, and very appropriately styled "the cradle of the Reformation," from its associations with the principal actor in that Magna Charta of religious toleration. Here, in his 42d year, Luther married Catherine von Bora.

This city has suffered much in its time from the relentless ravages of war, but even its devastations have rather augmented than lessened its claims upon the tourist for an extended visit.

The plethoric guide-books devote an attractive page to its diverse objects of interest, and carefully specify those which should receive more than passing notice, being more or less connected with the university career of Professor Martin Luther and his associates Melanchthon and Cranach. In the court of an old monastery is shown the house tenanted by "Brother Augustin," as he was familiarly called, during the period of his incumbency of the chair of philosophy, to which he was called in 1508 by his chief patron and friend, the Elector of Saxony.

The principal focus of attraction is naturally the famous Schlosskirche, one of war's special objects of attack, upon whose doors, in 1517, the reformer nailed his celebrated theses, comprising ninety-five reasons or articles in opposition to the papal assumption of selling pardons for sins in the shape of indulgences, which the Dominican monk Tetzel was extensively peddling through Germany. The identical iron-bound chest in which the fanatical monk carried his unholy wares, which imposed so strongly upon the superstition and credulity of the German people, is still preserved in the noble cathedral of Magdeburg, and exhibited as one of the many souvenirs of a bigoted and ignorant age.

The wooden doors of the Wittenberg Cathedral were unfortunately burned in 1760, but were replaced a century later by King Frederick William of Prussia by others of metal, fully ten feet in height, and having carved thereon the original text of the theses in Latin. A number of artistic designs, statues, and memorials adorn the exterior and interior of this time-honored edifice, not the least attractive of which is a large slab of brass denoting the final resting-place of Luther and Melanchthon.

Another special object of curiosity and interest is the Stadtkirche, dating five

centuries ago. Apart from its quaint architecture, this old church has more than ordinary attraction, from the fact that its walls often resounded with the earnest exhortations of the reformer, and witnessed the first administration, in 1522, of the holy communion in both kinds by that unflinching minister.

A modern building in the centre of the town bears in bold relief on its front a stone dating from the Reformation, containing in German characters the inscription, "God's words and Luther's writings are poison to the Pope and to Calvin!"

THE DISPUTE AT LEIPSIC BETWEEN LUTHER AND DR. ECK.

As the traveller leaves the town he can catch a passing glimpse of a small garden, in the centre of which flourishes a highly cherished oak-tree, which perpetuates the spot where the fearless monk in 1520 publicly burned the Pope's bull, from whose smouldering ashes may be said to have sprung, as if by a magician's breath, the present Protestant power of Christendom.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the general reader that it was also from Wittenberg that in 1519 the popular professor, accompanied by his friends Carlstadt and Melanchthon and an imposing deputation of students, proceeded through Halle (the birth-place of Handel) to Leipsic, to meet the celebrated logician Dr. Eck, or Eccius, of university renown, who had been specially designated by papal authority to crush out by argument and diplomacy the heretical tendencies of the offending monk. The memorable discussion took place in the Pleissenburg—a large fortress of the thirteenth century, now used as barracks for two Saxon regiments. The hall in which the controversy was held (and which, as history relates, resulted in the utter discomfiture of the Leipsic theologian) now no longer exists in its original entirety, but is divided off into little apartments for the various offices of a garrison, and imagination must therefore be invoked to restore the exciting scene to modern eyes. A very good idea of it may be formed by the accompanying illustration, which is copied from the original painting by Hübner, on exhibition in the Dresden Gallery.

From the tower of this well-preserved fortress a comprehensive view is enjoyed of the broad, prairie-like plain which bounds the Volkerschlacht, or battle-field of nations, whereon but little more than half a century ago the most terrible conflict of modern times decided the fate of Europe, and drove back at last the great commander who for many years had rendered his name synonymous with victory.

But few vestiges remain of that frightful scene of carnage, save its harrowing memories. The Napoleonstein and the monument to Prince Schwarzenberg point out the position held by the centre of the respective armies during those eventful days, and a knoll studded with trees marks the spot where three emperors met to exult over the discomfiture of their mighty adversary. These, and a little lodge con-

CATHEDRAL AT WORMS.

taining numberless relics picked up on the field—swords, scabbards, helmets, and other implements of war, all covered with the rust of age—alone exist to recall the fearful struggle. Peace and plenty have now supreme control, and the hedgeless field, enriched by the blood and ashes of countless victims to human ambition, annually yields an abundant harvest, and smiles with the unmistakable evidences of thriving industry and prosperity.

Two generations have sprung up to visit this scene where their ancestors fell, but few indeed of that mighty host survive to "shoulder the crutch and show how the field was won."

From Leipsic the route of the Thuringian Railway lies along the picturesque valley of Thuringia. It occupies the centre of this well-defined avenue, which is one of the principal lines of communication between Central Germany and France. It passes, throughout its entire distance, over historic ground, every mile of which seems to be associated with some important event of the past, and, as far as Eisenach, pursues the identical course along which, in 1521 (long before the steam-engine's whistle was ever heard or dreamed of), the indefatigable reformer journeyed on his way to Worms to attend the memorable Diet, to which he had been summoned by the Emperor Charles V. At Dürrenberg, where numerous salt-works abound, the road crosses the Saale, a sluggish tributary of the Elbe, which was a celebrity in this country only from the fact that it has been regarded and made a military line of defense in all the wars which have so often impoverished this part of Germany. It was urged upon Napoleon upon his evacuation of Dresden

in 1813, but the great captain selected Leipsic for his last grand stand in that campaign against combined Europe, and the river, instead of serving as a defense, only impeded the hasty retreat of his shattered and demoralized army.

If time permits, a few hours devoted to the town of Merseburg, about six miles to the north, would not be without profit to the traveller. It is a very old place, dating from the ninth century, and claims a history fraught with interest, especially to one possessed of antiquarian tastes. The cathedral alone, bearing the impress of eight hundred years, is well worth a special inspection, particularly the choir, which contains among the soldiers, in a painting of the Crucifixion, by Cranach, an excellent portrait of Luther.

A short distance west of the Saale the train only pauses at Corbetha, a simple way-side station, and only a claimant upon the historian's attention as the principal gateway to three great battle-fields —Rossbach, Gross-Görschen, and Lützen. Upon the last-named a large granite block marks the spot where, in 1632, Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic King of Sweden, and chief bulwark of the Protestant faith, fell in the moment of victory over the imperial forces of the morbid and fanatical Wallenstein.

At Weissenfels a time-honored Schloss of mysterious antiquity still defies the encroachments of years, and remains the pride of its people, and considerable interest is aroused by the historical statement that to this town the body of the Swedish king was conveyed after the battle of Lützen, and carefully embalmed. From Weissenfels a branch line diverges into the very heart of one of the greatest manufacturing districts in Germany, of which the enterprising town of Gera is the centre. There is very much upon this short side tour to seduce the traveller from the direct route, as it conducts into a region overflowing with fascinating souvenirs of times gone by. The Altenburg Schloss, crowning a high rock, from which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the Princes Ernest and Albert (founders of the present royal families of Saxony) were carried away by Kunz von Kauffungen, and the new museum, bequeathed to Germany in 1853 by Minister Von Lindenau, containing a choice selection of paintings by the old masters, are in themselves sufficient to compensate the tourist for a temporary departure from the main line. Besides these, this country throughout its entire length and breadth contains numberless abbeys, castles, monasteries, and ruins, claiming histories and romances, legends and traditions, in such profusion as to make it a perfect harvest field for the would-be reaper of exciting souvenirs of the poetic age of Germany.

But to return to the main stem. It may be said that in passing thus over its pleasant route no one will fail to have observed that the country is kept in the highest state of cultivation, whilst the absence of all fences or property lines gives to it the appearance of an immense estate owning but one lordly proprietor. A feature which invariably arouses the sentimentality of an American in "touring" through Germany, and evokes a pardonable murmur of disapprobation, is the number of women working in the fields. The constant drain upon the male population for military purposes renders it necessary here, as in France, that women shall have the dual management of the farm and homestead. They work most diligently from daylight to darkness, and although the price of labor appears absurdly low from our Western stand-point, seem as contented a set of people as it is possible to conceive. Their work is constant, and in their phlegmatic indifference to the passing train they give flat contradiction to the reputation, inherited from Lot's wife, of being possessed of an excess of curiosity.

Another feature of this country, often amusing from its novelty and variety, is the extensive use and employment of dogs of every description, from the aristocratic mastiff to the mongrel cur, as beasts for traction. In this novel capacity these faithful animals perform an amount of labor which would not be discreditable to a respectable horse. It is certain that here they do not enjoy the indulgent inactive life which is their special prerogative in America, but are made to be serviceable; and when they are often seen harnessed side by side with a peasant woman, each doing full share of work, the looker-on is convinced that in this land of Teutonic associations labor is honorable and not to be despised. From the town of Weissenfels westward the country becomes more undulating and picturesque—a pleasing relief from the almost boundless plains which prevail more to the east.

The château of Gorek looms up on one side, and all that remains of Schönburg on the other, and the eye is busy in glancing from hill to hill, catching the many landmarks of a by-gone period, until the venerable town of Naumburg appears in view, and the guide-book reminds the traveller of its nine hundred years of age, its Romanesque cathedral and Stadtkirche, and of a very enjoyable excursion to Freiburg on the Unstrut, where there is a singularly curious yet imposing church of the thirteenth century.

A short distance further on the main route a famous school is pointed out. It was founded over three hundred years ago in an ancient Cistercian monastery, and amongst its pupils were Fichte, Klopstock, and many others less known to fame.

From this point to Eisenach the character of the scenery on either side changes materially, becoming wilder and more rugged. The valley gradually contracts, the hills develop into castle-cragged mountains, and frequent openings therein reveal many inlets into the very heart of the Thuringian Forest. The most enticing of these is up the Saale from its confluence with the Ilm to Rudolstadt, Saalfeld, and various other points of equal interest. The tourist should not neglect this all-important "flank movement." It introduces him to Dornburg with its three castles perched proudly upon a commanding rock, one of which was occupied by Goethe; and, a little further on, to Jena, famous for its university, and vividly recalling Goethe and Schiller, and other scholars and writers of world-wide celebrity. Here, too, he can summon before his mental vision the spirit of the great Napoleon marshalling his devoted army upon the field where, in 1806, he achieved one of his grandest victories. Should time permit, a more extended tour up this beautiful valley will furnish abundant material for record, since it literally abounds in fortresses, ruins, and monuments sufficient to impress him with the belief that he is roaming amid the crumbling memorials of a far-distant epoch in the world's history. If romantically inclined, he may possibly have a glimpse at Orlamünde of the spectral White Lady who is said to visit Berlin as a harbinger of a royal demise, and then make a flying visit to Paulinzelle, to muse over the beautiful ruins of a Cistercian abbey and Romanesque church built in 1106 by Pauline Recluse, daughter of Count Moricho. The history of these grand old buildings is one of constant misfortune. They suffered much during the "Peasants' War," more during the Thirty Years' struggle, were greatly injured by lightning, and were suppressed after the Reformation.

Before reaching this valley, attention is directed to Kören, a pretty little watering-place nestling amid the hills, and quite a popular summer resort for those who find virtue in salt baths. Near this village are the towers of Rudelsburg and Saaleck. Close to the little station of Sulza—another saline rendezvous for suffering humanity—stretches the battle-field of Auerstädt, a monument upon which denotes the spot where "Brunswick's fated chieftain" was wounded. A few miles beyond, the busy town of Apolda claims recognition for its thriving manufacturing industries, betokening evidences of enterprise quite gratifying to the energetic ideas of the American tourist.

But minor places on this route are soon forgotten on approaching Weimar, the capital of the duchy of Saxe-Weimar. The city lies upon the Ilm, about one mile south of the station, but demands more than a glance from the car window of the passing train. It is one of the most interesting places in this section of Germany, not only for its reminiscences, but from its literary associations. It was here that Goethe resided for more than half a century, and where he and Schiller died. It was here also where Herder, Wieland, and other contemporary celebrities acted their respective *rôles* in the drama of life. The houses tenanted by the two ripe scholars remain silent memorials of their citizenship. A noble bronze monument in the public square keeps their spirit presence ever before the people; and in the new cemetery, in close proximity to the Grand Ducal vault and the tombs of the lordly ancestors of the reigning family, their mortal remains repose side by side in coffins of oak, tastefully wreathed in laurel. The *old* town is very quaint, irregularly laid out, and savors strongly of the fashion of centuries ago; but more modern Weimar in its general aspect belongs emphatically to the present generation. It may be considered a very attractive city, and several days can be well and profitably spent therein in examining even a certain few of the many objects

CATHEDRAL AT ERFURT AND CHURCH OF ST. SEVERUS.

specified by the guide-books. The Stadtkirche, dating more than four centuries ago, and the palace, in the construction of which Goethe took much interest, the library, and the museum, each containing many curiosities and rare specimens of art and virtu, are particularly attractive. The first has its principal interest in possessing one of the most celebrated of Cranach's paintings—a Crucifixion, with portraits of himself and family and Luther and Melanchthon. The palace has a fine collection of paintings and frescoes, and is rich in guarding the original cartoons of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci.

It would be difficult in this sketch to enumerate the remarkable collection of curios harvested in various buildings in this city, and therefore a bare allusion may be sufficient to draw to them the attention of the visitor.

There are also many exceptional excursions around Weimar. Avenues radiate in all directions, and bring many places within easy reach of a common centre. A few miles to the northward a palatial summer residence of Grand Dukes dignifies Ettersburg, and recalls the most brilliant period of Weimar's history, when Goethe's plays were often performed in the open air, with trees, shrubs, and flowers to give the necessary scenic effect. On the south a lover-like walk conducts to the famous "Grafenschloss"—chambers cut in perpendicular rocks, but whose history and origin are completely unknown.

The short link between Weimar and Erfurt discloses but few changes in the general aspect of the country, beyond loftier hills and frequent ruins, crumbling upon commanding summits. It seems to be the preparatory respite before entering upon the scene which witnessed Martin Luther's sudden abandonment of the world and its pleasures, and his resolute

AUGUSTINIAN CONVENT, ERFURT.

determination to devote his future life to the cause of Christ and His divine commandments. To the modern Lutheran, Erfurt must be regarded as the rock upon which his simple faith is based. The very atmosphere of the old city is strangely redolent of the first spiritual warfare of his loved apostle and guide. It was in the outskirts of Erfurt where the instantaneous death of a favorite companion by a stroke of lightning brought so vividly before him the uncertainty of life that, to use his own words, "Seeing myself surrounded by the horror and anguish of death, I vowed a forced and extorted vow;" and, fortunately for the generations which have succeeded him, that vow was fulfilled, and bequeathed to all mankind religious freedom and toleration.

Erfurt was, indeed, the "open, sesame," to the future reformer, and from this point he seems to have been providentially directed as the instrument to accomplish a much-desired result. It was here that he first discovered in the university library an old Latin Bible, the study and partial translation of which paved the way for his bold enunciation of its divine truths, and fortified his arguments against Romish error and superstition.

It was here that in 1505, true to his purpose, he entered the Augustinian monastery as a novice, and for many months performed the most menial service, walking daily through the streets of the city "with a beggar's wallet," until relieved from the degrading duty by university remonstrances. It was finally here that, his novitiate ended, he became a monk, and celebrated his first mass. He remained in Erfurt until 1508, when he was fortunately summoned from his self-sacrificing and ascetic life to fill the vacant chair of philosophy at Wittenberg.

These associations, amply sufficient to make it a modern Mecca for Protestants, constitute the chief attraction of this very venerable Thuringian town. Like all other Continental cities, it has its "Dom," founded seven hundred years ago, an adequate supply of churches, one of which, St. Severus, has three spires, its government buildings, claiming historic memories, and a modern Rathhaus, strikingly in contrast with the antiquity surrounding it. The principal focus of attraction, however, to visitors must ever be the Augustinian monastery, in which Luther passed three years as a monk. This old Kloster has been partially restored, as the accompanying illustration will show, and is now used as an orphan asylum, but the cell occupied by the reformer was entirely burned out

LUTHER'S HOUSE, EISENACH.

by the fire of 1872, and all the relics, writings, and Bible translations of this wonderful man were at that time deposited in another locality, so that all vestiges of his self-torture during that eventful period of his life are no longer visible in their proper place.

Continuing westwardly, the route passes along the skirts of the Seeberg, from the summit of which beautiful views are afforded, and shortly thereafter enters Gotha. This is the capital of the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and being a small city, with a pedigree of more than nine hundred years to entitle it to modern respect, resembles in many respects its Thuringian neighbors. It is, perhaps, the most active and enterprising place on this route, and presents, besides, the unfailing attractions of a picture-gallery enriched with paintings by many of the great masters; an ethnographical collection of highly interesting objects; a library, which jealously preserves an autograph letter against Luther written by Henry VIII.; and a museum of natural history, very commendable of the taste and judgment of its founders.

The immediate surroundings of this city are remarkably picturesque, and it may be profitably selected as a *point d'appui* for many delightful pedestrian tours into the neighboring forest. Shortly after leaving Gotha, the route enters the valley of the Hörsel, and throughout the remaining distance to Eisenach skirts closer and closer along under the sombre shadows of the Thuringian Forest, passing some ten or more busy little hamlets, ycleped towns, each possessing its own home industries, its absorbing gossip, its local importance, and doubtless its "village Hampden," and each discharging fully two-thirds of its resident population upon the area in front of the station to peer at the passing trains with their cosmopolitan load of human freight. In this little demonstration of curiosity, however, the Germans are in no wise different from all other nationalities, a railroad train having a fascination which few can resist.

There is not the least monotony in this last link of the beautiful valley we are describing. On the contrary, there is a silver lining to the dark ridges rising abruptly on the left which maintains an unceasing interest and pleasure. Upon many summits within the range of vision may be descried the complete or tottering ruins of once proud old castles, recalling that terrible period when titled robbers, finding themselves seized of that "divinity which doth hedge a king," adopted the maxim that might made right, swooped

LUTHER'S ROOM, COTTA HOUSE.

down from these same airy strongholds upon passing trains of traders and peasants carrying the produce of their labor to market, and, like rapacious vultures, despoiled them of all. Nothing so strikingly and eloquently marks the progress of Christian civilization as the stories revealed in these frequent landmarks of feudal barbarity and power.

A short distance west of Gotha a fine view is afforded on the left of the Grosse Inselsberg, one of the highest peaks in Thuringia, nearly 3000 feet above the sea, and commanding a very extensive view, spot where Luther was arrested on his return from Worms by order of the Elector, and secretly conveyed to the Wartburg. A small monument now marks the place where, until its destruction by lightning, stood the beech known formerly as "Luthersbuche," by the side of which he was captured. Each side of the monument contains an inscription. One records that "in the year 1521, Saturday, May 4, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, Herr Dr. Martin Luther, passing by on his way from Worms, was seized and conveyed to the Wartburg." The reverse

LUTHER RECEIVED INTO THE HOME OF URSULA COTTA.

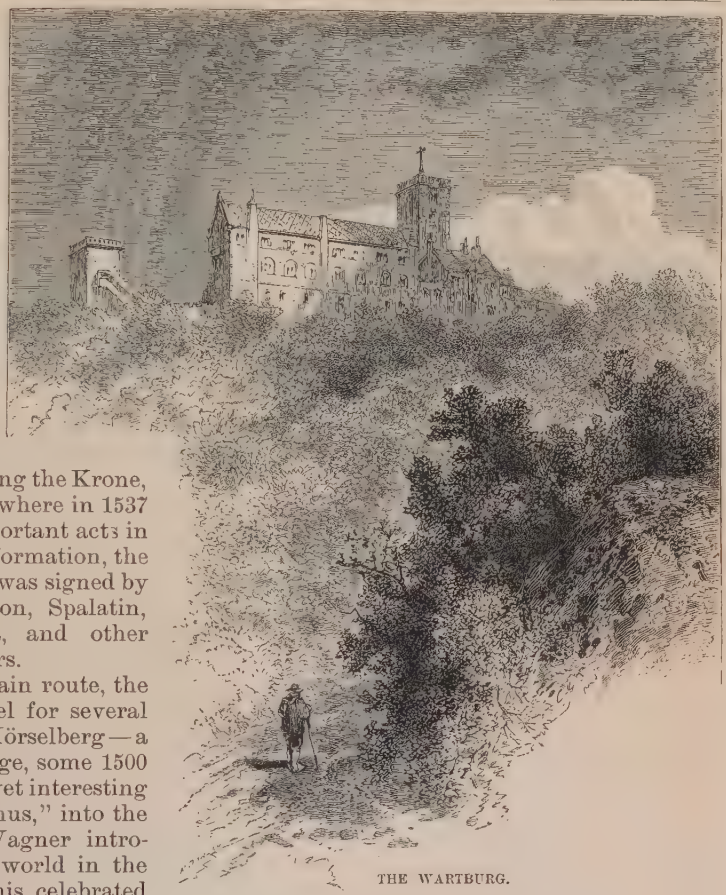
which embraces, besides its own great mountain district, a distant glimpse of the Harz, far away to the north.

A pleasant visit can be made to this famous summit, upon which two hotels are located, from Wirtha, a few miles further on, passing through Ruhla, a popular summer resort, whose primitive inhabitants pride themselves upon the manufacture annually of nearly twenty million tobacco-pipes, of every variety and description. If a visit be made to the Inselsberg, the tourist should not neglect to extend his journeyings to Allenstein and Liebenstein, thus passing by the identical

adds to this record a sentence from the seventh verse of the 110th Psalm; a third contains a part of the third verse of the 18th Psalm; and the fourth states that the monument "was erected by Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in the year 1857."

Liebenstein is a popular watering-place, possessing various chalybeate springs, and is environed by gardens and tasteful villas, and affords easy access by sheltered paths into the densest parts of the forest. One leads to the famous Burgstein, now deserted and crumbling away, but still preserving all the outlines of a majestic

ruin, whose many frameless windows tell their own sad story of long-lost grandeur and power. Whilst in this neighborhood, should the tourist still desire additional spirit communings with Luther, he can easily devote a few hours to the singularly quaint old town of Schmalkalden, and derive no little pleasure in visiting the Krone, on the Marktplatz, where in 1537 one of the most important acts in the cause of the Reformation, the Protestant League, was signed by Luther, Melanchthon, Spalatin, Amsdorf, Agricola, and other prominent reformers.



THE WARTBURG.

Resuming the main route, the railroad lies parallel for several miles with the Hörselberg—a dark, frowning ridge, some 1500 feet in height, and yet interesting as the "Hill of Venus," into the heart of which Wagner introduces the musical world in the opening scene of his celebrated opera of *Tannhäuser*.

Upon arriving at Eisenach, the admirer of Luther may consider himself at home with his exemplar, for the town and its environs are so fraught with memories of his early school-days, and with his subsequent celebrity, that it becomes no difficult task to restore him individually to his mental vision.

Although as a city less pretentious than its neighbors along the valley, the position of Eisenach and its surroundings is unsurpassed in Thuringia. It lies in the angle formed by the confluence of the Hörsel and Werra, and upon the point of land which rises boldly into the forest-clad ridges which extend nearly one hundred miles southeastwardly to the borders of Franconia. If Leipsic furnishes the first glimpse of this beautiful region from the east, Eisenach closes the scene on the west, and insures the lasting impression.

Upon entering the city, the most prominent objects are the palace and the Tower of St. Nicholas; but these proud memorials are passed hastily by in the popular desire to stand before the modest Lutherhaus, on the Platz, once the property of the Schönberg-Cotta family. Here the "singing boy of Eisenach" was received most kindly by the warm-hearted Frau Ursula, and here he found a happy home during the period of his school-days in 1498. Within a short distance stands also the primitive dwelling in which was born, in 1685, the great master Sebastian Bach.

On the outskirts of the town, but a short walk from the principal road to the castle, is the famous Mädelstein, an object of general attraction for the curiosity-seeker. It received its appellation from the remarkable resemblances it affords, from every point of view, to the human features, profiles being traceable, and likenesses observed. Tradition, however, has been busy here, and gives a very plausible reason for the singular appearance of

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.

the rock. It avers that not many centuries ago a monk and nun from a neighboring abbey made this spot their trysting-place for an elopement, that they kissed one another in token of fidelity, were immediately turned into stone, and have remained in a state of petrifaction unto this day for their excusable transgression. Hence the great stone is now familiarly known as the "Monk and Nun."

Interesting as these minor scenes must be to the modern tourist, his gaze is so constantly upturned, hopefully and eagerly, toward the one grand feature of Thuringia, which crowns the hill before him, that it appears tantalizing to delay conducting him thither. The stately castle of Wartburg caps a conical summit rising 1360 feet above the sea, and 624 feet above the valley of the Hörsel. It is easily reached by a good carriage-road and several pleasant foot-paths which wind in a zigzag direction up the hill, crossing a ravine known by the unpoetical title of "Hell Valley."

Upon reaching the summit the tourist becomes speechless with admiration over the magnificent view which stretches out before and around him—an undulating sea of grandeur! It is but a fitting introduction to the time-honored structure which adds dignity to that commanding crest.

The origin of this imposing castle dates from the eleventh century, and it is said to owe its construction to Count Ludwig II., or Louis the Springer, who, in 1067, happening to observe the beautiful position of the hill upon which it now stands, said, "Wart, Berg, du sollst mir eine Burg werden!"—"Wait, mountain, thou shalt to me a castle become." Although eight hundred years have swept over its towers, with all their attendant revolutions of domestic and foreign wars, the proud old castle still challenges the devastating encroachments of time, and preserves all of that majestic grandeur and stateliness which has been the boast and admiration of more than twenty generations. It commands reverential respect as an unbroken link between a far remote period in the world's history and modern times—a proud and enduring monument to feudal power and glory, an undying relic of mediæval grandeur and extravagance.

The very atmosphere of the venerable pile is redolent of the past, and the winds which sigh through the deep portals seem to be requiems over departed glory.

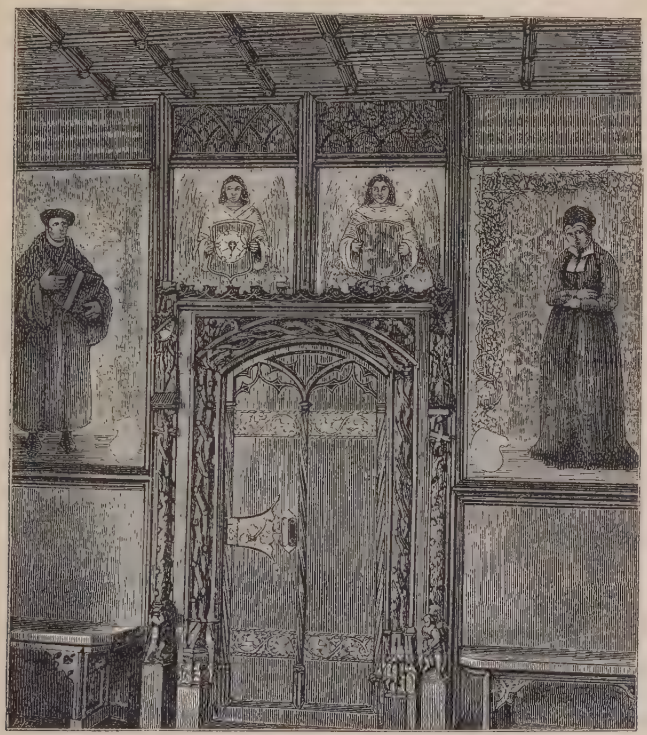
It is impossible to visit this building without being impressed with more than ordinary respect for those who made it what it is, or to enter within its extended limits without a feeling akin to awe.

Its massive walls seem to echo weirdly the footsteps of the modern tourist, and in their hollow reverberations recall centuries of revelry and pleasure, and tell the history of Thuringia for eight hundred years. No great flight of the imagination is required to repeople those ancient halls with the warrior and troubadour actors of ages ago, and listen to the minstrel's art; the recital of "Ritterpoesie," or the sweet strains of "Minnelieder," or songs of love chanted by the famous "Minnesänger"—Hartmann, Wolfram of Eschenbach, Heinrich von Meissen, Walter von der Vogelweide, and many others—who frequently met, under Count Hermann of Thuringia, in this appointed hall, for their tournaments of love, poetry, and song, in one of which Tannhäuser is said to have contested for the hand of the Landgrave's niece.

All such scenes are now forgotten in

the practical tendencies of our modern tastes, and yet their fancied resurrection here gives the keenest pleasure to the most unromantic of visitors.

The new Minnesängers Hall is a most beautiful room, but the old one is still preserved, and attracts the greater attention. The armory is still shown, also the chapel where Luther preached, and the room in the Vorburg occupied by him as "Junger Georg," in 1521–22, during his pretended captivity, which proved such a safe asylum from persecution after his triumph at Worms. It was here that he made such progress in his translation of the Bible. The room has not been materially changed, and still contains many little souvenirs of the great reformer, including letters, books, drinking vessels, together with his costume as a German nobleman, which he assumed during his residence there.



REFORMATION ROOM, CASTLE OF COBURG.

When the traveller turns his back upon the majestic Wartburg, with its centuries of associations, he has before him the choice of many picturesque routes available as outlets from the Thuringian Forest. Should he adopt the same direction as that taken by the monk three and a half centuries ago, it would lead him up the romantic valley of the Werra, to Coburg, where he should visit Ehrenburg, the ducal palace (a beautiful structure in the English-Gothic style of architecture), the Moritzkirche, and "last, though not least," the celebrated castle, high above the town, now used as a museum, and in which Luther resided for several months during the period of the Diet of Augsburg. This old castle was fruitlessly besieged during the Thirty Years' War by the implacable Wallenstein. From this point he can continue on through Würzburg to Worms, repeat a paternoster in the grand old cathedral, and finally, in the great hall where the world-famous Diet was held in 1521, invoke his imagination to picture anew the impressive scene wherein the humble Saxon monk and the powerful Emperor Charles V. were the central figures, upon whom was then suspended the fate of the Reformation.

THE ERRAND.

Do me a courtesy,
Thou tall white rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Now, in my mind, I see
A deep-eyed girl
Watching the whirl
From her window-pane
Of the rain.

Slender as thou, is she,
All ways as pure,
As white, be sure,
With thy perfect grace
In her face.

Do me a courtesy,
Thou artless rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Knowing her value, she
Has still no art,
Opening her heart
For the common eye
To espy.

All know, as well as we,
The secret troth
Binding us both—
Or they would surmise
From her eyes.

Go thou, and, secretly,
In thine own way,
Tell her, this day,
Though so dark, is white
By her light.

Do me this courtesy,
Thou silent rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

THE name of Nathan Hale—unfortunately too little familiar to the present generation—revives the memory of a noble act of self-forgetfulness. That it made its impression in the days of the Revolution, wherever the circumstances became known, we are assured by something besides tradition; and since that time it has never failed to touch the heart or excite the admiration of writers who have had occasion to repeat the story. Jared Sparks, the historian, after describing, in his *Life and Treason of Arnold*, the unhappy business and fate of André, recalls the youth in the American camp who met a similar death before him, and pays a grateful tribute to his character. "Where," he asks, in closing, "is the memento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, and the early fate of Hale? It is not inscribed in marble; it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen." Nor less appreciative is the earlier remembrance of President Timothy Dwight, who refers to him as the "bright and generous" Hale, and in the common epic of that period thus describes his tastes and qualities:

"With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science charmed him to her sweet abode;
In worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven."

Although Hale suffered in the year 1776, and from the centennial stand-point it may appear somewhat late to bring him to mind, it is to be noted, that the recollection of his fate was very strikingly revived four years after, or just a century ago, by the capture and execution of Major André in connection with the Arnold infamy. Should that event, which in 1780 profoundly interested both Englishmen and Americans, lead to any expressions of sympathy during the present year, or suggest a historical review or "anniversary" of the episode, the incident of 1776 must necessarily be coupled with it. The misfortune of the British officer was in many aspects affecting, but it did not stand alone. Hardly had he been captured before the nearly forgotten execution of Hale as a spy was recalled by American officers, and André himself remembered it. If their cases differed in certain points, and it was possible for André to enter a plausible justification of his movements, where Hale had none whatever to plead, the two victims, on the other hand, bore this resemblance to each other, that both were young officers, beloved by their companions in arms, favorites with their respective commanders, educated, brave, and each anxious to be of essential service, the one to his sovereign, the other to his cause.

From 1780 their names have thus been closely associated. Their fate was hard but inevitable, and justified by the necessary rigor of military law; and for each and both there always have been, on either side of the water, many deep sympathies felt.

This parallel between Hale and André may be of historical interest, but it fails to have any personal significance. Hale

NATHAN HALE'S SADDLE-BAGS.

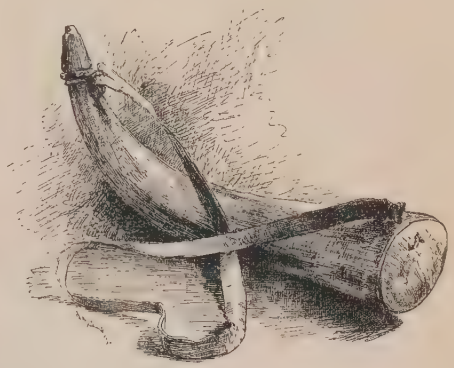
certainly needs no scenic association to lift him into notice. His name shines with its own brightness. From what we know of him—and that is not a little*—his entire life, short as it was, appears to have been a noble development, his early training and surroundings being of the kind which contribute much to the building up of characters like his. The little village of Coventry, Connecticut, twenty miles west of Hartford, was his birthplace—the date of his birth June 6, 1755. His father, Richard Hale, represented the second or third generation of an old New England family. We may call him a typical farmer, townsman, and deacon of the former century, who took more interest in his colony than the mother country, and who brought up his sons under the strictest convictions of duty. In time young Nathan and his elder brother, Enoch, were sent to Yale College, where they both entered the class of 1773. The former was but fourteen years of age. Not so surprising, then, that their father, as we find in some of his unpublished letters still preserved, should address them, even in Sophomore year, perhaps later, as "Dear Children." As such he bade them in the kindest terms to study well, "mind the orders of colledge," and attend to the duties of religion. Here young Hale came in contact with congenial fellow-students, whose acquaintance he kept fresh by correspondence as long as he lived. His intercourse with them no doubt helped to develop his manlier qualities, and matured and corrected his judgment. That there were kindred spirits among his classmates would appear from the good proportion of their number who were afterward led by common impulse to engage in the Revolutionary struggle.

Of Hale's class at least half a dozen served long and well. There was Benjamin Tallmadge, of Litchfield, the quite famous major of dragoons, who figures in more than one spirited scene of the Revolution. No one familiar with that period need be told who he was. Another, Captain Ezra Selden, of Lyme, one of Wayne's Stony Point heroes; another, Captain James Hillhouse, who so gallantly led a party of volunteers against the British in their raid upon New Haven in 1779; and still another was Major John Palsgrave Wyllys, of Hartford, Hale's early correspondent, who gave fifteen years to the service of the country—eight in the Revolution and seven after—until he fell, with a handful of regulars, in Harmar's Indian defeat on the Miami in 1790. Probably, too, Hale was acquainted while in college with such men as Colonel David Humphreys; Colonel John Brown (a noble spirit, who like Wyllys met his fate

NATHAN HALE'S CAMP-BOOK.

* The late Mr. I. W. Stuart, of Hartford, some years ago wrote a biography of Hale, in which he included the results of a long search for authentic information. The little work contains quite a complete history of the subject. Among its contents are a number of Hale's letters, and his military diary. The best account of his fate is given in the *Life of General William Hull*. Lafayette also refers to him in his *Memoirs*.

in an ambush, but ten years before, at Stone Arabia); Colonels Isaac Sherman and Ebenezer Huntington; Captains Richard Sill, Roger Alden, and Joseph Walker, aides to Stirling, Huntington, and Parsons; and, among others, Captains Roger Welles, Samuel Barker, James Morris, and the two sons of President Daggett, all light-



NATHAN HALE'S CAMP-BASKET AND POWDER-HORN.

infantry officers under Washington. These young collegians no doubt conducted themselves with credit and honor, and had Hale been spared for a similar career, we can easily imagine him returning from the war, like them, with well-earned laurels. But he was reserved for something more than service: it fell to him to exhibit devotion to his country of the highest possible order.

Upon graduation Hale taught school, first at Moodus, in the town of East Haddam, and then at New London. A venerable lady at the former place remembered him long after. "Everybody loved him," she said, "he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind, and *so* handsome." Describing his personal appearance, his biographer gives him a well-proportioned figure, full of suppleness and strength, a broad chest, open face, light blue eyes, light rosy complexion, and hair of a medium brown. At leaping he was without an equal among his companions.

It was while teaching at New London that he took the step which led to the bright fame he has left. Evidently he had been watching the progress of the dispute with Great Britain, and already had his colonial sympathies deeply aroused. As early as November, 1774, he writes, in an unpublished letter, that although as yet the New-Londoners had not erected a liberty-pole, they were all full of spirit. Under such circumstances his own course was not likely to remain long undecided, after the emergency had once arisen. Certainly he showed no hesitation as to his duty when the Lexington alarm startled the country. It seems to be well authenticated that when the news reached New London, and a town-meeting was called, Hale not only attended, but made a vigorous speech. "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence," was one of his reported expressions. So he foresaw what many others were unwilling to admit at that date, that the struggle, once begun, meant final separation from the mother country. Following up this patriotic declaration, the young schoolmaster closed his school, and enrolled as a volunteer in the general posse that hurried off from all quarters toward Boston. He returned shortly after, but only to remain a few weeks, as he had finally accepted an appointment as lieutenant in a new regiment then forming, to be commanded by Colonel Charles Webb, of Stamford. It was a tearful hour, we are told, when he broke up his school forever, separating from patrons and scholars by whom he was respected and loved, and postponing his own and his father's cherished plans of studying for the ministry; but what inner strength of heart and cheerfulness must have buoyed him up as he went out to do what he felt the times required of him!

Colonel Webb's regiment being ordered to re-enforce Washington, Hale's first mil-

itary experiences were associated with the siege of Boston. He was stationed, until late in the following January, in General Sullivan's brigade, at Winter Hill, on the left of the line, and on the straight road to the enemy at Bunker Hill. Here he kept a daily journal, and its brief entries show how great an interest he took in camp and field matters, and with what student-like method and eagerness he set about to perfect himself in his new duties. If soldier he must be, he proposed to make himself a good one, although, so far as active service was concerned, the situation gave him little opportunity to prove his mettle in a brush with the enemy. Now and then there were alarms and skirmishes, and occasionally we meet with some interesting personal coincidence. For instance, in the present case, while Hale went on duty in camp or on the lines, and noted almost everything that he saw or heard, we read of a young British captain—his fine face suggesting characteristics not unlike Hale's—who was posted opposite on Bunker Hill, and who wrote home descriptions of the siege from his point of view. This was Captain William Glanville Evelyn, the son of a clergyman, and descended from the same stock with John Evelyn, the learned author of *Sylva*. There were Evelyns born in Kent, the birthplace of Hale's English ancestors.

These young officers seemed equally intent on the passing scenes around Boston, and jotted down matters great and small. Thus Hale, one Tuesday in December, made this entry in his diary: "Went to Cobble Hill. A shell and a shot from Bunker Hill. The shell breaking in the air, one piece fell, and touched a man's hat, but did no harm." Over on Bunker Hill, Evelyn wrote of their ducking at the whistling of a 24-pounder, and of a shot which went through a tent, "and fairly took the crown out of one of the King's Own Grenadiers' hats." Luckily, as he adds, "his head was not in it." Both enter more fully into the little affairs of November 9, 1775, at Lechmere's Point, in which certainly one if not both officers were engaged. They were again on opposite sides on Long Island, but destined soon to lie buried in common soil at New York, one falling within a month of the other, and both greatly missed as soldiers of much promise.

Events at Boston soon culminated in American success, and in the spring of 1776 we find Washington's army transferred to the new base of operations at New York. At the beginning of the year the troops were reorganized; Colonel Webb's regiment became the Nineteenth Continentals, and Hale's name now appears on the roll of its captains. A characteristic act is recorded of him while the new enlistments were going on. Men hesitated to enter for long periods, and recruiting was almost alarmingly slow in consequence. Hale was so anxious to keep his company that he finally offered the patriotic inducement which is thus briefly entered in his diary: "Promised the men, if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time."

The first collision and disaster at New York foreshadowed the fate of this ingenuous youth. In the long and tedious work of fortifying the new position, Hale and his regiment had their full share. Here, after assignment to MacDougall's brigade, they encamped near Bayard's Hill Fort, on the line of Grand Street, near the Bowery. In one of his last letters, written from this point, August 20, 1776, he tells his brother:

"Our situation has been such this fortnight or more as scarce to admit of writing. We have daily expected an action—by which means, if any one was going, and we had letters written, orders were so strict for our tarrying in camp, that we could rarely get leave to go and deliver them. For about six or eight days the enemy have been expected hourly, whenever the wind and tide least favored. We keep a particular look-out for them this morning. The place and manner of attack time must determine. The event we leave to Heaven."

The attack came one week later, on August 27, and we suffered the heavy defeat on Long Island. Webb's regiment, with others, was hurried over the East River early in the morning, but took no part in the engagement. Three days after occurred Washington's skillful retreat to the New York side, and with it began the series of perplexities and reverses which so distressed our army in that critical campaign. The suddenly changed and uncomfortable position of affairs greatly increased the anxiety of the commander-in-chief. One thing he felt the need of especially, and that was information respecting the strength and probable movements of the enemy. Later in the war he succeeded in obtaining such information, and could manœuvre intelligently, even with an army which half the time

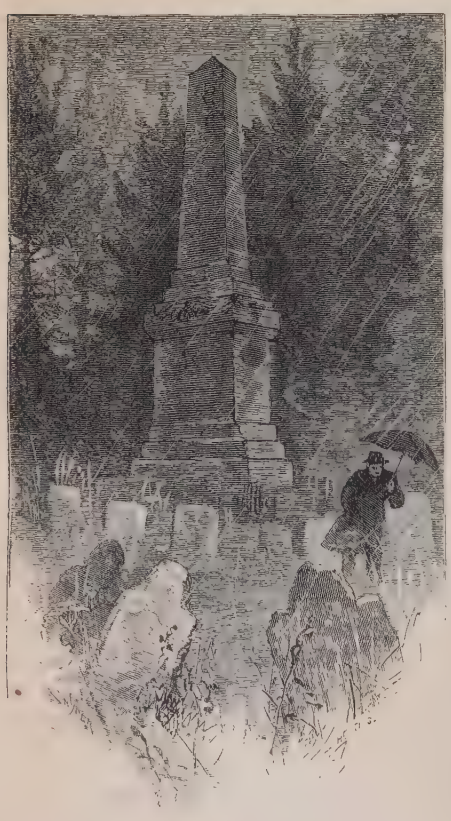
HALE RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM WASHINGTON.

was unfit to take the field for any extended operations; and it is interesting to note that the officer who managed these lines of communication with the opposite camp was Hale's friend and classmate Major Benjamin Tallmadge. But at this date, after the Long Island affair, Washington was totally at a loss for proper intelligence, and suggested every temporary expedient for securing it. Nothing but the East River being now between him and the powerful enemy, it was of the utmost importance that he should be warned in ample time of their advance. "As everything," he wrote to Heath, at Kingsbridge, "in a manner depends upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions, I do most earnestly entreat you and General Clinton to exert yourselves to accomplish this most desirable end. Leave no stone unturned, nor do not stick at expense, to bring this to pass, as I never was more uneasy than on account of my want of knowledge on this score. Keep constant look-outs," he adds, "with good glasses on some commanding heights that look well on to the other shore."

It was in this emergency, when a successful accomplishment of Washington's wishes would have been of the greatest use to the army, that Captain Hale stepped forward to offer his services. It happened that he had recently volunteered to act as one of the officers of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Knowlton's new corps of Rangers, organized to scout between the lines, feel the enemy's position, and report directly to the commander-in-chief. Knowlton was a gallant officer, a near townsman of Hale's, and must have known his worth, or he could not have accepted him for the Rangers. Early in September, when Washington's suspense was keenest, the colonel broached the matter of obtaining the desired information to his own officers, in the hope that some one of them might be able to serve the chief. The suggestion appears to have deeply impressed Hale, who, after the interview with Knowlton, went to talk the subject

over with his fellow-officer and college friend Captain William Hull, of Webb's regiment. This we know from Hull himself. The two captains discussed the question of undertaking the *rôle* of a spy. Hull used every argument to dissuade Hale from the dangerous service, and appealed to him as a soldier not to run the risk of closing his promising career with an ignominious death. Hale, however, although fully sensible of the consequences of capture, could think of nothing but duty. He told Hull that for a year he had been attached to the army, and had rendered no material service; that he wished to be useful; was uninfluenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward; and so far as the peculiar duty in question was concerned, he felt that "*every kind of service necessary to the public good became honorable by being necessary.*"

Calmly and firmly deciding the question for himself, Hale soon after reported to Washington his readiness to enter the British lines in disguise. What instructions, what advice, what cautions, he received from the general there are no records to tell us. These facts only we know certainly: that he suddenly disappeared from camp, passed up the Connecticut coast, changed his uniform for a school-master's garb, crossed to Huntington, Long Island, and then made his way to the enemy at Brooklyn and New York —never to return. After making satisfactory observations, taking sketches of works, and writing his notes in Latin, he was on the point of returning to the Connecticut shore, when he was seized and held as a spy! A boat was to have met him at Huntington Bay, and on the morning of the 18th or 19th of September, as he was waiting near the shore, the supposed craft made its appearance; but he approached it only to find that it was a yawl from a British cruiser lying below, and that retreat on his part was impossible. Ordered to surrender, with the guns of the marines levelled at him, he yielded to the situation, was taken to the man-of-war, conveyed to New York, and there delivered to the military authorities.



HALE MONUMENT AT SOUTH COVENTRY, CONNECTICUT.

At New York, Hale was brought before Sir William Howe, the English commander-in-chief. An American spy at that time was likely to receive but trifling consideration. Hale received none. Four years later, when André was captured, every attention and comfort was accorded him by Washington's officers during his confinement and trial. He himself expressed his grateful appreciation of their tenderness. But André was the adjutant-general of the British army, and mixed up with Arnold and Clinton in a dazzling plot to obtain an American stronghold. He was out on "official" business. In addition, in 1780 both sides were treating each other with more military respect than in the first years of the war. In 1776 poor Hale was a wretched Continental—rebel as well as spy—and punishment could be neither too swift nor too severe. Possibly in 1776 an English officer, caught in the American camp under Hale's circumstances, would have received like treatment, so far as immediate condemnation was concerned. In Hale's case certainly the treatment was summary as well as peculiarly heartless. The only relief in the picture is the noble bearing of the prisoner. Instead of attempting a defense, or explaining the papers

THE HALE HOMESTEAD, SOUTH COVENTRY, CONNECTICUT.

found upon his person, he frankly declared his rank in Washington's army, and the object of his visit to the British camp. If tradition and meagre records are correct, the scene of his examination and sentence was the little greenhouse in the garden of the old Beekman mansion, on Fifty-second Street near First Avenue, where Howe had fixed his head-quarters. Upon this confession the British commander—and it is difficult to see how he could have done otherwise—pronounced him a spy, and ordered his execution to take place on the following morning.

The "following morning" was Sunday, the 22d of September, 1776. Where Hale spent that night, whether at the jail (the present Hall of Records), or at some guard-house, does not appear. One thing is known, that he was put into the care of a provost-marshal of a most inhuman sort, said to be the noted Cunningham, whose name afterward sent a shudder through every one who chanced to become his prisoner. Assured that his fate was sealed, Hale requested that he might be attended by a clergyman, but this was refused by the marshal; so too was his request for a Bible. On the fatal morning he was led out to the place of his execution, which upon the best data at hand appears to have been the Rutgers' orchard, not far above Franklin Square, on East Broadway, and there calmly awaited his fate. Pending the preparations, an English officer received permission to have Hale remain in his tent, where the latter found time to write letters to his mother and a comrade in the army.

When André walked to the scaffold in 1780, no sign of faintness escaped him, but bowing to all around, he said, at the closing moment, "Gentlemen, you will bear witness that I die with the firmness becoming a soldier." Eye-witnesses on the occasion have left the record that his self-possession throughout the trying scene was perfect. This was equally true of Hale, but Hale was far from being a professional soldier, and the thought of sustaining that character to the end seems not to have occurred to him. André could not belie the traditional courage of the British officer. Hale could not belie the cause he had voluntarily espoused, and when summoned from the tent where he had written the letters, to suffer his fate, his heart found spontaneous and unaffected utterance in words not to be forgotten. "*I only regret*," he said, to the few spectators present, "*that I have but one life to lose for my country.*" Does any page in history furnish the example of a purer *patriot* than Hale?

Owing to the hurry, vexations, and defeats of our army, which overshadowed everything that fall, Hale's execution failed to receive much attention at the time. Very few were aware of his mission to

"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY."

the enemy, and the particulars of his noble sacrifice were probably not generally known until later. That Washington and his staff officers were moved by his fate, and had discussed his case as a military precedent, seems to be made certain by the reference which Colonel Tilghman, one of the chief's aides, makes in a letter to Mr. Duer, of the New York Convention. "General Howe," he writes, "hanged a captain of ours belonging to Knowlton's Rangers, who went into New York to make discoveries. I do not see why we should not make retaliation." Of course retaliation was out of the question, for Hale carried his life in his hands; but if time ever works out poetic revenges of its own, was it possibly avenging Hale's fate four years later when André suffered? It might be called a singular coincidence that Hale's much-loved classmate, Major Tallmadge, was André's real captor, and that on the way to Washington's camp they talked of Hale. So, also, it may be noticed that Lafayette, late in life, once stated in Paris that André's proven guilt and Captain Hale's case were considerations which led to the former's sentence; and in his *Memoirs*, written long before, the same general, says:

"Captain Hale, of Connecticut, a distinguished young man, beloved by his family and friends, had been taken on Long Island under circumstances of the same kind as those that occasioned the death of Major André; but instead of being treated with the like respect, to which Major André himself bore testimony, Captain Hale was insulted to the last moment of his life. 'This is a fine death for a soldier!' said one of the English officers who were surrounding the cart of execution. 'Sir,' replied Hale, lifting up his cap, 'there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause.' He calmly replaced his cap, and the fatal cart moving on, he died with the most perfect composure."

Here was Hale's memory confronting André at his very arrest and trial.

It only remains to repeat the two well-known facts, that André's memory has been honored with a grave and inscription, in common with England's distinguished dead, in Westminster Abbey, while Hale has passed unnoticed by his countrymen, save in his native town of Coventry, where some thirty or forty years ago a plain monument was erected by the patriotic inhabitants, assisted by a small grant from the State. The captain's heroic, unselfish sacrifice merits a less obscure recognition. Where but in New York, where Hale suffered, should some worthy tribute be accorded him?

ALBERT CUYP.

II.—ALBERT CUYP.

ALBERT CUYP was born at Dort in 1606, as is now generally conceded, the usual dispute concerning the precise year having been waged in regard to him as well as to most of the other early Dutch painters; and Charles Blanc, in a sketch of him, writes, "that the same year that gave birth to one of the greatest painters of humanity (Rembrandt), also gave to Holland one of her greatest painters, certainly one of her most versatile. The lives of these two men were passed from their beginning to their close in the midst of a society profoundly stirred by religious quarrels, and likewise a prey to all the horrors of a civil war, yet in their works one finds no trace of the blood shed around them. The one threw the rays of his magic lamp on all the dramas enacted in human life, without apparently considering as worthy of portrayal those which the passing history of his own country was displaying on its stage; the other, apparently seeing nothing of the tragedy of which Holland was the theatre, listening neither to the din of the Thirty Years' War, the rumors of the market-place, nor the outburst of religious conflicts, calmly contemplated nature, dividing his attention between the landscape and the sea, painting with the same enthusiasm cattle at pasture or vessels under full sail, and portrayed his generally foggy country as illuminated by sunshine, the abode of shepherds leading their flocks, huntsmen at the chase, seamen navigating the tranquil Meuse, and fishermen placidly drawing in their nets."

It does seem surprising that such an entire absorption in art could exist in the midst of such civil discords. When both the great painters were at an impressionable age, Barneveldt, judged by the Synod of Dort, and declared guilty of conspiracy (though, as now known, unjustly accused and sentenced), was beheaded; later came the invasion of Louis XIV.; the tragic death of Jean and Cornelius De Witt at the hands of the mob, while Prince William looked calmly on; and though Cuyp's life was passed among such scenes, they

"A VIEW OF DORT."—[FROM PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.]

are in no way reflected in his pictures. The sorrows and sufferings of the people, the political disasters of his country, the blood shed all around him, threw, as far as we know, no shadow on Cuyp's life. While thousands of his contemporaries were suffering and dying violent deaths, and a whole nation was convulsed to its very centre, he quietly studied the habits of the sailor, the efforts of the fisherman, or the effects of lazy summer noons.

It has always been claimed, and there is nothing to disprove it, that Cuyp's only instructor was his father, Jacob Gerritzom Cuyp, one of the founders of the Academy of St. Luke, at Dort, who resembles the greater number of the Dutch painters of the sixteenth century in that they formed their successors, were surpassed by them, and forgotten by succeeding generations. Of Cuyp's life there is literally no record. One knows not whether his youth was one of ease or of struggle; whether the tranquil beauty of his pictures is owing to his having led a peaceful, happy existence, such as tends to long life and a vigorous old age; or whether he suffered, and so found relief from the burdens of his daily life in picturing scenes in which care and anxiety had no place.

In commenting on this scant knowledge, Blanc writes: "We are even ignorant of the precise date of his death. According to the registry of M. Immerzeel, of Amsterdam, Cuyp was still living in 1680, for we learn from one of his pictures, the 'Salmon Fishing,' now in the museum at the Hague, that he had for a patron the head of the fishermen guild at Dort—a useless piece of knowledge, for it tells us nothing of either patron or protégé. I think myself there was never a life more honest, laborious, and less troubled by contending passions than Cuyp's. He must, even when young, have been able by his talents to provide himself with all the necessaries of life, so that he need never fear want. Of a placid temperament, a gentle yet firm character, he was doubtless on terms of friendship with the leading men of his day. It would appear from the many times he painted 'Maurice of Nassau preparing for the Chase,' that he must have known him, and therefore been of the reformed faith."

Cuyp in the apparently exhaustless variety of his genius was able to represent nature in her entirety. One recognizes Vander Velde, Potter, Wouverman, Ruysdael, etc., not only by their style, but also by the subjects they always chose. Their range was limited; but Cuyp not only equals them, but often surpasses them, as well as other artists, in their own individual line. Figures, animals, still life,

landscapes, marines, church interiors, winter scenes, kitchen interiors, all varieties, he has painted, and with a master's hand. A common criticism of Cuyp's pictures is that they are "picturesque"; but he does not, according to Blanc, gain his picturesque effects by painting according to the generally received rules for obtaining such results. The Dort artist paid no heed to the picturesqueness of poverty, or of dim shadowy recesses; he painted men well clad and prosperous, animals full of health and strength, and studied nature under the blaze of a cloudless sky. His horses are well groomed, his cattle sleek and glossy, and he loved the bright sunlight. In these respects he differs from his contemporaries. He viewed and represented the landscape of his native country in the same manner as did Claude the country around Rome, the Bay of Naples, the Cascades of Tivoli, etc.

"NOONDAY REST."—[FROM PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.]

Two of the finest Cuyps are in the Louvre—"The Departure," and "The Return." In "The Departure," the principal figure, clad in scarlet, has just mounted his horse, a dappled gray, while the groom in a green great-coat has stooped to offer the stirrup. The group, in bright light, has for background the sombre castle, whose shadow, falling to the right, is opposed to the dazzling sunlight which fills the rest of the picture; and midway are seen two shepherds, with their flocks, who form a faint mezzotint on which the eye falls before resting on the clear tones of the distance. The entire picture is full of life and vigor, "of the tranquillity of the prosperous ones of life, and of the warmth and splendor of day." With the exception of the dogs, painted with feebleness, the picture is a most admirable exponent of Cuyp's strength. Yet compare his riders and horses with those of Wouverman. The men who in Wouverman's pictures appear as elegant proud cavaliers, mounted on mettlesome horses ready to prance and rear, Cuyp saw as though in a different age and of a different nation. His pictures bear traces of his own individuality. His riders seem like the rich burghers of the seventeenth century, who lead the lives of "grands seigneurs" without being able to assume their *dégagé* air. Wouverman's cavaliers are free, bold riders, ready for either love or war, wearing gay plumes, gilded spurs, knee-boots, pistol at the saddle-bow. But Cuyp's riders are different in every way. They are men of grave, calm mien, richly dressed, but with no coquetry; their horses are strong, docile, and well groomed, ready

to pace, trot, or gallop, but never in the habit of prancing or rearing.

The animals of Potter, Berghem, Vander Velde, or Vander Does resemble each other; but Cuyp treats his animals differently, painting them from that point where there are the fewest broken lines, and which displays their best development.

Cuyp's marines, like his landscapes, bear the stamp of truthfulness; and of one, "The Canal at Dort," M. Waagen writes: "It would be impossible to describe the pervading transparency of the morning sunlight, or the delicacy of the aerial perspective in the gradation of a succession of vessels lying one behind another."

Cuyp was no imitator of other artists. He painted Nature as he saw her, and as she exists in Holland, never seeking to arrange a landscape so as to make it picturesque, but reproducing with fidelity the country near Dort as it lay spread before him. It is true he hated sombre skies and dark shadows, and we always see his Holland in her most attractive garb. So strong was his predilection for the cheerful in nature, that even when painting a winter landscape, with streams covered with ice, snow whitening the roofs of the cottages, and sharply defining the bare tree branches, he makes the fog break away scatteringly at the horizon, so that the cold but transparent rays of the winter's sun may give some gleams of brightness. This is seen in his picture of "Fishing under the Ice," owned by the Duke of Bedford, and engraved by Fittler, before which M. Blanc tells us he remained gazing for an hour, and adds: "Many times has Cuyp painted fishermen breaking the ice to cast their lines, sledgers, and skaters, but he has never painted that sad gray winter sky which hangs over the earth as a marble cover over a tomb. A singular artist, and almost alone in this truth, that he knew the art of painting winters without coldness, and moonlights without melancholy."

Lebrun tells us that the English were the first to estimate Cuyp at his proper value, for a long time the French failed to esteem his works, and that fully nine-tenths of his works are owned in England. Blanc insists it is because of the sunlight in them that the English admire them. "It is not surprising that enthusiasm should be excited by him in a people who so love the sun; for if the English are foolish about our Claude, it is because in his marines and landscapes he has painted with a ray of that luminary. For watery England it was a consolation to see sunlight, if only in a picture; and it was M. Ralp, in a note accompanying the collection of engravings published by J. Boydell in 1769, who first gave Cuyp the name of the Dutch Claude—a name well deserved, for these two masters, so different, are both of them true. The difference between the countries they lived in makes the difference in their genius. Claude had at the service of his brush a nature much more rich in inspiration for an artist in love with light. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has its rare and fleeting days of splendor; it fights almost the entire year, as did the ancient Ormuzd against the clouds; and yet in Cuyp's works we find no traces of this contest between day and night which evidently so strongly affected the genius of Rembrandt."

There are eight engravings known to have been done by Cuyp, of which good copies have been made by Bagelaar, and the National Library of France owns six of these.

His pictures are very rarely offered for sale, and on such rare occasions are eagerly contended for. Critics vary much in their estimate of his genius. Blanc, as we have seen, has nothing but praise. Kugler writes: "Of Cuyp's works their principal charm lies in the beauty and truthfulness of their peculiar lighting. No other painter, with the exception of Claude, has so well understood how to represent the cool freshness of morning, the bright but misty light of a hot noon, or the warm glow of a clear sunset, in every possible gradation, from the utmost force in the foreground to the tenderest tone of the distance.....But, on the other hand, his animals, and more especially his cattle, have a certain uniformity; their heads are somewhat narrow; while his execution, generally speaking, does not extend to any nicety of detail.....Cuyp varies; the pictures of his earlier days have a certain heaviness of tone; the flesh-tints are of a hard red; the aerial perspective deficient; and his execution, though careful and fused, is hard in outline. Later the gradation becomes more true, the coloring clearer, especially the warm flesh-tints, and the solid treatment always more broad and free."

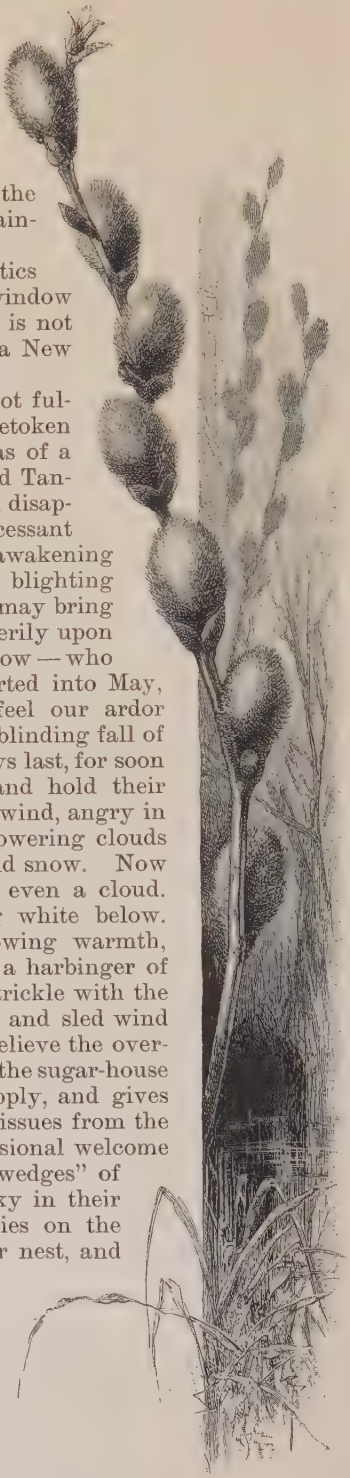
I LOOK out upon a dreary moor, where the horizon melts into the cold gray of a heavy sky. The restless wind sweeps with pitiless blast through the shivering trees, and o'er the bleak hills, from whose crests, like a great white veil, the clouds of hoary flakes are lifted and drawn along by the gale. Down the upland slope,

across the undulating field, the blinding drift, like a thing of life, speeds in its wild caprice, now swirling in fantastic eddies around some isolated stack, half hidden in its chill embrace, now winding away o'er bare-blown wall and scraggy fence, and through the sighing willows o'er the frozen stream; now with a wild whirl it flies aloft, and the dark pines and hemlocks on the mountain-side fade away in its icy mist.

Who has not watched the strange antics of the drifting snow whirling past the window on a blustering winter's day? But this is not a winter's day. This is the advent of a New England spring.

Happy are we that its promises are not fulfilled, for the ides of March might as oft betoken the approach of a tempestuous winter as of a balmy spring. Consecrated to Mars and Tantalus, it is a month of contradictions and disappointments, of broken promises and incessant warfare. It is the struggle of tender awakening life against the buffetings of rude and blighting elements. No man can tell what a day may bring forth. To-day we look out verily upon bleak December; to-morrow — who knows?—we may be transported into May, and, with aspirations high, feel our ardor cooled by a blast of ice and a blinding fall of snow. But this can not always last, for soon the southern breezes come and hold their sway for days, and the north wind, angry in its defeat, is driven back in lowering clouds to the region of eternal ice and snow. Now comes a lovely day, without even a cloud. All blue above, all dazzling white below. The sun shines with a glowing warmth, and we say, "This is indeed a harbinger of spring." The sugar-maples throb and trickle with the flowing sap, and the lumbering ox-team and sled wind through the woods from tree to tree to relieve the overflowing buckets. The boiling caldron in the sugar-house near by receives the continual supply, and gives forth that sweet-scented steam that issues from the open door, and comes to us in occasional welcome whiffs across the snow. Long "wedges" of wild-geese are seen cleaving the sky in their northward flight. The little pussies on the willows are coaxed from their winter nest, and creep out upon the stem. The solitary bluebird makes his appearance, flitting along the thickets and stone walls with little hesitating warble, as if it were not yet the appointed time to sing. The swamp-cabbage flower, that cautious little pioneer, down among the bogs, peers above the ground beneath his purple-spotted

DOWN BY



THE BROOK-SIDE.

EARLY PLOUGHING.

hood. He knows the fickle month which gives him birth, and keeps well under cover.

Such days in March are too perfect to endure, and at night the sky is overcast and dark. Then follows a long warm rain that unlocks the ice in all the streams. The whiteness of the hills and meadows melts into broad contracting strips and patches. One by one, as mere specks upon the landscape, these vanish in turn, until the last vestige of winter is washed from the face of the earth to swell the tide of the rushing stream. Even now, from the distant valley, we hear a continuous muffled roar, as the mighty freshet, impelled by an irresistible force, ploughs its tortuous channel through the lowlands and ravines. The quiet town is filled with an unusual commotion. Excited groups of towns-people crowd the village store, and eager voices tell of the havoc wrought by the fearful flood.

The tepid rain has penetrated deep into the yielding ground, and with the winter's frost now coming to the surface, the roads are well-nigh impassable with their plethora of mud. After warm winds and sunny days, the ground once more packs firm beneath the tread. This consummation marks the close of idle days. The junk pile in the barn is invaded, and the rusty plough abstracted from the midst of rakes and scythes and other farm implements. The old white horse thrusts his long head from the stall near by, and whinnies at the memories it revives, and with pricked-up ears and whisking tail tells plainly of the eagerness he feels.

Back and forth through the sloping lot the ploughman slowly turns the dingy sward, and in the rich brown furrow, following in his track, we see the cackling troop of hens, and the lordly rooster, with great ado, searches out the dainty tidbits for his motley crowd of favorites. The whole landscape has become infused with human life and motion. Wherever the eye may turn it sees the evidences of varied and hopeful industry. Yonder we notice an oft-recurring little puff of mist like a burlesque snow-drift, ever and anon bursting into view, and softly vanishing against the sward. Another glance detects the slow progress of horse and cart, and farmer sowing his load of plaster across the whitening field. Further up, where the brow of the hill stands clear against the sky, a pacing figure with measured sweep of arm scatters the handfuls of wheat, and team and harrow soon are in his path, combing and crumbling the dark brown mould. High curling wreaths of smoke wind upward from the flat swamp lot beyond, where hilarious boys enjoy both work and play in burning off the brush. Here we shall see the first welcome nibble of fresh grass for the poor bereaved cow

RETURN FROM THE FIELDS.

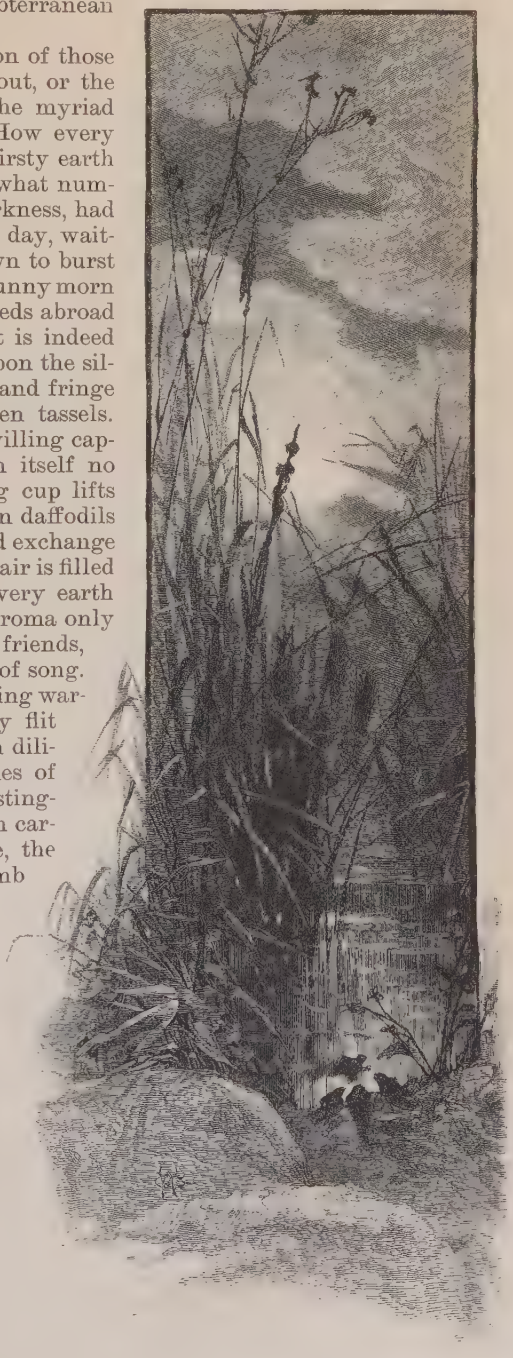
whose lamenting bleat now echoes through the barn near by; and for these oxen, too, that with swaying clumsy gait lug the huge roller across the neighboring field. And what strange yells and exclamations guide them in their labored progress! "Ho back! Gee up ahoy! Ho haw!" From every direction, in voices near, and others faint with distance, we hear this same jargon. Who could believe that so much good work hung upon the incessant reiteration of that brief and monotonous vocabulary? Rather would we listen to the musical ring of the laughing children riding on the big "brush harrow" down through that barn-yard lane beyond.

So runs the record of a busy day in the early New England spring-time, and with its all-absorbing industry it is a day that passes quickly. The afternoon runs into evening. Cool shadows creep across the landscape as the glowing sun sinks through the still bare and leafless trees and disappears behind the wooded hills. The fields are now deserted, and through the uncertain twilight we see the little knots of workmen with their swinging pails, and hear their tramp along the homeward road. In the dim shadows of the evergreens beyond, a faint gray object steals into view. Now it stops at the old watering trough, and I hear the sip of the eager horse and the splash of overflowing water. Some belated ploughman, fresh, perhaps, from a half-hour's gossip at the village store. How quickly the receding form is lost in the darkening road! One by one the scattered barns and houses have disappeared in the gathering dusk, marked only by the faint columns of blue smoke that rise above the trees, and melt away against the twilight sky. I look out upon a wilderness of gloom, where all above is still and clear, and all below is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. A plaintive piping trill now breaks the impressive stillness. Again and again I hear the little lonely voice vibrating through the low-lying mist. It is only a little frog in some far-off marsh; but what a sweet sense of sadness is awakened by that lowly melody! Where, in all the varied voices of the night, is there another song so lulling in its dreamy melody, so full of that charm which moves the human heart? How the very air seems to quiver with its fullness!

I recall, too, the pleasant sound upon the shingles overhead as the dark-clouded sky let fall its tell-tale drops to warn us of the coming rain. Who can forget those rainy days, with their games of hide-and-seek in the old dark garret? How we looked out upon the muddy, puddled road, and laughed at the great drifting sheets of water that ever and anon poured down from some bursting cloud, and roared upon the roof! How the tree trunks outside seemed to squirm and twist! The dark doorway of the barn, too, what strange capers it performed for our amusement! —now swelling out to twice its size, now stretching long and thin, or dividing in the middle in its queer contortions. Out in the dismal barn-yard we saw the forlorn row of hens huddled together on the hay-rick under the drizzling straw-thatched shed, and the gabled coop near

by, in whose dry retreat the motherly old hen spread her tawny wings, and yielded the warmth of her ruffled breast to the tender needs of her little family, peeping so contentedly beneath her. The rain-proof ducks dabble in the neighboring puddles, and chew the muddy water in search of floating dainties, or gulp with nodding heads the unlucky angle-worms which come struggling to the surface—drowned out of their subterranean tunnels.

How little did we suspect the mission of those rainy days, so drear and dismal without, or the sweet surprise preparing for us in the myriad mysteries of life beneath the sod! How every root and thread-like rootlet in the thirsty earth drank in that welcome moisture, and what numberless sleeping germs, dwelling in darkness, had awakened into life to seek the light of day, waiting only for the glory of a sunny dawn to burst forth from their hiding-places! That sunny morn does come at last, and in its beams it sheds abroad a power that stirs the deepest root. It is indeed a glorious day. The clustered buds upon the silver-maples burst in their exuberance, and fringe the graceful branches with their silken tassels. The restless crocus, for months an unwilling captive in its winter prison, can contain itself no longer, and with its little overflowing cup lifts up its face to the blue heaven. Golden daffodils burst into bloom on drooping stems, and exchange their little nods on right and left. The air is filled with a faint perfume, in which the very earth mould yields its fragrance—that wild aroma only known to spring. Our little feathered friends, so few and far between as yet, are full of song. The bluebird wooes his mate with a loving warble, full of tender sweetness, as they flit among the swaying twigs, or pry with diligent search among the hollow crannies of the orchard trees for their snug nesting-place. The noisy blackbirds hold high carnival in the top of the old pine-tree, the wood-pecker taps upon the hollow limb his resonant tattoo, and the hungry crows, like a posse of tramps, hang around the great oak-tree upon the knoll, and watch to see what they can steal. Down through the meadow the gurgling stream babbles as of old, and along its fretted banks the alder thickets are hanging full with drooping catkins swinging at every breeze. The glossy willow buds throw off their coat of fur, and plume themselves in their wealth of inflorescence, lighting up the brook-side with a yellow glow, and exhaling a fresh, delicious perfume. Here, too, we hear the rattling screech of the swooping kingfisher, as with quick beats of wing he skims along the surface of the stream, and with an ascending glide settles upon



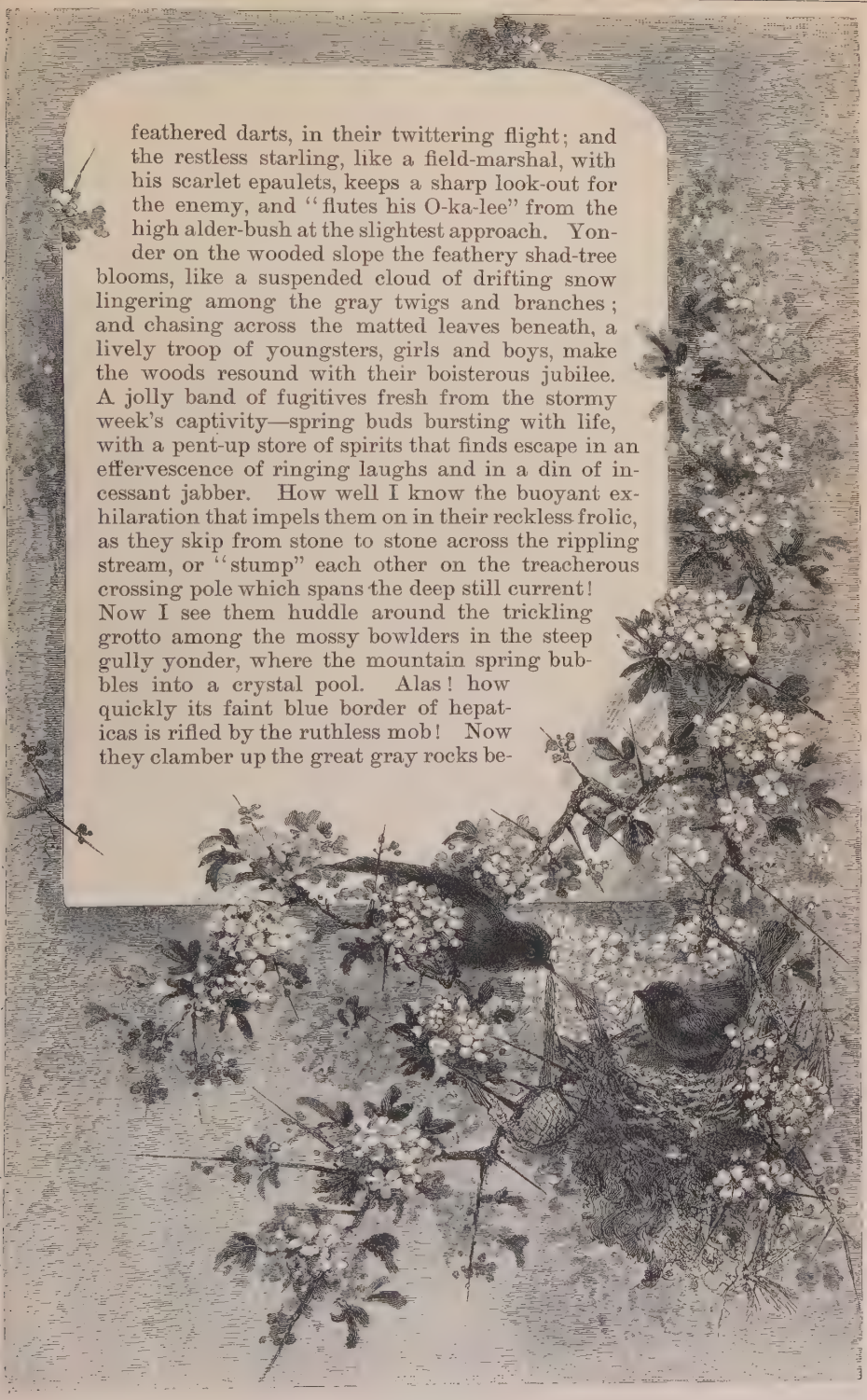
VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

the overhanging branch above the ripples. All these and a thousand more I vividly recall from the memory of that New England spring; but sweetest of all its manifold surprises was that crowning consummation, that miracle of a single night, bringing on countless wings through the early morning mist the welcome chorus of the returning flocks of birds. How they swarmed the orchard and the elms, where but yesterday the bluebird held his sway! Now we see the fiery oriole in his gold and jetty velvet flashing in the morning sun, and robins without number swell their ruddy throats in a continuous roundelay of song. The

pert cat-bird in his Quaker garb is here, and with flippant jerk of tail and impertinent mew bustles about among the arbor vitæs, where even now are remnants of his last year's nest. The puffy wrens, too, what saucy, sputtering little bursts of glee are theirs, as they strut upon the rustic boxes in the maples! There's the ringing voice of song-sparrow, and the bell note of the thrush, and all intermingled with the chatter and the gossip of the martens on their lofty house. Birds in the sky, birds in the trees and on the ground, birds everywhere, and not a silent one among them, but from far and near uniting in a perpetual happy choral the long day through.

A RAINY DAY.

Down in the moist green swamp lot the yellow cowslips bloom along the shallow ditch, and the eager farmer's wife fills her basket with the succulent leaves she has been watching for so long; for they'll tell you in New England that "they ain't noth'n' like caowslips for a mess o' greens." Near by we see the frog pond, with lush growth of arrow leaves and pickerel weed, and flat blades of blue-flag just starting from the boggy earth. All around us bevies of swallows skim through the air, like

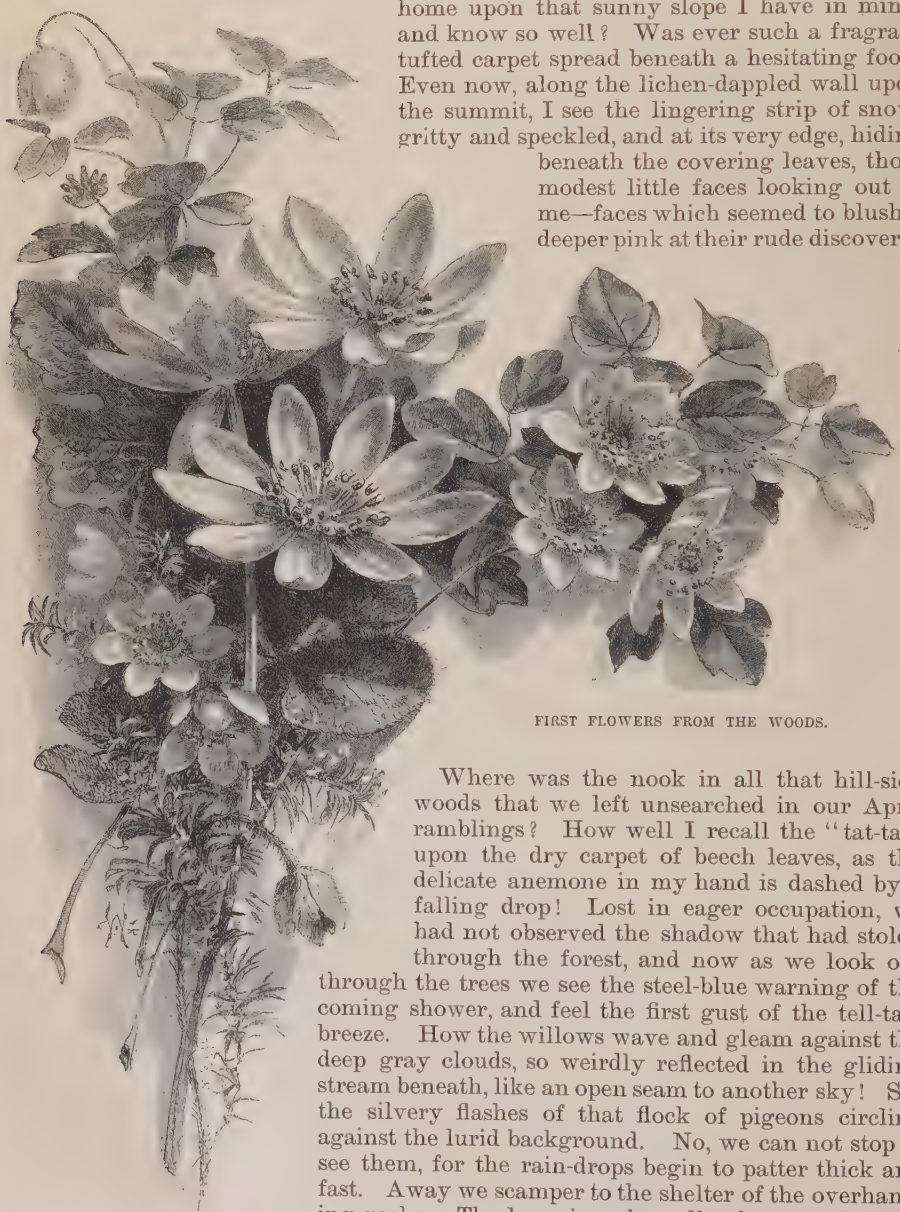


feathered darts, in their twittering flight; and the restless starling, like a field-marshal, with his scarlet epaulets, keeps a sharp look-out for the enemy, and "flutes his O-ka-lee" from the high alder-bush at the slightest approach. Yonder on the wooded slope the feathery shad-tree blooms, like a suspended cloud of drifting snow lingering among the gray twigs and branches; and chasing across the matted leaves beneath, a lively troop of youngsters, girls and boys, make the woods resound with their boisterous jubilee. A jolly band of fugitives fresh from the stormy week's captivity—spring buds bursting with life, with a pent-up store of spirits that finds escape in an effervescence of ringing laughs and in a din of incessant jabber. How well I know the buoyant exhilaration that impels them on in their reckless frolic, as they skip from stone to stone across the rippling stream, or "stump" each other on the treacherous crossing pole which spans the deep still current! Now I see them huddle around the trickling grotto among the mossy bowlders in the steep gully yonder, where the mountain spring bubbles into a crystal pool. Alas! how quickly its faint blue border of hepaticas is rifled by the ruthless mob! Now they clamber up the great gray rocks be-

NEST-BUILDING.

neath the drooping hemlocks, stopping in their headlong zeal to snatch some trembling cluster of anemone, nodding from its velvety bed of moss. Now plunging down on hands and knees, shedding innocent blood among an unsuspecting colony of fragile bloom—those glowing blossoms so welcome in the early spring! Who does not know the bloodroot—that shy recluse hiding away among the mountain nooks, that emblem of chaste purity with its bridal ring of purest gold? How often have I seen its tender leaf-wrapped buds lifting the matted leaves, and spreading their galaxy of snowy stars along the woodland path!

Then there was the shy arbutus, too. Where in all the world's bouquet is there another such a darling of a flower? And where in all New England does that darling show so full and sweet a face as in its home upon that sunny slope I have in mind, and know so well? Was ever such a fragrant tufted carpet spread beneath a hesitating foot? Even now, along the lichen-dappled wall upon the summit, I see the lingering strip of snow, gritty and speckled, and at its very edge, hiding beneath the covering leaves, those modest little faces looking out at me—faces which seemed to blush a deeper pink at their rude discovery.



FIRST FLOWERS FROM THE WOODS.

Where was the nook in all that hill-side woods that we left unsearched in our April ramblings? How well I recall the "tat-tat" upon the dry carpet of beech leaves, as the delicate anemone in my hand is dashed by a falling drop! Lost in eager occupation, we had not observed the shadow that had stolen through the forest, and now as we look out through the trees we see the steel-blue warning of the coming shower, and feel the first gust of the tell-tale breeze. How the willows wave and gleam against the deep gray clouds, so weirdly reflected in the gliding stream beneath, like an open seam to another sky! See the silvery flashes of that flock of pigeons circling against the lurid background. No, we can not stop to see them, for the rain-drops begin to patter thick and fast. Away we scamper to the shelter of the overhanging rocks. The lowering sky rolls above us through

PICKING WILD FLOWERS.

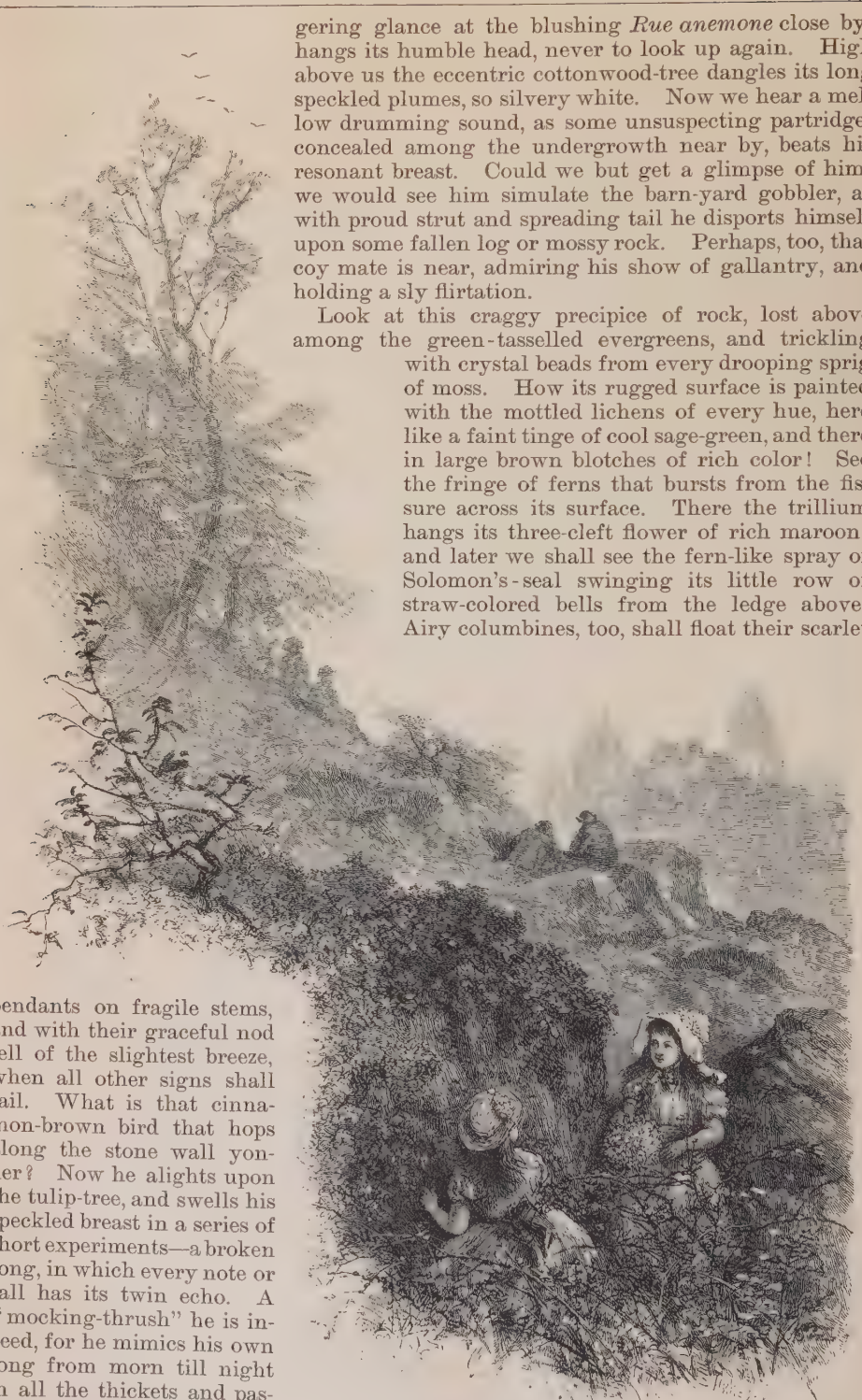
the branches. The glassy surface of the brook takes on a leaden hue, as the rain-cloud drags its misty veil across the distant meadows. The brown leaves jump and spatter at my feet, and the blue liver-wort flowers on right and left duck their heads like little living things dodging the pelting rain-drops.

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day! Even now the distant hill is lit up by the bursting sun. Nearer and nearer the gleam creeps across the landscape, chasing the shower away, and in a moment more the meadows glow with a freshened green, and the trees stand transfigured in glistening beads flashing in the sunbeams.

April's woods are teeming with life of bird and plant, if one will only look for them. On every side the ferns, curled up all winter in their dormant sleep, unroll their spiral sprays and reach out for the welcome sun. The spicy colt's-foot lifts its downy leaves among the mossy rocks and crevices, and its homely flower just peeps above the ground, and with a lin-

gering glance at the blushing *Rue anemone* close by, hangs its humble head, never to look up again. High above us the eccentric cottonwood-tree dangles its long speckled plumes, so silvery white. Now we hear a mellow drumming sound, as some unsuspecting partridge, concealed among the undergrowth near by, beats his resonant breast. Could we but get a glimpse of him, we would see him simulate the barn-yard gobbler, as with proud strut and spreading tail he disports himself upon some fallen log or mossy rock. Perhaps, too, that coy mate is near, admiring his show of gallantry, and holding a sly flirtation.

Look at this craggy precipice of rock, lost above among the green-tasselled evergreens, and trickling with crystal beads from every drooping sprig of moss. How its rugged surface is painted with the mottled lichens of every hue, here like a faint tinge of cool sage-green, and there in large brown blotches of rich color! See the fringe of ferns that bursts from the fissure across its surface. There the trillium hangs its three-cleft flower of rich maroon; and later we shall see the fern-like spray of Solomon's-seal swinging its little row of straw-colored bells from the ledge above. Airy columbines, too, shall float their scarlet pendants on fragile stems, and with their graceful nod tell of the slightest breeze, when all other signs shall fail. What is that cinnamon-brown bird that hops along the stone wall yonder? Now he alights upon the tulip-tree, and swells his speckled breast in a series of short experiments—a broken song, in which every note or call has its twin echo. A "mocking-thrush" he is indeed, for he mimics his own song from morn till night in all the thickets and pasture-lands. Take care there!



GATHERING ARBUTUS.

AN APRIL DAY.

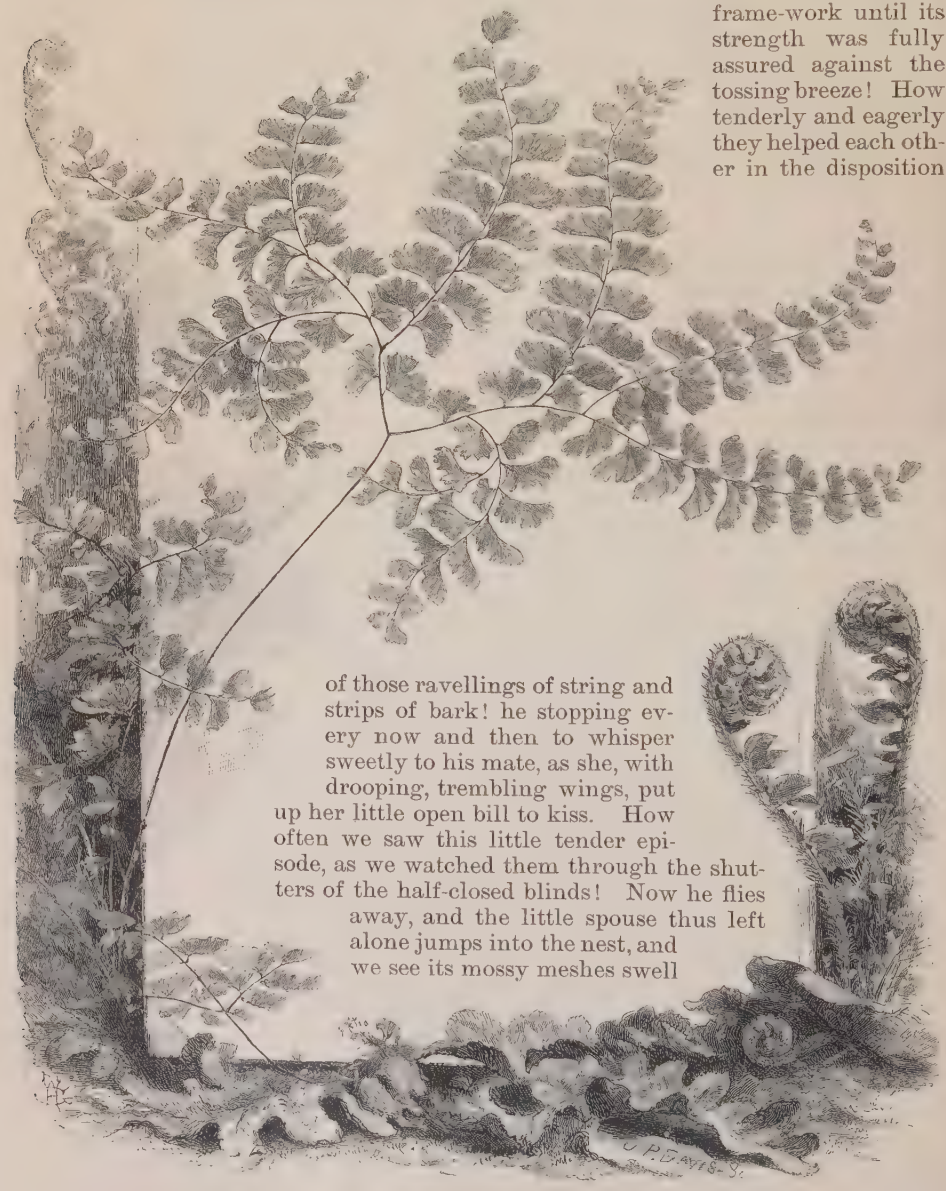
why, you almost stepped upon that feathery tuft of "Dutchman's breeches." Oh, show me the man that dared to clothe this sweet blossom in such an ignominious title as that! Where is the Dutchman that ever wore unmentionables of such rare and exquisite pink satin as that pale dicentra wears? No wonder their little broken hearts droop at the insult!

That grotesque Jack-in-the-pulpit, rising above that crumbling log, is named more to my mind. There he stands beneath his striped canopy, and preaches to me a sermon on the well-remembered rashness of my youth in trifling with that subterranean bulb from which he grows. But I ignored his warning in those early days. I only knew that a nice boy across the way seemed very fond of those little Indian turnips, called them sugar-roots, and said that they were full of honey. And as he bit off his eager mouthful, and refused to let me taste, I sought one for myself, and, generous boy that he was, he showed me where to find the buried treasure. It was like a small flat turnip, an innocent-looking affair (and so was the nice boy's modelled piece of apple, by-the-way). But oh! the sudden revelation of the red-hot reservoir of chain-lightning that crammed that innocent bulb!

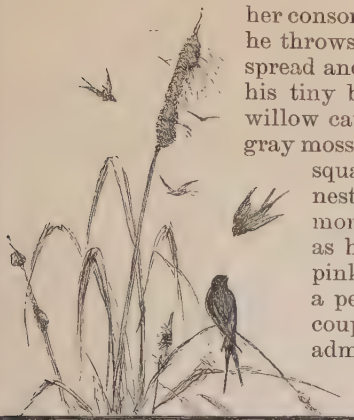
How well we remember those tramps along the meadow brook: the dark still holes beneath the overhanging rocks, where, with golden slipping loop and pole and cautious creep, we wired those lazy, unsuspecting "suckers" on the gravelly bed below! Ah! what scientific angling with the rod and reel in later years has ever brought back the keen tingle of that primitive sport? The great green bull-frogs, too, in the lily pond. How they disclosed their cavernous resources as they jumped and splashed and sprawled after the tantalizing bit of red flannel on that dangling hook! We recall that rickety bridge among the willows, and the mossy nest of mud so firmly fixed upon the beam beneath. How could we be so deaf to the pleading of those little phœbe-birds that fluttered so beseechingly about us? Then there was that deep hole in the sand-bank near the brook, where the burrowing kingfisher hid away his nest. How we watched in the twilight to see him enter, and, with big round stone in readiness, "plugged" him in his den! What fun it was to dig him out, and ventilate his musty nest of fish bones! The starling in the thicket of the swamp circled through the air with angry "Quit! quit!" as we picked our way through the bristling bogs so close upon her nest. We'll not forget that false step that sent us sprawling in the green slimy mud, at the first electrifying glimpse of those four spotted eggs. The high-holer, too, whose golden gleam of wing upon the bare dead tree betrayed his nesting-place in the hollow limb—was ever such a stimulus offered to the eagerness of youth? Who would give a second thought to his tender shins at the prospect of such a prize as a nest of high-holers'

eggs? How round and white they were! how the pale golden yolk floated beneath the pearly shell! Those were jolly days for us; but the poor birds had to suffer, and few indeed were the nests that escaped our prying search. There was the catbird in the evergreens, with lovely eggs of peacock blue; the pure white treasures of the swallows in the mud nests under the barn-yard eaves; the brown speckled eggs in the sheltered nest of song-sparrows on the grassy slope; the dear little eggs of chippies in their horse-hair bed, and in their midst the insinuated specimen of the cheeky cow-blackbird: there were eggs of every shape and hue, and we knew too well where to put our hand on them.

In a flowery hawthorn outside our window we watched a loving little pair building their pensile nest among the thorns and blossoms. How incessant was their solicitude for that fragile frame-work until its strength was fully assured against the tossing breeze! How tenderly and eagerly they helped each other in the disposition of those ravellings of string and strips of bark! he stopping every now and then to whisper sweetly to his mate, as she, with drooping, trembling wings, put up her little open bill to kiss. How often we saw this little tender episode, as we watched them through the shutters of the half-closed blinds! Now he flies away, and the little spouse thus left alone jumps into the nest, and we see its mossy meshes swell



A SHADY NOOK.



as she fits the deep hollow to her feathery breast. Presently her consort returns, trailing along a gossamer of cobweb, which he throws around the supporting thorn, and leaves for her to spread and tuck among the crevices. Again he appears, with his tiny bill concealed in a silvery puff of cotton from the willow catkins in the swamp; next he brings a wisp of long gray moss; now a curly flake of rich brown lichen, or a jagged square of birch bark, all of which are laid against the nest, and half covered with films of cobweb. Once more we see his tiny form among the hawthorn blossoms as he tugs a papery piece of hornets' nest through the pink barricade. This is arranged to hang beneath as a pendant to their floating fabric, and the happy little couple sit together upon a neighboring twig in twittering admiration. And well they may, for a prettier nest than theirs never hung upon a thorn. Not perfect yet, it

THE MEADOW BROOK.

seems, however, for that little feminine eye has seen the need of one more touch. Away she flies, and in a minute more a downy feather, tipped with iridescent green, is adjusted in the cobwebs.

This dainty little work of art is only one of the thousands that everywhere are building in the blooming trees and thickets. These are the supreme moments of the spring, consecrated to the loves of bird and blossom. Every little winged form that scarcely bends the twig has its all-consuming passion, and every tree its wedding of the flower. Out in the orchard the apple-trees are laden in veritable domes of pink-white bloom, as if by the rare spectacle of a rosy fall of snow, and from among the dewy petals the army of bees give forth their low, continuous drone—that sympathetic chord in the universal harmony of spring. How they revel in that rich harvest! Who knows what sweet messages are borne from flower to flower upon those filmy wings?

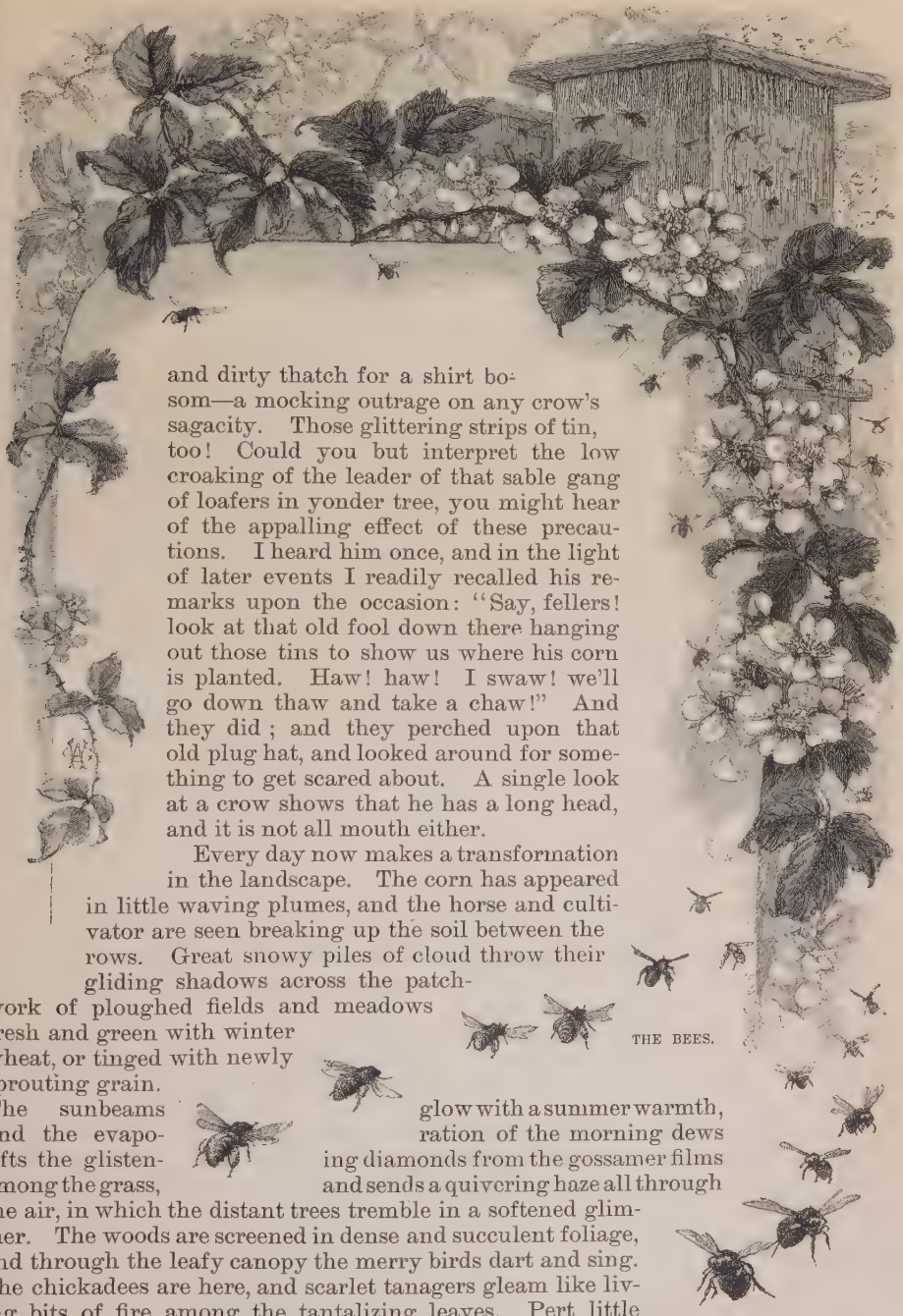
On the green slope beneath, the scattered dandelions gleam like drops of molten gold upon the velvety sward, and a lounging family group, intent upon that savory noonday relish, gather the basketfuls of the dainty plants for that appetizing "mess of greens." How often, while thus engaged, have I stopped to watch the antics of the festive bumble-bee, tumbling around in the tufted blossom—always an amusing sight. How he rolls and wallows in the golden fringe, even standing on his head and kicking in his glee! Presently, with his long black nose thrust deep into the yellow puff, he stops to enjoy a quiet snooze in the luxurious bed—an endless sleep,

AFTER THE PHŒBE'S NEST.

for I generally took this chance to put him out of his misery, preferring, perhaps, to watch the robin hopping across the lawn. Now he stops, and seems to listen; runs a yard or so, and listens again, and without a sign of warning dips his head, and pulls upon an unlucky angle-worm that much prefers to go the other way. It is a well-known fact that angle-worms come to the surface of their burrows at the sound of rain-drops on the earth above. I sometimes wonder if the robin in its quick running stroke of foot intends to simulate that sound, and thus decoy its prey.

I remember the wild tumult of a troop of boys upon the hill-side, tracking the swarming bees, as they whirled along in a living tangle against the sky, now loosening in their dizzy meshes, now contracting in a murmuring hum around their queen, and finally settling on a branch in a pendent bunch about her. How tame and docile they became! How they seemed to forget their fiery javelins as they hung in that brown filmy mass upon the bending bough! "A swarm of bees in May iz wuth a load o' hay." So said our neighbor, as with fresh clean hive he secured that prized equivalent. Here they are soon at home again, and we see their steady winged stream pouring out through the little door of their treasure-house, and the continual arrival of the little dusty plunderers, laden with their smuggled store of honey, and their saddle-bags replete with stolen gold. Down near the brook they find a land of plenty, literally flowing with honey, as the luxuriant drooping clusters of the locust-trees yield their brimful nectaries to the impetuous, murmuring swarm. But there is no lack now of flowery sweets for this buzzing colony. On every hand the meadow-sweets and milkweeds, the brambles, and the fragrant creeping-clover show their alluring colors in the universal burst of bloom, and not one escapes its tender pillaging.

Up in the woods the gray has turned to tender green. The flowering dogwood has spread its layers of creamy blossoms, giving the signal for the planting of the corn, and in the furrowed field we see that dislocated "man of straw," with old plug hat jammed down upon his face, with wooden backbone sticking through his neck-band,



and dirty thatch for a shirt bosom—a mocking outrage on any crow's sagacity. Those glittering strips of tin, too! Could you but interpret the low croaking of the leader of that sable gang of loafers in yonder tree, you might hear of the appalling effect of these precautions. I heard him once, and in the light of later events I readily recalled his remarks upon the occasion: "Say, fellers! look at that old fool down there hanging out those tins to show us where his corn is planted. Haw! haw! I swaw! we'll go down thaw and take a chaw!" And they did; and they perched upon that old plug hat, and looked around for something to get scared about. A single look at a crow shows that he has a long head, and it is not all mouth either.

Every day now makes a transformation in the landscape. The corn has appeared in little waving plumes, and the horse and cultivator are seen breaking up the soil between the rows. Great snowy piles of cloud throw their gliding shadows across the patchwork of ploughed fields and meadows fresh and green with winter wheat, or tinged with newly sprouting grain. The sunbeams glow with a summer warmth, and the evaporation of the morning dews lifts the glistening diamonds from the gossamer films among the grass, and sends a quivering haze all through the air, in which the distant trees tremble in a softened glimmer. The woods are screened in dense and succulent foliage, and through the leafy canopy the merry birds dart and sing. The chickadees are here, and scarlet tanagers gleam like living bits of fire among the tantalizing leaves. Pert little vireos hop inquisitively about you, and the bell note of the wood-thrush echoes from the hidden tree-top overhead. Perhaps, too, you may chance upon a downy brood of quail cuddling among the dry leaves; but even though you should, you might pass them by unnoticed, except as a mildewed spot of fungus at the edge of a fallen log or tree stump perhaps. The loamy ground is shaded knee-deep with rank growth of wood plants. The mossy speckled rock is set

THE BEES.

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

in a fringe of ferns. Palmate sprays of ginseng spread in mid-air a luxurious carpet of intermingled leaves, interspersed with yellow spikes of loosestrife and pale lilac blooms of crane's-bill. The poison-ivy, creeping like a snake around that marbled beech, has screened its hairy trunk beneath its three-cleft shiny leaves. The mountain laurel, with its deep green foliage and showy clusters, peers above that rocky crag; and a thicket of wild azalea in the bog near by is crowned with a profusion of pink blossoms.

Out in the swamp meadow the tall clumps of boneset show their dull white crests, and the blue flowers of the flag, the mint, and pickerel weed deck the borders of the lily pond. The waddling geese let off their shrieking calliopes as they sail out into the stream, or browse with nodding twitch along the grassy bank. Swarms of yellow butterflies disgrace their kind as they huddle around the greenish mud-holes, and we hear on every side the "z-zip, z-zip," amidst the din of a thousand crickets and singing locusts among the reeds and rushes. The meadows roll and swell in billowy waves, bearing like a white-speckled foam upon their crests a sea of daisies, with here and there a floating patch of crimson clover, or a golden haze of buttercups. A coy meadow-lark shows his yellow breast and crescent above the windrow yonder, and we hear the ringing beats of whetted scythes, and see the mowers cut their circling swath.

But how is this? This surely is not spring! No eye can mark the subtile transition, but ere we are aware the sweet fragrance of the new-mown hay breathes its perfumed whisper, "Behold, the spring has fled!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONFESSION.

WHAT could the solitary scouts, coming back from the various points of the island, know of this quick, unwilling cry of pain, and of the forced calm that followed it? They had their own sorrows. There was a gloom upon their faces. One and all bore the same story—not a seal, not a wild-duck, not even a rock-pigeon, anywhere.

"But it is a fine thing to be able to straighten one's back," says the Laird, who always seizes on the cheerful side; "and we have not given up hope of your getting the seal-skin yet, Miss Mary—no, no. The doctor says they are away hunting just now; when the tide gets low again they will come up on the rocks. So the best thing we can do is to spend plenty of time over our luncheon, and cross the island again in the afternoon. Ay; begun already?" adds the Laird, as he goes up to the canvas and regards the rough outlines in charcoal with a critical air. "Very good! very good!" he says, following the lines with his thumb, and apparently drawing in the air. "Excellent! The composeetion very clever indeed—simple, bold, striking. And a fine blaze of color ye'll have on a day like this; and then the heavy black hull of the smack bang in the foreground: excellent! excellent! But if I were you, I would leave out that rock there; ye would get a better sweep of the sea. Don't distract the eye in sea-pieces; bold lines—firm, sound color: and there ye are. Well, my lass, ye have the skill of constructing a picture. Tom Galbraith himself would admit that, I know—"

But here the Laird is called away by his hostess.

"I would advise you, sir," says she, "to have some luncheon while you can get it. It is a very strange thing, with all you gentlemen on board, and with all those guns lying about, but we are drawing nearer and nearer to starvation. I wish you would give up hunting seals, and shoot something useful."

Here our young doctor appears with certain bottles that have been cooling in the water.

"There must be plenty of rock-pigeons in the caves we passed this morning, on the other island," he says.

"Oh, not those beautiful birds!" says she of the empty larder. "We can not have Hurlingham transported to the Highlands."

"Whoever tries to shoot those pigeons won't find it a Hurlingham business," he remarks.

But the Laird has a soul above luncheons, and larders, and pigeon-shooting. He is still profoundly absorbed in thought.

"No," he says, at length, to the young lady who, as usual, is by his side. "I am wrong."

She looks up at him with some surprise.

"Yes, I am wrong," he says, decisively. "Ye must keep in that island. Ye must sacrifice picturesqueness to truth. Never mind the picture: keep the faithful record. In after-life ye will be able to get plenty of pictures; but ye may not be able to get an exact record of the things ye saw when ye were sailing with the *White Dove*."

"Well, you know, sir," observes Miss Avon, with a somewhat embarrassed smile, "you don't give me much encouragement. You always speak as if I were to be compelled to keep those sketches. Am I to find nobody silly enough to buy them?"

Now, somehow or other, of late the

Laird has been more and more inclined to treat this sale of Mary Avon's pictures as a most irresistible joke. He laughs and chuckles at the mere mention of such a thing, just as if Homesh were somewhere about.

"Sell them!" he says, with another deep chuckle. "Ye will never sell them. Ye could not have the heart to part with them."

"The heart has to be kept in proper subjection," says she, lightly, "when one has to earn one's living."

Queen Titania glances quickly at the girl; but apparently there is no profound meaning concealed in this speech. Miss Avon has taken her seat on a shelving piece of gray rock; and if she is concerned about anything, it is about the safety of certain plates and knives, and such things. Her hand is quite steady as she holds out her tumbler for the Youth to pour some water into the claret.

Luncheon over, she returns to her work; and the band of seal-hunters, taking to cigars and pipes, sit and watch the tide slowly ebb away from the golden-brown sea-weed. Then, with many a caution as to patience and silence, they rise and get their guns, and set out. Already there is a disposition to slouch the head and walk timidly, though as yet there is no need of any precaution.

"*Glückliche Reise!*" says Miss Avon, pleasantly, as we pass.

Angus Sutherland starts, and turns his head. But the salutation was not for him; it was meant for the Youth, who is understood to be the most eager of the seal-hunters. And Mr. Smith, not having his answer pat, replies, "I hope so," and then looks rather confused as he passes on, carefully stooping his head, though there is no occasion whatever.

Then, by following deep gullies and crawling over open ledges, we reach points commanding the various bays; and with the utmost caution peer over or round the rocks. And whereas yesterday, being Sunday, the bays were alive with seals, disporting themselves freely in full view of a large party of people who were staring at them, to-day, being Monday, finds not a seal visible anywhere, though every one is in hiding, and absolute silence must have reigned in the island since ever the lobster-fishers left in the morning. No matter; the tide is still ebbing; the true hunter must possess his soul.

And yet this lying prone for hours on a ledge of exceedingly rough rock must have been monotonous work for our good friend the Laird. Under his nose nothing to look at but scraps of orange lichen and the stray feathers of sea-birds; abroad nothing but the glassy blue sea, with the pale mountains of Jura rising into the cloudless sky. At last it seemed to become intolerable. We could see him undergoing all sorts of contortions in the effort to wrest something out of his coat pocket without raising any portion of his body above the line of cover. He himself was not unlike a gray seal in the shadow of the rock, especially when he twisted and turned himself about without rising an inch from the surface. And in time he succeeded. We could see him slowly and carefully unfold that newspaper—probably not more than a week old—just beneath his face. He had no need of spectacles: his eyes were almost touching the page. And then we knew that he was at rest, and the hard rock and the seals all forgotten. For we took it that this local paper was one which contained a most important leading article about the proposed public park for Strathgovan, calling upon the rate-payers to arise and assert their rights, and put a check on the reckless extravagance of the Commissioners. The Laird himself was openly pointed at as one who would introduce the luxury of the later Romans into a sober Scotch community; and there were obscure references to those who seemed to consider that a man's dwelling-house should become nothing more nor less than a museum of pictures and statues, while they would apply taxes raised from a hard-working population in the adornment of places of recreation for the idle. But do you think that the Laird was appalled by this fierce onslaught? Not a bit of it. He had read and re-read it to us with delight. He had triumphantly refuted the writer's sophistries; he had exposed his ignorance of the most elementary facts in political economy; he was always rejoiced to appear before Tom Galbraith and Mary Avon as one who was not afraid to suffer for his championship of art. And then, when he had triumphed over his enemy, he would fold the paper with a sort of contented sigh; and would say, with a compassionate air, "Poor crayture! poor crayture!" as if the poor crayture could not be expected to know any better.

At last! at last! The Laird makes frantic gestures with his newspaper—all the more frantic that they have to be strictly lateral, and that he dare not raise his hand. And behold! far away out there on the still blue surface a smooth round knob, shining and black. Without a muscle moving, eager eyes follow that distant object. The seal is not alarmed or suspicious; he sails evenly onward, seldom looking to right or left. And when he disappears there is no splash; he has had enough of breathing; he is off for his hunting in the deep seas.

What is more, he remains there. We catch no further trace of him, nor of any other living thing around those deserted bays. Human nature gives in. The Youth gets up, and boldly displays himself on a promontory, his gun over his shoulder. Then the Laird, seeing that everything is over, gets up too, yawning dreadfully, and folds his newspaper and puts it in his pocket.

"Come along!" he calls out. "It is no use. The saints have taught the seals tricks. They know better than to come near on a working-day."

And so presently the sombre party sets out again for the other side of the island, where the gig awaits us. Not a word is said. Cartridges are taken out; we pick our way through the long grass and the stones. And when it is found that Miss Avon has roughed in all that she requires of her present study, it is gloomily suggested that we might go back by way of the other island, that so haply we might secure the materials for a pigeon pie before returning to the yacht.

The evening sun was shining ruddily along the face of the cliffs as we drew near the other island; and there was no sign of life at all about the lonely shores and the tall caves. But there was another story to tell when, the various guns having been posted, the Youth boldly walked up to the mouth of the largest of the caves and shouted. Presently there were certain flashes of blue things in the mellow evening light; and the sharp bang! bang! of the gun, that echoed into the great hollows. Hurlingham? That did not seem much of a Hurlingham performance. There were no birds standing bewildered on the fallen trap, wondering whether to rise or not; but there were things coming whizzing through the air that resembled nothing so much as rifle-bullets with blue wings. The Youth, it is true, got one or two easy shots at the mouth of the cave; but when the pigeons got outside, and came flashing over the heads of the others, the shooting was, on the whole, a hap-hazard business. Nevertheless, we got a fair number for Master Fred's larder, after two of the men had acted as retrievers for three-quarters of an hour among the rocks and bushes. Then away again for the solitary vessel lying in the silent loch, with the pale mists stealing over the land, and the red sun sinking behind the Jura hills.

Again, after dinner, amid the ghostly grays of the twilight, we went forth on another commissariat excursion, to capture fish. Strange to say, however, our doctor, though he was learned on the subject of flies and tackle, preferred to remain on board: he had some manuscript to send off to London. And his hostess said she would remain too; she always has plenty to do about the saloon. Then we left the *White Dove*, and rowed away to the rocks.

But the following conversation, as we afterward heard, took place in our absence:

"I wished very much to speak to you," said Angus Sutherland to his hostess, without making any movement to bring out his desk.

"I thought so," said she, not without a little nervous apprehension.

And then she said, quickly, before he could begin:

"Let me tell you at once, Angus, that I have spoken to Mary. Of course I don't wish to interfere; I wouldn't interfere for the world; but—but I only asked her, lest there should be any unpleasant misapprehension, whether she had any reason to be offended with you. 'None in the least,' she said. She was most positive. She even seemed to be deeply pained by the misunderstanding, and—and wished me to let you know; so you must dismiss that from your mind, anyway."

He listened thoughtfully, without saying anything. At last he said:

"I have determined to be quite frank with you. I am going to tell you a secret—if it is a secret."

"I have guessed it," she said, quickly, to spare him pain.

"I thought so," he said, quite quietly. "Well, I am not ashamed of it. I have no reason to be ashamed of it. But since

you know, you will see that it would be very embarrassing for me to remain longer on board the yacht if—if there was no hope."

He turned over the leaves of a guide-book rapidly, without looking at them; the hard-headed doctor had not much command over himself at this moment.

"If you have guessed, why not she?" he said, in a somewhat hurried and anxious manner. "And—and if I am to go, better that I should know at once. I—I have nothing to complain of—I mean I have nothing to reproach her with; if it is a misfortune, it is a misfortune—but—but she used to be more friendly toward me."

These two were silent. What was passing before their minds? The long summer evenings in the far northern seas, with the glory dying in the west; or the moonlight walks on the white deck, with the red star of Ushinish light-house burning in the south; or the snug saloon below, with its cards, and candles, and laughter, and Mary Avon singing to herself the song of Ulva? She sang no song of Ulva now.

"Mary and I are very intimate friends," says the other, deliberately. "I will say nothing against her. Girls have curious fancies about such things sometimes. But I must admit—for you are my friend too—that I am not surprised you should have been encouraged by her manner to you at one time, or that you should wonder a little at the change."

But even this mild possibility of Mary Avon's being in the wrong she feels to be incompatible with her customary championship of her friend; and so she instantly says:

"Mind, I am certain of this—that whatever Mary does, she believes to be right. Her notion of duty is extraordinarily sensitive and firm. Once she has put anything before her as the proper thing to be done, she goes straight at it, and nothing will turn her aside. And although there is something about it I can't quite understand, how am I to interfere? Interference never does any good. Why do not you ask her yourself?"

"I mean to do so, when I get the chance," said he, simply. "I merely wished to tell you that, if her answer is 'No,' it will be better for me to leave you. Already I fancy my being on board the yacht is a trouble to her. I will not be a trouble to her. I can go. If it is a misfortune, there is no one to blame."

"But if she says '*Yes!*'" cried his friend; and there was a wonderful joy in her eyes, and in her excess of sympathy she caught his hand for a moment. "Oh, Angus, if Mary were to promise to be your wife! What a trip we should have then—we should take the *White Dove* to Stornoway!"

That was her ultimate notion of human happiness—sailing the *White Dove* up to Stornoway.

"I don't think there is much hope," said he, rather absently, "from her manner of late. But anything is better than suspense. If it is a misfortune, as I say, there is no one to blame. I had not the least notion that she knew Mr. Howard Smith in London."

"Nor did she."

He stared rather.

"They may have met at our house; but certainly not more than once. You see, living in a country house, we have to have our friends down in a *staccato* fashion, and always by arrangement of a few at a time. There is no general dropping in to afternoon tea."

"He never met her in London?" he repeated.

"I should think not."

"His uncle, then: did she never see him before?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what does he mean by treating her as a sort of familiar friend who was likely to turn up any time at Dennymains?"

His companion colored somewhat; for she had no right to betray confidences.

"The Laird is very fond of Mary," she said, evasively. "It is quite beautiful to see those two together."

He sat for a little time in silence, and then begged to be excused—he would go on deck to smoke. But when, some little time thereafter, we returned from our brief fishing, the dark figure walking up and down the deck was not smoking at all. He paused as the gig was hauled fast to the gangway.

"What luck?"

"About two dozen."

"All lithe?"

"About half a dozen mackerel."

And then he assisted Mary Avon to ascend the small wooden steps. She said "Thank you!" as she withdrew her hand

from his; but the words were uttered in a low voice; and she instantly crossed to the companion, and went below. He staid on deck, and helped to swing the gig up to the davits.

"BUT IF SHE SAYS, YES!"

Now something had got into the head of our Admiral-in-chief that night. She was very merry, and very affectionate toward Mary. She made light of her foolish wish to go away to the south. She pointed out that this continuous fine weather was only hoarding up electricity for the equinoctials; and then we should have a spin!

"We are not going to let you go, Mary, that is the long and the short of it. And we are going to keep hold of Angus too. He is not going away yet—no, no. We

have something for him to do. We shall not rest satisfied until we see him sail the *White Dove* into Stornoway Harbor."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONLY A HEADACHE.

STORNOWAY HARBOR, indeed! The weather was laughing at us. The glass had steadily fallen, until it had got about as low as it could go with decency; and yet this next morning was more beautiful, and bright, and calm, than ever. Were we to be forever confined in this remote Loch of the Burying-Place?

"Angus! Angus! where are you?" the Admiral calls out, as she comes up on deck.

"Here I am," calls out a voice, in return, from the cross-trees.

She raises her head, and perceives the ruddy-faced doctor hanging on by the ratlines.

"Where is the fine sailing weather you were to bring us—eh?"

"I have been looking for it," he replies, as he comes down the rigging; "and there is not a breath anywhere."

"Very well," she says, promptly; "I'll tell you what you must do. You must get everybody who can handle a gun into the gig, and go away up to the head of the loch there, and shoot every living thing you can see. Do you understand? We are on the brink of starvation! We are perishing! Do you want us to boil tarred rope into soup?"

"No," he says, humbly.

"Very well. Away you go. If you can't bring us any wind to take us into a civilized place, you must provide us with food. Is that clear enough?"

Here Captain John comes aft, touching his cap.

"Good-morning, mem. I wass never seeing the like of this weather, mem."

"I don't want to see any more of it," she says, sharply. "Did you bring us in here because there was a convenient place to bury us in? Do you know that we are dying of starvation?"

"Oh no, mem!" says Captain John, with a grin, but looking rather concerned all the same.

However, her attention is quickly called away by the sound of oars. She turns and regards this small boat approaching the yacht; and the more she looks, the more do her eyes fill with astonishment.

"Well, I declare!" she says. "This is about the coolest thing I have seen for ages."

For it is Miss Mary Avon who is rowing the dingey back to the yacht; and her only companion is the Youth, who is contentedly seated in the stern with his gun laid across his knees.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," she says, with the most gracious sarcasm. "Pray don't exert yourself too much. Severe exercise before breakfast is very dangerous."

The Youth lays hold of the rope; there is a fine blush on his handsome face.

"It is Miss Avon's fault," he says; "she would not let me row."

"I suppose she expected you to shoot. Where are the duck, and the snipe, and the golden plover? Hand them up."

"If you want to see anything in the shape of game about this coast, you'd better wait till next Sunday," says he, somewhat gloomily.

However, after breakfast, we set out for the shallow head of the loch; and things do not turn out so badly after all. For we have only left the yacht some few minutes when there is a sudden whirring of wings—a call of "Duck! duck!"—and the doctor, who is at the bow, and who is the only one who is ready, fires a snap shot at the birds. Much to everybody's amazement, one drops, and instantly dives. Then begins an exciting chase. The *biorlinn* is sent careering with a vengeance; the men strain every muscle; and then another cry directs attention to the point at which the duck has re-appeared. It is but for a second. Though he can not fly, he can swim like a fish; and from time to time, as the hard pulling enables us to overtake him, we can see him shooting this way or that through the clear water. Then he bobs his head up, some thirty or forty yards off; and there is another snap shot—the charge rattling on the water the fifth part of an instant *after* he disappears.

"Dear me!" says the Laird; "that bird will cost us ten shillings in cartridges!"

But at last he is bagged. A chance shot happens to catch him before he dives; he is stretched on the water, with his black webbed feet in the air; and a swoop of Captain John's arm brings him dripping into the gig. And then our natural history is put to the test. This

is no gay-plumaged sheldrake, or blue-necked mallard, or saw-toothed merganser. It is a broad-billed duck, of a sooty black and gray; we begin to regret our expenditure of cartridges: experiments on the flavor of unknown sea-birds are rarely satisfactory. But Captain John's voice is authoritative and definite. "It is a fine bird," he says. And Master Fred has already marked him for his own.

Then among the shallows at the head of the loch there is many a wild pull after broods of flappers, and random firing at the circling curlew. The air is filled with the calling of the birds; and each successive shot rattles away with its echo among the silent hills. What is the result of all this noise and scramble? Not much, indeed; for right in the middle of it we are attracted by a strange appearance in the south. That dark line beyond the yacht: is it a breeze coming up the loch? Instantly the chase after mergansers ceases; cartridges are taken out; the two or three birds we have got are put out of the way; and the Laird, taking the tiller-ropes, sits proud and erect. Away go the four oars with the precision of machinery; and the long sweep sends the gig ahead at a swinging pace. Behold! behold! the dark blue on the water widening! Is it a race between the wind and the gig as to which will reach the *White Dove* first?

"Give me your oar, Fred!" says the doctor, who is at the bow.

There is but a momentary pause. Again the shapely boat swings along; and with the measured beat of the oars comes the old familiar chorus:

"Cheerily, and all together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
Soon the flowing breeze will blow;
We'll show the snowy canvas on her—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
Wafted by the breeze of morn,
We'll quaff the joyous horn together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"We'll beat! we'll beat!" cries the Laird, in great delight. "Give it her, boys! Not one halfpennyworth o' that wind will we lose!"

The bow cleaves the blue water; the foam hisses away from her rudder. It is a race of the North against the South. Then the chorus again—

"Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Hurrah! hurrah! As the gig is run alongside, and guns and birds handed up, that spreading blue has not quite reached the yacht; there is no appreciable stir of the lazy ensign. But there is little time to be lost. The amateurs swing the gig to the davits, while the men are getting in the slack of the anchor chain; the women are incontinently bundled below, to be out of the way of flapping sheets. Then, all hands at the halyards! And by the time the great White Wings are beginning to spread, the breeze stirs the still air around us; and the peak sways gently this way and that; and they who are hard at work at the windlass are no doubt grateful for this cool blowing from the south. Then there is a cessation of noise; we become vaguely aware that we are moving. At last the *White Dove* has spread her wings; her head is turned toward the south. Good-by! you lonely loch, with the silent shores and the silent tombs—a hundred farewells to you, wherever we may be going!

And slowly we beat down the loch, against this light southerly breeze. But as we get further and further into the open, surely there is something in the air and in the appearance of the southern sky that suggests that the glass has not been falling for nothing. The sea is smooth; but there is a strange gloom ahead of us; and beyond the islands that we visited yesterday nothing is visible but a wan and sultry glare. Then, afar, we can hear a noise as of the approach of some storm; but perhaps it is only the low sound of the swirling of the tides round the shores. Presently another sound attracts attention—a murmured hissing, and it comes nearer and nearer; dark spots, about the size of a threepenny-piece, appear on the white decks. The women have scarcely time to send below for their sun-shades when the slight shower passes by—the decks are not even left damp. Then further and further we creep away toward the south; but where we expected to catch some far glimpse of the Irish coast—the blue line of Rathlin or the Antrim cliffs—there is only that dim, sultry haze.

Then another sound—a dull *flop! flop!*—in the distance; and the stragglers who have remained below after luncheon are

hastily summoned on deck. And there, far away in the haze, we can dimly descry the successive curved forms of a school of dolphins, racing each other, and springing twenty or thirty feet in the air before they come down with that heavy thud on the water. Those of us who have watched the beautiful lithe fish racing and chasing by the side of an Atlantic vessel, would fain have been somewhat nearer; but we can only see the dim forms springing into the haze. Then the dull pistol-shots in the south slowly cease, and we are left alone on the low murmuring sea.

"But where is Miss Mary?" says the Laird, suddenly becoming aware of the absence of his chief companion.

"Oh, she is in the saloon," says his hostess, quickly and anxiously. "She is doing something to one of her water-colors. I suppose we must not disturb her."

"No, no; certainly not," returns the Laird, lightly. And then he adds, with a smile which is meant to be very significant: "There is never any harm in hard work. Let her go on; she will have a fine collection of sketches before she leaves the *White Dove*."

But our Queen Tita does not respond to that careless joke. There is a curious, constrained look on her face; and she quite peremptorily negatives a suggestion of the Youth that he should go below for the draught-board. Then one of us perceives that Angus Sutherland is not on deck.

Has the opportunity come at last, then, for the clearing away of all secret troubles? What end is there to be to this momentous interview? Is it Stornoway Harbor? Is our frank-eyed young doctor to come up with a silent wonder and joy on his face—a message that needs no speech—message that only says, "About with the yacht, and let us run away to the northern seas and Stornoway"? The friend of these two young people can hardly conceal her anxiety. She has got hold of the case of an opera-glass, and opens and shuts it quickly and aimlessly. Then there is a step on the companion-way; she does not look; she only knows that Angus Sutherland comes on deck, and then goes forward to the bow of the gig, and stands by himself, and looks out to sea.

There is silence on board; for a low rumble of thunder has been heard once or twice, and we are listening. The mountains of Jura are dark now, and the sultry mist in the south is deeper in its gloom. This condition of the atmosphere produces a vague sense of something about to happen, which is in itself uncomfortable; one would almost like to see a flash of lightning, or hear the thunderous advance of a storm breaking in upon the oppressive calm.

The Laird goes forward to Angus Sutherland.

"Well, doctor, and what think ye of the weather now?"

The younger man starts and turns round, and for a second looks at the Laird as if he had not quite comprehended the question.

"Oh yes," he says. "You are quite right. It does look as if we were going to have a dirty night."

And with that he turns to the sea again.

"Ay," says the Laird, sententiously. "I am glad we are in a boat we need have no fear of—none. Keep her away from the shore, and we are all right. But—but I suppose we will get into some harbor to-night, after all?"

"It does not matter," he says, absently; and then he goes away up to the bow. He is alone there; for the men have gone below for dinner—with the exception of John of Skye, who is at the helm.

Presently the special friend of the young man puts aside that opera-glass case, and walks timidly forward to the bow of the yacht. She regards him somewhat anxiously; but his face is turned away from her—looking over to the gloomy Jura hills.

"Angus," she says, briskly, "are we not going very near Jura, if it is West Loch Tarbert we are making for?"

He turned to her then, and she saw by his face that something had happened.

"You have spoken to her, Angus?" she said, in a low voice; and her earnest, kind eyes regarded the young man as if to anticipate his answer

"Yes."

For a second or so he seemed disinclined to say more; but presently he added, scarcely looking at her,

"I am sorry that I must leave you the first time we get near land."

"Oh, Angus!"

It was almost a cry, uttered in that low, piteous voice. Then he looked at her.

"You have been very kind to me," said he, so that no one should hear. "It is only a misfortune. But I wish I had never seen the *White Dove*."

"Oh, Angus, don't say that!"

"It is my own fault. I should never have come from Edinburgh. I knew that. I knew I was hazarding everything. And she is not to blame—"

He could say no more, for one or two of the men now came up from the forecastle. His hostess left him, and went aft, with a hurt and indignant look on her face. When the Laird asked why Miss Mary did not come on deck, she said, "I don't know," with an air which said she had ceased to take any further care in Mary Avon's actions. And at dinner what heed did she pay to the fact that Mary Avon was rather white, and silent, and pained-looking? She had been disappointed. She had not expected the friend of her bosom to act in this heartless manner. And as for Howard Smith, she treated that young gentleman with a cold courtesy which rather astonished him.

After dinner, when the men-folk had gone on deck, and when she was preparing to go too, a timid, appealing hand was laid on her arm.

"I would like to speak to you," said the low voice of Mary Avon.

Then she turned—only for a second.

"I think I know enough of what has happened, Mary," said she; "and it would not be right for me to intermeddle. Young people are the best judges of their own affairs."

The appealing hand was withdrawn; the girl retired to the saloon, and sat down alone.

But here, on deck, an eager council of war was being held; and Angus Sutherland was as busy as any one with the extended chart—the soundings barely visible in the waning light—and proposals and counter-proposals were being freely bandied about. Night was coming on; dirty-looking weather seemed to be coming up from the south; and the mouth of West Loch Tarbert is narrow and shallow in parts, and studded with rocks—a nasty place to enter in the dark. Moreover, when should we get there, beating against this southeasterly wind? What if we were to put her head round, and run for some improvised harbor among the small islands under the shadow of the Jura hills, and wait there for daylight to show us across the Sound?

There was but one dissentient. Angus Sutherland seemed oddly anxious to get to West Loch Tarbert. He would himself take the helm all night, if only the men would take their turn at the look-out, one at a time. He was sure he could make the channel, if we reached the mouth of the loch before daylight. What! with nothing shallower on the chart than four fathoms! How could there be any danger?

But the more prudent counsels of John of Skye at length prevail, and there is a call to the men forward to stand by. Then down goes the helm; her head slews round with a rattling of blocks and cordage; the sheets of the head-sails are belayed to leeward; and then, with the boom away over the starboard davits, we are running free before this freshening breeze.

But the night is dark as we cautiously creep in under the vast shadows of the Jura hills. Fortunately in here the wind is light; the *White Dove* seems to feel her way through the gloom. All eyes are on the look-out; and there is a general shout as we nearly run on a buoy set to mark a sunken ship. But we glide by in safety; and in due course of time the roar of the anchor chain tells us that we are snug for the night.

"But where is Miss Mary?" says the Laird, in the cheerfully lit saloon. He looks around him in an uncomfortable and unsettled way. The saloon is not the saloon when Mary Avon is out of it: here is her chair, next to his as usual, but it is vacant. How are we to spend the last happy hour of chatting and joking without the pleased, bright face, and the timid, gentle, shy, dark eyes?

"Mary has gone to her cabin," says her hostess. "I suppose she has a headache."

She supposes the girl has a headache, and has not asked! And can it be really Mary Avon that she is speaking of in that cold, hurt, offended way?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE DARK.

And then the next morning the Laird is infinitely distressed.

"What! not better yet?" he says. "Dear me! I wish I could be a woman

for a while, to take some tea in to her, and read to her, and coax her into better spirits. What a bad headache it must be!"

But this generous sympathy on the part of one who is little more than an acquaintance touches the heart of Mary Avon's particular friend. She reproaches herself for her cruelty. She not only gets the tea, and takes it into the cabin, but she adopts a domineering tone, and declares that until the young lady begins her breakfast she will not leave the place. And then she looks at the timid, worn face; and her hand is placed gently on the hand of her friend, and she says, in a lower voice:

"Mary, don't think I am angry. I am only a little bit disappointed. But I don't blame you: you could not help it. It is a pity; that is all."

The girl's face remains rather sad; but she is quite self-possessed.

"You will let me go away," she says, looking down, "when we get to some harbor?"

"There is no need," says her friend, regarding her. "Angus will leave us today, as soon as we get across to Cantyre."

"Oh!" she said, quickly, and looking up with a brief appeal in her eyes. "I hope not. Why should he go away? I must go; I would rather go."

"Oh no, Mary," her friend said. "If there is any 'must' in the matter, it is on his side; for you know his time is very valuable, and you must have guessed why he has already far exceeded what he proposed to himself as his holiday. No, no, Mary; let us forget what has happened as soon as we can, and make the best of the rest of our sailing. The Laird would have a fit, if you seriously threatened to go. And I am sure you are not to blame."

So she kissed her on the cheek, by way of reconciliation, and left. And she told the Laird that Mary had been dutiful, and had taken some breakfast, and would be up on deck in course of time.

Meanwhile, those who had gone on deck had found the *White Dove* lying in a dead calm, some three miles away from her anchorage of the previous night; her sails hanging limp, a scorching sun on the white decks, and a glare of light coming from the blue sky and the glassy blue sea.

"Well, Angus," says his hostess, very merrily—for she does not wish to let the others guess the reason of his sudden departure—"you see the weather does not approve of your leaving us. What has become of your thunder-storm? Where is the gale from the south, John?"

"I wass never seeing the like of this weather, mem," said the bearded skipper. Then he added, anxiously, "And iss Dr. Sutherland himself going away from the yat?"

"He would like to," she says; "but how is he ever to see land again if you banish the wind so?"

"But it will no be like this long," says Captain John, eagerly; for he appears to think that Dr. Sutherland has got tired of the fine weather. "Oh no, mem, I will answer for it. If Dr. Sutherland will wait another day, or two days, I am sure there will be plenty of wind. And we can lie in West Loch Tarbert for one day, or two days—"

"And starve?" she says, abruptly.

But now it appears that one or two of the men have heard of a mysterious village lying somewhere inland from the mouth of the loch; and from a comparison of these vague rumors we gather that we may not be so far from civilization after all. Perhaps we may once again behold loaf bread. Visions of cutlets, fowls, grouse, and hares arise. We shall once more hear some echo of the distant world, if perchance there be in the place a worn and ancient newspaper.

"Ay," said the Laird, hastily. "I would like to see a Glasgow newspaper. I'm thinking they must have got the steam fire-engine by now; and fine games the bairns will have when they begin to practice with it, skelping about in the water. It would be a grand thing to try it in the public garden when we get it; it would keep the shrubs and the borders fine and wet—eh?"

"And it would be quite as interesting as any plaster fountain," says his hostess, encouragingly.

"As handsome every bit," says the Laird, laughing heartily at his play of imagination, "as any bit laddie done up in stucco, standing on one leg, and holding up a pipe! It's a utilitarian age, ma'am—a utilitarian age; we will have, instead of a fountain, a steam fire-engine—very good! very good!—and they bodies who are always crying out against expenditure on decoration will be disappointed for once."

The Laird had at last discovered the

whereabouts of the mysterious village on the Admiralty chart.

"But what newspaper will we get in a place hidden away like that?—out of the reach of all communication wi' the world. They'll be a century behind, mark my words. It is when ye live within a reasonable distance of a great centre of ceevilization, like Glasgow, that ye feel the life of it stirring your own place too; and ye must keep up with the times; ye must be moving. Conservative as I am, there is no supersteetious obstinacy about me; moving—moving—that's the word. The more important the matter in the interest of the public, the more necessary is it that we should have an impartial mind. If ye show me a new sort of asphalt, do ye think I would not examine it, jist because I recommended Jamieson and MacGregor's patent?"

He appealed boldly to his hostess.

"Oh, certainly; certainly you would!" she says, with an earnestness that might have made Jamieson and MacGregor quail.

"For three weeks," says the Laird, solemnly, "I was on that committee, until it seemed that my breakfast, and my dinner, and my supper every day was nothing but tar smoke. What wi' the experiments without and within, I was just filled with tar smoke. And would ye believe it, ma'am, one o' they Radical newspapers went as far as to say there were secret influences at work when Jamieson and MacGregor was decided on. My friends said, 'Prosecute the man for libel'; but I said, 'No; let the poor crayture alone; he has got to earn his living!'"

"That was very wise of you, sir," says his hostess.

"Bless me! If a man in public life were to heed everything that's said about him," observes the Laird, with a fine air of unconcern, "what would become of his time? No, no; that is not the principle on which a public man should found his life. Do your best for your fellow-creatures, and let the squabblers say what they like. As ah say, the poor wretches have to earn their living."

Here Mary Avon appeared, somewhat pale and tired-looking; and the Laird instantly went to condole with her, and to get her a deck chair, and what not. At the same moment, too, our young doctor came along—perhaps with a brave desire to put an end to her embarrassment at once—and shook hands with her, and said, "Good-morning; I hope your headache is better." Her hand was trembling as it fell away from his; and her "Yes, thank you," was almost inaudible. Then she sat down, and the Laird resumed his discourse.

"I was once taken," said he, "by a fellow-commissioner of mine to a sort of singing place, or music hall, in Glasgow."

"What?"

"They wanted to have some such place in Strathgovan," continued the Laird, paying no heed, "and I was asked to go and see what sort of entertainment was provided in such places. It was a sorrowful sight, ma'am—a sorrowful sight; the wretched craytures on the stage laughing at their own songs, and the people not laughing at all, but given over to tobacco-smoking, and whiskey, and talking amongst themselves. No glint of humor—stupid, senseless stuff. But there was one young man sung a song that had a better sound in it—I can not remember the words—but I sometimes think there was common-sense in them: it was about minding your own business, and doing your own work, and letting fools say or think of ye what they please. Ay, I think there was something in that young man; though I doubt, by the look of his eyes, but he was a drinker."

He turned to Mary Avon, who had been content to be a mute and unobserved listener.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he, brightly, "and the headache is going? And are ye looking forward to getting letters and newspapers when we get back to the world? There is a post-office at that village of Clachan, John?"

"Oh ay, sir!" said John; "there will be a post-office."

The Laird looked up at him reproachfully.

"But why can not ye learn the English pronunciation, man? What's the necessity for ye to say *pohst-offus*? Can not ye pronounce the plain English—*post-oaffice*?"

"I am not very good at the English, sir," said Captain John, with a grin.

"Ye'll never learn younger."

Then he went to Mary Avon, and suggested that a walk up and down the deck might do her headache good; and when she rose he put her hand on his arm.

"Now," said he, as they started off, "I

do not like headaches in young people: they are not natural. And ye may think I am very inqueesitive; but it is the privilege of old men to be talkative and inqueesitive; and I am going to ask you a question."

There was certainly no effort at keeping a secret on the part of the Laird; every one might have heard these two talking as they quietly walked up and down.

"I am going to ask ye, plump and plain, if ye are not anxious about going to London, and worrying yourself about the selling of your pictures. There, now; answer me that."

"Not very much, sir," she says, in a low voice.

"Listen to me," he said, speaking in a remarkably emphatic way. "If that is on your mind, dismiss it. I tell you what: I will undertake, on my own responsibeelity, that every painting in oil, and every sketch in oil, and every water-color drawing, and every sketch in water-color, that ye have on board this yacht, will be sold within one fortnight of your leaving the yacht. Do ye understand that?"

"You are very kind, sir."

"I am not bletherin'," said he: "no man ever knew me draw back from my word. So put that anxiety away from your mind altogether, and let us have no more troubles. I could sell—I could sell four times as many for ye in a fortnight. Bless ye, lassie, ye do not know the people in the west of Scotland yet—ye'll know them better by-and-by. If there's one thing they understand better than another, it is a good picture; and they are ready to put their hand in their pocket. Oh! they Edinburgh bodies are very fine creetics—they have what they believe to be an elegant society in Edinburgh—and they talk a great deal about pictures; but do they put their hand in their pocket? Ask Tom Galbraith. Ask him where he gets three-fourths of his income. He lives in Edinburgh; but he gets his income from the west of Scotland. Tom's a wise lad. He knows how to feather his nest. And when he has become independent of the picture-dealers, then he'll go to London, and fight the men there on their own ground."

"I should like to see some of Mr. Galbraith's work," she said, "before I return to England."

"You will have plenty of leisure to look at them by-and-by," replied the Laird, quite simply. "I have some of Tom's very best things at Denny-mains."

It was not until the cool of the afternoon that a light breeze sprung up to fill the sails of the *White Dove*, and press her gently on toward the coast of Cantyre. By this time every one on board knew that Angus Sutherland was leaving, and leaving for good.

"I hope ye will come and see me at Denny-mains, Dr. Sutherland," said the Laird, good-naturedly, "when ye happen to be in Scotland. I have a neighbor there ye would be glad to meet—a man who could talk to ye on your own subjects—Mr. Stoney."

Our doctor paid but little heed. He was silent, and distraught. His eyes had an absent and heavy look in them.

"A most distinguished man," the Laird continued. "I am told his reputation in England is just as great as it is in this country. A very distinguished man indeed. He read a paper before the British Association not many years ago."

"About what—do you remember?" said the other at last.

"H'm!" said the Laird, apparently puzzling his memory. "Ye see, a man in my poseetion has so much to do with the practical business of life, that perhaps he does not pay just attention to the speculations of others. But Mr. Stoney is a remarkable man; I am astonished ye should have forgotten what the paper was about. A most able man, and a fine, logical mind; it is just beautiful to hear him point out the close fitness between the charges in the major proposeetion in the Semple case, and the averments and extracts in the minor. Ye would be greatly delighted and instructed by him, doctor. And there's another thing."

Here the Laird looked slyly at Mary Avon.

"There's a young leddy here who has a secret of mine; and I'm thinking she has not said much about it. But I will make a public confession now: it has been on my mind for some time back that I might buy a screw yacht."

The Laird looked triumphantly around; he had forgotten that it was a very open secret.

"And wouldn't it be a strange thing if this very party, just as we are sitting now, were to be up at this very spot next year,

on board that yacht?—wouldn't that be a strange thing?"

"It would be a jolly pleasant thing," said the Youth.

"You are very kind to include me in the invitation," said Angus Sutherland; "but I doubt whether I shall ever be in Scotland again. My father is a very old man now: that is the only thing that would call me north. But I think I could get on better with my own work by going abroad for some years—to Naples, probably. I have to go to Italy before long, anyway."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact way; we did not doubt that he might pursue his researches better in Naples.

It was in the dusk of the evening that we slowly sailed into West Loch Tarbert —past a series of rocks and islands on which, as we were given to understand, seals were more abundant than limpets. But whereas the last haunt of the seals we had visited had introduced us to a solitary and desolate loch, with sterile shores and lonely ruins, this loch, so far as we could see, was a cheerful and inhabited place, with one or two houses shining palely white amid the dark woods. And when we had come to anchor, and sent ashore, although there were no provisions to be got, the men returned with all the necessary information for Angus Sutherland. By getting up very early next morning, and walking a certain distance, he would catch a certain coach which would take him on to Tarbert, on Loch Fyne, in time to catch the steamer.

And so that night, before we turned in to our respective cabins, the doctor bade us all formally good-by; and Mary Avon among the rest. No one could have noticed the least difference in his manner.

But in the middle of the night, in the ladies' cabin, a sound of stifled sobbing. And the other woman goes over to the berth of her companion, and bends her head down, and whispers:

"Mary, why are you crying? Tell me."

She can not speak for a time; her whole frame is shaken with the bitter sobs. And then she says, in a low, trembling, broken voice:

"He has not forgiven me. I saw it in his face."

BEEF AND BULLOCKS.

UNTIL within a few years past, scarce a pound of fresh beef or a single fat bullock was exported from America to Great Britain, as it had been thought, up to that period, these products could not be placed there in a fit condition for the consumption of the fastidious islanders. Moreover, for some time the value of meats of all kinds had been so near alike on both sides of the Atlantic as to preclude the idea of exportation at a profit. But prices then began to advance rapidly in Great Britain and the neighboring countries of Europe, from which she had long drawn ample supplies for her wants over and above her own productions, while a depression took place to some extent in America. This prompted a few of our enterprising dealers in fresh beef and fat bullocks to make the experiment of exportation thither. These, at first, owing to the imperfect refrigeration of the compartments on board ship for the preservation of fresh meat, and lack of comfortable accommodation for live cattle, together with some other causes, more often resulted in a loss than profit. But the pioneers in this business persevered with the accustomed American pluck, rapidly introducing one improvement after another, till the exportations increased during the past fiscal year, ending June 30, 1879, to 54,025,832 pounds of fresh beef, valued at $4,883,080; and 136,720 bullocks, valued at $8,379,200—the whole product being $13,262,280.

Had it not been for the British Orders in Council, prohibiting considerable importations of live cattle, on account of supposed disease, American exportations would have been much larger, and we have every reason to believe they will be soon doubled, if not trebled. They certainly will, if nothing untoward occurs in this new business. In fact, it promises so largely and profitably in the future, that ships are now fitting up expressly for the transportation of fresh meats and live animals of all domestic kinds, not only to the United Kingdom, but also to France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, and in due time the exportation will probably be extended to other parts of Europe.

The introduction of fresh beef from

America into England met at first with great opposition on the part of many there, and especially of the butchers, who, like the silversmiths of Ephesus of old, saw "their craft in danger." Provoking accounts of this have appeared in the English papers; but the following, from a correspondent of the London *Times*, being rather amusing, I copy it to show the American reader how he was treated by his butcher and grocer:

"Some time since large quantities of American beef began to be imported, just at a time when English beef was reaching almost *famine* prices. I know a family in this town, of good position, who, after much anxious thought, and weighing all the chances of being *poisoned*, etc., timorously resolved one day to try this American beef. Unfortunately the servants heard of the great experiment. The joint —a fine one—was duly served; the family ate and liked it. (They are still alive.) But would you believe it, sir, not one of the four servants would touch it! Let us not be too hard on the servants. I would not try it myself for more than a year after the first importations. Everybody knows that we can get as good a joint in New York as in London, but I feared the voyage might injure it.

"A few weeks ago we had undoubted evidence of our butcher sending us American beef, charged at the price of English. I had paid him all winter elevenpence per pound all round; after which I went to American stores, and got similar joints at eightpence-halfpenny per pound. I had been charged fourteenpence per pound for best Wiltshire hams, when, in fact, the same were subsequently found at sevenpence per pound at American stores."

In addition to the above paltry trick of selling good American beef at the exorbitant price then ruling of English, the butchers resorted to the still more reprehensible one of selecting any which happened to be of an inferior quality, or slightly damaged on the voyage across the Atlantic, and offering such at lower prices, and as the best American. To put an end to these nefarious transactions, the importers decided on having public sales of their meat. This brought it directly to the knowledge of the people, who upon trial finding it equal to their own, a steadily increasing market sprung up for it, and now fresh American beef, mutton, pork, and poultry sell as freely abroad, and at as high prices, as the choicest European.

As none save the choicest quality of beef and bullocks can be shipped to Europe at a profit, I now come to the consideration of the breeds of cattle best fitted for the purpose. Of these I place the Short-horn (sometimes also called Durham) in the highest rank. The reason for this is that the flesh is of a superior quality, and there is more of it generally in proportion to the bone and offal of the carcass, and he attains a greater weight for the quantity of food consumed, and matures earlier, than any other breed of the bovine species. This consequently makes him the most profitable of all to rear by the grazier, and to fatten by the feeder.

Short-horn steers can easily be made fully ripe, and to weigh from 1200 to 1500 pounds, at eighteen to twenty-four months old, and these are found the most profitable ages to bring them to market, as they make a more rapid growth, and lay on a greater proportional weight of flesh up to these periods, than can be done by feeding them longer, and it is then of extra quality. Still, in some instances, these bullocks can be kept till three years old, and pay fairly for the food consumed, but rarely beyond this, if properly bred and fed from birth up. They may then attain a weight of 2000 pounds or more. Out of curiosity, and to make a great show, an animal has now and then been fed on till five or six years old, attaining the enormous weight of 3000 to nearly 4000 pounds; but doing this is usually attended with considerable loss to the owner; and the beef does not prove of so tender and savory a quality as when brought to the shambles at an earlier age.

In all our unimproved cattle it requires five to six years to bring them up to the weights of Short-horn steers at eighteen to twenty-four months old. Thus in breeding the latter in preference to the former there is a great saving of time in maturing the animals, also economy in feed, less risk of disease and death, and a saving of interest on the capital employed in the business of rearing and grazing them. Added to this, the flesh of the latter is so superior it invariably fetches a higher price in market, and is more certain of a quick sale.

Aside from his superiority as a beef-producer, the Short-horn enjoys the impor-

tant advantage of being the *most generally useful* of all his species. No other bull equals him in the great and rapid improvement he makes in his progeny when crossed on the common cows of the country, and especially those of the half-wild Texas race. Short-horn females also, when bred for the dairy, equal the best of other sorts in the quantity and quality of their milk, and the excellence and amount of butter and cheese made from it; and excel greatly in quickness and economy of fattening, when dried off at advanced age for this purpose. Their beef also proves of superior quality to that of most other cows.

The colors of Short-horn cattle are greatly admired, and to the æsthetic eye are the most desirable of all. They vary from pure white to a light and deep bright strawberry roan, red and white in different-sized patches, and pure red. The skin is a rich yellow, with an orange-colored nose and rim round the eyes. The horns are short, and project generally from the head with a graceful in and down curve. Nothing in the bovine species equals a herd of these in majestic presence; and no animals are more ornamental reposing in the gentleman's park, or wandering and cropping the succulent grass of the grazier's pasture. They are justly termed "the aristocracy of cattle."

Short-horns in considerable numbers began to be imported into America from England in 1817, and have continued more or less up to the present time. They have been fertile here, and bred in such perfection as to find many English purchasers for their progeny, at extraordinarily high prices, to be taken back to the country of their ancestors. The first Herd-book for the record of their pedigrees was got up in 1846 by Mr. Lewis F. Allen, of Buffalo. Nineteen volumes of this standard work are now published, recording upward of 37,500 bulls and 45,000 cows of thorough-bred stock. Aside from these, owing to the indifference or carelessness of breeders, a considerable number (probably 17,000 animals), in the United States and Canada, have not yet been entered, which greatly lessens their value when offered for sale, as those who desire to purchase improved animals usually require authentic printed records of their breeding.

As high grade and full-bred Short-horn steers are found to make such excellent beef, and prove so acceptable in their extra size, sound constitution, and hardiness, it is no wonder they are so eagerly sought for to export to Europe. It is fortunate that we possess the material in hand now to produce these abundantly, yet still hardly fast enough to supply the rapidly increasing demand for exportation to Europe. These, combined with other things, may well encourage a continued extension of railroads through the great West, and the settlement and stocking the vast open plains and numerous sheltered valleys there, crowned with rich, nutritious grass enough to rear millions upon millions of cattle beyond our present production.

The Hereford equals the Short-horn in size, hardiness, and constitution, and gives as good beef, but he has a thicker hide, and rather more bone and offal; nor does he mature quite so early, or make so rapid improvement in his progeny when crossed upon other races. With these slight demerits in comparison with the Short-horn, he possesses the advantage—at least in his own native home of England, where grass is more abundant, and continues longer in season, than in America—of being the more profitable of the two for grazing. No other breed, perhaps, makes beef of a superior quality, or gains so rapidly on grass alone as the Hereford; he therefore has the preference above all others for rearing and fattening at pasture solely. This well fits him for assisting to stock our vast Western plains and the colder valleys of the Rocky Mountains; and in these localities he is now winning considerable favor for the production of bullocks.

The cows generally are not suitable for the dairy, they giving usually only sufficient milk to rear their calves till old enough to get their living on grass. But this best accommodates their breeders, especially at the West, where the calf is allowed to run with the dam to suck at will, as the least expensive and troublesome method of rearing it.

As to the general color of the Hereford, the greater part of the body is a dark red, with a line back, white face, throat, breast, and part of the belly and legs. Some breeders, however, prefer more red on their cattle, a brockled face and line back alone best suiting them. This is a matter of mere fancy, and has nothing to do with their merits in the production of a superior quality of beef.

The horns are long and lofty, with an outward graceful twist near the top, giving their wearer quite an imposing appearance. On one of my visits to Oxford, England, I saw a numerous herd of fat Hereford bullocks grazing on a rich meadow bordering the city. I thought I had never seen anything grander in the cattle line, and they harmonized well with the magnificent buildings, near by, of that renowned university.

In all his points the Devon is the finest formed, most blood-like, and active of cattle. He is to his congeners what the Arabian is to other horses. In consequence of this, and being only about three-fourths the size of the Short-horn or Hereford, he is better suited than either of these for shorter pasture or a hilly country. Devons make the best of work-oxen, having a walk as fast as that of a horse, and can trot a fair pace when allowed. They are much used in the yoke on the farm and road in different parts of the country, till seven to ten years old, and then turned out to grass to fatten for the shambles, which is rapidly and economically done. Their beef at this age is equal to any; and if fed from calfhood till three years old, it is then considered by some a little superior to Short-horn or Hereford. On the abundant pastures and in the rich corn fields of the West the size of the Devon has been increased, and they are usually marketed there for slaughter at the same age as the Herefords, not being worked there in the yoke so much as at the East.

The cows are unsurpassed in the dairy when bred for this purpose. The Earl of Leicester had a large herd on his Norfolk estate, which was among the best of England, and Mr. Patterson's, of Maryland, and others in the United States, are equally celebrated.

The color of the Devons varies from a changeable crimson to a bright mahogany red. A white switch adorns the tail, and a patch of white occasionally marks the udder of the cow, especially of those which are the greatest milkers. The skin is a rich yellow, with orange-colored nose and rim round each eye. The horns of the bullocks are long and lofty, like those of the Hereford. They are beautiful animals, and so fine in shape, high-bred, and blood-like as to be an ornament to any landscape.

I now come to a race a few only of which have as yet been imported into the United States. These are the Black Polled Cattle of Scotland, the finest and most improved tribe being called the Angus. They are a pure glossy black, the largest of them about the size of Herefords, quite as good in all their points, and mature at the same age. They make the best of beef, lose only a small percentage in offal, and are perhaps the most economical of all for the production of meat. They are extra hardy, and as capable as a buffalo of enduring all sorts of rough weather. The cows give milk enough of a rich quality for raising their calves to weaning-time, which is sufficient for the purposes of the ranchman, who breeds only for beef.

There are other tribes of polled cattle in Scotland as well as in England, and a mixed variety in our own country, which would answer tolerably in assisting to stock the Western plains, and if crossed with compact Short-horn bulls, the size of the progeny would be considerably increased, and made much more valuable to the breeder and grazier.

Short-horn cattle have become such favorites throughout our Northern, Middle, and Western States and Territories, and are really so superior to all other races for *general purposes*, I am aware that their intelligent breeders will not be easily persuaded to change them for others. But when we consider what an exhauster the growing of horns is of phosphate from the soil—its most precious element; how dangerous horned cattle are to both man and beast, when growing up, grievously wounding, and not unfrequently causing death; what an objection to close packing in railroad cars or on board ship; and what an injury and discomfort to themselves and each other in goring, and locking horns, and getting them entangled in their fastenings, and being thereby thrown down and trampled upon—it may well be desired to substitute the polled for them. There would be so considerable an economy in thus doing that I shall not be surprised to see a gradual change henceforth going on of horned beasts for these throughout the country.

No doubt a good race of polled cattle could be reared and marketed at from five to ten per cent. less cost than the best-bred of our horned beasts; and if so, this would be a saving of many millions annually to the breeders, graziers, and feeders throughout the land. Moreover, they could be marketed in so much better condition, es-

pecially when shipped to Europe, that both the flesh and hides would command a higher price, and this, again, would be a considerable additional profit.

But some contend that lofty curved horns are a great ornament to cattle, endowing them with a more noble presence; yet whether a horned or hornless animal shall be most admired depends greatly on education. Those who are brought up among the latter dislike the former as an ugly excrescence and dangerous to the person, and on no account would have them among their herds. The breeder and grazier, however, is not to consider what is most admired, but what will be the most useful and profitable.

Millions and millions of hornless sheep have been reared for centuries past in Great Britain, and in the eyes of their flock-masters are considered handsomer —as, indeed, they are—than horned, and on no account would they change them for the latter, even if they were less profitable; but inasmuch as they are found to be considerably the most profitable, they enjoy a double advantage in making up their flocks exclusively of these beautiful polled animals.

A PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

IN the month of November, 1845, the ship *Sophia Walker* sailed from Boston, bound for Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Walker, to go out to Palermo, as passenger, for the benefit of his health.

Among the crew was a young man named Frederick Stetson. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at that time pastor of the Unitarian church in Medford, Massachusetts.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but, not being well, returned home to be under the care of a physician. His health did not improve; and Dr. Bemis, of Medford, advised a sea-voyage as most likely to restore his vigor. Frederick was delighted with this prospect, and his parents reluctantly consented.

It was thought best for his health that he should go on board as a sailor; but a contract was made with Captain John Codman, that in case Frederick should become weary of his duties, he should be admitted to the cabin in the capacity of captain's clerk.

From the fact that the Rev. Mr. Stetson was a neighbor and friend, I became acquainted with these circumstances at the time the young man left home and embarked on board the *Sophia Walker*. The father also requested my husband to speak to Captain Codman, his former pupil, in regard to the youth.

In common with other friends, I sympathized deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting from their son under these painful circumstances; but domestic cares and other scenes gradually effaced these impressions, until I forgot the length of time he expected to be absent, and indeed lost all recollection of his voyage.

I relate these circumstances in detail that the reader may understand more fully the remarkable facts which followed.

During the latter part of February, 1846, the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Andover, was succeeded by my own dangerous illness. In March I was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and lay for days hovering between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have passed, a member of my husband's church, Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching with me, retired soon after midnight to give place to my husband, who was to watch with me till morning. I had taken the medicine prescribed by my physician, and was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when all at once, with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the following scene was before me: A tremendous ocean storm; a frail vessel pitching headlong into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain-high ready to ingulf her; a slender youth clinging to the mast-head; a more furious blast, a higher wave, and the youth, whom notwithstanding the darkness I instantly recognized as Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming, seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony; and my husband sprang to my side, expecting to see the crimson drops again oozing from my lips. My countenance, full of horror, terrified him.

"What is it?" he asked.

I motioned him to silence, unable to withdraw my thoughts from the scene. I still heard the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of the captain and crew.

"Man overboard!" "Throw a rope!" "Let down the life-boat!" "It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his reach!"

Fresh groans from my lips brought new anxiety to my faithful watcher. He seized my trembling hand, placed his fingers on my pulse, and started back with dismay when he felt their feverish bound.

"What is it? Are you in more pain? Shall I go for the doctor?"

"Oh, it's dreadful!" I gasped. "I can't tell. It's awful."

Then I passed into a still more remarkable state. Heretofore I had seen what was going on at the moment; now my mind went forward, and saw events that occurred two, three days, two weeks, later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though injured, was able to proceed on her way. It was the Sabbath; the crew were sitting in silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Walker, read, prayed, and preached a funeral sermon, caused by the late sad event. Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed, as the speaker recounted the circumstances connected with Frederick's voyage, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of his hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of life.

Another scene. Our own chamber: a messenger coming in haste with a letter from Captain Codman announcing Frederick's death. The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene. I seemed to be again on board the *Sophia Walker*. Mr. Stetson was there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into which the captain had thoughtfully placed every article belonging to his late clerk. The father's tears fell copiously while Captain Codman dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct during the entire voyage. When they reached Palermo, he had expressed his wish to enter upon the duties of a clerk, according to their contract, if tired of a sailor's life, and since that hour had taken his place with the officers in the cabin.

All this passed before my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agitation, until startled to present realities by my husband's voice, while he held a spoon to my lips.

The first question I asked was, "What day of the month is it?"

"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"

"It was past twelve when I gave you your medicine. Soon after, you seemed greatly distressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful," I whispered, gasping between every word. "Frederick Stetson is drowned: I saw him fall into the sea."

"Oh no!" was the cheerful reply. "You had been thinking of him, and dreamed it."

"No; I was wide-awake. I saw him fall. I have not once thought of him for weeks. Oh, what will his parents say?"

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible excitement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke, it was dawn, and I immediately commenced narrating to my husband the scenes I had witnessed, he making a note of them, and their precise date.

Perceiving that this conversation greatly agitated me, he left the chamber to inquire whether the *Sophia Walker* had come into port, and promised to direct our son, a school-mate of Edward Stetson, to ask whether Frederick had returned from his voyage.

This he did, thinking to allay my nervous excitement, which he fully believed to be the result of a fevered dream.

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, one of my physicians, came to my bedside. He expressed his disappointment at finding my pulse greatly accelerated, and asked the cause.

I then, though not without great exhaustion, repeated to him what I had seen, my husband being present, Mrs. Butters (the lady already referred to), and a woman who had lived in my family for years.

In the course of a week several persons were made acquainted with these facts, though, from the fear lest they should reach the ears of the parents, they were told under an injunction of secrecy.

In the mean time I listened eagerly to my son's daily bulletins from his schoolmate.

"Fred is coming soon." "Mother has his clothes all ready." "Father says he may be here any day now." "The *Sophia Walker* is due this week."

It was two weeks before the ship arrived in port; but I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, wrapped in blankets, for an hour or two each day.

On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker and the family were at dinner, the bell rang, and presently I heard my husband, in answer to the summons of the servant, hurry to the door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered my chamber, pale, and evidently

trying to conceal his emotion. He had an open letter in his hand, upon which his eyes were fastened.

"You have Captain Codman's letter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and my tears fell fast as I read the following lines, evidently written in great haste:

"*Rev. Mr. Baker:*

"My dear Sir,—I must beg you to perform a painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I can not.

"I never had anything occur that has given me so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove him, and that his uniform good conduct won the esteem and love of us all. There was this satisfaction—that no one of us was so well prepared for death.

"I will detail the circumstances at more leisure; but enough to say now, he was lost from the foretopsail yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could not save him. You can best administer consolation to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon preached on the Sabbath following his death, which accompanies this, and assure them of my heart-felt sympathy.

"Yours truly, J. Codman.

"*March* 25, 1846."

While my eyes glanced over the lines, familiar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was making hurried preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.

"Young Hall brought it out," he explained. "Captain Codman wished me to have the letter at once, lest the parents should hear the sorrowful tidings in an abrupt manner."

The sad scenes which followed are too sacred to be even touched upon here. Mr. Baker did not return home for hours, having offered to go to Cambridge, and convey the sad intelligence to Merriam Stetson, the second son, who was a member of Harvard College.

"I am to go in to Boston to see Captain Codman in the morning," he said. "Mr. Stetson is anxious to see him, and I shall ask him to return with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the *Sophia Walker*, and said: "I thought he himself went in. It is the first thing not exactly in accordance with my vision."

I called it *vision*, for I was not asleep, and therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning, when Mr. Baker called at Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional messages, he learned that, impatient and restless, the sorrowing father had found it impossible to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance into Boston, where a scene occurred like what I had witnessed.

There was no longer need of secrecy in regard to my prescience or foresight, if so it may be called, and it speedily came to the parents' ears. Persons of intelligence of both sexes speculated and puzzled over these remarkable mental phenomena, unlike most recorded by philosophers in the fact, already stated, of the mind not only recognizing what was passing at the moment at a distance of hundreds of miles, but going forward in advance of events, and foretelling them with minute accuracy.

I make no effort to explain my mental state, which I am entirely unable to do; but I may be pardoned for quoting from a philosopher of the present century, who, speaking of visions and dreams, remarks: "It is in vain to attempt an explanation of them. They scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted."

Priestly, another metaphysician, adds: "If the nerves and brain be a vibrating substance, all sensations and ideas are vibrations in that substance; and all that is properly unknown in the business is the power of the mind to perceive or be affected by these vibrations."

The following case, somewhat analogous to the one narrated above, is from *Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers*, which says, "I relate this without any attempt at explanation, and without any other comment than that its accuracy may be relied on in all its particulars:"

"Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend in consequence of her own being under repairs. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of some family associations, and anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream.

"'I dreamed,' she said, 'that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, "Much worse than that has happened, for brother's breath has stopped also."'

"To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly.

"The succeeding night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner, the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing-desk: she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same moment she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last."

But to resume my narrative. I find it impossible at this distance of time to recollect all the persons to whom these operations of my mind were made known before the letter of Captain Codman gave reality to my vision. Among them were Dr. Swan and two female friends, who have since passed beyond the scenes of earth. During his life my kind physician frequently urged me to publish an account of these remarkable facts. My reasons for not doing so are suggested in a letter to Rev. Mr. Stetson, which, together with the reply and the testimony of other eye and ear witnesses, I subjoin for the satisfaction of those who may desire additional proof of the strict accuracy of this narrative:

"*Rev. Caleb Stetson:*

"DEAR SIR,—If any apology is necessary for my addressing you this note, I trust it may be found in the friendly relations which have long subsisted between your family and ours, and in our personal relations to the subject of this letter.

"You will no doubt recollect the singular mental phenomena which occurred during my severe illness some weeks before your son Frederick's death, and which at the time caused considerable discussion in literary and scientific circles. By some conversant with the facts I have been urged to write an account of them for philosophical inquiry, they being considered in many respects a more remarkable instance of prescience or foresight than any on record; but the fear of being classed with visionaries and spiritualists has heretofore prevented me.

"Now, however, on a fresh application to state the particulars in detail, I have consented to do so, and would consider it a great personal favor if you will carefully examine the accompanying statement, and so far as memory will enable you, add in a note to me, which I may be at liberty to publish, your corroborative testimony respecting it.

"Mr. Baker unites with me in very kind regards to yourself and family.

"With great esteem and respect,

"HARRIETTE W. BAKER.

"DORCHESTER, *February* 16, 1870."

Rev. Mr. Stetson, having been sick for several weeks, requested his wife to answer for him. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER,—We have read your manuscript with the deepest interest. You have expressed clearly and correctly the whole subject, as it has laid hidden in our memories; and so vividly, too, have you portrayed it, that the sad event of by-gone years comes to us with the freshness of yesterday.

"Mr. Stetson also wishes me to add that it might be well for you to procure the testimony of those who were informed of your wondrous vision before the event transpired, as so many years have passed since that fatal storm of March 10, 1846.

"With our best wishes for yourself and husband,

"Most affectionately yours,

"JULIA M. STETSON.

"LEXINGTON, *February* 19, 1870."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in the above note, I have received the following communications from those who have seen or heard this article in manuscript. The first is from the daughter of Rev. David Osgood, D.D., a predecessor of Rev. Mr. Stetson, and for a long course of years pastor of the First Church in Medford.

"DEAR MRS. BAKER,—In answer to your inquiries, I could state that I have a distinct recollection of hearing from you in your sick-chamber an account of your vision in regard to the death of Frederick Stetson, immediately after the sad events which you have so vividly portrayed. The circumstances made a deep impression on my mind, and I have always considered your mental state as remarkably analogous to all I have ever heard of Scotch second-sight.

"Most truly yours, L. OSGOOD.

"MEDFORD, *March* 5, 1870."

From Mrs. Sarah B. Butters, to whom I have already referred, I have also the following testimony:

"This certifies that I was acquainted with the remarkable vision narrated by Mrs. Baker *before* the knowledge of the death of Frederick Stetson reached me by the arrival of the ship *Sophia Walker* in Boston, on the 25th day of March, 1846, and its exact correspondence with the circumstances of that sad event so impressed me at the time as to leave in my mind a distinct recollection both of the vision and of its fulfillment. SARAH B. BUTTERS.

"MEDFORD, *March* 2, 1870."

I will introduce but one other witness, who was with me on that fearful night, and was an actor in some of these scenes. He writes:

"I am happy to bear my testimony to the truthfulness and fidelity of the record of facts contained in this narrative, and to assure the reader of its entire trustworthiness. I thought them at the time, and have ever since considered them, among the most remarkable mental phenomena of which I have any knowledge, and worthy of a place in the history of metaphysical science.

"A. R. BAKER.

"DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, *March* 8, 1870."

The following extract from the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Walker is an exact fulfillment of the second scene in my vision. The text is from the Epistle of St. James: "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The fly-leaf of the discourse contains this entry:

"A sermon preached on board the ship *Sophia Walker* on her passage from Palermo to Boston, March 15, 1846. Occasioned by the death of Frederick Stetson, who was knocked overboard in a gale, March 10, near the Banks of Newfoundland. By Rev. Charles Walker, A.M., one of the passengers."

After some explanatory remarks, the preacher says: "We have a most affecting illustration of this truth at hand. Where is the youthful Frederick Stetson? Who among us had fairer prospects of life than he? A few days ago, and he was with us in all his youthful freshness. But in an unexpected moment he was called into eternity. You remember the fatal night of the 10th. Who of us will ever forget it? The hour of midnight arrived. All hands were called on deck. The wind and the storm had prevailed for hours; but now the furious gale began. The foretopsail must be taken in, and with the rest Frederick mounted the fatal yard. The flapping sail, clewed up, but not yet handed, and at the mercy of the gale, struck him from his hold, and precipitated him into the billows beneath. The alarming cry, 'Man overboard!' was heard. The captain immediately ordered the life-buoy to be cut adrift, and the lifeboat to be got out. But although there were enough of you ready to man it, even at the risk of your lives, yet it was soon found that it would be all in vain. He was immediately lost sight of. No human power could save him in that dark and boisterous night. Who of us has not observed his modest and retiring manners, and the delicacy of his spirit? How careful not to wound the feelings of others! I am happy here to adduce testimony to the excellence of his character from his native town. In a letter, addressed to our captain on the day we sailed from Boston, the Rev. Mr. Baker, of that place, says: 'He is a young gentleman of great promise and most excellent character, in whose prosperity I feel almost the interest of a father.' Mr. Baker speaks also of the lively interest which the citizens of Medford took in his success in this voyage. Ah, what a sad tale will the record of the fatal night of the 10th be to his bereaved parents! How painful to think of even breaking to them the sad tidings! Gladly would we spare them this cup of sorrow. May the Lord support them!"

THE STRONG GOVERNMENT.

WE hear a great deal about the desirableness of a "strong government" for this country. It is time to inquire what this means. It is time to mark the tendencies of opinion or feeling which indicate a dissatisfaction with the political institutions that for a period of nearly ninety years have carried this country on in a course of development, prosperity, and happiness quite unexampled—institutions which have withstood the strain of civil war, and which have not yet lost their efficacy or their capacity to fulfill the purposes of their creation. There is one particular phase of this vague hankering after what is called a strong government to which I wish to invite the attention of as many persons as I can reach. I have lived to a period of life when a disposition to adhere to the old ways might be tempered by a consideration of benefits that may possibly accrue from changes to those who are to come after us. While we may ourselves be content with what we have always known and venerated, we naturally desire for our children all that improvements can give them. But as I look back upon the past, and contemplate what the Constitution of the United States really is, I am amazed at what seems to me the short-sightedness of certain men and classes who indulge in themselves and others this kind of disparagement of the present form of our political system, which is plainly implied in the desire, more or less distinctly expressed, for what is called a strong government. It is said—and I believe with some truth—that this desire is prevalent among the rich; that the feeling is coming to be somewhat common that property is not so secure under our present form of government as its possessors think it ought to be; and that although no one is as yet prepared to point out what are the further guarantees or protections that property needs and could have, yet that the undefined sentiment that some-

thing more is wanted for its protection is seriously making its way among men of large possessions, whose influence and means are afforded to a class of politicians who openly use the "cry" for a strong government. I hope it will not be inferred from the special attention which I propose now to pay to the interests of property that I look upon those interests as the sole objects of government. I hope I have not lost sight of the great trinity which Magna Charta first, so far as I know, united in one indissoluble connection—Life, Liberty, and Property. But in a country like this, where property is within the reach of all who have the requisite industry and skill to acquire it, but where wealth is liable to be and actually is gathered in great masses, it may properly be a subject of distinct consideration whether our political institutions are or are not weak in respect to the protection which they afford to accumulated capital.

I have often asked myself whether the rich of this country know what they are talking about, or what others are talking about, when the discourse turns upon this idea of a strong government. I try to put myself in their place, and to ask myself whether, knowing what my studies and observation have taught me, I should sympathize in this feeling in case I belonged to the class to which I now refer. Do people who talk thus or feel thus about our present form of government know what the Constitution of the United States is? Do they know that our complex system of government, with its checks and balances, is a government of great strength? Do they know that nowhere in the world—ay, not even excepting England—has the problem of reconciling the interests of liberty with the interests of property been so successfully met and answered as in these United States? Have they ever tried to measure and understand the number and force of those guarantees and protections of property which have been incorporated into our fundamental law? Do they imagine that it would be possible in this country, if great organic changes should take place, to the extent of substituting some other government in the place of that which has descended to us from the far-seeing patriots of '87—that they could ever get another, call it what you will, under which property would be so safe as it is now?

In endeavoring to consider this subject I shall, of course, use the term property as comprehending not only wealth actually realized and invested, but the means of acquiring it. Dr. Johnson said, in his pompous way of expressing a truth, when he and his co-executors were selling Thrale's brewery, that they were not selling so many vats and tubs, but they were selling "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." Property, in the large sense of one of the social interests, is not merely what has been amassed, but it is the opportunity for amassing wealth that is afforded by the circumstances and institutions of a country. Treating the interests of property in this comprehensive sense, I shall endeavor to point out those peculiarities of our national political system which give to it what seems to me a very high degree of protection—a far higher degree than could possibly be attained under or through any other form of government—that is, in the circumstances of this country, within the compass of human imagination. I will begin with some of the prohibitions which the Federal Constitution lays upon the States.

1. The Federal Constitution contains a prohibition which prevents any State from passing a law that will impair the obligation of a contract. The system of jurisprudence that has been built upon this simple foundation is the most efficacious and powerful restraint upon all the forms and devices of a legislative agrarianism that exists in the world. I never sit down to study it in any of its ramifications without wondering at the wisdom of the contrivance which laid this interdict upon that legislative power which holds all contracts not made with the general government under its sway. The Constitution of the United States says to the States: regulate contracts as you please, make this lawful or that unlawful, define the capacity of parties to enter into them, fix their duration and their remedy—do all this as suits your public policy; but keep your hands off forever from their obligation. The Constitution having said this, the jurisprudence of the United States, by a perfectly logical and sound deduction, has said, although the contract be the contract of the State itself, the State shall not break it. If it attempts to do so, even by the most solemn legislative declaration of the popular will, that will shall not take effect. The importance of this prohibition to the interests of property, in a country

where property can not be acquired and exchanged without contracts, is immeasurable. It is true that the principle of the prohibition is bottomed upon natural equity and justice. It is also true that governments which are under no fundamental restraints aim in general to preserve the inviolability of all pacts between man and man. But where is there another government under which the fundamental law of the land lays textually a restraint like this upon the same legislative power that regulates and controls all contracts? When we consider the nature of this prohibition, the power on which it has been imposed, and the authority that has imposed it, it is plain that it can never be abrogated but by a revolution. It is equally plain that the revolution which is to sweep it away must be one that will prostrate the national authority in the dust, and leave the States to such legislation as they may choose to follow.

It is no disparagement of the Federal Constitution that it has not laid a similar restraint upon the government of the United States. That government does not hold among its legislative powers any power to give the law which regulates contracts, unless they are made with the government itself. Contracts between individuals in this country are regulated by the law of the State in which they are made, or by the law of the place where they are to be performed, or by the general maritime and commercial law of the world. There was, therefore, comparatively speaking, very little occasion for imposing upon the general government a restraint upon its legislative power corresponding to that which has been imposed on the legislative power of the State. It is entirely within the competency of Congress to provide for a mode of protecting the obligation of contracts made with the government itself. It has done this by the establishment of a special tribunal for their adjudication; and although, from the nature of the sovereignty of the United States, it is not convenient, or perhaps practicable, to give the individual compulsory judicial process against the government, the ultimate payment of what has been judicially found to be due to him has a large measure of moral security in the sense of justice and decency that can never be wholly wanting in those who for the time being administer the fiscal concerns of the United States. These exceptional cases of contracts made with the general government bear, of course, an almost infinitely small proportion to those made between individuals.

2. The Federal Constitution has prohibited the States from emitting bills of credit, or making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts. Since the Constitution was established, there has been no breach of this prohibition by a State that has not found a judicial remedy entirely adequate to correct it. The practical importance of this restraint, operating upon the interests of property, can be appreciated by any one who knows the mischiefs that caused this provision to be inserted in the Constitution. That the Constitution did not expressly lay the like restraint upon Congress does not impair the value of the restraint which it did lay upon the States. Moreover, it is but just to remember that among all the legislative powers of Congress there is none that affirmatively includes a power to make bills of credit a tender in the payment of private debts; that such a power can only be reached by implication; that this implication is denied; and that it is at all times within the direct power of the people to put a stop to the exercise of such a power if they will. There are those who think that its exercise has been injurious to the interests of property, that an amendment of the Constitution expressly prohibiting it might be expedient, and that the judicial sanction that was obtained for it was a great misfortune. But looking back to the history of this legislation, I think it would be found that what are commonly called the moneyed classes have a large share in the responsibility for it. But I do not see how anything is to be gained, on this head, by substituting a "stronger government" in the place of the Constitution. I think it morally certain that that stronger government would be one that would both claim and exercise a power to make anything money of payment that it might choose to emit; and that while the States, if the States remained, would not be allowed to exercise such a power, the national government, whatever it might be, would wield such a power at its pleasure.

3. I need not enlarge upon the restraints which the Federal Constitution imposes upon the States against laying imposts or duties on imports or exports, or duties on

tonnage, without the consent of Congress. These prohibitions were necessary to the unity of our commerce. They round and complete the system by which all the external commercial means of multiplying the wealth of the country are brought under the control of the central authority of the nation. They constitute, together with the commercial power of Congress, a vast increase of "the potentiality of wealth" (to borrow again Johnson's clumsy but expressive phrase) over the feeble and fluctuating opportunities of the ante-constitutional period of our political existence.

I pass now to some of the express powers of the Federal government which affect the interests of property.

1. The power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States is one that will be admitted by all intelligent persons to have a most important relation to the acquisition of national and individual wealth. If its exercise may sometimes give rise to practical questions of doubtful expediency, there can be no doubt that its existence has enormously magnified the profits of all external or internal commercial enterprise; for a foreign or an inter-State commerce in a country like this, when left under the control of a multitude of local legislatures, can bear no comparison, in point of the security afforded to investments of money and of personal energies, and in point of the extent of opportunities for the increase of wealth, with one that is under the control of a legislative power that grasps the whole subject of commercial regulation, save that which is purely domestic, in one legislative authority.

2. The uniformity of all duties, imposts, and excises throughout the United States, which the Federal Constitution requires, the withholding of all power to lay any tax or duty on exports, or to give any preference, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one State over those of another, and the requirement that no vessel shall be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in any State but that to or from which it is bound, form securities which affect directly not only the commercial and navigating, but also the agricultural and manufacturing, interests of the whole Union. Without them, the means of augmenting the wealth of the country and of individuals would be diminished in a ratio that can not be measured.

3. The power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures, is one that must be relegated to the several States, in the event of any overthrow of the Federal Constitution, or it must be assumed and exercised by any government that is to take the place of the Constitution. In either case, it is a power of the utmost consequence to the interests of property.

4. The restraint that was laid by the Fifth Amendment upon all the legislative and executive powers of the Federal government, and which prevents them from being so exercised as to deprive any person of his life, liberty, or property without due process of law—that is, judicial proceeding—and the further restraint which prevents private property from being taken for public use without just compensation, were derived from the Great Charter of English liberty. Of their value when introduced textually into the fundamental law of a government there can not be two opinions. They bind up in one indissoluble connection the three great objects of political society; and in the direction of securing these objects by excluding the exercise of all arbitrary power, there can be nothing stronger than these restraints afford. The very idea of a stronger government, therefore, implies that these restraints are to be weakened, or to be done away with; that the government is to be strengthened by subordinating personal rights to the freer and more powerful action of those who administer it, or, in other words, that the public necessities are to predominate over the rights of the citizen. Accordingly, if the time for the stronger government shall ever arise, it will be found that the only sense in which the government of the United States can ever be strengthened will be in the direction of removing the guarantees by which life, liberty, and property are now secured against the exercise of arbitrary power. This can happen only in one of two ways—either by a revolution, amounting to political chaos, out of which some entirely unrestrained power is to arise, or by a process of amending the Constitution which will be tantamount to a revolution, because it will strike down rights and powers expressly reserved to the States or the people. Of this latter process I shall have occasion to speak further on.

Without going more into detail, perhaps I have now said enough to show that with reference to property, its security, and the means of its acquisition, the Constitution of the United States embraces and upholds a very strong government. I can conceive of no way in which its strength in this respect can be augmented, if the general system is to be preserved, excepting by the regular process of amendment. But I think that, with the exception of a positive prohibition against legal-tender paper money, it would be difficult for the most jealous and eager devotee at the shrine of Plutus to devise any securities for property, or means for helping its increase, which could be incorporated into a national system, and which are not already found in the Constitution of the United States. But perhaps I shall be told that the preservation of order is essential to the security of property, especially when it is of a kind exposed to the violence of mobs, or the unreasoning and yet powerful combinations called "strikes"; that the strong hand of repression must sometimes be interposed to prevent a destruction of wealth alike injurious to the individual owner and to society. But I beg the reader to note the indispensable condition on which every great organic change in this country, short of revolution, must be rested. How are you to obtain the consent of the people to a regular amendment of the Federal Constitution which shall authorize the general government to police our towns, protect our property from mob violence, and punish strikes? Where is the State whose people would surrender the daily custody of their public peace to the Federal power? Where is the people who would consent that that power should stand between capital and labor, and dictate the terms on which they are to co-operate for their mutual advantage? These things are worthy of serious reflection. It will not do to give way to a hasty resort to some external power to repress disorders which the local power has failed occasionally to cope with. There is, of course, always a tendency in those who have suffered from popular violence to look abroad for further and future safeguards. But you have got to devise some practical means by which the preservation of the public peace can be transferred from the local to the central authority; and as well as I can understand the temper of the people of this country, they never would consent to such a transfer, as I am sure they never ought to consent to it. We already have in the Federal Constitution a provision which enables the local authority to call on the President of the United States for aid in suppressing popular disorder that amounts to insurrection, and this is all that can ever be established as a means of protecting property, unless we are to found a national government on a revolution.

The want of a definition of the strong government, which we hear spoken of so vaguely, renders it difficult to grasp what these persons would have. I take it, however, that they, so far as they have any meaning, mean one of three things. They either mean a personal government by an unrestrained Executive, who is to be trusted to do right from good motives; or they mean a fusion of all the elements of political power into one mass, to be wielded by some kind of new national legislative power; or they mean a union of both of these in one system. In either case, the overthrow or displacement, by fair means or foul, of the present political system must occur. You can not make a government stronger than the Constitution unless you destroy the Constitution. I have already suggested that, as respects the interests of property, you can get nothing stronger by the regular process of amending the Constitution, unless it be an express prohibition against legal-tender paper money. The Constitution has given you all it can give you, with that one exception. There remains, therefore, nothing but a revolution, or what will be tantamount to a revolution, namely, the obliteration of the State powers of government, and a union of the whole people of the United States in one grand democracy, ruled over, it may be, by an Executive who is to be trusted without limit because he represents the popular will, aided by certain bodies more or less corresponding to our present ideas of a legislature. But now I beg to ask the practical question, What is property to gain by this?

Let us take the Executive, or the Chief Ruler. We will suppose the Constitution of the United States abrogated, that the States are gone, that the guarantees and protections afforded by the Constitution to property have all melted out of the fundamental law, and are remitted to the mere discretion of rulers. What is to

keep the hands of a discretionary Chief Magistrate off from the property of his subjects? Will it be sympathy with the moneyed classes? But suppose his sympathies should not happen to be with them? He need not conciliate them, for he can get all he wants without their assistance. If he should happen to be obliged at any time to resort to a popular renewal of his power, he certainly would not have to depend upon the rich for a new lease. His dependence would rather be upon the poor, for whose benefit he may have plundered the rich. That he would have countless opportunities for plundering them there can be no question; for in the case supposed, which is the only alternative, he could be under no constitutional restraint, and consequently there could be no judicial check upon his acts or his decrees. Again, in the case supposed, of what use would legislative bodies be, even if they were not corrupted or controlled by such an Executive? Without any constitutional restraints, the mere form of originating laws in legislative chambers, let them represent whom they might, would amount to nothing against the will of the Executive, even if the legislation should escape the corruption or dictation of the Executive while it was preparing.

I pass now from the special consideration of the interests of property to some suggestions of the strength of the Constitution in respect to the great political objects for which it was created. The strength of a government, by which can properly be meant nothing but a political system, is to be measured by its adaptation to the indispensable conditions of the national existence. One of the indispensable conditions of our national existence is the autonomy and independence of the States as political bodies, subject to the deduction of so much political power as has been irrevocably ceded by the people of each State to a central and national authority. Whatever may have been thought heretofore of the mode or the means by which that cession can be recalled, the strongest advocate of the national character of our political system will not deny that it is founded on the idea of a collection of States which are indestructible. Even in the throes and convulsions of our late civil war it was found that the States were indestructible; that the only mode in which we could come out of that conflict with the Constitution of the United States saved from ruin was to respect the political identity of every State, and to devise some mode in which the States that had undertaken to secede could be restored to their normal places in the Union. Notwithstanding the desire that was to some extent felt to have those States reduced to the condition of Territories of the United States, it was found that the grand obstacle was not merely a question of expediency, but that it was a question of continuing the right of the United States to exercise over the several peoples of those States the powers embraced in the Constitution. In other words, it was a question of the right of the United States to govern those States at all, or in any manner, and this could be asserted only by disclaiming all idea of a military conquest of provinces, and by assuming that the separate identity of every State remained. Accordingly, whatever may be thought of the measures that were called "reconstruction," it must be remembered that in the process of their execution, and in the result, the professed object—and the only object that was consistent with our political system—was to bring back those States and their peoples into the practical resumption of their constitutional relations to the Federal government, with the same rights and powers that belong to every other State. Not only, therefore, does the history of the formation and establishment of our national Constitution show that one of the inevitable conditions on which it was founded was the existence and perpetuity of the separate States as political and self-governing bodies, but the history of our late civil war also shows in a most striking manner that our political system can not be preserved and perpetuated without the continued recognition of the identity, the separate autonomy, and the fixed rights of the States and their peoples. It has always appeared to me that the crowning merit of the framers of the Constitution was that they succeeded in finding a mode in which the people of the several States could constitute themselves into a nation for certain purposes, and could institute a national government proper by a cession of certain stated political powers, and at the same time leave all other political powers of every State entirely unimpaired. It is true that they were compelled to do this, for they could not otherwise have established any Constitution at

all. But it was in the mode in which they did it that their great merit as lawgivers and statesmen consisted; and now it is to the adaptation of their political system to the inevitable condition of the country, as an element and proof of the strength of the system, that I briefly invite the attention of the reader.

When I speak of the political system of the United States, I refer to what was done and established between 1787 and 1791. This is the period of the formation, adoption, and amendment of the Constitution by one and the same generation of men. I regard the first ten amendments as parts of the political system established by the same men who framed and established the Constitution as it was originally proposed for the adoption of the people of every State. It is well known that those ten amendments, although not insisted on as conditions precedent by the eleven States which first ratified the Constitution, were yet proposed and acceded to as indispensable to complete the character of the system, and to secure its acceptance by the two States which still remained aloof. They were not forced upon a minority of the States by a constitutional majority under the amending power, but they were unanimously accepted by every State as indispensable parts of the political system, and as fixing its character forever. Now one of the most important constitutional subjects that can be considered is, How did that generation of men and that group of thirteen States deal with the amending power itself? Where did they leave it? Where they left it, it stands today. It has not been touched since. It has been exercised since on five different occasions; but the power itself, in all its original scope and its original limitations, remains just as it was originally established. Its scope and its limitations constitute a very important element in estimating the strength of our political system, if the object of any such system be its own preservation, and the welfare, happiness, progress, and security of the people who live under it.

If we turn to the original Constitution, we find that after providing for a mode in which it could be amended, it laid this important restriction upon the amending power: that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. Its equal suffrage in the Senate meant, under another provision, that each State shall have two Senators. The amending power was vested in three-fourths of the States, but the equal suffrage of the States in the Senate was forever excepted out of that power. In like manner, to every State was given in the Electoral College, by which its vote for President of the United States was to be cast, a number of electors made up of the same number as it was entitled to have of Senators added to the number of its Representatives in the Lower House of Congress. Notwithstanding the restriction which the Constitution lays upon the amending power, is that power itself capable of being so amended as to do away with this restriction, and by a vote of three-fourths of the States introduce, through the amending process, a different mode of representation in the Senate and in the Electoral Colleges? I presume that most persons would be startled by this inquiry. But it is an inquiry that goes to a deep question: Are there any fundamental rights and powers of the people of every State which are so fixed and immutable that they are beyond the reach of the will of three-fourths of the States? It is not enough, with respect even to this matter of equal suffrage in the Senate, to point to the special restriction laid upon the amending power. That power either is or it is not capable of being changed by a three-fourths vote of the States. If it is capable of being changed, the restriction may be taken away. If it is not capable of being changed, the restriction will remain. But there are other important rights that may be affected by the amending process. Can three-fourths of the States so amend the Constitution as to make the President Executive for life, and make his eldest son his successor? In other words, have the people of every State an unalterable, fixed, and vested constitutional right to have the Executive office filled and occupied for a fixed term of years, and an equally fixed, vested, and unalterable constitutional right to have the President appointed by electors to be chosen in each State as its legislature may direct? And are there any other rights of the States or their people which are not subject to the amending power of three-fourths of the States? Whether the amending power is itself capable of being enlarged, is a question very important to be considered, when we are considering the strength and stability of the Constitu-

tion; for if it is an unlimited power, the system of the Constitution may be converted into almost anything that can command the physical force requisite to compel submission.

It seems to me that in any effort to define or understand the scope of the amending power, we must look beyond the original Constitution, and must consider the objects and purposes of the Ninth and Tenth amendments. Those amendments followed so immediately after the adoption of the Constitution by eleven States, and were so peculiarly necessary to procure for it the adoption of the remaining States, that they must be regarded in the same light as if they had been inserted in the original text. They bear directly upon the scope of the amending power, not only because that is one of the powers of the Constitution, but because their forcible and peremptory language extends to everything which the Constitution contains. It has sometimes been suggested that these amendments were merely express declarations of what would have been implied without them, and that they were adopted to quiet jealousies. I read in them a great deal more. It seems to me that they were designed to secure what could not have been secured without them, and what it would not do to leave to implication. Certainly they were so regarded by those who insisted on them.

What did these amendments say? The Ninth declared that "the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." Certainly this was a most impressive command, uttered by the unanimous voice of the people of all the States, that no construction shall be given to any rights enumerated in the Constitution which will deny or disparage the other rights which we the people have retained to ourselves. If this is not to be regarded as an assertion that there are rights retained by the people which no exercise of the rights enumerated in the Constitution shall ever be permitted to impair, or even to disparage, then it has no meaning. But one of the rights enumerated in the Constitution is the right of three-fourths of the States to amend it. Can that right ever be so exercised as to take away any right of the people which they "retained" when they gave in their adhesion to the Constitution? And who are "the people" referred to in this amendment? Considering who the people were who established both the Constitution and this amendment, they can be no other than the people of every State, for they alone hold any rights that are not enumerated in the Constitution. All the rights held by the people of the United States, as a nation, are those enumerated in the Constitution. They have no others.

If we go forward to the Tenth Amendment, we find that, *ex industria*, it declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Here again the distinction is drawn between powers delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States, by the Constitution, and powers reserved to the States or the people. It is not necessary to quibble on the word "delegated," for it is clear enough that it was used in the sense of "conveyed," "surrendered," or "transferred." But who are "the people" referred to? They could not be the people of the United States at large, for they have no reserved powers. They have the powers which the Constitution has given them, and they have no others, excepting the power to prevent the States from exercising the prohibited powers. "The people" who hold reserved powers are the people of each and every State. To them and to their States certain powers are reserved. Are these reserved powers subject to be taken away by three-fourths of the States through the amending process? Is any State liable to have its equal representation in the Senate taken away by an amendment of the Constitution which will get rid of the restriction now resting upon the amending power? Is not the power to have an equal voice in the Senate one of the reserved powers of every State and its people? Is not its power to legislate on the tenure of property, on the marriage relation, on the right of suffrage, on the qualifications for its own offices, on a thousand other things, one of its reserved rights, which no amendment of the Federal Constitution can touch without its assent, because they were, by force of the Ninth and Tenth amendments, excepted out of the amending power of the Federal Constitution?

I have adverted to this part of the subject because I wish to assist the dissatisfied of my countrymen to reflect on those features of our political system which re-

ally make it a very strong one. I take it no one will deny that in every just sense a system of government for a country is entitled to be regarded as having strength in proportion as it secures the happiness and promotes the welfare of those who dwell under its sway. I venture also to believe that all will admit that the division of our country into separate States, resulting from geographical situation, early settlement, differences of manners and pursuits, varying opportunities for useful legislation, and a multitude of other causes, is both a fortunate and an inevitable condition of things. Whatever, in the fundamental institutions of our national system, tends to save and protect the separate political existence of the people of every State, and to enable them to live harmoniously and happily along with other greater and more powerful communities, under the exercise of national powers created for specific ends, is a great blessing. The States can not be obliterated without a revolution. It is inconceivable that Connecticut can ever be absorbed in New York, or Rhode Island in Massachusetts, or Delaware in Pennsylvania, or Florida in Georgia, without convulsions that will shatter the whole political fabric. This Union must be a Union of States, held together by a national bond that is formed through the establishment of a central authority for certain limited purposes; and a most important part of the strength of the whole system consists in the recognition of local and personal rights, without which there can be neither peace, nor progress, nor security, public tranquillity, nor private happiness. I know not what can be more interesting and instructive to a reflecting mind than to pass from one extremity of our great land to another, noting the differences of laws, of customs, of development, of manners, that mark the people of our States, while one can see how the name of American in which we all glory, and the admirable national Constitution under which we live, make us all akin. The delights of foreign travel may open other thoughts, and afford objects of a very different interest. But what American of cultivated intellect would be willing never to compare one State with another, or be ignorant of the power and energy and stability of that Constitution which has worked the miracle of uniting so many States, and yet kept them separate?

DE COURCY'S RIDE.

THE Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake is a region comparatively little disturbed by immigration or change, and therefore still full of quaint and romantic legends, one of which is embodied in this tale.

You can see the old manor-house yet, crowning the terraced light green knoll which slopes on every side to the water; for the confluence of two river estuaries emptying into the great bay almost makes an island of the little peninsula. The narrow isthmus that remains is almost wholly occupied by the carriage-road which leads to the mainland, where lie the arable fields which once made up the wealth of the broad manor.

But with all its isolation, the manse was far from a lonesome place in the days long gone by. Instead of the ghosts which presumably peer out through its rows of dismal eyes, and the very commonplace tenants who are hidden away somewhere in a remote wing, mirth and full-handed hospitality held carnival in its stately halls and over its velvet lawns. They were jollier times than the old house is ever likely to see again.

In a little clump of trees to the left of the building you come, as usual, upon the family grave-yard. Here they lie, generation after generation—infant De Courcys, whose small mounds have almost disappeared under the encroachments of vegetation and quadrupeds; antique De Courcys, represented by little hollows where the rain collects in pools; obscure De Courcys, whose fragile slabs have been shattered or slurred till you can read them no longer; distinguished De Courcys, whose talents and virtues, with the public services performed, or the number of children reared, are still legible in solid graven marble. Parallels to all these could doubtless be found elsewhere; but there is one massive tombstone which awakens most unusual emotions. It bears no mark or inscription whatever except a man's name —Albert De Courcy—and below it the admirably wrought bass-relief of a rider in full career on a steed seemingly snorting fire. Somehow the stone has gathered very little moss, and its few discolorations rather heighten than detract from the vividness of the group. The dilated nostrils, the swollen eyes, and the furious tension of every limb and feature combine to pro-

duce an effect which may well be styled haunting and breathless. There is something almost appalling in this mysterious frozen action amid the peace and hush of the country. One can not turn from it without an intense desire to learn somewhat more of the rider and his ride.

He was not the only De Courcy of the manor, though both his parents had taken their places under those very eulogistic grave-stones. His brother Earnest kept "bachelor's hall" with him—a sort of establishment which was naturally frowned upon by the proprieties of the time, but which had its charms nevertheless. Yet the reckless enjoyment that took place within the old walls was not at all chargeable to the younger and more orderly man. His irreproachable and well-managed character was indicated by the fact that he had thus far been spared any nickname by the country-side. Thus while every negro lad for miles around knew Albert as "Master Dashing De Courcy," Earnest was Earnest still. Perhaps the popular mind found his Christian name sufficiently apt and significant.

It must not be supposed that there was anything very deplorable in the proceedings of Dashing De Courcy. You need give him but a glance, as he rode out upon black Cecil, to be sure of that. There was none of the hollowness or hectic of dissipation in that strongly marked, devil-may-care face; and if there was defiance in eye, carriage, and costume, it was a defiance full of good-will and healthy merriment. He was at war with nothing under heaven except conventionalism and gloom; and his good service against the latter readily won pardon for the nonchalance with which he broke through the cobweb restraints of the former. "Dashing, you know," with a lift of the eyebrows, became sufficient comment on even the most unheard-of freaks. What monarch rules by a more "divine right" than that "privileged character" whom all of us have at some time met?

One of his neighbors sometimes flattered herself that she would bring this wild colt of a man into the traces of civilized life, and extract something really useful from his roistering, wasteful energy. It pained Helen Carmichael to see the light estimate which he set upon all that was strongest and best in him. She saw the keen perceptive power flashing forth to as little purpose as the heat-lightning of summer, the nice judgment spending itself on the trivialities of a fox-hunt, the frank daring running to perverse foolhardiness, the nobility buried in nonsense. Yet this man who *would* be a boy had a strange fascination for her, even when she was most startled and shocked by his antics. She could no more help it than she could help feeling like Diana, or looking like the Goddess of Liberty.

Helen's nature was one of those in which the reforming instinct is inborn. It hurt her to leave anything untouched that needed bettering. Indeed, only a fine sense of propriety kept this trait from becoming unduly meddlesome. The proof that it did not become so is found in her continued popularity. Yet her ambition to do good was continually seeking outlets in all directions, and finding very inadequate ones. She was not content with a young girl's ordinary ideals. She would like to be the Mother of her Country, had that been possible, and would probably have filled the *rôle* to perfection. As the next best thing, she would have found relief in becoming the guiding star or inspiring companion of some great soul whose work should tell upon the future.

These fancies were not wild in her case. In spite of democratic theories, the landed gentry of Maryland furnished lawgivers and rulers to the province almost as inevitably as European aristocracy governed the older nations. Into the front rank of this privileged class Helen had come at birth. She was not only a "lady born," and one of the colonial "quality," but a direct descendant of those old wardens of the Scotch border whose daughters often waited as maids of honor upon their queen. She could point to the words of the old ballad:

> "Yestreen the queen had four Marys;
> To-night she'll have but three:
> There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
> And Mary Carmichael, and me."

Besides, the broad rich acres about her home—the appanage of her family in the New World for more than a century—were letters of credence which could not well be questioned. These advantages, with her noble order of beauty and her fine intellect, insured her association with the dominating spirits of her region, and her probable influence upon them.

Without seeking farther among her admirers, there was Earnest De Courcy, already giving promise by the elegant grav-

ity of his mien, his measured grace of diction and gesture, his assiduity in study, and the terse strength and wisdom of his utterances, of the forensic renown which he was afterward to attain. In height he was almost equal to even his brother, and his statelier carriage made him seem taller still. If his features were not actually more regular, they at least appeared so. Regularity was his forte. He made the most of himself at all points; and there was really a great deal to make the most of.

Helen was not at all blind to the compliment involved in the suit of one whose ambition was almost a prophecy of success. She had, also, a great liking for the company of this thoughtful, courteous gentleman. His conversation was always full of interest, and sometimes lightened by a dignified and becoming playfulness. She took refuge, so to speak, in his thoroughly good manners, from the wilder flights of his brother's lawlessness. But indeed it was rather hard to school herself into looking upon Earnest as an acceptable lover. She found herself wondering, with one of her odd smiles, whether a slight rent in the faultless garments beside her would disclose a surface more human than marble. Once, at a party, with her hand upon his arm, a chill as of ice seemed to come through to her fingertips. These, of course, were mere baseless fancies, such as may happen to visit even a would-be Mother of her Country; but perhaps they may be thought suggestive.

On the other hand, Dashing De Courcy, with all his hearty affection, contrived to be a dire stumbling-block in his own way. What could she do with a great whooping Arab who celebrated a half-way acceptance by snatching her to the pommel of his saddle before half a score of visitors, and careering around a fifty-acre field like mad? Or how could she civilize the being who answered her dignified rebuke and dismissal by a furtive kiss, and a laughing request to think better of it? Was there ever such a plight for a George Washington in furbelows?

After every such rupture a reconciliation somehow came about, and generally, too, in such a way as to make her (though she knew she had been quite right) feel foolishly in the wrong. For one thing, the young man could not be induced to recognize the fact that there had been anything the miss; and before long she was sure to find every one smiling at the idea of wasting dignity on a one-sided quarrel with Dashing De Courcy. In the end she generally subsided by degrees into a half-amused, half-vexed good-humor. This grew into pride and pleasure as he crowned her with the wreath which he had won in the tournament by his skill of hand and eye, or when she heard others speak of those rare qualities of mind and heart by which he set such little store.

Perhaps this might have gone on for years longer, without reaching an end, but for the conflict of 1775. Both the young men had taken the side of the colonies, Earnest after much logical exercise and charter-weighing, Albert at once, and with intense zeal. In this case the zeal was needed, and served him well. The Tories of their neighborhood—almost a majority, as in many parts of the peninsula—had gathered in numbers to arm and organize. Earnest was for holding a joint discussion at the county town; but Dashing De Courcy, realizing that war had begun, and that it is better to eat than to be eaten, unceremoniously called his friends together, and by a sudden menace drove the king's men southward before any harm was done. They dispersed soon afterward. The next time he met his lady-love, that ardent and incorruptible patriot had no fault to find with his off-hand behavior. Perhaps she doubted whether a man like that needed very much reforming, after all. She remembered that even in that astonishing ride his touch had all the gentleness of unusual strength. She accepted him.

But she did not keep him from his duty. Almost immediately afterward he began to raise a company for that renowned Maryland regiment which was the first in the Continental army to cross bayonets with the British, and which had so noble yet so tragic a history. It was almost wholly composed of young men from the better class of planters—recruits who had been trained from boyhood to the use of weapons and exercise in the open air, and whose personal daring was re-enforced by patrician pride and the long habit of command. Such men were sorely needed in the unequal struggle then opening, so it was not long before the First Regiment was called away northward. Dashing De Courcy kissed his promised bride, and rode in unwonted silence to the rendezvous.

Earnest did not go to war. He had rec-

onciled the calls of patriotism with a discreet sense of his own interest by becoming more useful still as a member of the Committee of Public Safety. As such he performed his duties most efficiently. Indeed, there was rarely anything *but* safety in his neighborhood. Moreover, the number of recruits sent to the front by his clear demonstrations and impassioned appeals was very great. In truth, no one upon the peninsula was so active, so useful—and so safe.

Helen Carmichael, like most others, admired his course. She knew—or thought she knew—what it must cost Albert's brother to keep out of the stirring scenes at the North, and devote himself to the yet more necessary work of the statesman and organizer. But, after all, at this period he got very little of her attention. His good taste prevented any obtrusion upon the engaged young lady; and she had another De Courcy to think about. From the latter letters came frequently—frank, joyous letters, full of love and hope, yet often dotted with anecdotes of pranks which made her frown and blush, and criticisms on his most revered superior which were subversive of all discipline. She was almost offended when he described her favorite hero, the Commander-in-chief, as a man who never ceased watching himself lest he should do something foolish. Sometimes Dashing styled him Our Military Edifice; sometimes King George the System. De Courcy persisted that there was something rather ridiculous in his rare profane outbursts, and that they were about the only signs of spontaneity in him.

It is possible that these opinions were not changed even by the finely methodical retrograde movement that followed the ruinous defeat on Long Island, but, for excellent reasons, no record remains of his views thereon. We all remember from our school-boy days how in the midnight one British army turned the left flank of the American forces, and came down upon their rear, while another assailed it in front; and we all *ought* to remember the Spartan-like stand made by five companies of the First Maryland Regiment, under Lord Stirling, when there was not another man remaining in arms under the American colors, and two British armies strove to overwhelm them in order to reach the fugitives who struggled through the bog behind. That astounding fight—the most heroic episode, perhaps, of the whole Revolution—is in all the histories and the official reports, so I need not dwell upon it here. Five successive times these four hundred young men, who had never been in action before, dashed on the veterans of Cornwallis as they came up, regiment after regiment. At the sixth, by a desperate effort, they had almost driven the enemy from their position, when Grant's ten regiments, previously held in check, came down from behind, and overwhelmed them in a frightful death-struggle. But before it ended, the sacrifice had accomplished its object—the last of the fugitives had escaped. The five companies of Marylanders were almost annihilated.

One of these had been commanded by Dashing De Courcy, and, as usual, he had been true to his nickname. None had penetrated farther than he at each charge, and when the final ruin came, he was the leading spirit of a score who cut their way frantically toward the creek in their rear. Less than a dozen reached it, and more than half of these sank forever in the quagmire, either clogged and drowned or shot down by bullets from the bank. The five survivors noted dismally that Captain De Courcy was not among them; yet it was certain that he had been seen on the farther shore with the rest. Doubtless some stagnant pool, blotched with lily-pads, held that noble form and that kind light heart. At last the direful story of his death was borne back to Bohemia Manor.

Helen, though heart-stricken by fear, would not for a long time accept it as truth. She was even wroth with the melancholy head-shakes of Earnest and the rest of her friends. Very little could be done in the way of investigation. The territory in hostile hands widened and neared most rapidly. Communication was almost impossible, and liable to suspicion from both sides. Besides, who could listen to private woes when public rout and ruin were following close upon one another's heels? After many baffled endeavors Helen accepted as truth the positive statement of the only member of her lover's company who returned home after the battle of Princeton.

If any doubts occurred to Earnest, he kept them to himself. So shrewd a lawyer may have borne in mind that a case built upon hearsay, confused recollection,

and doubtful inference could hardly be regarded as conclusively established. But he agreed with all around him that his own conduct in the matter had been most exemplary. His efforts on behalf of his brother had almost surpassed even Helen's, and both had failed. There was, then, every justification for assuming that Dashing was dead. Moreover, no man possessing the decorous piety suited to Earnest's well-ordered character, and knowing that all things, however melancholy, work together for good, could fail to see something providential in the deplorable event which had placed within his reach both the woman and the land which he loved. He tried to be resigned, and took credit to himself for succeeding.

Their community of interest and endeavor brought Helen and Earnest closely together, and somehow he appeared to greater advantage than ever before. Perhaps his rather architectural decorum was more in keeping with bereavement than with any ordinary love-making. She appreciated fully his delicacy in not pressing his own suit even after her passion of grief had subsided, though it was surprising how she was led insensibly to extend to the faithful seeker some measure of her tender interest in the one sought for. When at last the quest was abandoned, she was in a mood to listen to a few well-chosen words from Earnest in behalf of himself.

She did not at once accept him, yet she did not deny him all hope. Indeed, why should she? His character and aims were irreproachable, and she had learned to see only foolishness in some of her earlier adverse fancies. He was the very life and soul of the patriotic cause in his neighborhood, and was shortly to take the field; that is, as soon as he could be spared from his more important duties as organizer and statesman. As his wife, her opportunities for usefulness would be greatly increased; and the deference which he always accorded to her opinion on serious matters showed that her influence would be real and important. Besides, she could not but be touched by his patient devotion, which in all these years had never once failed in thoughtfulness, vigilance, or taste. When a woman falls into this train of thought, the result may generally be predicted. Earnest had the field wholly to himself, without disturbance, except his necessary absences to fire the popular heart, and now and then a visit from some raiding party of the British stationed along the Delaware. In the end, he convinced her that she loved him, and the day was set for their marriage.

But Dashing De Courcy was by no means really dead. As he leaped into the water among the plashing bullets, a comrade, receiving one of the latter, fell, seriously wounded, at his side. With characteristic self-forgetfulness, the young captain snatched up his helpless friend, and holding him high aloft, struggled onward as best he could through the mire. The enemy could easily have shot him from the bank; but it was hardly possible not to be touched by such unselfish gallantry following such surpassing prowess. Perhaps it was to save the burdened man from sinking in the quicksand-like marsh, rather than for the poor pleasure of adding one more to their list of prisoners, that some half a dozen of the strongest soldiers rushed in after him. When overtaken he was too much exhausted to make any great resistance. So they speedily bore him back to the shore again. Those of his party who witnessed the short fight in the water never reached the opposite side.

When De Courcy found that there was nothing more to be done, he reverted to his natural frank good-humor, consoling himself with jests which quite charmed his captors. More than one of their officers declared that it was a shame for such a fine fellow to be a rebel. Indeed, a commission in his Majesty's service was once suggested; but De Courcy's good-humor vanished in a moment.

"You don't mean it as an insult," said he, "and I won't take it so." Then he added, smiling again, "No, no; I'm a republican, a democrat, though perhaps you would not think it of a De Courcy."

In point of fact, he was more of an aristocrat than he knew. What he mistook for devotion to liberty and equality was rather local pride, strongly colored by natural good-will. He would have fought just as gayly for his country if stately "King George the System" had actually been declared its monarch, and he would have recklessly championed the cause of his native State (whatsoever that cause might be) against the whole outer world. At present both State and country had adopted as their war-cry, "Equal rights for all!" and he took that up as readily as anything else.

This unreasoning patriotism (though they gave it a different name) did him no harm with the brave men into whose hands he had fallen; but before long he was ordered into other company. Orders from higher quarters transferred him, with many other prisoners, to one of the prison-ships in the harbor. It is best to touch lightly the sores of history, so we will not dwell on the horrors endured in those floating dens. Month after month passed by, and the number of captives dwindled without any prospect of release. Exchange was long impossible, for the patriot cause was at its lowest ebb. The victories of Trenton and Princeton, by placing some hundreds of prisoners in Continental hands, offered at length a glimmer of hope; but De Courcy, like many others, found that hope a delusion. He began to look upon himself as one dead and buried before his time. Apart from all other ill usage, the mere seclusion in that noisome, floating dungeon, after his unrestrained life of sunshine, motion, and free air, was a most terrible torture. Even *his* spirits sank under the infliction.

To make matters worse, he could get no news of the dear ones, and especially *that* dear one, left behind. Sometimes he wondered why he had thus been deserted by all who once loved him; but at last he had settled upon the true explanation—they believed him dead. Then he tried to bribe his jailers and guards to allow him to communicate with his friends; but when they found he had nothing but promises to offer, they treated his advances very much as the attendants of a lunatic asylum would treat a similar request from a patient. They were quite inaccessible to conciliation, and raging and cursing only made his lot worse. Nor had he thus far ever seen the slightest opportunity for escape. He began to feel that there was something more than ordinarily appalling in this living burial. Perhaps, if it had not been for his wonderfully hardy constitution, he would in reality have died or gone mad.

He certainly would have been urged to some desperate and fatal act if he had known what was taking place near his old home; but happily he did not. It never occurred to him to doubt Helen. He was anxious about her, it is true, and all the more since the westward movement of the British army had opened all the region about his home to hostile incursions; but that was his greatest anxiety. In his now fitful and paling gleams of hope, he saw her almost dangerous joy as the dead lover came to life again in her sight. He looked farther yet, to a vision of white raiment and orange blossoms in the little oak-bowered brick church where they both worshipped. How *could* he picture a different De Courcy standing there by her side?

At last there came tidings which sounded like a reprieve from gradual death. He was to be removed the very next day to a new prison on the banks of the Delaware. He could hardly believe what his ears told him. Once more he would bathe himself in the warm sunlight, inhale the fresh air of heaven, look on the waving fields of grain, feel the firm earth beneath his feet, and know that he was within a score of miles of his love and his home. The very thought made a living man of him again. The reality brightened him at once into something like the Dashing De Courcy of yore. Even his surly guards grew good-humored over the boyish delight of the gaunt, long-haired prisoner, as he strode down the gangway to his new abiding-place. An officer turned aside, with something of the home feeling in his own eyes, at the pathetic strength of that hoarse, heart-felt cheer, disorderly though it was.

But of course De Courcy soon felt the tantalizing element in the situation. The home that had been so depressingly inaccessible became painfully tempting when brought within a three hours' easy ride.

"Twenty miles—less," he would say to himself. "Yes, we should make it considerably less if I only had black Cecil here, and those walls away."

There was no present prospect of a horse, but the fancy set him to inspecting furtively the construction of the earthwork which inclosed him. The wall was broad, but not very high, and its top was easily accessible at many points from within. There he often walked, chatting with his captors, yet taking note of all that he saw, in the midst of his merry jests. These last, with his reviving spirits and evident culture, quickly made him a favorite with all at the post—a "privileged character," in fact, as he had been outside. In all the months of his confinement he had never made the slightest effort to escape, and he had come to be re-

garded as a good-humored specimen of "rebel," daring enough, but well contented with good fare and easy quarters—such a prisoner, in short, as would be a positive acquisition to any post. This utter absence of suspicion was very delightful to him—for several reasons.

He had observed that while the fort was everywhere surrounded by a ditch and abatis, the former, being clumsily constructed, was of unequal width, and its narrowest part coincided with a slight break in the outer obstruction mentioned. Moreover, the ground at this point sloped but very little. It was the only place where escape at a bound was possible, and even there the leap would be something fearful.

"I never knew but one horse that could take it," thought Dashing, as he turned away disheartened, "and he is—Heaven knows where."

But even while he turned, his eyes fell on the very black Cecil which was uppermost in his mind. Some of the soldiers were leading the horse through the gate sorely against his will. Cecil caught sight of his old master as the latter descended from the wall, and abandoning his balk, trotted forward with a joyful whinny.

"Thanks," said the officer to whom the prize had been brought. "I see he is yours—that is, has been."

De Courcy looked round rather sadly. "Yes, has been," he repeated; "many things have been." Then turning to his old friend, he stroked the long mane, and looked into the great puzzled human eyes. "We are both of us prisoners now, Cecil," said he. "However, I am right glad to see you again, old fellow." The horse responded with caresses as best he could.

"If you have a fancy for such meetings," said the officer, smiling, "perhaps we can accommodate you further."

"How so?" asked De Courcy, looking up in quick apprehension.

"I allude to your brother, Earnest De Courcy—he *is* your brother, is he not?—who has been stirring up trouble in his neighborhood somewhat longer than we can afford. Thus far he has always contrived to keep out of our way, but a party that left here half an hour ago will be certain, I think, to catch him. Fancy a man failing to be at his wedding!"

"His wedding!" echoed De Courcy, open-eyed. "And who is to be the bride?"

"Let me see," mused the officer, willing to humor this natural desire for news. "The name is not very familiar to me. The daughter of one of your country families, I believe. Miss—Miss Helen Carmichael.—Good Lord! she must have been his sweetheart!"

The last remark was caused by De Courcy's dropping his hand from Cecil's neck, and turning away with a black frown and a sound like a smothered groan. The officer looked after him with a certain sympathy and self-blame; but these speedily faded into that sort of half-amused pity with which we regard the love troubles of our friends. And even this gave way to his enjoyment of his new acquisition. "A good bit of work in that scout," he soliloquized.

The drama in De Courcy's soul was no comedy like this, but rather a veritable tragedy. At once the foundations of his hope and his life seemed overturned. His first burning impulse was to leave his false love and scheming brother to their fate. Knowing nothing of their surroundings, in his vehement outbursts he did them both great wrong. Then a sudden revulsion took place, and better feelings came into play. He would save Helen from distress, and his brother from such hardship and torment as he had himself undergone. But whatever was to be done must be done at once, for the surprise party had already a long start, and no doubt were travelling rapidly.

Nevertheless he restrained himself, and sauntered leisurely up to the new owner of Cecil. "Major," said he, "I hope you will excuse my abruptness just now, but you know—"

"Yes, I know," added the other, wringing his hand sympathetically.

"Ah, well!" resumed De Courcy. "And as to the horse, if Cecil *must* carry some one else, I am glad it is to be a gentleman. He has been used to that exercise."

"I am well aware of that," answered the other, no less politely. "But if it had been Goliath, the giant would have been carried all the same. I think"—examining Cecil's points more critically—"that he is, without exception, the most powerfully built creature I have ever seen."

"Yes, my old black is right strong. There's not a better hunter in Maryland, I reckon. And very docile, too, to those whom he knows. I used to think I could do anything on him. Often and often

I've snatched a pebble from the ground at a dead run, and tossed and caught it without slackening pace."

The major smiled, with the nearest approach to incredulity which politeness permitted. He was in high good-humor over his prize, and very willing to be amused by this boaster's failure in any safe experiment. "Do you think you could do it now?" he asked.

De Courcy began, apologetically: "The fact is, major, I am not what I was. My disposition toward lively sport remains the same, but the accommodations of your prison-ship parlors somehow tend to unfit the joints for such work. Perhaps they are too sumptuous. No, I can't undertake the pebble-tossing; but I think I might make a shift to pick up a handkerchief at three-quarter speed."

"Well, try," responded the major. "*There's* a handkerchief," tossing one on the ground.

De Courcy mounted deliberately. "Anything to oblige," he said, smiling; "but don't be too hard on me if I fail."

Once in the saddle, no trace of awkwardness remained. It seemed the rider's natural place. The combined effect of man and beast was so colossal that the major was visited by some misgivings. It was too late to recede, and precautions would look silly; so he tried to cloak his uneasiness, even to himself, by a jest.

"If the wall were not so high, De Courcy, and the ditch so wide, and the abatis so broad and thick, I don't know that I should trust you and that black Pegasus together."

De Courcy laughed lightly. "Handkerchief-picking is much easier," he answered.

It was necessary, first of all, to be quite sure of his seat in the saddle and the action of his horse, for intermission of practice breeds lack of confidence, and lack of confidence often means failure. The greater part of the inclosure had already been cleared, fortunately leaving quite unoccupied the part where he meant to make his exit. In the space thus formed he took two or three turns, at gradually increasing speed, with the view of limbering both his horse and himself to their work. Then with a quick chirrup he flew swiftly round. As he passed the handkerchief, he swooped suddenly down, with outstretched hand, narrowly missing it. A cry, half of admiration and half of mirthful derision, followed from the spectators.

"Well done, but not the thing!" shouted the major, who had now forgotten everything else in his interest in the game.

"Next time!" called De Courcy, as he sped round like a whirlwind. At this trial he seemed to fling himself headlong from the tall black. Only a hand and a foot remained in sight above the saddle. But as he regained his seat, the handkerchief was lifted high above his head.

The applause that followed was furious. Even the sentries set down their weapons to clap their hands and cheer. The next instant they regretted their enthusiasm. With no great slackening of speed, the black had changed his direction a little, and shot to the crown of the rampart. For an instant he stood there, with spreading limbs, horse and man together seeming a colossal equestrian statue in bronze outlined against the sky; then, before a musket could be brought to bear, they leaped outward, apparently into space.

For a moment surprise held the garrison fixed; then there was a sudden rush to the spot. But it came too late. The calculation had been made exactly, and as exactly fulfilled. Cecil's iron forejoints and sinews had stood the fearful strain that had been put upon them, and he and his master were now nearing the woods at a lightning pace. There was no time to do more than send a random volley after the fugitive, to which De Courcy responded by waving his handkerchief souvenir toward the fort as he turned in his saddle, with a clear merry whoop of triumph.

He gave little thought to pursuit. His chief care was for those ahead of him, not those behind. He knew that he was riding for life or death, or perhaps worse ills than the latter; and though his heart bled for his faithful Cecil, he grudged every necessary slackening of their headlong speed. He dashed crashing between tree trunks and through the densest thickets wherever he could save a turn of the road; he plunged without a thought into freshet-swollen streams; he leaped every fence that came in his way. As he clattered down the streets of quiet hamlets, the small negroes came running up barefooted from by-ways to look after that strange man who rode "like de debbil was a'ter him." Men whom he passed along the road-side warned him, with un-

heeded vehemence and gesticulation, of the unseen enemy ahead.

Nevertheless, he was not frantic. He thought as he rode. The troopers were evidently travelling faster than he had supposed. His first task was to pass them—if possible without their notice. Then he must warn the party at the church, and carry off Helen—married or single—to a place of safety. It was no time to stand on conventionalities, or trust her to the decorous precision of his slow-acting younger brother. The nearest and best asylum was clearly the manor itself, about a mile beyond the scene of the wedding; for the narrow neck could easily be held by a small party of men, the house was a fortress in itself, and he knew where to find a fair supply of arms hidden there long ago by himself, to serve in case of special need. Still, as mile after mile was passed, he began to fear that he should not be able to overcome the great start of the party ahead.

When at length he came in sight of them, they were not much more than a mile on the hither side of the church, and perhaps some three hundred yards beyond himself. They were going slowly, to revive their spent horses for the final rush. Fortunately the road at this point bent round a mass of woodland, through which a bridle-path (well known to him) led directly to the rear of the church. Into this path he turned, at first moving slowly, like themselves, lest the noise of a rush should alarm them, and also to give poor Cecil a last chance; but as the depths of the wood were reached, he urged the willing victim into his very utmost speed. Every second counted.

The church, like others of its class, was constructed with a front door opening out toward the road, and a rear door a little on one side of the chancel, the latter entrance being of exceptional size. The little building was well filled, for, in spite of the troublous times, the local prominence of the contracting parties had drawn together pretty nearly the whole countryside. The bride was there before the chancel, her commanding beauty looking all the lovelier and statelier for the long snowy veil and the rich whiteness of her attire. Earnest stood beside her, elegant and nobly handsome as ever. The bridemaids and groomsmen were duly ranged on either side. The surpliced priest in front was repeating in a measured voice the first words of the marriage service, and curious young maids in the rear pews were craning their pretty necks to get a fair view of Helen's face as the momentous response was pronounced, when suddenly there came a great rush outside, and horse and man halted together in the open doorway, like an apparition from another world. There was, indeed, much in them both to foster the idea. The agonized eyes of black Cecil; his foam-mottled chest, heaving flank, and blood-snorting nostrils; the gaunt, wild-eyed face of the rider; his long tangled hair, and tattered disorder of apparel—all these combined to make up an unearthly picture. With them came a hoarse, breathless cry from lips which all recognized as those of the dead: "Look to yourselves! The British! the British!" No wonder that women sank fainting, or burst into screams, on every side, while strong men stood frozen with bewilderment and fear. Did not all see before them the wraith of Dashing De Courcy come back after his own wild style in wrath and vengeance?

As he saw their error, his anxiety burst into fierce anger. "You fools," he cried, "I'm no more dead than you are. Make for your horses, do you hear? The British will be on you directly. Here they come now! Make for the manor!"

Thereupon, impatient of delay, he urged his horse straight through the doorway to where Helen leaned breathless against the chancel rail, with her hand upon her heart. Before Earnest, in his utter confusion of mind, could interpose, Dashing De Courcy had swung her to the croup behind him, and vanished through the rear doorway again.

His escape was discovered by the enemy, but without avail. A few shots, fired on the run, went wide of the mark, and the last energies of black Cecil, even with a double weight, sufficed to distance the sorry and spent nags that followed. So when at last he sank down, with an almost human moan, before the door of the great manor-house, the nearest of his pursuers was by no means *very* near. Even before this his riders had both hurried inside, the doors had been hastily barred, and arms distributed to such of the servants as were not utterly paralyzed by the suddenness with which events had crowded upon them. Despite their first superstitious alarm, most of them were ready enough to fight in defense of their brave

young master, whose return was perhaps the one thing which pleased them best of all that could possibly have happened.

There was no attack upon Bohemia Manor. The first few straggling troopers saw good reason to wait until the main body came up, and before the latter were prepared to assail so strong a position, rumors arrived that a party of countrymen, incensed by the interruption of the marriage, were gathering to oppose their return. Besides, they had already accomplished their chief object by the capture of Earnest De Courcy. He was caught in the middle of the church, while carefully reasoning out the problem as to which outlet offered the best chance of escape. Within twenty-four hours he had taken his brother's place in the prison-fort by the Delaware. "We can not be happy without a De Courcy among us," the courteous major had explained, as Earnest came under his care. "But I am sorry you did not bring back that handsome black horse with you." "He will never be ridden again," answered Earnest, politely, but glad, nevertheless, of the chance to say something unpleasing.

He had good cause to be chagrined. The wedding was not seriously delayed by recent events; but there was a very important change in the bridegroom. Helen was all remorse and distress for her past weakness, and now, as ever, Dashing De Courcy was forgiveness itself. When he saw this proud girl humble herself in spirit before him, and confess that on his re-appearance she realized that he was the only man whom she had ever loved, he cried, frankly, "Let by-gones be by-gones, and, above all, let us have no more delay."

Their nuptials were celebrated, with guards out, to be sure, but with no end of happiness and jollity. For a week or so the old manor-house fairly outdid itself in brightness and mirth. At the end of that time he removed Helen to a less exposed location, where she remained until the English forces withdrew from the Delaware, while her husband went back to the battles of his country. He had the good luck to serve until the end without serious injury; and after the surrender at Yorktown found an opportunity of returning to the captured British major (both were colonels by that time) the handkerchief which he had borrowed in his grand escapade. This rendition was the occasion of a jolly entertainment, where even King George the System so far unbent that Dashing De Courcy maintained a more genial estimate of him ever after.

Long before this, Earnest had been set free by the efforts of his elder brother, and had found consolation in statesmanship for his losses in love and war. Before many years had gone by, his renown had far eclipsed that of his brother, who preferred all his life the occupations and sports of a private country gentleman to any more conspicuous position, and remained simply Dashing De Courcy to the end. Even in military matters Earnest could look down upon him, for the popular voice, with a complaisance common in that region, honored the younger brother's bloodless triumphs by the cheap brevet of General.

Sometimes Albert's unabated freakishness caused Helen some disquiet; but, remembering her own dire blunder, she rarely felt justified in any endeavor to improve the husband whom she loved. Besides, her mission and ambition had found abundant scope in a different quarter. If she could not be called the mother of her country, she was at least the mother of a considerable section of it. Duly remove the moss from her tombstone, and you may read even yet, "Her maternal care reared eleven children to maturity." Perhaps these cares left to her little time to set the nation in order.

Black Cecil has a tombstone too—his master's. That mad ride was the death of him; but he lives in marble yet.

INGRATITUDE OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE great and appropriate honors recently paid by the Army of the Cumberland to the memory of its heroic commander, Major-General George H. Thomas, seem to afford a fit occasion upon which to invite the good people of the United States to consider for a moment the manner in which *they* have treated their military heroes.

All the world seems to recognize the justice and fitness of the tribute of respect paid to the hero of the Army of the Cumberland. But does it not seem strange that it was left to the survivors of the army which he commanded to do that act of justice? Had the country—the great body of the people—whom he and they served, no duty to perform in that

regard? Could the great commander be suitably honored only through the self-glorification of his command, by whose valor he won his great renown? The monument to the great commander is, in fact, a monument to his army, erected by themselves, while the country simply looks on approvingly, and does nothing.

The people of the United States appear to imagine that they have highly honored their military chieftains, and will doubtless be amazed when told that, on the contrary, they have appropriately honored only a very few, have not honored in any way the large majority, and have heaped injustice, indignity, and insult upon some of those whom they themselves regarded as the greatest and most deserving. A plain recital of the facts will be sufficient to all who will impartially consider them.

The public policy of this country permits, as a general rule, only one kind of reward for great military services, and its soldiers neither expect nor desire any other. In a few instances the people have seen fit to honor their great military leaders by election to the Presidency. But such elections have, at least theoretically, been based upon supposed eminent fitness for that great office, rather than given as a reward for military services. Those few cases aside, the only rewards known to our system are purely military honors, generally given by *brevet*, and carrying little if any increased pay or emoluments. The rule of our service has always been that distinguished military services should be rewarded by military rank, at least by brevet, proportionate to the command of the officer in which such distinguished services were rendered. Thus General Scott was given the rank of lieutenant-general by brevet for his services in command of an army corps in the war with Mexico; and in multitudes of cases of subordinate officers in that war, and in the war of the rebellion, officers were given brevets corresponding to the commands they held, or even higher. Such was the case in the late war of all commanders, from the lowest up to that of a division.

But there the levelling or degrading process peculiar to this country began. A division is, under our military organization and laws, the appropriate command of a major-general; an army corps, that of a lieutenant-general; and an army of several corps, that of a general. But in our army all these commanders were kept on the same dead level as to rank. Meade with his twenty-two divisions at Gettysburg, Thomas with his thirteen divisions at Nashville, and Sherman with his nineteen divisions at Atlanta, had only the rank of a division commander. Whether his command was one division, or three, or nine, or twenty, an officer could not hope to rise higher in *actual* rank than if he commanded but a single division. That was the highest honor the great republic would promise even to the successful commander of a million of men! But it was fondly hoped that, when the war was over, those who had secured the approbation of their countrymen would receive at least the cheap compliment of a brevet, if nothing more! Those high commanders did not covet great titles, or revenues, or substantial rewards of any kind, or political preferment. The limit of their ambition was the simple military rank which they had so fairly won. How was this honorable ambition treated by the country?

When the military necessities of the country forced the government to put Grant at the head of all the armies, Congress and the President conferred upon him the rank of lieutenant-general, one grade *lower* than the command he had already exercised for more than two years! And the people thought this a generous recognition of great services! When the war was over, this successful commander of a million of men, who had become, as he deserved to be, almost the idol of the people, was rewarded by special act of Congress with the rank of *general*, or commander of an army. He who had thus commanded half a dozen armies and as many able generals was finally, after four years of war, given, as a grand and extraordinary reward for his eminent services, the rank to which each one of his half dozen or more subordinates was fairly entitled!

Sherman, whose services had even rivalled those of Grant, was carried up a single grade to the rank of lieutenant-general, and Hancock to major-general, by Grant's promotion, and not by any direct act of the government designed to reward their services. And there the matter stopped. Under the law as it then existed, brevets had been given to all the lower grades, both regulars and volunteers, without stint and without much discrimination, until they almost ceased

to be valuable. Indeed, the reward seemed so meagre for such services as had been rendered by veteran officers in command of brigades, divisions, and even army corps, that hardly one could be named who was not deemed entitled to all he received, or more. But when it came to the higher commanders, whom the country recognized as only second to Grant and Sherman, there seemed no honors to be conferred. Thomas, Meade, Sheridan, and others could not have even the compliment of one of the brevets which were so profusely scattered among the lower grades. The great titles of general and lieutenant-general were too sacred to be conferred even by brevet upon the victors of Gettysburg and Nashville.

It is true that Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan were made major-generals, and Hancock, Schofield, Canby, Terry, and others brigadiers, in the regular army, to fill vacancies as they occurred in the small regular establishment as it then existed. But these grades were far inferior to the commands which they had held a long time before, and would have been filled, as a matter of course, by some officers whom the President might have seen fit to select. Like the promotion of Sherman to lieutenant-general, they simply resulted from the death or promotion of somebody else. Grant's appointment of general was the only military reward given to any high commander by the direct act of the government at the close of the war.

But this neglect was borne with patience, and without complaint. The soldiers who were conscious of having rendered such faithful services did not believe that *this* republic could prove ungrateful. They had confidence that justice would be done in time, although it might be long delayed. It soon became apparent that the people were determined to honor the illustrious general-in-chief by raising him to the Presidency. This seemed a guarantee that some recognition of the services of others would follow. All looked forward with hope and confidence to the settlement of the quarrel between Congress and President Johnson, and the accession of the soldier President, as the time when justice would be done. But how sadly their hopes were doomed to disappointment! What followed is a dark page in American history.

In the winter of 1868–69 it was manifest that the inauguration of Grant as President would make Sherman General of the Army, and no one, perhaps, questioned the propriety of this promotion. But there were three major-generals—Sheridan, Thomas, and Meade—all eminent for their great services, and all having very strong claims to the promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general to be vacated by Sherman. It was understood that Grant would probably prefer Sheridan, although opinion was much divided upon the question of the relative merits of the three. Hancock had but recently, comparatively, become a major-general by the promotions of Grant and Sherman, and Schofield was to be made major-general in place of that one of the three who should become lieutenant-general upon Grant's inauguration, and Sherman's consequent promotion to the rank of General of the Army. Such distinguished generals as Canby, Terry, and others, who had won important victories in command of armies or army corps, and as Rawlins, who had been Grant's chief of staff, could hardly expect from a grateful country less than the modest rank of a division commander; while many others of lower rank, who had commanded army corps or divisions in many great battles, could not permit themselves to doubt that their country would some time in their lives recognize their services.

Under these circumstances the attention of the Military Committee of the Senate was called to the propriety of an act temporarily adding to the army two lieutenant-generals, so that Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan might all receive, with Grant and Sherman, the advancement which all the world recognized them as having highly merited, and some promotion be given to meritorious subordinates, such as Rawlins, Canby, and others. It was urged that the strength of the army at that time, and the three grand divisions of the country requiring high command, viz., the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Mississippi divisions, would fully justify the presence in the army of three lieutenant-generals for the time being, and that the offices could be limited in the discretion of Congress to the lives of the eminent generals for whom they were created. How simple, easy, and *cheap* a reward would this have been for the great victories of Nashville and Gettysburg! Yet it was all those patriotic soldiers de-

sired. With it they would have died happy, filled with satisfaction at the grateful appreciation which their countrymen had shown for their services.

But, alas! such suggestions seemed to meet with no responsive feeling in the Congressional heart. The subject was not even publicly discussed. But what was done? Congress made haste to abolish the offices of general and lieutenant-general, and two of the five major-generals which already existed, with the lives of the present incumbents, lest such soldiers as Thomas, Meade, and Canby might possibly live long enough to enjoy for a few brief years the tardy honors they had so well won!

Thus those great soldiers soon went to their graves, broken-hearted at the injustice and insult heaped upon them by a nation they had served but too well.

Why was Grant elevated to the Presidency! Was it in any degree as a reward for his great services? Or was it because he was the most available candidate to beat the other party? Why were Thomas and Meade sent down in sorrow to their graves, with insult heaped upon injustice? Why are the surviving soldiers of the great generals of the republic the only persons to unite in paying them appropriate honors? Is it true that republics are ungrateful? or is it only that the people in a republic can not be justly represented by their government?

Why the great masses of the Union soldiers are not neglected by the government is plain enough: they have votes enough to command respect. Yet even they are gradually losing their influence.

The mystery of this subject is only increased by the fact that the government is not always so unjust to its servants. What a contrast is afforded by the treatment of the veterans of the navy! There is not an officer in the navy to-day whose rank is not as high as, or far higher than, that of any command he ever held in battle, while in the army there are scores of officers still serving far below the grades in which they won important victories for their country. Since the war there have been many times as many promotions to the higher grades in the navy as in the army, although the latter fought many times more battles than the former; and the number of high officers both on the active list and retired is many times greater in the navy than in the army. What is the standard by which our country measures justice? Since the war a score of officers of the navy who never commanded more than a single ship have been promoted to the full rank of rear-admiral on the active list, equal to that of major-general in the army; while a score of veteran officers of the army who held high commands on many bloody fields are left to die, or retire as colonels (equal to captain in the navy) in poverty, without even the small consolation of "prize-money," which was so profusely added to the high honors conferred in the navy.

When, at some future period of our history, the case is reversed by a great maritime war which will impose the brunt of battle upon the navy, will the scales of justice also be reversed? Will the majority of honors and all the "prizes" then be given to the army, and the navy, which has fought the battles, be dismissed with cold indifference? Who can tell but this may yet be the fate of the gallant navy?

From 1861 to the present time the whole number of officers appointed major-general on the active list in the army is only *twelve*, while in the same time the number appointed rear-admiral on the active list in the navy is *fifty-one*. During the same period *nine* officers of the army have been retired with the rank of major-general, while *sixty-three* officers of the navy have been retired with the rank of rear-admiral. The army has now on the active list *three* major-generals; the navy, *eleven* rear-admirals. On the retired list the army now has *five* major-generals; the navy, *forty-three* rear-admirals. Since the end of the rebellion there have been *three* promotions to the rank of major-general in the army; in the navy, *forty-five* promotions to the rank of rear-admiral. Of the *sixty-three* officers of the regular army who held the command of an army, army corps, or division in the war, *fifty-five* are still serving in lower grades than that of major-general; while of the *forty-five* officers of the navy promoted since the war to the rank of rear-admiral, at least *twenty* never held during the war higher command than that of captain. The relative grades of commodore in the navy and brigadier-general in the army show the same astounding contrasts in respect to numbers and relative rewards for war service.

The apparent rule of justice seems ex-

actly reversed. In the one case, officers who held high commands, and fought many battles, were reduced to lower rank, where they still remain; in the other case, officers who held low commands, and fought few or no battles, have been elevated to the highest rank. Is this the measure of justice which the people of the United States have ordained? Is this the gratitude of the republic?

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FACT, OR FACTOR.

"PAPA, I have brought you a wonderful letter," cried Miss Janetta Upround, toward supper-time of that same night; "and the most miraculous thing about it is that there is no post to pay. Oh, how stupid I am! I ought to have got at least a shilling out of you for postage."

"My dear, be sorry for your sins, and not for having failed to add to them. Our little world is brimful of news just now, but nearly all of it bad news. Why, bless me, this is in regular print, and it never has passed through the post at all, which explains the most astounding fact of positively naught to pay. Janetta, every day I congratulate myself upon such a wondrous daughter. But I never could have hoped that even you would bring me a letter gratis."

"But the worst of it is that I deserve no credit. If I had cheated the postman, there would have been something to be proud of. But this letter came in the most ignominious way—poked under the gate, papa! It is sealed with a foreign coin! Oh, dear, dear, I am all in a tingle to know all about it. I saw it by the moonlight, and it must belong to me."

"My dear, it says, 'Private, and to his own hands.' Therefore you had better go, and think no more about it. I confide to you many of my business matters: or at any rate you get them out of me: but this being private, you must think no more about it."

"Darling papa, what a flagrant shame! The man must have done it with no other object than to rob me of every wink of sleep. If I swallow the outrage and retire, will you promise to tell me every word to-morrow? You preached a most exquisite sermon last Sunday about the meanness and futility of small concealments."

"Be off!" cried the rector; "you are worse than Mr. Mordacks, who lays down the law about frankness perpetually, but never lets me guess what his own purpose is."

"Oh, now I see where the infection comes from! Papa, I am off, for fear of catching it myself. Don't tell me, whatever you do. I never can sleep upon dark mysteries."

"Poor dear, you shall not have your rest disturbed," Dr. Upround said, sweetly, as he closed the door behind her; "you are much too good a girl for other people's plagues to visit you." Then, as he saddled his pleasant old nose with the tranquil span of spectacles, the smile on his lips and the sigh of his breast arrived at a quiet little compromise. He was proud of his daughter, her quickness and power to get the upper turn of words with him; but he grieved at her not having any deep impressions, even after his very best sermons. But her mother always told him not to be in any hurry, for even she herself had felt no very profound impressions until she married a clergyman; and that argument always made him smile (as invisibly as possible), because he had not detected yet their existence in his better half. Such questions are most delicate, and a husband can only set mute example. A father, on the other hand, is bound to use his pastoral crook upon his children foremost.

"Now for this letter," said Dr. Upround, holding council with himself; "evidently a good clerk, and perhaps a first-rate scholar. One of the very best Greek scholars of the age does all his manuscript in printing hand, when he wishes it to be legible. And a capital plan it is—without meaning any pun. I can read this like a gazette itself."

"REVEREND AND WORSHIPFUL SIR,—Your long and highly valued kindness requires at least a word from me, before I leave this country. I have not ventured into your presence, because it might place you in a very grave predicament. Your duty to King and State might compel you

with your own hand to arrest me; and against your hand I could not strive. The evidence brought before you left no choice but to issue a warrant against me, though it grieved your kind heart to do that same. Sir, I am purely innocent of the vile crime laid against me. I used no fire-arm that night, neither did any of my men. And it is for their sake, as well as my own, that I now take the liberty of writing this. Failing of me, the authorities may bring my comrades to trial, and convict them. If that were so, it would become my duty as a man to surrender myself, and meet my death in the hope of saving them. But if the case is sifted properly, they must be acquitted; for no fire-arm of any kind was in my boat, except one pair of pistols, in a locker under the after thwart, and they happened to be unloaded. I pray you to verify this, kind sir. My firm belief is that the revenue officer was shot by one of his own men; and his widow has the same opinion. I hear that the wound was in the back of the head. If we had carried fire-arms, not one of us could have shot him so.

"It may have been an accident; I can not say. Even so, the man whose mishap it was is not likely to acknowledge it. And I know that in a court of law truth must be paid for dearly. I venture to commit to your good hands a draft upon a well-known Holland firm, which amounts to £78 British, for the defense of the men who are in custody. I know that you as a magistrate can not come forward as their defender; but I beg you as a friend of justice to place the money for their benefit. Also especially to direct attention to the crew of the revenue boat and their guns.

"And now I fear greatly to encroach upon your kindness, and very long-suffering good-will toward me. But I have brought into sad trouble and distress with her family—who are most obstinate people—and with the opinion of the public, I suppose, a young lady worth more than all the goods I ever ran, or ever could run, if I went on for fifty years. By name she is Mistress Mary Anerley, and by birth the daughter of Captain Anerley, of Anerley Farm, outside our parish. If your reverence could only manage to ride round that way upon coming home from Sessions, once or twice in the fine weather, and to say a kind word or two to my Mary, and a good word, if any can be said of me, to her parents, who are stiff but worthy people, it would be a truly Christian act, and such as you delight in, on this side of the Dane-dike.

"Reverend sir, I must now say farewell. From you I have learned almost everything I know, within the pale of statutes, which repeal one another continually. I have wandered sadly outside that pale, and now I pay the penalty. If I had only paid heed to your advice, and started in business with the capital acquired by free trade, and got it properly protected, I might have been able to support my parents, and even be churchwarden of Flamborough. You always told me that my unlawful enterprise must close in sadness; and your words have proved too true. But I never expected anything like this; and I do not understand it yet. A penetrating mind like yours, with all the advantages of authority, even that is likely to be baffled in such a difficult case as this.

"Reverend sir, my case is hard; for I always have labored to establish peaceful trade; and I must have succeeded again, if honor had guided all my followers. We always relied upon the coast-guard to be too late for any mischief; and so they would have been this time, if their acts had been straightforward. In sorrow and lowness of fortune, I remain, with humble respect and gratitude, your Worship's poor pupil and banished parishioner,

"ROBIN LYTH, of Flamborough."

"Come, now, Robin," Dr. Uproud said, as soon as he had well considered this epistle, "I have put up with many a checkmate at your hands, but not without the fair delight of a counter-stroke at the enemy. Here you afford me none of that. You are my master in every way; and quietly you make me make your moves, quite as if I were the black in a problem. You leave me to conduct your fellow-smugglers' case, to look after your sweetheart, and to make myself generally useful. By-the-way, that touch about my pleading his cause in my riding-boots, and with a sessional air about me, is worthy of the great Verdoni. Neither is that a bad hit about my Christianity stopping at the Dane-dike. Certes, I shall have to call on that young lady, though from what I have heard of the sturdy farmer, I may both ride and reason long,

even after my greatest exploits at the Sessions, without converting him to free trade; and trebly so after that deplorable affair. I wonder whether we shall ever get to the bottom of that mystery. How often have I warned the boy that mischief was quite sure to come! though I never even dreamed that it would be so bad as this."

Since Dr. Uproud first came to Flamborough, nothing (not even the infliction of his nickname) had grieved him so deeply as the sad death of Carroway. From the first he felt certain that his own people were guiltless of any share in it. But his heart misgave him as to distant smugglers, men who came from afar freebooting, bringing over ocean woes to men of settlement, good tithe-payers. For such men (plainly of foreign breed, and very plain specimens of it) had not at all succeeded in eluding observation, in a neighborhood where they could have no honest calling. Flamborough had called to witness Filey, and Filey had attested Bridlington, that a stranger on horseback had appeared among them with a purpose obscurely evil. They were right enough as to the fact, although the purpose was not evil, as little Denmark even now began to own.

"Here I am again!" cried Mr. Mordacks, laying vehement hold of the rector's hand, upon the following morning; "just arrived from York, dear sir, after riding half the night, and going anywhere you please; except perhaps where you would like to send me, if charity and Christian courtesy allowed. My dear sir, have you heard the news? I perceive by your countenance that you have not. Ah, you are generally benighted in these parts. Your caves have got something to do with it. The mind gets accustomed to them."

"I venture to think, Mr. Mordacks, on the whole," said the rector, who studied this man gently, "that sometimes you are rapid in your conclusions. Possibly of the two extremes it is the more desirable; especially in these parts, because of its great rarity. Still the mere fact of some caves existing, in or out of my parish, whichever it may be, scarcely seems to prove that all the people of Flamborough live in them. And even if we did, it was the manner of the ancient seers, both in the Classics, and in Holy Writ—"

"Sir, I know all about Elijah and Obadiah, and the rest of them. Profane literature we leave now for clerks in holy orders—we positively have no time for it. Everything begins to move with accelerated pace. This is a new century, and it means to make its mark. It begins very badly; but it will go on all the better. And I hope to have the pleasure, at a very early day, of showing you one of its leading men, a man of large intellect, commanding character, the most magnificent principles—and, in short, lots of money. You must be quite familiar with the name of Sir Duncan Yordas."

"I fancy that I have heard or seen it somewhere. Oh, something to do with the Hindoos, or the Africans. I never pay much attention to such things."

"Neither do I, Dr. Uproud. Still somebody must, and a lot of money comes of it. Their idols have diamond eyes, which purity of worship compels us to confiscate. And there are many other ways of getting on among them, while wafting and expanding them into a higher sphere of thought. The mere fact of Sir Duncan having feathered his nest—pardon so vulgar an expression, doctor—proves that while giving, we may also receive: for which we have the highest warranty."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, Mr. Mordacks. At the same time we should remember also—"

"What St. Paul says per contra. Quite so. That is always my first consideration, when I work for my employers. Ah, Dr. Uproud, few men give such pure service as your humble servant. I have twice had the honor of handing you my card. If ever you fall into any difficulty, where zeal, fidelity, and high principle, combined with very low charges—"

"Mr. Mordacks, my opinion of you is too high for even yourself to add to it. But what has this Sir Duncan Yorick—"

"Yordas, my dear sir—Sir Duncan Yordas—the oldest family in Yorkshire. Men of great power, both for good and evil, mainly, perhaps, the latter. It has struck me sometimes that the county takes its name— But etymology is not my forte. What has he to do with us, you ask? Sir, I will answer you most frankly. 'Coram populo' is my business motto. Excuse me, I think I hear that door creak. No, a mere fancy—we are quite 'in camerâ.' Very well; reverend sir, prepare your mind for a highly astounding disclosure."

"I have lived too long to be astounded, my good sir. But allow me to put on my spectacles. Now I am prepared for almost anything."

"Dr. Upround, my duty compels me to enter largely into minds. Your mind is of a lofty order—calm, philosophic, benevolent. You have proved this by your kind reception of me, a stranger, almost an intruder. You have judged from my manners and appearance, which are shaped considerably by the inner man, that my object was good, large, noble. And yet you have not been quite able to refrain, at weak moments perhaps, but still a dozen times a day, from exclaiming in the commune of your heart, 'What the devil does this man want in my parish?'"

"My good sir, I never use bad language; and if I did my duty, I should now inflict—"

"Five shillings for your poor-box. There it is. And it serves me quite right for being too explicit, and forgetting my reverence to the cloth. However, I have coarsely expressed your thoughts. Also you have frequently said to yourself, 'This man prates of openness, but I find him closer than any oyster.' Am I right? Yes, I see that I am, by your bow. Very well, you may suppose what pain it gave me to have the privilege of intercourse with a perfect gentleman and an eloquent divine, and yet feel myself in an ambiguous position. In a few words I will clear myself, being now at liberty to indulge that pleasure. I have been here, as agent for Sir Duncan Yordas, to follow up the long-lost clew to his son, and only child, who for very many years was believed to be out of all human pursuit. My sanguine and penetrating mind scorned rumors, and went in for certainty. I have found Sir Duncan's son, and am able to identify him, beyond all doubt, as a certain young man well known to you, and perhaps too widely known, by the name of Robin Lyth."

In spite of the length of his experience of the world, in a place of so many adventures, the rector of Flamborough was astonished, and perhaps a little vexed as well. If anything was to be found out, in such a headlong way, about one of his parishioners, and notably such a pet pupil and favorite, the proper thing would have been that he himself should do it. Failing that, he should at least have been consulted, enlisted, or at any rate apprised of what was toward. But instead of that, here he had been hoodwinked (by this marvel of incarnate candor employed in the dark about several little things), and then suddenly enlightened, when the job was done. Gentle and void of self-importance as he was, it misliked him to be treated so.

"This is a wonderful piece of news," he said, as he fixed a calm gaze upon the keen, hard eyes of Mordacks. "You understand your business, sir, and would not make such a statement unless you could verify it. But I hope that you may not find cause to regret that you have treated me with so little confidence."

"I am not open to that reproach. Dr. Upround, consider my instructions. I was strictly forbidden to disclose my object until certainty should be obtained. That being done, I have hastened to apprise you first of a result which is partly due to your own good offices. Shake hands, my dear sir, and acquit me of rudeness—the last thing of which I am capable."

The rector was mollified, and gave his hand to the gallant general factor. "Allow me to add my congratulations upon your wonderful success," he said; "but would that I had known it some few hours sooner! It might have saved you a vast amount of trouble. I might have kept Robin well within your reach. I fear that he is now beyond it."

"I am grieved to hear you say so. But according to my last instructions, although he is in strict concealment, I can lay hands upon him when the time is ripe."

"I fear not. He sailed last night for the Continent, which is a vague destination, especially in such times as these. But perhaps that was part of your skillful contrivance?"

"Not so. And for the time it throws me out. I have kept most careful watch on him. But the difficulty was that he might confound my vigilance with that of his enemies; take me for a constable, I mean. And perhaps he has done so, after all. Things have gone luckily for me in the main; but that murder came in most unseasonably. It was the very thing that should have been avoided. Sir Duncan will need all his influence there. Suppose for a moment that young Robin did not do it—"

"Mr. Mordacks, you frighten me. What else could you suppose?"

"Certainly—yes. A parishioner of yours, when not engaged unlawfully upon the high seas. We heartily hope that he did not do it, and we give him the benefit of the doubt; in which I shared largely, until it became so manifest that he was a Yordas. A Yordas has made a point of slaying his man—and sometimes from three to a dozen men—until within the last two generations. In the third generation the law revives, as is hinted, I think, in the Decalogue. In my professional course a large stock of hereditary trail—so to speak—comes before me. Some families always drink, some always steal, some never tell lies because they never know a falsehood, some would sell their souls for a sixpence, and these are the most respectable of any—"

"My dear sir, my dear sir, I beg your pardon for interrupting you; but in my house the rule is to speak well of people, or else to say nothing about them."

"Then you must resign your commission, doctor; for how can you take depositions? But, as I was saying, I should have some hope of the innocence of young Robin if it should turn out that his father, Sir Duncan, has destroyed a good many of the native race in India. It may reasonably be hoped that he has done so, which would tend very strongly to exonerate his son. But the evidence laid before your Worship and before the coroner was black—black—black."

"My position forbids me to express opinions. The evidence compelled me to issue the warrant. But knowing your position, I may show you this, in every word of which I have perfect faith."

With these words Dr. Uproud produced the letter which he had received last night, and the general factor took in all the gist of it in less than half a minute.

"Very good! very good!" he said, with a smile of experienced benevolence. "We believe some of it. Our duty is to do so. There are two points of importance in it. One as to the girl he is in love with, and the other his kind liberality to the fellows who will have to bear the brunt of it."

"You speak sarcastically, and I hope unfairly. To my mind, the most important facts are these—that poor Carroway was shot from behind, and that the smugglers had no fire-arms, except two pistols, both unloaded."

"Who is to prove that, Dr. Uproud? Their mouths are closed; and if they were open, would anybody believe them? We knew long ago that the vigilant and deservedly lamented officer took the death-blow from behind; but of that how simple is the explanation! The most intelligent of his crew, and apparently his best subordinate, whose name is John Cadman, deposes that his lamented chief turned round for one moment to give an order, and during that moment received the shot. His evidence is the more weighty because he does not go too far with it. He does not pretend to say who fired. He knows only that one of the smugglers did. His evidence will hang those six poor fellows, from the laudable desire of the law to include the right one. But I trust that the right one will be far away."

"I trust not. If even one of them is condemned, even to transportation, Robin Lyth will surrender immediately. You doubt it. You smile at the idea. Your opinion of human nature is low. Mine is not enthusiastic. But I judge others by myself."

"So do I," Mr. Mordacks answered, with a smile of curious humor. And the rector could not help smiling too, at this instance of genuine candor. "However, not to go too deeply into that," his visitor continued, "there really is one point in Robin's letter which demands inquiry. I mean about the guns of the Preventive men. Cadman may be a rogue. Most probably he is. None of the others confirm, although they do not contradict him. Do you know anything about him?"

"Only villainy—in another way. He led away a nice girl of this parish, an industrious mussel-gatherer. And he then had a wife and large family of his own, of which the poor thing knew nothing. Her father nearly killed him; and I was compelled (very much against my will) to inflict a penalty. Cadman is very shy of Flamborough now. By-the-way, have you called upon poor Widow Carroway?"

"I thank you for the hint. She is the very person. It will be a sad intrusion; and I have put it off as long as possible. After what Robin says, it is most important. I hope that Sir Duncan will be here very shortly. He is coming from Yarmouth in his own yacht. Matters are crowding upon me very fast. I will see Mrs. Carroway as soon as it is decent. Good-morning, and best thanks to your Worship."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DEMON OF THE AXE.

THE air was sad and heavy thus, with discord, doubt, and death itself gathering and descending, like the clouds of long night, upon Flamborough. But far away, among the mountains and the dreary moorland, the "intake" of the coming winter was a great deal worse to see. For here no blink of the sea came up, no sunlight under the sill of clouds (as happens where wide waters are), but rather a dark rim of brooding on the rough horizon seemed to thicken itself against the light under the sullen march of vapors—the muffled funeral of the year. Dry trees and naked crags stood forth, and the dirge of the wind went to and fro, and there was no comfort out-of-doors.

Soon the first snow of the winter came, the first abiding earnest snow, for several skits had come before, and ribbed with white the mountain breasts. But nobody took much heed of that, except to lean over the plough, while it might be sped, or to want more breakfast. Well resigned was everybody to the stoppage of work by winter. It was only what must be every year, and a gracious provision of Providence. If a man earned very little money, that was against him in one way, but encouraged him in another. It brought home to his mind the surety that others would be kind to him; not with any sense of gift, but a large good-will of sharing.

But the first snow that visits the day, and does not melt in its own cold tears, is a sterner sign for every one. The hardened wrinkle, and the herring-bone of white that runs among the brown fern fronds, the crisp defiant dazzle on the walks, and the crust that glitters on the patient branch, and the crest curling under the heel of a gate, and the ridge piled up against the tool-house door—these, and the shivering wind that spreads them, tell of a bitter time in store.

The ladies of Scargate Hall looked out upon such a December afternoon. The massive walls of their house defied all sudden change of temperature, and nothing less than a week of rigor pierced the comfort of their rooms. The polished oak beams overhead glanced back the merry fire-glow, the painted walls shone with rosy tints, and warm lights flitting along them, and the thick-piled carpet yielded back a velvety sense of luxury. It was nice to see how bleak the crags were, and the sad trees laboring beneath the wind and snow.

"If it were not for thinking of the poor cold people, for whom one feels so deeply," said the gentle Mrs. Carnaby, with a sweet soft sigh, "one would rather enjoy this dreary prospect. I hope there will be a deep snow to-night. There is every sign of it upon the scaurs. And then, Philippa, only think—no post, no plague of news, no prospect of even that odious Jellicorse! Once more we shall have our meals in quiet."

Mrs. Carnaby loved a good dinner right well, a dinner unplagued by hospitable cares; when a woodcock was her own to dwell on, and pretty little teeth might pick a pretty little bone at ease.

"Eliza, you are always such a creature of the moment," Mistress Yordas answered, indulgently; "you do love the good things of the world too much. How would you like to be out there, in a naked little cottage where the wind howls through, and the ewer is frozen every morning? And where, if you ever get anything to eat—"

"Philippa, I implore you not to be so dreadful. One never can utter the most commonplace reflection—and you know that I said I was sorry for the people."

"My object is good, as you ought to know. My object is to habituate your mind—"

"Philippa, I beg you once more to confine your exertions, in that way, to your own more lofty mind. Again I refuse to have my mind, or whatever it is that does duty for it, habituated to anything. A gracious Providence knows that I should die outright, after all my blameless life, if reduced to those horrible straits you always picture. And I have too much faith in a gracious Providence to conceive for one moment that it would treat me so. I decline the subject. Why should we make such troubles? There is clear soup for dinner, and some lovely sweet-breads. Cook has got a new receipt for bread sauce, and Jordas says that he never did shoot such a woodcock."

"Eliza, I trust that you may enjoy them all; your appetite is delicate, and you require nourishment. Why, what do I see over yonder in the snow? A slim figure moving at a very great pace,

and avoiding the open places! Are my eyes growing old, or is it Lancelot?"

"Pet out in such weather, Philippa! Such a thing is simply impossible. Or at any rate I should hope so. You know that Jordas was obliged to put a set of curtains from end to end even of the bowling-alley, which is so beautifully sheltered; and even then poor Pet was sneezing. And you should have heard what he said to me, when I was afraid of the sheets taking fire from his warming-pan one night. Pet is unaccountable sometimes, I know. But the very last thing imaginable of him is that he should put his pretty feet into the snow."

"You know him best, Eliza; and it is very puzzling to distinguish things in snow. But if it was not Pet, why, it must have been a squirrel."

"The squirrels are gone to sleep for the winter, Philippa. I dare say it was only Jordas. Don't you think that it must have been Jordas?"

"I am quite certain that it was not Jordas. But I will not pretend to say that it was not a squirrel. He may forego his habitudes more easily than Lancelot."

"How horribly dry you are sometimes, Philippa. There seems to be no softness in your nature. You are fit to do battle with fifty lawyers; and I pity Mr. Jellicorse, with his best clothes on."

"You could commit no greater error. We pay the price of his black silk stockings three times over, every time we see him. The true objects of pity are—you, I, and the estates."

"Well, let us drop it for a while. If you begin upon that nauseous subject, not a particle of food will pass my lips; and I did look forward to a little nourishment."

"Dinner, my ladies!" cried the well-appointed Welldrum, throwing open the door as only such a man can do, while cleverly accomplishing the necessary bow, which he clinched on such occasions with a fine smack of his lips.

"Go and tell Mr. Lancelot, if you please, that we are waiting for him." A great point was made, but not always effected, of having Master Pet, in very gorgeous attire, to lead his aunt into the dining-room. It was fondly believed that this impressed him with the elegance and nice humanities required by his lofty position and high walk in life. Pet hated this performance, and generally spoiled it by making a face over his shoulder at old Welldrum, while he strode along in real or mock awe of Aunt Philippa.

"If you please, my ladies," said the butler now, choosing Mrs. Carnaby for his eyes to rest on, "Mr. Lancelot beg to be excoosed of dinner. His head is that bad that he have gone for open air."

"Snow-headache is much in our family; Eliza, you remember how our dear father used to feel it." With these words Mistress Yordas led her sister to the dining-room; and they took good care to say nothing more about it before the officious Welldrum.

Pet meanwhile was beginning to repent of his cold and lonely venture. For a mile or two the warmth of his mind and the glow of exercise sustained him; and he kept on admiring his own courage till his feet began to tingle. "Insie will be bound to kiss me now; and she never will be able to laugh at me again," he said to himself some fifty times. "I am like the great poet who describes the snow; and I have got some cherry-brandy." He trudged on very bravely; but his poor dear toes at every step grew colder. Out upon the moor, where he was now, no shelter of any kind encouraged him; no mantlet of bank, or ridge, or brush-wood, set up a furry shiver betwixt him and the tatterdemalion wind. Not even a naked rock stood up to comfort a man by looking colder than himself.

But in truth there was no severe cold yet; no depth of snow, no intensity of frost, no splintery needles of sparkling drift; but only the beginning of the wintry time, such as makes a strong man pick his feet up, and a healthy boy start an imaginary slide. The wind, however, was shrewd and searching, and Lancelot was accustomed to a warming-pan. Inside his waistcoat he wore a hare-skin, and his heart began to give rapid thumps against it. He knew that he was going into bodily peril worse than any frost or snow.

For a long month he had not even seen his Insie, and his hot young heart had never before been treated so contemptuously. He had been allowed to show himself in the gill at his regular interval, a fortnight ago. But no one had ventured forth to meet him, or even wave signal of welcome or farewell. But that he could endure, because he had been warned not to hope for much that Friday; now, however, it was not his meaning to put up

with any more such nonsense. That he, who had been told by the servants continually that all the land for miles and miles around was his, should be shut out like a beggar, and compelled to play bo-peep, by people who lived in a hole in the ground, was a little more than in the whole entire course of his life he could ever have imagined. His mind was now made up to let them know who he was and what he was; and unless they were very quick in coming to their senses, Jordas should have orders to turn them out, and take Insie altogether away from them.

But in spite of all brave thoughts and words, Master Pet began to spy about very warily, ere ever he descended from the moor into the gill. He seemed to have it borne in upon his mind that territorial rights—however large and goodly—may lead only to a taste of earth, when earth alone is witness to the treatment of her claimant. Therefore it behooved him to look sharp; and possessing the family gift of keen sight, he began to spy about, almost as shrewdly as if he had been educated in free trade. But first he had wit enough to step below the break, and get behind a gorse bush, lest haply he should illustrate only the passive voice of seeing.

In the deep cut of the glen there was very little snow, only a few veins and patches here and there, threading and seaming the steep, as if a white-footed hare had been coursing about. Little stubby brier shoots, and clumps of russet bracken, and dead heather, ruffling like a brown dog's back, broke the dull surface of withered herbage, thistle stumps, teasels, rugged banks, and naked brush. Down in the bottom the noisy brook was scurrying over its pebbles brightly, or plunging into gloom of its own production; and away at the bend of the valley was seen the cot of poor Lancelot's longing.

The situation was worth a sigh, and came half way to share one; Pet sighed heavily, and deeply felt how wrong it was of any one to treat him so. What could be easier for him than to go, as Insie had said to him at least a score of times, and mind his own business, and shake off the dust—or the mud—of his feet at such strangers? But, alas! he had tried it, and could shake nothing, except his sad and sapient head. How deplorably was he altered from the Pet that used to be! Where were now his lofty joys, the pleasure he found in wholesome mischief and wholesale destruction, the high delight of frightening all the world about his safety?

"There are people here, I do believe," he said to himself, most touchingly, "who would be quite happy to chop off my head!"

As if to give edge to so murderous a thought, and wings to the feet of the thinker, a man both tall and broad came striding down the cottage garden. He was swinging a heavy axe as if it were a mere dress cane, and now and then dealing clean slash of a branch, with an air which made Pet shiver worse than any wind. The poor lad saw that in the grasp of such a man he could offer less resistance than a nut within the crackers, and even his champion, the sturdy Jordas, might struggle without much avail. He gathered in his legs, and tucked his head well under the gorse to watch him.

"Surely he is too big to run very fast," thought the boy, with his valor evaporated; "it must be that horrible Maunder. What a blessing that I stopped up here just in time! He is going up the gill to cleave some wood. Shall I cut away at once, or lie flat upon my stomach? He would be sure to see me if I tried to run away; and much he would care for his landlord!"

In such a choice of evils, poor Lancelot resolved to lie still, unless the monster should turn his steps that way. And presently he had the heart-felt pleasure of seeing the formidable stranger take the track that followed the windings of the brook. But instead of going well away, and rounding the next corner, the big man stopped at the very spot where Insie used to fill her pitcher, pulled off his coat and hung it on a bush, and began with mighty strokes to fell a dead alder-tree that stood there. As his great arms swung, and his back rose and fell, and the sway of his legs seemed to shake the bank, and the ring of his axe filled the glen with echoes, wrath and terror were fighting a hot battle in the heart of Lancelot.

His sense of a land-owner's rights and titles had always been most imperious, and though the Scargate estates were his as yet only in remainder, he was even more jealous about them than if he held them already in possession. What right had this man to cut down trees, to fell and appropriate timber? Even in the garden

which he rented he could not rightfully touch a stick or stock. But to come out here, a good furlong from his renting, and begin hacking and hewing, quite as if the land were his—it seemed almost too brazen-faced for belief! It must be stopped at once—such outrageous trespass stopped, and punished sternly. He would stride down the hill with a summary veto—but, alas, if he did, he might get cut down too!

Not only this disagreeable reflection, but also his tender regard for Insie, prevented him from challenging this process of the axe; but his feelings began to goad him toward something worthy of a Yordas—for a Yordas he always accounted himself, and not by any means a Carnaby. And to this end all the powers of his home conspired.

"That fellow is terribly big and strong," he said to himself, with much warmth of spirit; "but his axe is getting dull; and to chop down that tree of mine will take him at least half an hour. Dead wood is harder to cut than live. And when he has done that, he must work till dark to lop the branches, and so on. I need not be afraid of anybody but this fellow. Now is my time, then, while he is away. Even if the old folk are at home, they will listen to my reasons. The next time he comes to hack my tree on this side, I shall slip out, and go down to the cottage. I have no fear of any one that pays any heed to reason."

This sudden admirer and lover of reason cleverly carried out his bold discretion. For now the savage woodman, intent upon that levelling which is the highest glory of pugnacious minds, came round the tree, glaring at it (as if it were the murderer, and he the victim), redoubling his tremendous thwacks at every sign of tremor, flinging his head back with a spiteful joy, poising his shoulders on the swing, and then with all his weight descending into the trenchant blow. When his back was fairly turned on Lancelot, and his whole mind and body thus absorbed upon his prey, the lad rose quickly from his lair, and slipped over the crest of the gill to the moorland. In a moment he was out of sight to that demon of the axe, and gliding, with his head bent low, along a little hollow of the heathery ground, which cut off a bend of the ravine, and again struck its brink a good furlong down the gill. Here Pet stopped running, and lay down, and peered over the brink, for this part was quite new to him, and resolved as he was to make a bold stroke of it, he naturally wished to see how the land lay, and what the fortress of the enemy was like, ere ever he ventured into it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BATTERY AND ASSUMPSIT.

That little moorland glen, whose only murmur was of wavelets, and principal traffic of birds and rabbits, even at this time of year looked pretty, with the winter light winding down its shelter and soft quietude. Ferny pitches and grassy bends set off the harsh outline of rock and shale, while a white mist (quivering like a clew above the rivulet) was melting into the faint blue haze diffused among the foldings and recesses of the land. On the hither side, nearly at the bottom of the slope, a bright green spot among the brown and yellow roughness, looking by comparison most smooth and rich, showed where the little cottage grew its vegetables, and even indulged in a small attempt at fruit. Behind this, the humble retirement of the cot was shielded from the wind by a breastwork of bold rock, fringed with ground-ivy, hanging broom, and silver stars of the carline. So simple and low was the building, and so matched with the colors around it, that but for the smoke curling up from a pipe of red pottery-ware, a stranger might almost have overlooked it. The walls were made from the rocks close by, the roof of fir slabs thatched with ling; there was no upper story, and (except the door and windows) all the materials seemed native and at home. Lancelot had heard, by putting a crafty question in safe places, that the people of the gill here had built their own dwelling, a good many years ago; and it looked as if they could have done it easily.

Now, if he intended to spy out the land, and the house as well, before the giant of the axe returned, there was no time to lose in beginning. He had a good deal of sagacity in tricks, and some practice in little arts of robbery. For before he attained to this exalted state of mind one of his favorite pastimes had been a course of stealthy raids upon the pears in Scargate garden. He might have had as many as he liked for asking; but what flavor would they have thus possessed? Moreover, he

bore a noble spite against the gardener, whose special pride was in that pear wall; and Pet more than once had the joy of beholding him thrash his own innocent son for the dark disappearance of Beurré and Bergamot. Making good use of this experience, he stole his way down the steep glen-side, behind the low fence of the garden, until he reached the bottom, and the brush-wood by the stream. Here he stopped to observe again, and breathe, and get his spirit up. The glassy water looked as cold as death; and if he got cramp in his feet, how could he run? And yet he could see no other way but wading, of approaching the cottage unperceived.

Now fortune (whose privilege it is to cast mortals into the holes that most misfit them) sometimes, when she has got them there, takes pity, and contemptuously lifts them. Pet was in a hole of hardship, such as his dear mamma never could have dreamed of, and such as his nurture and constitution made trebly disastrous for him. He had taken a chill from his ambush, and fright, and the cold wind over the snow of the moor; and now the long wading of that icy water might have ended upon the shores of Acheron. However, he was just about to start upon that passage—for the spirit of his race was up—when a dull grating sound, as of footsteps crunching grit, came to his prettily concave ears.

At this sound Lancelot Carnaby stopped from his rash venture into the water, and drew himself back into an ivied bush, which served as the finial of the little garden hedge. Peeping through this, he could see that the walk from the cottage to the hedge was newly sprinkled with gray wood ash, perhaps to prevent the rain from lodging and the snow from lying there. Heavy steps of two old men (as Pet in the insolence of young days called them) fell upon the dull soft crust, and ground it, heel and toe—heel first, as stiff joints have it—with the bruising snip a hungry cow makes, grazing wiry grasses. "One of them must be Insie's dad," said Pet to himself, as he crouched more closely behind the hedge; "which of them, I wonder? Well, the tall one, I suppose, to go by the height of that Maunder. And the other has only one arm; and a man with one arm could never have built their house. They are coming to sit on that bench; I shall hear every word they say, and learn some of their secrets that I never could get out of Insie one bit of. But I wonder who that other fellow is?"

That other fellow, in spite of his lease, would promptly have laid his surviving hand to the ear of Master Lancelot, or any other eavesdropper; for a sturdy and resolute man was he, being no less than our ancient friend and old soldier, Jack of the Smithies. And now was verified that homely proverb that listeners never hear good of themselves.

"Sit down, my friend," said the elder of the twain, a man of rough dress and hard hands, but good, straightforward aspect, and that careless humor which generally comes from a life of adventures, and a long acquaintance with the world's caprice. "I have brought you here that we may be undisturbed. Little pitchers have long ears. My daughter is as true as steel; but this matter is not for her at present. You are sure, then, that Sir Duncan is come home at last? And he wished that I should know it?"

"Yes, sir, he wished that you should know it. So soon as I told him that you was here, and leading what one may call this queer life, he slapped his thigh like this here—for he hath a downright way of everything—and he said, 'Now, Smithies, so soon as you get home, go and tell him that I am coming. I can trust him as I trust myself; and glad I am for one old friend in the parts I am such a stranger to. Years and years I have longed to know what was become of my old friend Bert.' Tears was in his eyes, your honor: Sir Duncan hath seen such a mighty lot of men, that his heart cometh up to the few he hath found deserving of the name, sir."

"You said that you saw him at York, I think?"

"Yes, sir, at the business house of his agent, one Master Geoffrey Mordacks. He come there quite unexpected, I believe, to see about something else he hath in hand, and I got a message to go there at once. I save his life once in India, sir, from one of they cursed Sours, which made him take heed of me, and me of him. And then it come out where I come from, and why; and the both of us spoke the broad Yorkshire together, like as I dea naa care to do to home. After that he got on wonderful, as you know; and I stuck to him through the whole of it, from luck as well as liking, till, if I had gone

out to see to his breeches, I could not very well have knowed more of him. And I tell you, sir, not to regard him for a Yordas. He hath a mind far above them lot; though I was born under them, to say so!"

"And you think that he will come and recover his rights, in spite of his father's will against him. I know nothing of the ladies of the Hall; but it seems a hard thing to turn them out, after being there so long."

"Who was turned out first, they or him? Five-and-twenty years of tent, open sky, jungle, and who knows what, for him—but eider-down, and fireside, and fat of land for them! No, no, sir; whatever shall happen there, will be God's own justice."

"Of His justice who shall judge?" said Insie's father, quietly. "But is there not a young man grown, who passes for the heir with every one?"

"Ay, that there is; and the best game of all will be neck and crop for that young scamp. A bully, a coward, a puling milksop, is all the character he beareth. He giveth himself born airs, as if every inch of the Riding belonged to him. He hath all the viciousness of Yordas, without the pluck to face it out. A little beast that hath the venom, without the courage, of a toad. Ah, how I should like to see—"

Jack of the Smithies not only saw, but felt. The Yordas blood was up in Pet. He leaped through the hedge and struck this man with a sharp quick fist in either eye. Smithies fell backward behind the bench, his heels danced in the air, and the stump of his arm got wedged in the stubs of a bush, while Lancelot glared at him with mad eyes.

"What next?" said his companion, rising calmly, and steadfastly gazing at Lancelot.

"The next thing is to kill him; and it shall be done," the furious youth replied, while he swung the gentleman's big stick, which he had seized, and danced round his foe with the speed of a wild-cat. "Don't meddle, or it will be worse for you. You heard what he said of me. Get out of the way."

"Indeed, my young friend, I shall do nothing of the sort." But the old man was not at all sure that he could do much; such was the fury and agility of the youth, who jumped three yards for every step of his, while the poor old soldier could not move. The boy skipped round the protecting figure, whose grasp he eluded easily, and swinging the staff with both arms, aimed a great blow at the head of his enemy. Suddenly the other interposed the bench, upon which the stick fell, and broke short; and before the assailant could recover from the jerk, he was a prisoner in two powerful old arms.

"You are so wild that we must make you fast," his captor said, with a benignant smile; and struggle as he might, the boy was very soon secured. His antagonist drew forth a red bandana handkerchief, and fastened his bleeding hands behind his back. "There, now, lad," he said, "you can do no mischief. Recover your temper, sir, and tell us who you are, as soon as you are sane enough to know."

Pet, having spent his just indignation, began to perceive that he had made a bad investment. His desire had been to maintain in this particular spot strict privacy from all except Insie, to whom in the largeness of love he had declared himself. Yet here he stood, promulged and published, strikingly and flagrantly pronounced! At first he was like to sulk in the style of a hawk who has failed of his swoop; but seeing his enemy arising slowly with grunts, and action nodose and angular—rather than flexibly graceful—contempt became the uppermost feature of his mind.

"My name," he said, "if you are not afraid of it, that you tie me in this cowardly low manner, is—Lancelot Yordas Carnaby."

"My boy, it is a long name for any one to carry. No wonder that you look weak beneath it. And where do you live, young gentleman?"

Amazement sat upon the face of Pet—a genuine astonishment, entirely pure from wrath. It was wholly beyond his imagination that any one, after hearing his name, should have to ask him where he lived. He thought that the question must be put in low mockery, and to answer was far beneath his dignity.

By this time the veteran Jack of the Smithies had got out of his trap, and was standing stiffly, passing his hand across his sadly smitten eyes, and talking to himself about them.

"Two black eyes, at my time of life, as sure as I'm a Christian! Howsomever, young chap, I likes you better. Never dreamed there was such good stuff in you.

Master Bert, cast him loose, if so please you. Let me shake hands with 'un, and bear no malice. Bad words deserve hard blows, and I ask his pardon for driving him into it. I called 'un a milksop, and he hath proved me a liar. He may be a bad 'un, but with good stuff in 'un. Lord bless me, I never would have believed the lad could hit so smartly!"

Pet was well pleased with this tribute to his prowess; but as for shaking hands with a tenant, and a "common man"—as every one not of gentle birth was then called—such an act was quite below him, or above him, according as we take his own opinion, or the truth. And possibly he rose in Smithies' mind by drawing back from bodily overture.

Mr. Bert looked on with all the bliss of an ancient interpreter. He could follow out the level of the vein of each, as no one may do except a gentleman, perhaps, who has turned himself deliberately into a "common man." Bert had done his utmost toward this end; but the process is difficult when voluntary.

"I think it is time," he now said, firmly, to the unshackled and triumphant Pet, "for Lancelot Yordas Carnaby to explain what has brought him into such humble quarters, and induced him to turn eavesdropper; which was not considered (at least in my young days) altogether the part of a gentleman."

The youth had not seen quite enough of the world to be pat with a fertile lie as yet; especially under such searching eyes. However, he did as much as could be well expected.

"I was just looking over my property," he said, "and I thought I heard somebody cutting down my timber. I came to see who it was, and I heard people talking, and before I could ask them about it, I heard myself abused disgracefully; and that was more than I could stand."

"We must take it for granted that a brave young gentleman of your position would tell no falsehood. You assure us, on your honor, that you heard no more?"

"Well, I heard voices, sir. But nothing to understand, or make head or tail of." There was some truth in this; for young Lancelot had not the least idea who "Sir Duncan" was. His mother and aunt had kept him wholly in the dark as to any lost uncle in India. "I should like to know what it was," he added, "if it has anything to do with me."

This was a very clever hit of his; and it made the old gentleman believe him altogether.

"All in good time, my young friend," he answered, even with a smile of some pity for the youth. "But you are scarcely old enough for business questions, although so keen about your timber. Now after abusing you so disgracefully, as I admit that my friend here has done, and after roping your pugnacious hands, as I myself was obliged to do, we never can launch you upon the moor, in such weather as this, without some food. You are not very strong, and you have overdone yourself. Let us go to the house, and have something."

Jack of the Smithies showed alacrity at this, as nearly all old soldiers must; but Pet was much oppressed with care, and the intellect in his breast diverged into sore distraction of anxious thought. Whether should he draw the keen sword of assurance, put aside the others, and see Insie, or whether should he start with best foot foremost, scurry up the hill, and avoid the axe of Maunder? Pallas counselled this course, and Aphrodite that; and the latter prevailed, as she always used to do, until she produced the present dry-cut generation.

Lancelot bowed to the gentleman of the gill, and followed him along the track of grit, which set his little pearly teeth on edge; while Jack of the Smithies led, and formed, the rear-guard. "This is coming now to something very queer," thought Pet; "after all, it might have been better for me to take my chance with the hatchet man."

Brown dusk was ripely settling down among the mossy apple-trees, and the leafless alders of the brook, and the russet and yellow memories of late autumn lingering in the glen, while the peaky little freaks of snow, and the cold sighs of the wind, suggested fireside and comfort. Mr. Bert threw open his cottage door, and bowing as to a welcome guest, invited Pet to enter. No passage, no cold entrance hall, demanded scrapes of ceremony; but here was the parlor, and the feeding-place, and the warm dance of the fire-glow. Logs that meant to have a merry time, and spread a cheerful noise abroad, ere ever they turned to embers, were snorting forth the pointed flames, and spitting soft protests of sap. And before them stood, with eyes more bright

than any flash of fire-light, intent upon rich simmering scents, a lovely form, a grace of dainties—oh, a goddess certainly!

"Master Carnaby," said the host, "allow me, sir, the honor to present my daughter to you. Insie darling, this is Mr. Lancelot Yordas Carnaby. Make him a pretty courtesy."

Insie turned round with a rosy blush, brighter than the brightest fire-wood, and tried to look at Pet as if she had never even dreamed of such a being. Pet drew hard upon his heart, and stood bewildered, tranced, and dazzled. He had never seen Insie in-doors before, which makes a great difference in a girl; and the vision was too bright for him.

For here, at her own hearth, she looked so gentle, sweet, and lovely. No longer wild and shy, or gayly mischievous and watchful, but calm-eyed, firm-lipped, gravely courteous; intent upon her father's face, and banishing not into shadow so much as absolute nullity any one who dreamed that he ever filled a pitcher for her, or fed her with grouse and partridge, and committed the incredible atrocity of kissing her.

Lancelot ceased to believe it possible that he ever could have done such a thing as that, while he saw how she never would see him at all, or talk in the voice that he had been accustomed to, or even toss her head in the style he had admired, when she tried to pretend to make light of him. If she would only make light of him now, he would be well contented, and say to himself that she did it on purpose, for fear of the opposite extreme. But the worst of it was that she had quite forgotten, beyond blink of inquiry or gleam of hope, that ever in her life she had set eyes on a youth of such perfect insignificance before.

"My friend, you ought to be hungry," said Bert of the Gill, as he was proud to call himself; "after your exploit you should be fed. Your vanquished foe will sit next to you. Insie, you are harassed in mind by the countenance of our old friend Master John Smithies. He has met with a little mishap—never mind—the rising generation is quick of temper. A soldier respects his victor; it is a beautiful arrangement of Providence; otherwise wars would never cease. Now give our two guests a good dish of the best, piping hot, and of good meaty fibre. We will have our own supper by-and-by, when Maunder comes home, and your mother is ready. Gentlemen, fall to; you have far to go, and the moors are bad after night-fall."

Lancelot, proudly as he stood upon his rank, saw fit to make no objection. Not only did his inner man cry, "Feed, even though a common man feed with thee," but his mind was under the influence of a stronger one, which scorned such stuff. Moreover, Insie, for the first time, gave him a glance, demure but imperative, which meant, "Obey my father, sir."

He obeyed, and was rewarded; for the beautiful girl came round him so, to hand whatever he wanted, and seemed to feel so sweetly for him in his strange position, that he scarcely knew what he was eating, only that it savored of rich rare love, and came from the loveliest creature in the world. In stern fact, it came from the head of a sheep; but neither jaws nor teeth were seen. Upon one occasion he was almost sure that a curl of Insie's lovely hair fell upon the back of his stooping neck; he could scarcely keep himself from jumping up; and he whispered, very softly, when the old man was away, "Oh, if you would only do that again!" But his darling made manifest that this was a mistake, and applied herself sedulously to the one-armed Jack.

Jack of the Smithies was a trencherman of the very first order, and being well wedded (with a promise already of young soldiers to come), it behooved him to fill all his holes away from home, and spare his own cupboard for the sake of Mistress Smithies. He perceived the duty, and performed it, according to the discipline of the British army.

But Insie was fretting in the conscience of her heart to get the young Lancelot fed and dismissed before the return of her great wild brother. Not that he would hurt their guest, though unwelcome; or even show any sort of rudeness to him; but more than ever now, since she heard of Pet's furious onslaught upon the old soldier—which made her begin to respect him a little—she longed to prevent any meeting between this gallant and the rough Maunder. And that anxiety led her to look at Pet with a melancholy kindness. Then Jack of the Smithies cut things short.

"Off's the word," he said, "if ever I expects to see home afore daylight. All of these moors is known to me, and many's the time I have tracked them all

in sleep, when the round world was betwixt us. But without any moon it is hard to do 'em waking; and the loss of my arm sends me crooked in the dark. And as for young folk, they be all abroad to once. With your leave, Master Bert, I'll be off immediate, after getting all I wants, as the manner of the world is. My good missus will be wondering what is come of me."

"You have spoken well," his host replied; "and I think we shall have a heavy fall to-night. But this young gentleman must not go home alone. He is not robust, and the way is long and rough. I have seen him shivering several times. I will fetch my staff, and march with him."

"No, sir, I will not have such a thing done," the veteran answered, sturdily. "If the young gentleman is a gentleman, he will not be afraid for me to take him home, in spite of what he hath done to me. Speak up, young man, are you frightened of me?"

"Not if you are not afraid of me," said Pet, who had now forgotten all about that Maunder, and only longed to stay where he was, and set up a delicious little series of glances. For the room, and the light, and the tenor of the place, began more and more to suit such uses. And most and best of all, his Insie was very thankful to him for his good behavior; and he scarcely could believe that she wanted him to go. To go, however, was his destiny; and when he had made a highly laudable and far-away salute, it happened—in the shift of people, and of light, and clothing, which goes on so much in the winter-time—that a little hand came into his, and rose to his lips, with ground of action, not for assault and battery, but simply for *assumpsit*.

CHAPTER XL.

STORMY GAP.

Snowy weather now set in, and people were content to stay at home. Among the scaurs and fells and moors the most perturbed spirit was compelled to rest, or try to do so, or at any rate not agitate its body out-of-doors. Lazy folk were suited well with reason good for laziness; and gentle minds, that dreaded evil, gladly found its communication stopped.

Combined excitement and exertion, strong amazement, ardent love, and a cold of equal severity, laid poor Pet Carnaby by the heels, and reduced him to perpetual gruel. He was shut off from external commune, and strictly blockaded in his bedroom, where his only attendants were his sweet mother, and an excellent nurse who stroked his forehead, and called him "dear pet," till he hated her, and, worst of all, that Dr. Spraggs, who lived in the house, because the weather was so bad.

"We have taken a chill, and our mind is a little unhinged," said the skillful practitioner: "careful diet, complete repose, a warm surrounding atmosphere, absence of undue excitement, and, above all, a course of my gentle alteratives regularly administered—these are the very simple means to restore our beloved patient. He is certainly making progress; but I assure you, my dear madam, or rather I need not tell a lady of such wonderfully clear perception, that remedial measures must be slow to be truly efficacious. With lower organizations we may deal in a more empiric style; but no experiments must be tried here—"

"Dr. Spraggs, I should hope not, indeed. You alarm me by the mere suggestion."

"Gradation, delicately pursued, adapted subtly, discriminated nicely by the unerring diagnosis of extensive medical experience, combined with deep study of the human system, and a highly distinguished university career—such, madam, are, in my humble opinion, the true elements of permanent amelioration. At the same time we must not conceal from ourselves that our constitution is by no means one of ordinary organization. None of your hedger and ditcher class, but delicate, fragile, impulsive, sensitive, liable to inopine derangements from excessive activity of mind—"

"Oh, Dr. Spraggs, he has been reading poetry, which none of our family ever even dreamed of doing—it is a young man, over your way somewhere. Possibly you may have heard of him."

"That young man has a great deal to answer for. I have traced a very bad case of whooping-cough to him. That explains many symptoms which I could not quite make out. We will take away this book, madam, and give him Dr. Watts—the only wholesome poet that our

country has produced; though even his opinions would be better expressed in prose."

But the lad, in spite of all this treatment, slowly did recover, and then obtained relief, which set him on his nimble legs again. For his aunt Philippa, one snowy morning, went into the room beneath that desperately sick chamber, to see whether wreaths of snow had entered, as they often did, between the loose joints of the casement. She walked very carefully, for fear of making a noise that might be heard above, and disturb the repose of the poor invalid. But, to her surprise, there came loud thumps from above, and a quivering of the ceiling, and a sound as of rushing steps, and laughter, and uproarious jollity.

"What can it be? I am perfectly amazed," said Mistress Yordas to herself. "I must inquire into this."

She knew that her sister was out of the way, and the nurse in the kitchen, having one of her frequent feeds and agreeable discourses. So she went to a mighty ring in her own room, as large as an untaxed carriage wheel, and from it (after due difficulty) took the spare key of the passage door that led the way to Lancelot.

No sooner had she passed this door than she heard a noise a great deal worse than the worst imagination—whiz, and hiss, and crack, and smash, and rolling of hollow things over hollow places, varied with shouts, and the flapping of skirts, and jingling of money upon heart of oak; these and many other travails of the air (including strong language) amazed the lady. Hastening into the sick-room, she found the window wide open, with the snow pouring in, a dozen of phial bottles ranged like skittles, some full and some empty, and Lancelot dancing about in his night-gown, with *Divine Songs* poised for another hurl.

"Two for a full, and one for an empty. Seven to me, and four to you. No cheating, now, or I'll knock you over," he was shouting to Welldrum's boy, who had clearly been smuggled in at the window for this game. "There's plenty more in old Spraggs's chest. Holloa, here's Aunt Philippa!"

Mistress Yordas was not displeased with this spirited application of pharmacy; she at once flung wide the passage door, and Pet was free of the house again, but upon parole not to venture out of doors. The first use he made of his liberty was to seek the faithful Jordas, who possessed a little private sitting-room, and there hold secret council with him.

The dogman threw his curly head back, when he had listened to his young lord's tale (which contained the truth, and nothing but the truth, yet not by any means the whole truth, for the leading figure was left out), and a snort from his broad nostrils showed contempt and strong vexation.

"Just what I said would come o' such a job," he muttered, without thought of Lancelot; "to let in a traitor, and spake him fair, and make much of him. I wish you had knocked his two eyes out, Master Lance, instead of only blacking of 'un. And a fortnight lost through that pisonin' Spraggs! And the weather going on, snow and thaw, snow and thaw. There's scarcely a dog can stand, let alone a horse, and the wreaths getting deeper. Most onlucky! It hath come to pass most ontoimely."

"But who is Sir Duncan? And who is Mr. Bert? I have told you everything, Jordas; and all you do is to tell me nothing."

"What more can I tell you, sir? You seem to know most about 'em. And what was it as took you down that way, sir, if I may make so bold to ask?"

"Jordas, that is no concern of yours; every gentleman has his own private affairs, which can not in any way concern a common man. But I wish you particularly to find out all that can be known about Mr. Bert—what made him come here, and why does he live so, and how much has he got a year? He seems to be quite a gentleman—"

"Then his private affairs, sir, can not concern a common man. You had better ways go yourself and ask him; or ask his friend with the two black eyes. Now just you do as I bid you, Master Lance. Not a word of all this here to my ladies; but think of something as you must have immediate from Middleton. Something as your health requires"—here Jordas indulged in a sarcastic grin—"something as must come, if the sky come down, or the day of Judgment was to-morrow."

"I know, yes, I am quite up to you, Jordas. Let me see: last time it was a sweet-bread. That would never do again. It shall be a hundred oysters; and Spraggs shall command it, or be turned out."

"Jordas, I really can not bear," said the kind Mrs. Carnaby, an hour afterward, "that you should seem almost to risk your life by riding to Middleton in such dreadful weather. Are you sure that it will not snow again, and quite sure that you can get through all the wreaths? If not, I would on no account have you go. Perhaps, after all, it is but the fancy of a poor fantastic invalid, though Dr. Spraggs feels that it is so important, and may be the turning-point in his sad illness. It seems such a long way in such weather; and selfish people, who can never understand, might say that it was quite unkind of us. But if you have made up your mind to go, in spite of all remonstrance, you must be sure to come back to-night; and do please to see that the oysters are round, and have not got any of their lids up."

The dogman knew well that he jeopardized his life in either half of the journey; no little in going, and tenfold as much in returning through the snows of night. Though the journey in the first place had been of his own seeking, and his faithful mind was set upon it, some little sense of bitterness was in his heart, that his life was not thought more of. He made a low bow, and turned away, that he might not meet those eyes so full of anxiety for another, and of none for him. And when he came to think of it, he was sorry afterward for indulging in a little bit of two-edged satire.

"Will you please to ask my lady if I may take Marmaduke? Or whether she would be afeared to risk him in such weather?"

"I think it is unkind of you to speak like that. I need not ask my sister, as you ought to know. Of course you may take Marmaduke. I need not tell you to be careful of him."

After that, if he had chosen for himself, he would not have taken Marmaduke. But he thought of the importance of his real purpose, and could trust no other horse to get him through it.

In fine summer weather, when the sloughs were in, and the water-courses low or dry, and the roads firm, wherever there were any, a good horse and rider, well acquainted with the track, might go from Scargate Hall to Middleton in about three hours, nearly all of the journey being well down hill. But the travel to come back was a very different thing; four hours and a half was quick time for it, even in the best state of earth and sky, and the Royal Mail pony was allowed a good seven, because his speed (when first established) had now impaired his breathing. And ever since the snow set in, he had received his money for the journey, but preferred to stay in stable; for which everybody had praised him, finding letters give them indigestion.

Now Jordas roughed Marmaduke's shoes himself; for the snow would be frozen in the colder places, and ball wherever any softness was—two things which demand very different measures. Also he fed him well, and nourished himself, and took nurture for the road; so that with all haste he could not manage to start before twelve of the day. Travelling was worse than he expected, and the snow very deep in places, especially at Stormy Gap, about a league from Scargate. Moreover, he knew that the strength of his horse must be carefully husbanded for the return; and so it was dusk of the winter evening, and the shops of the little town were being lit with hoops of candles, when Jordas, followed by Saracen, came trotting through the unpretending street.

That ancient dog Saracen, the largest of the blood-hounds, had joined the expedition as a volunteer, craftily following and crouching out of sight, until he was certain of being too far from home to be sent back again. Then he boldly appeared, and cantered gayly on in front of Marmaduke, with his heavy dewlaps laced with snow.

Jordas put up at a quiet old inn, and had Saracen chained strongly to a ring-bolt in the stable; then he set off afoot to see Mr. Jellicorse, and just as he rang the office bell a little fleecy twinkle fell upon one of his eyelashes, and looking sharply up, he saw that a snowy night was coming.

The worthy lawyer received him kindly, but not at all as if he wished to see him; for Christmas-tide was very nigh at hand, and the weather made the ink go thick, and only a clerk who was working for promotion would let his hat stay on its peg after the drum and fife went by, as they always did at dusk of night, to frighten Bonyparty.

"There are only two important facts in all you have told me, Jordas," Mr. Jellicorse said, when he had heard him out: "one that Sir Duncan is come home, of

which I was aware some time ago; and the other that he has been consulting an agent of the name of Mordacks, living in this county. That certainly looks as if he meant to take some steps against us. But what can he do more than might have been done five-and-twenty years ago?" The lawyer took good care to speak to none but his principals concerning that plaguesome deed of appointment.

"Well, sir, you know best, no doubt. Only that he hath the money now, by all accounts; and like enough he hath labored for it a' purpose to fight my ladies. If your honor knew as well as I do what a Yordas is for fighting, and for downright stubbornness—"

"Perhaps I do," replied the lawyer, with a smile; "but if he has no children of his own, as I believe is the case with him, it seems unlikely that he would risk his substance in a rash attempt to turn out those who are his heirs."

"He is not so old but what he might have children yet, if he hath none now to hand. Anyways it was my duty to tell you my news immediate."

"Jordas, I always say that you are a model of a true retainer—a character becoming almost extinct in this faithless and revolutionary age. Very few men would have ridden into town through all those dangerous unmade roads, in weather when even the Royal Mail is kept, by the will of the Lord, in stable."

"Well, sir," said Jordas, with his brave soft smile, "the smooth and the rough of it comes in and out, accordin'. Some days I does next to nought; and some days I earns my keepin'. Any more commands for me, Lawyer Jellicoose? Time cometh on rather late for starting."

"Jordas, you amaze me! You never mean to say that you dream of setting forth again on such a night as this is? I will find you a bed; you shall have a hot supper. What would your ladies think of me, if I let you go forth among the snow again? Just look at the window-panes, while you and I were talking! And the feathers of the ice shooting up inside, as long as the last sheaf of quills I opened for them. Quills, quills, quills, all day! And when I buy a goose unplucked, if his quills are any good, his legs won't carve, and his gizzard is full of gravel-stones! Ah, the world grows every day in roguery."

"All the world agrees to that, sir; ever since I were as high as your table, never I hear two opinions about it; and it maketh a man seem to condemn himself. Good-night, sir, and I hope we shall have good news so soon as his Royal Majesty the king affordeth a pony as can lift his legs."

Mr. Jellicorse vainly strove to keep the man in town that night. He even called for his sensible wife and his excellent cook to argue, having no clerk left to make scandal of the scene. The cook had a turn of mind for Jordas, and did think that he would stop for her sake; and she took a broom to show him what the depth of snow was upon the red tiles between the brew-house and the kitchen. An icicle hung from the lip of the pump, and new snow sparkled on the cook's white cap, and the dark curly hair which she managed to let fall; the brew-house smelled nice, and the kitchen still nicer; but it made no difference to Jordas. If he had told them the reason of this hurry, they would have said hard things about it, perhaps; Mrs. Jellicorse especially (being well read in the Scriptures, and fond of quoting them against all people who had grouse and sent her none) would have called to mind what David said, when the three mighty men broke through the host, and brought water from the well of Bethlehem. So Jordas only answered that he had promised to return, and a trifle of snow improved the travelling.

"A willful man must have his way," said Mr. Jellicorse at last. "We can not put him in the pound, Diana; but the least we can do is to provide him for a coarse, cold journey. If I know anything of our country, he will never see Scargate Hall to-night, but his blanket will be a snow-drift. Give him one of our new whitneys to go behind his saddle, and I will make him take two things. I am your legal adviser, Jordas, and you are like all other clients. Upon the main issue, you cast me off; but in small matters you must obey me."

The hardy dogman was touched with this unusual care for his welfare. At home his services were accepted as a due, requiring little praise and less of gratitude. It was his place to do this and that, and be thankful for the privilege. But his comfort was left for himself to study; and if he had studied it much, reproach would soon have been the chief

reward. It never would do, as his ladies said, to make too much of Jordas. He would give himself airs, and think that peôple could not get on without him.

Marmaduke looked fresh and bold when he came out of stable; he had eaten with pleasure a good hot dinner, or supper perhaps he considered it, liking to have his meals early, as horses generally do. And he neighed and capered for the homeward road, though he knew how full it was of hardships; for never yet looked horse through bridle, without at least one eye resilient toward the charm of headstall. And now he had both eyes fixed with legitimate aim in that direction; and what were a few tiny atoms of snow to keep a big horse from his household?

Merrily, therefore, he set forth, with a sturdy rider on his back; his clear neigh rang through the thick dull streets, and kind people came to their white blurred windows, and exclaimed, as they glanced at the party-colored horseman rushing away into the dreary depths, "Well, rather him than me, thank God!"

"You keep the dog," Master Jordas had said to the hostler, before he left the yard; "he is like a lamb, when you come to know him. I can't be plagued with him to-night. Here's a half crown for his victuals; he eats precious little for the size of him. A bullock's liver every other day, and a pound and a half the between times. Don't be afeared of him. He looks like that, to love you, man."

Instead of keeping on the Durham side of Tees, as he would have done in fair weather for the first six miles or so, Jordas crossed by the old town bridge into his native county. The journey would be longer thus, but easier in some places, and the track more plain to follow, which on a snowy night was everything. For all things now were in one indiscriminate pelt and whirl of white; the Tees was striped with rustling floes among the black moor-water; and the trees, as long as there were any, bent their shrouded forms and moaned.

But with laborious plunges, and broad scatterings of obstruction, the willing horse ploughed out his way, himself the while wrapped up in white, and caked in all his tufty places with a crust that flopped up and down. The rider, himself piled up with snow, and bearded with a berg of it, from time to time, with his numb right hand, fumbled at the frozen clouts that clogged the poor horse's mane and crest.

"How much longer will a' go, I wonder?" said Jordas to himself for the twentieth time. "The Lord in heaven knows where we be; but horse knows better than the Lord a'most. Two hour it must be since ever I 'tempted to make head or tail of it. But Marmaduke knoweth when a' hath his head; these creatures is wiser than Christians. Save me from the witches, if I ever see such weather! And I wish that Master Lance's oysters wasn't quite so much like him."

For, broad as his back was, perpetual thump of rugged and flintified knobs and edges, through the flag basket strapped over his neck, was beginning to tell upon his stanch but jolted spine; while his foot in the northern stirrup was numbed, and threatening to get frost-bitten.

"The Lord knoweth where we be," he said once more, growing in piety as the peril grew. "What can old horse know, without the Lord hath told 'un? And likely he hath never asked, no more than I did. We mought 'a come twelve moiles, or we mought 'a come no more than six. What ever is there left in the world to judge by? The hills, or the hollows, or the boskies, all is one, so far as the power of a man's eyes goes. Howsomever, drive on, old Dukie."

Old Dukie drove on with all his might and main, and the stout spirit which engenders strength, till he came to a white wall reared before him, twice as high as his snow-capped head, and swirling like a billow of the sea with drift. Here he stopped short, for he had his own rein, and turned his clouted neck, and asked his master what to make of it.

"We must 'a come at last to Stormy Gap: it might be worse, and it might be better. Rocks o' both sides, and no way round. No choice but to get through it, or to spend the night inside of it. You and I are a pretty good weight, old Dukie. We'll even try a charge for it, afore we knock under. We can't have much more smother than we've gotten already. My father was taken like this, I've heard tell, in the service of old Squire Philip; and he put his nag at it, and scumbled through. But first you get up your wind, old chap."

Marmaduke seemed to know what was expected of him; for he turned round, retreated a few steps, and then stood panting. Then Jordas dismounted, as well as

he could with his windward leg nearly frozen. He smote himself lustily, with both arms swinging, upon his broad breast, and he stamped in the snow till he felt his tingling feet again. Then he took up the skirt of his thick heavy coat, and wiped down the head, mane, and shoulders of the horse, and the great pile of snow upon the crupper. "Start clear is a good word," he said.

For a moment he stopped to consider the forlorn hope of his last resolution. "About me, there is no such great matter," he thought; "but if I was to kill Dukie, who would ever hear the last of it? And what a good horse he have been, to be sure! But if I was to leave him so, the crows would only have him. We be both in one boat; we must try of it." He said a little prayer, which was all he knew, for himself and a lass he had a liking to, who lived in a mill upon the river Lune; and then he got into the saddle again, and set his teeth hard, and spoke to Marmaduke, a horse who would never be touched with a spur. "Come on, old chap," was all he said.

The horse looked about in the thick of the night, as the head of the horse peers out of the cloak, in Welsh mummery, at Christmas-tide. The thick of the night was light and dark, with the dense intensity of down-pour; light in itself, and dark with shutting out all sight of everything —a close-at-hand confusion, and a distance out of measure. The horse, with his wise snow-crusted eyes, took in all the winnowing of light among the draff, and saw no possibility of breaking through, but resolved to spend his life as he was ordered. No power of rush or of dash could he gather, because of the sinking of his feet; the main chance was of bulk and weight; and his rider left him free to choose. For a few steps he walked, nimbly picking up his feet, and then, with a canter of the best spring he could compass, hurled himself into the depth of the drift, while Jordas lay flat along his neck, and let him plunge. For a few yards the light snow flew before him, like froth of the sea before a broad-bowed ship, and smothered as he was, he fought onward for his life. But very soon the power of his charge was gone, his limbs could not rise, and his breath was taken from him; the hole that he had made was filled up behind him; fresh volumes from the shaken height came pouring down upon him; his flanks and his back were wedged fast in the cumber, and he stood still and trembled, being buried alive.

Jordas, with a great effort, threw himself off, and put his hat before his mouth, to make himself a breathing space. He scarcely knew whether he stood or lay; but he kicked about for want of air, and the more he kicked the worse it was, as in the depth of nightmare. Blindness, choking, smothering, and freezing fell in a lump upon his poor body now, and the shrieking of the horse and the panting of his struggles came, by some vibration, to him.

But just as he began to lose his wits, sink away backward, and gasp for breath, a gleam of light broke upon his closing eyes; he gathered the remnant of his strength, struck for it, and was in a space of free air. After several long pants he looked around, and found that a thicket of stub oak jutting from the crag of the gap had made a small alcove with billows of snow piled over it. Then the brave spirit of the man came forth. "There is room for Dukie as well as me," he gasped; "with God's help, I will fetch him in."

Weary as he was, he cast himself back into the wall of snow, and listened. At first he heard nothing, and made sure that all was over; but presently a faint soft gurgle, like a dying sob, came through the murk. With all his might he dashed toward the sound, and laid hold of a hairy chin just foundering. "Rise up, old chap," he tried to shout, and he gave the horse a breath or two with the broad-brimmed hat above his nose. Then Marmaduke rallied for one last fight, with the surety of a man to help him. He staggered forward to the leading of the hand he knew so well, and fell down upon his knees; but his head was clear, and he drew long breaths, and his heart was glad, and his eyes looked up, and he gave a feeble whinny.

DOWN IN THE CLOVER.

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, give me some milk—
Where is your pretty brown baby?"
"Calfie is down in the clover, I think,
There by the brooklet, close to the brink.
Look for my dear little rover,
Cuddled so low in the clover.
Is she not soft, and as glossy as silk?
Pat her for me, and I'll give you some milk—
All you can drink of it, maybe."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Channing centenary was widely observed, and in the most interesting manner. The day was bright and clear, but windy —a fine March rather than April day—and the chief event, apart from the spoken tributes to the good man's memory, was the laying of the corner-stone of the memorial church in Newport. During the day and in the evening meetings were held, besides those in Newport, in Chicago, Washington, Boston, and Brooklyn, and at several points in Europe there were assemblies to hear the simple story of Channing's life, and to acknowledge his deep and ennobling spiritual influence.

Among all the meetings none were more significant than those in Brooklyn, because they were composed of members of various Christian denominations, and no speeches were more cordial in their estimate of Channing's religious character than those of the clergymen of Churches to which the fervid and gentle but uncompromising Channing was formerly the chief heresiarch. It is about sixty years since he came first to New York. The ardent religious animosities of the time closed every pulpit to him, so that the only place which his friends could obtain for a religious service was the hall of the Medical College, and there he preached his first sermon in New York. Dr. John Mason was then the most conspicuous clerical figure in the city pulpit, and he did not spare his fulminations against the "new light." Time has softened those asperities, and nothing was pleasanter than to hear those who in this day still share the general theological views of Dr. Mason recognizing with grateful reverence the truly religious spirit of Dr. Channing. As one of them well said in Brooklyn, "The earth is broad enough for us all to stand upon and look up, each for himself, and see the face of the Father." In the days of the fierce old theological controversy of his earlier life Dr. Channing's chief opponent was Lyman Beecher, whose church in Boston was familiarly known, from the rigor of its orthodoxy, as "Brimstone Corner," and the vigorous Doctor regarded Channing as a kind of theological vulpine monster around the fold. But the son of Lyman Beecher, on Channing's centenary, humorously describing the horror of him in which he was educated, preferred the religious spirit of his father's antagonist to the theological dogmas of his father, which, however, he asserted to have been necessary educative processes, as last year's bark was necessary to carry the sap for last year's growth of the tree.

The Channing commemoration plainly disclosed the fact of the general recognition of his spiritual genius and influence. This is hardly surprising, although the extent of the recognition was perhaps not suspected. In an admirable paper in *Harper's Weekly*, which was published on the day of the commemoration, Dr. Crooks, one of the most distinguished of the divines of the Methodist Church, said of Channing: "He is read to-day by the orthodox Christian almost as much as by the liberal.....Channing so put himself into all he wrote that his earnest moral feeling pulsates in every sentence." The explanation of this universal acceptance of a religious teacher who only sixty years ago was a leader in a great theological controversy—acceptance by those who hold the views which he combated —is equally honorable to them and to him. It is that he was wholly destitute of party or sectarian spirit. He contended for the truth only, never for victory. He had no pride of opinion, no personal ambition, no selfish motive whatever, and he was so transparent that the purity of his aim, his love of truth and justice, unmixed with baser passions, were plainly visible; and as these are deeper than any dogmas, his simple goodness was irresistible, and has conquered all opposition.

This is the secret of his power. As one of the speakers in Brooklyn truly said, he was a great preacher. As another said, with equal truth, he was a great "radical." As another said, and still most truly, he was a great reformer, the friend of the working man and woman, the friend of temperance, of the prisoner, of the vagrant, of the slave. He was also an author and a philosophic statesman. But there is perhaps scarcely a phrase or a passage in his works which is cherished among household words, or which can be found in any manual of familiar quotations. He was not distinctively a theologian like Edwards, nor an abolitionist like Garrison, nor a prison reformer like Dwight or Wines, nor a temperance apostle like Gough or Dow, nor a "radical" like Parker, while all such men had his sincerest co-operation, and his attitude with them was heroic and uncompromising. But these spheres of interest and labor did not include him. It was not as any one of these that he was greatest. His true genius and permanent power was his spiritual influence—that lifting, ennobling, illuminating power by which he confirms and strengthens and promotes the best impulses and the highest virtues of all men. His true symbol is the sun, which irradiates the whole landscape, while it caresses the flower and ripens the seed; the ocean, which fills all the air with its deep and infinite murmur, while it bears the ship to its special port. The achievement of the class of men to which Channing belongs is not the book they write, nor the sermon they preach, nor any specific work which they accomplish; it is the celestial goodness which is revealed in all that they do, and which draws the human soul as the moon draws the waters of the sea.

Among all the centenaries which make these

years so interesting, none has been more unostentatious than that of Channing, and none could be more sincere in feeling. It may have apprised some habitual summer loiterer at Newport of an interest hitherto unknown to him in the beautiful island, and it may invest it for him in the future with a higher value to know that it was the birth-place of one of the greatest and most modest of Americans.

One of the correspondents whose communications are always welcome, because they begin their letters by saying that they have a complete set of the Magazine from the beginning, bound, that they have always taken it, and mean always to take it, because of the perpetual pleasure which they derive from it—one of these discriminating and most intelligent correspondents ("may his tribe increase!") calls us to account for some remarks which we submitted a few months since, "with great self-confidence," upon the great question of giving the names of contributors with their articles. It was a very flimsy fabric of reasons that you piled together, says our excellent correspondent, and before it was well up, you knocked it all down again by printing the names. Why this change? Why are the reasons not as good as ever? They were very poor, indeed, but if they satisfied you, why do you not persevere in ill-doing? Here in my last number, or one of the last, I had marked half of the names of the authors, which I knew by my mother-wit and my remarkable perceptive powers, before I discovered that you had surrendered. What is the meaning of it? I demand an explanation.

This he says, or words to this effect. But his remarkable perceptive powers have already assured him, of course, of a hundred reasons that we might offer, and he is only waiting curiously to see which of the many valid explanations we shall put forward. He knows that we might say—and the wily but honored permanent subscriber probably anticipates our saying—with the fat knight, "I knew ye, Hal." It was to give those fine perceptive powers a monthly chance. We wished to give a greater pleasure to our friend by furnishing him the opportunity and the gratification and pride of stripping away the thin veil of anonymity, and of saying to the poet, story-teller, traveller, or philosopher, "In vain; you can not hide from me."

Or we might say that our object was one of the truest conservatism—to show the reason of a venerable and respected tradition, and to remind eager reformers like our friend that established practices have often good grounds, and that even when the time may have come when it is desirable to change, it is still expedient to recognize why it has not always been desirable. There is a zest in anonymity. There is a distinct pleasure in the speculation about a writer. There is a fine test of one's own perceptions, and an excellent education of them in determining by intrinsic evidence the authorship of an article. It is easy enough to transcribe answers to sums from a key. But the "well-spent hour" is that which is devoted to working them out for yourself. Moreover, it is a humane grace to the young author not to crush him by his own obscurity, and to save him from his own failures. Suppose our correspondent to have sent us a poem, which we had published with his name, and it had been the product of one of his nodding moments, so that the reader would have said, "Adolphus Y. Jones; exactly: I shall give Mr. Jones a wide berth hereafter." Would it not have been humaner to veil the name until the sustained superiority of his subsequent verse had aroused a public demand to know the author, and the Magazine, by merely uttering the name Jones, had crowned him with fame?

These and such as these were among the reasons which formerly led the great Quarterlies and other periodicals to veil the names of authors. Pressed as this Magazine was to depart from the tradition, what was its duty, and what comported with its dignity? If, upon the calm and mature reflection which it gives to every subject, the Magazine had finally reached the decision that the spirit of the age required a change in its practice, a due regard for its dignity demanded that it should not hurriedly surrender, as if it had been caught napping behind the times. Its duty was first to assert the reason of the position it had held, and then to acknowledge gracefully the new situation by yielding. Indeed, our permanent friend will have observed that the secret of the ever-fresh charm which he is pleased to remark in the Magazine is due to its constant, but not hasty, conformity to the changing spirit of the time. Having decided to be on with the new love, the Magazine made its very best bow to the old.

The arguments that we had the honor to submit are as sound as ever, but the spirit of the time has changed, and the Magazine, which is the child of its time, acquiesces. It has no policy but the pleasure and profit of its readers; and satisfied that, upon the whole, they did not desire anonymity, the Magazine, stating the good reasons for keeping the shutters up, took them down. Could there be more polite and accommodating conduct?

It was a very brilliant and beautiful audience which assembled in the great hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art upon the occasion of its formal opening to the public. The new building is but a part of the contemplated whole, and it is now a little remote from the centre of the city, but not more so than the South Kensington Museum from London. It stands upon the extreme eastern side of Central Park, above the Lenox Library, and on the day of the opening there was a steady current of carriages toward it through the Park as the hour approached. The occasion was

distinguished by the presence of the President and two members of the cabinet, with that of the most conspicuous citizens, and nothing could have been more fitting and fortunate than the opening exercises.

The great hall is roofed with glass like a huge conservatory, and it is full of light. On one side is the Cesnola collection from Cyprus, and upon the other the Avery collection, and the front of the galleries, for this occasion, was draped with old and most valuable and interesting tapestries. Upon a platform conveniently raised sat the President and the invited guests, with the trustees, and in the galleries the ladies of the President's party and other guests. The mass of ladies in the seats upon the floor of the hall, clad in their gay spring toilets of every color and brilliancy, was a beautiful spectacle; and although the hall is peculiarly trying to the voice, Mr. Choate, who, after the prayer and the addresses of the presidents of the Park Commission and of the Museum, delivered the inaugural oration, was able to make himself heard everywhere. His discourse was in every way felicitous, and was heard with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. It pointed out that this was a Museum collected by private liberality, not by public aid, and that its great purpose is educative. It is to introduce beauty into the useful arts of common life, and is, in fact, a free college of art education. The economical and financial value of beauty in the common arts, and the desirability of depending upon our own rather than upon foreign artisanship for all that is beautiful, were admirably stated, and the orator's humorous exhortation to the millionaires to turn pork into porcelain and fleeting stocks into imperishable stones was as wise as witty. One phrase of the oration will be remembered by all who heard it, for they can never again see the Venus of Milo without agreeing that it is indeed "Queen of the Marble Goddesses."

In a few well-chosen words the President declared the Museum open; and it is an added pleasure of association that it will be remembered not merely as the act of the Chief Magistrate of the republic, but of a Chief Magistrate sincerely respected and justly honored for his private virtues and for the purity of his administration. Nothing, indeed, was wanting to the felicity of the occasion. But it would have been a gilding of refined gold and a painting of the lily if the excellent president of the Museum had been able to announce that some Knickerbocker Mæcenas had given a hundred thousand dollars or more for the development of the institution. How far such a little candle would throw its beams! A generosity which gives a more graceful form to every household article would be a refining influence pervading the whole community. It would be akin in result to that of the noble liberality which endows libraries and founds schools and colleges. To bring art and beauty home to the daily life of the people is the great object of the Museum, and to achieve that result is to diminish taxation, and make life happier.

In the South Kensington Museum the young apprentice can follow the structure of a vessel from the first step to the completion, and all the degrees of pottery fabrics in the same way. So in many of the Italian galleries the student may trace the development of the art of painting from its earliest stages to its prime. These are schools indeed, and of inestimable value. In our own museum let the student or the artist look carefully at the Cesnola collection, and he will understand why Mr. Gladstone said to the General that he had the body in his collection, while the British Museum had only the head and feet. He meant that the student of sculpture would find in the British Museum specimens of the earliest and latest works, the primitive Eastern and Egyptian with the perfect Greek, while in the Cesnola museum the development and progress of the art could be studied, and the growth of the exquisite Greek from the primitive rudeness of the art be clearly traced. The same thing must be made true of all the domestic decorative arts, and that is the great hope and purpose of the Metropolitan Museum. There is no nobler or more practically useful object of endowment among all the educative opportunities which abound in the country, and we hope soon to announce the arrival of the long procession of public benefactors of this kind.

Lord Lytton's resignation, says an English paper, with pungent sarcasm, was placed in the hands of his "brother novelist" in case of his defeat. This is the veil of a profound contempt for Lord Beaconsfield as a mere "littery feller," and a fling at literature as a suitable preparation for practical politics. It was published when the unexpected catastrophe of the "brother novelist's" administration was evident, and the "Jingo" ministry had been dismissed by the country. Lord Beaconsfield has been for a long time too picturesque and conspicuous a figure not to have often arrested the attention of an Easy Chair quietly observing men and things. During all his eminence, when he has seemed to contest with Bismarck the attention of Europe and the world, it has been impossible to forget that the solemn nobleman who liked to look the Sphynx, and to be deemed inscrutable, was still Vivian Grey grown old, still the flashy and melodramatic author of Codlingsby, in Thackeray's stinging *Prize Novelists*. Indeed, with all the lurid glamour of his ministerial career, there has seemed to be nowhere real faith in his sincerity or his convictions; and not to speak uncourteously of a distinguished man, and a very prominent actor in most important public affairs, it is still undeniable that he has seemed to a large and sagacious class of Englishmen to be, after all, under the earl's ermine and coronet,

and amid the huzzas of the street as he returned bringing "peace with honor" from Berlin, only a clever and brilliant and versatile charlatan. It is not a pleasant word, but it clings to him with significant pertinacity.

But the sneer at the brother novelist, as if it were folly to expect a "littery feller" to be a practical statesman, is rather pointless when it is remembered that Disraeli's great and victorious opponent, the greatest of living English statesmen, and the peer of the most illustrious English political leaders, is also a "littery feller." The most famous political figure in England at the close of the century was a "feller" of the same kind named Burke, who not only represented most truly the sincere and dominant sentiment of his country, but was able to give it the most resplendent and enduring expression. Indeed, most of the more eminent political English chiefs of the century have been of the same "littery" stamp. If not authors, they were proud of scholarship. Fox, Pitt, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, fell under this ban. Peel was fond of his Latin; Lord Derby translated Homer; and the two rival leaders of to-day are distinctively men of literature.

It is not the "littery" quality which incapacitates a man for public affairs. Indeed, if experience be the school of practical business, the statesman can acquire it upon the great scale only through literature. Do the "statesmen" who have no literature succeed so admirably in the conduct of affairs that literature is to be contemned as a disadvantage? Let the doubting inquirer spend a few weeks in any capital in the country and answer. It was objected to Mr. Sumner that he could not manage his learning. But however that may have been, Mr. Whipple showed conclusively, in his admirable paper in this Magazine, that next to his indomitable moral energy, that which gave the highest value and the widest influence to Mr. Sumner's speeches was what he owed to literature, to his extensive study. When Mr. Gladstone rises in the House of Commons to take part in a sudden and important debate, his shafts are feared because they are feathered and weighted and tipped with the knowledge that comes from a general familiarity with history—in other words, with the experience of his own country and that of all others, with the views and arguments of all the leaders of parties and opinions and administrations, and with statistics and details. This makes his rising formidable, and this is possible only through literature.

Of course if the objector means by literature poor novel writing and reading, there is nothing to be said. People whose occupation is writing and reading poor novels are not in question. Lord Beaconsfield, as his most stringent opponents will agree, has done something more than write poor novels. If there is a feeling of flash and unreality in his novels, which is also perceived in his statesmanship, it is a quality of his character, and has nothing to do with his "littery" calling. He did not rise to the chief political post in England because of his novels, nor has he fallen from it because of his novels. The kind of resolution and ability which he showed in literature he has displayed in politics. But they have been greatly assisted by his literature, and it is unwise to forget it. The sneer at education and intellectual training as a preparation for public life which was hidden in the laugh at "littery fellers" does not reveal a spirit which it is desirable to cultivate in this country. We do not need less education and training in American public life and affairs than we have already. A few more men both of the character and the literature of Charles Sumner, for instance, would not imperil our institutions. Indeed, it may be fairly questioned whether they would not be as serviceable to the interests of liberty and good government as the same number of men of the kind that laughed at the "littery" joke.

Lord Beaconsfield was an author at the head of the English government, who will be now replaced by a greater author, if Mr. Gladstone should become officially the head of the Liberal administration, as he is confessedly the head of the Liberal party. As for us, we shall have as our representative to the government which passes from one literary man to another, one of our most distinguished literary men. Upon the whole, although Lord Lytton may have resigned his place to a brother novelist, the "littery fellers" have no reason to complain.

THE traveller in Germany a few years ago—and doubtless it is as observable now—remarked a spirit which made society delightful, and which manifested itself by a willingness to contribute to the common enjoyment, even if the contribution were not the best of its kind. It might, indeed, be poor, but it was freely and simply offered. If a young woman could not play like Liszt or sing like Jenny Lind, she still did not refuse to sing some little song in her little way, or to play as well as she could play; and in the same way everybody gladly made his offering to the common stock. Many a little makes a mickle, and this clubbing of individual talents and accomplishments of every degree made a charming result.

There was, perhaps, at that time—for the Easy Chair in this picture prefers the middle distance to the foreground—a kind of self-consciousness among our fellow-countrymen which made the social gathering somewhat bare and dry. In city circles, for instance, if the young woman sang, she was very apt to undertake something that Sontag or Steffanone had sung the evening before at the opera, and the inevitable result of the enforced comparison was not agreeable. The company, having buzzed and whispered while the song continued, cried—being native to the

English tongue—"Bravo!" "Brava!" "Charmante!" when the song ended, and beamed and nodded, but nobody supposed that he had been listening to Sontag or Steffanone. Indeed, cynics of twenty-five smiled meaningly in corners, and quoted Thackeray's sketches of "a little music," and "thés musicales." How different was it from the evenings on thy shore, O Tyrolean lake, where friendly voices, without a Jenny Lind, or a Mario, or a Tamburini among them, united in *Volkslieder*, the native melodies and simple songs of the country, and filled the summer moonlight with a music that Titania would have lingered to hear!

The Germans, to whom we owe many things, have brought with them to America not only the songs and the music and the musical talent of their native land, but also the habit of doing the most possible for the common pleasure. They have shown that without remarkable voices, or the possibility of a striking solo, it is possible to have delightful singing. Such voices, indeed, are not to be excluded, nor is their absence essential to the pleasure. Far be the thought! Far be the suggestion, for instance, that the Mendelssohn Club in New York is not composed of Rubinis and Lablaches and Tamburinis! Undoubtedly it is; but even if it were not so composed, that careful training, that thorough sympathy and feeling, that resolute study and good taste, although they might be lavished upon ordinary voices, would produce music to which the most musical would gladly listen. The object of the Museum of Art, as we have been saying, is to make common objects beautiful. The spirit which the traveller remarked in Germany, and which the Germans have brought with them, makes music from the careful mingling and training of common voices. We have learned that any neighborhood, even if it have no Catalani or Farinelli, can provide for itself the highest musical pleasure by merely organizing and practicing what voices it has. A man travels thousands of miles to eat a pomegranate, when he may have luscious peaches and aromatic strawberries in his own garden.

There is a suburb of the city—we hope there are many of the same kind—in which the neighbors have happily discovered that their own fruit is quite as toothsome as figs or pomegranates. In other words—that we may get down to *terra firma* out of these flowery trees—they have combined their voices, such as they are, even if they could be supposed to be "parlor voices," "thin voices," "poor voices," or any other kind of voice than St. Cecilia's own, to which tradition says the angels listened, and with diligence and spirit and intelligence they have become a choir worthy to sing with St. Cecilia. What they have done any community can do, supposing, indeed, that they could obtain Mr. George E. Aiken to instruct and drill and inspire them. Mr. Aiken is one of the most thorough musicians in the city. *Si monumentum*—if you ask the proof of his skill, listen to the English Glee Club, or to the Staten Island Vocal Society. This last is an association of musical neighbors upon that "lovely but exposed" island, as Kossuth called it, whom Mr. Aiken has instructed, and who have given two concerts so pleasing and satisfactory that if a citizen of any other suburb, or of any town or village in other parts of the country, has heard them, he must have hastened home to collect his neighbors and do likewise.

The society is one of amateurs, and their surprising success is an illustration of the comparative ease with which the most refined musical pleasure can be provided by wisely clubbing the material at hand. It is a pleasure that would be found in many a little German town, and which, in this form, we owe to Germany, which has quickened so strongly our own musical impulses. The music, however, is by no means exclusively German. Among the most charming "numbers" are quaint old English madrigals, some of them composed three centuries ago; some are the English glees; others the elaborate part-songs of contemporary English composers, such as are sung by the Mendelssohn Club, and with these the rich and moving German songs. The largest hall upon the island is filled by invitation, and the expenses are paid by memberships entitling to tickets. "Why," said an enthusiast and a philosopher to the Easy Chair as they came from the concert—"why does not every town and village do this thing? I pay my homage to this company of ladies and gentlemen as public benefactors. No wonder Mr. Choate talked of the good economy of applying the beautiful arts to common life! This Vocal Society raises the price of property upon this happy island. Real estate must necessarily rise in a community which provides such musical evenings. Let the Mendelssohn Club look to its laurels!"

THE series of "English Men of Letters" has proved to be so popular and pleasant that it will continue to appear probably for a long time; and the similar enterprises that are undertaken show that the time has arrived for the middle-man in literature, whose faculty is that of brief and accurate statement, and the reduction of many volumes to one. When Goethe entered his friend's picture-gallery he said, "Show me the best." Every reader of books is now Goethe in the picture-gallery. He wants to see only the best. Time is inexpressibly precious, and there is so much to read and to know that no literary gift is more desirable than that of comprehensive conciseness. It is almost fifty years since Macaulay published his review of Professor Nares's *Burleigh and his Times*, and the critic begins with an amusing deprecation of the enormity of the book. "We can not sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying that it consists of about

two thousand closely printed quarto pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten, and we can not but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence." Macaulay proceeds in this stinging strain to describe the labor of reading the book, while he acknowledges the indefatigable industry of Dr. Nares in accumulating material. The object of the series of "Men of Letters" is to make the best use of the research of such investigators and accumulators, and to serve up their two thousand pages in two hundred without serious loss to the general reader. The success of the series is the proof of the sagacity of the enterprise.

No volumes in the collection have more fully justified its title than the first and one of the later issues, the *Johnson* and the *Southey*. They are both to be defined as especially English men of letters. Southey was ten years old when Johnson died, and when he was twenty-nine he settled at Keswick, and began that career of unflagging literary labor which continued for forty years. In the history of literature there is no more devoted and pathetic figure—pathetic because the dreams of his youth so soon vanished, and because, after that long and faithful literary service, only his name survives, but practically none of his works. Very few of the readers of these words, probably, have any knowledge of Southey. They may remember that the "Holly-Tree" and the "Battle of Blenheim," which they read in class-books at school, were his poems; and they may know his *Life of Nelson*—a model biography. But the only distinguished man of letters whom we have ever known who read Southey as other people read Wordsworth and Tennyson was Hawthorne. In the little upper study of the Old Manse which he has graphically described, in which Emerson wrote the first modest volume that announced the appearance of an original and exquisite genius, and from whose window Emerson's clerical ancestor saw the immortal fight at Concord bridge, and caught the flash of "the shot heard round the world," there were a few books upon some hanging shelves, one of which was a bulky volume of Southey's poems in an American edition. Hawthorne said that he read him with pleasure. There are few readers who would say so to-day.

Macaulay, again, fifty years ago, had pronounced the severest judgment upon Southey; but the *Edinburgh* could be hardly expected to speak kindly of one of the strongest supports of the *Quarterly*, just before the Tory catastrophe in the passage of the Reform Bill of '32. "Mr. Southey," says Macaulay, in his most *ex cathedra* tone, "brings to the task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation.....In the mind of Mr. Southey reason has no place." Macaulay then throws a sweeping glance at his chief works, praising the life of Nelson and of Wesley. But "*The History of the Peninsular War* is already dead," and "*The Book of the Church* contains some stories very prettily told. The rest is mere rubbish." But the critic admits that he had always heard that Southey was an amiable and humane man; and now that critic and author are gone, and their form of the old contention has passed away, it is more possible for us than it was for Macaulay to see *how* amiable and humane a man Southey was.

To show us this is the pious and pleasant duty which Mr. Dowden has discharged in the volume of the series upon Southey. He was a professional man of letters. In a sense he was a publisher's "hack," supporting not only his own family, but at times the family of his brother-in-law Coleridge, and that of the other brother-in-law Lovel, by patient persistence in literary labor: no day without a line; no year without a book: his sequestered life gliding gently away in the midst of fond domestic affections, a recluse in his library dealing only at a distance with men and affairs. He was the Tory laureate of George the Third, and the ruthless Whig Macaulay says that his official odes were worse than Pye's, and as bad as Cibber's. But Whig or Tory, Macaulay or Milton, Chaucer or Shakespeare, any man of great or little fame in any degree might well be glad if the story of his life were as pure and blameless as that of Southey. It was absolutely devoid of incident, and yet, as Mr. Dowden tells it, following, of course, the copious biography by Cuthbert Southey, it is full of interest, and a charming picture—perhaps the most charming in literature—of the professional man of letters.

It would not be so if it were a tale of mere literary drudgery. But fortunately Southey's profession coincided with his taste. Books were his chief pleasures. He loved a library more than any other place, and he was a tireless reader as well as writer. It seems to be a queer freak of fate that a student of tastes so exclusively literary, and drawn, as in his poems, to remote branches of literature, should have become such a doughty political warrior. He was the toughest of Tories and the stanchest of Churchmen, and the polemic was unsparing. He would not have hesitated to free his mind about Macaulay as plainly as Macaulay freed his about Southey. But he was very patient and sweet with the young Shelley, and he had endless patience with the multitude of hapless and hopeful and disappointed writers, who are always attracted to a conspicuous author. Charlotte Brontë appealed to him long before her fame, and he gave her most friendly counsel. All his bitterness was in the ink of

controversy, and he never spilled a drop at home nor in his friendly correspondence.

Southey had, indeed, a certain distinction which it is not easy to explain. Landor admired him; but his poems did not sell, and they seem never to have had a general acceptance which would justify his standing among the poets of his time. When he died he was so considerable a man that his biography and letters filled six volumes. They are interesting for themselves, but not from any literary significance of his own; and this smaller volume is valuable, not for its account of an author who has added to the treasures of English literature, but for its picture of a tender, tranquil, and laborious student who made his living by writing books that are forgotten. It is an honorable task, nevertheless, for the book that dies may be as useful for its specific purpose as the immortal work is valuable for its permanent influence. Certainly it is a task as honorable as that of the other man who makes far more money by buying and selling merchandise or speculating in stocks. It is much harder to do what Southey did, and to do it so honestly and well. But a man of letters in any degree will read this simple and touching biography with singular interest, and all others will see from

> "this portraiture of him
> Whom 'Grasmere' shall remember long,"

how noble and lofty and admirable a life that of the professional man of letters may be.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. MOTLEY'S writings form a continuous history of the Low Countries from the abdication of Charles the Fifth, the accession of Philip, and the active appearance of William the Silent upon the scene, until the confederation of the seven provinces into a republic, and the tragic exit of Barneveld—a period of sixty-eight years, stretching from 1555 to 1623. But hitherto, for English readers, the history has been interrupted by a wide gap, extending from the death of Barneveld to the death of De Witt, and the entrance upon the stage of William the Silent's illustrious descendant and namesake, with whose career as Prince of Orange and King of England we have been made familiar by Macaulay's glowing pages. This gap has now been satisfactorily bridged by Mr. James Geddes, in a painstaking and judicious work, which he entitles the *History of the Administration of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland.*[1] Mr. Geddes's history has not the rich attractiveness of Motley's brilliant histories, for the very sufficient reasons that the period which it comprehends is not a heroic period, its most prominent actor, De Witt, is in no sense a hero, and in studying it we are moving in altogether a lower plane of human interest, passion, duty, and activity, than when we ponder the grand epoch which Mr. Motley describes with such graphic power. For these reasons, Mr. Geddes has aimed less to produce great or picturesque effects than to give the reader an opportunity to see the interior workings of the newly founded republic; to study the nature of the union by which the provinces were held together, and the character and composition of their social and political institutions; to witness the rise of parties, and the collisions of men and policies caused by the different constructions that were put upon the nature and intention of this union by partisans of the doctrine of provincial sovereignty, on the one hand, and by partisans of one strong undivided entity, with the Princes of Orange as its head, on the other; and also to penetrate beneath the surface of the motives and interests that influenced domestic policies and colored foreign affairs. Mr. Geddes's relation of these complex details is clear, comprehensive, and far from being devoid of attractiveness. For, aside from the fact that Americans may find a striking historic parallel to recent incidents in their own country in the widely divergent interpretations of the nature of the union, and the heated arguments and threatening dissensions to which these interpretations gave rise, the period was not entirely barren of great events, nor destitute of genuine heroes, since it was the period in which the Dutch navy ruled the seas, and carried dismay even to England, under the leadership of grand old Tromp and his historic broom, aided by his stanch lieutenants De Ruyter and De Wint. Of De Witt's personal life so little is known, outside of his public acts and the policies with which he was identified, that Mr. Geddes judiciously discriminates when he calls his work a history of an administration, rather than a biography of an individual. Its principal historical and political teaching is the evils that flowed from a divided sovereignty—from the existence of seven distinct and jarring provincial organisms, each jealous in its advocacy of home rule, and all of them impeding the federal authority by unwieldy methods of considering and determining state questions, and of deciding upon and enforcing executive acts. The story of the corrupt or interested bargains, and of the jealous rivalries that resulted from the combination of these steady old Netherlanders into a congeries of factions, reads like a page in the history of our own times, and prepares the reader for the advent of the third William of Orange, and his tacit investiture, in obedience to the national

[1] *History of the Administration of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland.* By JAMES GEDDES. Vol. I. 1623–1654. 8vo, pp. 398. New York: Harper and Brothers.

instinct of self-preservation, with powers that were only less than regal, and that enabled him to wield the energies of the republic as if the discordant provinces were a unit. The first volume of this valuable work brings the history down to the conclusion of De Witt's negotiation for peace with England, and the passage at his instigation (under the pressure of Cromwell's dictation) of the Act of Exclusion, by which the house of Orange—then represented by William the Third, a child four years old—was excluded from the Stadtholdership of either of the provinces, and from the Captain-Generalship of the United Netherlands. Up to this time the Netherlands were governed by a number of municipal oligarchies, unrestrained by the house of Orange, and untempered by the democracy. De Witt and his policy represented a republic whose constant and increasing tendency was to resolve itself into a series of cantonal atoms. On the other hand, the house of Orange, and the party that was being slowly welded together around it, represented the idea of national unity and strength. These were the forces that were to struggle for the mastery, until the one last named got the upper hand when William reached manhood. Before this, however, sixteen changeful years, replete with bickering and conflict and war, are yet to intervene, the events of which Mr. Geddes reserves for the concluding volume of his able work.

THE author of *Russia Before and After the War*[2] combines the requisites that enable a writer, if not to solve, at least to state with clearness, the puzzling problem of Russian politics, and to describe with apparent fidelity the *personnel* and the methods of Russian public administration, and the conditions and influence of Russian social, political, and ecclesiastical life. Himself a Russian—and thus satisfying the well-known requirement of Prince Dolgorouki that a "book on Russia must be by a Russian, since Russia resembles no other country"—an alumnus of the University of St. Petersburg, and a thoughtful observer, thoroughly familiar with the peculiar phenomena of Russian politics and society, his outline of Russia admits foreigners to a more intimate knowledge than has hitherto been attainable of the interior history of the nation during the present century, more especially since the Crimean war and the late war with Turkey. His earlier chapters are concise but bold sketches of the characteristics of the generations preceding the present one, from Paul to Nicholas, in which the idea is reiterated that the present generation, its rulers and radical reformers alike, has been surrounded from its cradle by an atmosphere which can be described by no other term than barbarism. These sketches also depict the native irresolution of the Slav mind, the despotic instincts of Russian reformers, and the crass ignorance and imbecility of the bureaucracy that has successively ruled and devoured the nation, and monopolized all official stations. These preliminary chapters are followed by exceedingly interesting expanded sketches of the most eminent Russian poets, historians, novelists, politicians, and agitators, in which the author enlarges upon the careers of those who have been representative champions of nationalism, radicalism, socialism, and Slavophilism, and passes in review the most notable among those who have made an impression upon modern Russian affairs, and contributed to the unrest that now causes the empire to heave as if vexed by hidden volcanic fires. An elaborate account is given in another chapter of the Russian universities, comprising the period from 1859 till the present day, and embracing, in addition to details as to their course of study and methods of government, a view of the relations of the government to them, and of its tyrannical and repressive policy toward their professors and students, with the result of converting them into malcontents or active conspirators. This view of university life is appropriately supplemented by a description of the system of female education in Russia, as conducted in the state institutes and in private boarding-schools, with an epitome of their defects and injurious tendencies. No portion of the work, however, is more deserving of close attention than the two prolonged essays forming its closing chapters. One of these is an exposition of the prevailing popular sentiment on the Eastern question—a sentiment partaking of the elements of political and religious fanaticism, which predisposes the masses to regard a war for the recovery of Constantinople from the Turks as a holy war, and stimulates their zeal as the Crusades stimulated the zeal of the Western nations of Europe. In the other, under the head of "The War and the Dynasty," the author describes the influence of the various foreign wars in which Europe has been engaged, and emphatically the influence of the recent wars, in educating Russian opinion as to the relations of those who govern and those who are governed. In his judgment, the consequences of these wars have recoiled most injuriously upon the present dynasty, and have roused a popular sentiment for liberty into a state of abnormal vigor and activity. The author evidently sympathizes with this sentiment, and his volume is a powerful appeal to the public opinion of the world, through which, in the absence of a free press to give voice to public opinion in Russia, he hopes to impress upon the mind of the Czar and his advisers that the time has come when, if he would reconcile the western provinces of his empire to his dynasty, and would prevent or delay its disintegration, he must decide upon the mea-

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[2] *Russia Before and After the War.* By the Author of *Society in St. Petersburg*, etc. Translated from the German (with Later Additions by the Author) by EDWARD FAIRFAX TAYLOR. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

sure of concession that he is willing to make to the national demand for political emancipation. What the author believes the nation now demands is the recognition of the right of society to have a voice in the destinies of the state. Whatever could have been done under the rule of unlimited absolutism, he believes has been done. What is now demanded is that the nation shall control the men who conduct its affairs; the governed must enjoy a share in the government; society must have a controlling share in the administration; some apparatus must be devised to check the tendency and habit of the government to indulge in incessantly changing experiments in legislation; there must be a guarantee of more uniformity, more method, and more legality in administration and expenditure. If these concessions are not granted, the author—who is neither a Nihilist nor a Socialist, but an enemy to unlimited personal government—predicts a revolution the like of which has never yet been witnessed in any civilized nation.

Although Mr. Froude takes no pains to conceal his opinion that much of John Bunyan's religious creed was based on premises which he and other advanced modern thinkers complacently class among antiquated or exploded errors, he does not parade his dissent so obtrusively as to be offensive to those who still adhere to Bunyan's theological views, and regard them in their main lines as embodying the most essential and momentous truths. Nor does his skepticism, as to the truth of the articles of faith that Bunyan accepted implicitly, diminish his admiration of the purifying and ennobling influence which the belief in them exercised in Bunyan's day upon the thought and practice of individuals and society in every grade and ramification of life. Indeed, nowhere, even in the writings of their most orthodox defenders, is there to be found a heartier or more appreciative exhibition of the vitalizing operation of those doctrines upon the heart of the individual and the general frame of society, than in Mr. Froude's brilliant outline of the life of Bunyan,[3] just published in the "English Men of Letters Series." In executing this sketch Mr. Froude has availed himself of the facts that Bunyan's great allegorical work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, is the life of its author cast in imaginative form, and that every step in Christian's journey had been first trodden by Bunyan himself. In a lesser but notable degree this is true, as Mr. Froude shows, of all Bunyan's works. All of them record real occurrences in the life of their author, or in the lives of those with whom he associated; and they reflect real feelings, impressions, motives, and actions in the most lively and natural manner. The result of Mr. Froude's study is therefore a dual portrait, in which we see Bunyan as he moved and acted in his outward daily life, and as he existed in his interior intellectual and spiritual being. Each of these states is made to interpret the other, and the entire lineaments of the whole man are in this way reproduced with equal distinctness and lifelikeness. Mr. Froude has not added much to what was already known of the purely personal incidents of Bunyan's life, through Bunyan's own account of himself, the lives by Southey and Philip, and Macaulay's well-known paper in the *Edinburgh Review*. The little that is added is chiefly corrective of errors fallen into by Macaulay in his account of some of the circumstances attending Bunyan's arrest, trial, and imprisonment. To literary readers the most interesting portions of Mr. Froude's fine monograph will be his skillfully epitomized summaries—each of which has the grace and interest of a continuous narrative—of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*. The theological disquisitions which are freely interspersed throughout the volume are thoughtful, suggestive, and generally candid. At times, however, they are colored by cynical and supercilious skepticism.

M. Henri de Lacretelle indulges more freely in the intoxication of panegyric than is agreeable to the constitutional reserve of English and American readers; but still, after discounting all his extravagances, they will yield themselves to the fascination with which he invests the familiar, social, and domestic life of Lamartine.[4] His descriptions of Lamartine in society, in his home surrounded by his friends, in his study, in his hours of rural enjoyment and exercise in the country, during the throes of revolution, amid his preparations for the republic, and after his fall, are exceedingly engaging revelations of the characteristic traits and surroundings of the poet-statesman. We may not always accept the author's valuation of Lamartine's genius, whether as a poet or statesman, but we can not withhold our admiration of the cleverness and geniality of his airily discursive memoir. Besides introducing us very closely to Lamartine himself, the memoir affords us numerous brief glimpses of the men and women who revolved around him when he was at the height of his literary and political renown, and who have also left a permanent impression upon French literature and politics. Among others whose personal, social, political, and intellectual characteristics are thus sketched by M. De Lacretelle are Thiers, Châteaubriand, Lamennais, Ponsard, Madame De Girardin, Montalembert, Caussidière, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Arago, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas (father and son), and Victor Hugo. The book is one for hours of relaxation and enjoyment.

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[3] *Bunyan.* By James Anthony Froude. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 178. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Lamartine and his Friends.* By Henri de Lacretelle. Translated by Maria E. Odell. 16mo, pp. 329. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. J. Brander Matthews modestly styles his clever and tasteful little book on *The Theatres of Paris*[5] a guide to those of his countrymen who spend numerous days and nights in Paris—and also to those who stay at home, whose adventures, as Goldsmith makes his inimitable Vicar say, are by the fireside, and all their migrations from the blue bed to the brown. It is, in truth, a most agreeable guide, introducing us to all the various Parisian theatres and other places of amusement, and thoroughly indoctrinating the reader as to their customs, usages, observances, and interior arrangements. But it is much more than a mere guide. It is also a careful historical and critical abstract, in which he reviews the progress and present state of the modern drama in Paris, its fluctuations and advances, including under this head music, the ballet, and dramatic representation, and sketches the careers of many of its greatest recent and contemporaneous celebrities. The book is enlivened with numerous characteristic anecdotes of eminent actors, actresses, dramatists, musical composers, singers, and dancers; and contains a large fund of interesting information bearing upon dramatic literature and art, and the relation of the theatres to the state, to authors, and to performers. Independent chapters are given to elaborate descriptions of the New Opera, the Comédie Française, and the Théâtre Français, and the sketches of the actors and actresses of the two last named are embellished with portraits of the most distinguished of them, in character.

Notwithstanding that our recent literature has copiously supplied us with works on China and Japan, so that we have become quite familiar with the former, and know more of the latter than we do of some European countries, there has been comparative silence concerning the great Corean peninsula, although it is separated from China by an imaginary line only, and from Japan by the easily navigated Straits of Corea. Consequently there is the densest ignorance as to its extent, population, government, productions, and history—a state of affairs which has been contributed to and perpetuated by the rigid exclusive policy which has been maintained by its government, and which has practically secluded fifteen millions of people from all the rest of the human family, and made their country a literal *terra incognita*. Mr. Ernest Oppert, having made three voyages to this unknown land, and penetrated a considerable distance into its interior, now supplies us with an exceedingly interesting and valuable account[6] of its geography, language, history, productions, resources, and commercial capabilities, together with useful charts and memoranda of its water approaches. Mr. Oppert corrects the prevailing idea that Corea is a part of China, and shows not only that it is independent of the Chinese government, but that its people belong to a different race, speak a distinct idiom, and are very unlike the Chinese in their garb, customs, religion, and institutions of all kinds. His account of the people of Corea has the merit of novelty and fullness, and his attractive inventory of its resources and capabilities will doubtless incite enterprise and commerce to knock loudly for admission at its closed doors. Such, indeed, is Mr. Oppert's avowed object in inviting attention to the extent of its territory, the healthfulness of its climate, the rich productiveness of its soil, and the variety and importance of its productions. Perhaps nothing will be more effective toward forcing its doors open to the commerce of the world than Mr. Oppert's glowing accounts of the vast mineral treasures that lie hidden in the plains and mountains of this unknown land. Corea, he declares, is opulent in marble, granite, sulphur, arsenic, quicksilver, tin, iron, coal, silver, and gold. In his opinion no other country on the Asiatic continent approaches it in mineral wealth. Mr. Oppert's style is careless, slipshod, and meagre almost to poverty, but his matter is full of novelty and interest.

Scholars who are interested in church history will be gratified to learn that Dr. Gieseler's erudite and comprehensive *Text-Book of Church History*[7] is now completed, and that the fifth and concluding volume has been published. It will be remembered that the preceding volumes were edited and translated by the late Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city; and he had begun and finished 123 pages of the first part of this final volume when his hand was arrested by death. The remainder of the volume, with the exception of 221 pages, which were executed by Professor Stearns, of Albion, Michigan, was translated by Miss Mary L. Robinson, the daughter of the celebrated pioneer of Palestine exploration. The care and faithfulness of the translation are vouched for by Dr. Schaff in the preface. The period embraced in this volume is the fourth of the periods under which the history was treated by Dr. Gieseler, namely, that from the Reformation to the present time—A.D. 1517–1854. The portion completed by Dr. Smith, being the first division of the fourth period, comprises the history of the Roman Catholic Church from the Reformation and through the period of the Council of Trent to the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, and also a history of the theological sciences and of the Oriental Churches for the same period.

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[5] *The Theatres of Paris.* By J. Brander Matthews. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 208. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[6] *A Forbidden Land.* Voyages to the Corea. With an Account of its Geography, History, Productions, etc. By Ernest Oppert. With Charts and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 351. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[7] *A Text-Book of Church History.* By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler. Translated and Edited by Henry B. Smith, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vol. V.—A.D. 1517–1854. From the Reformation to the Present Time. Completed by Mary A. Robinson. 8vo, pp. 670. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This includes all that part of the work edited by Dr. Gieseler himself, on the plan of presenting a documentary history in extracts from the original sources. The second and third divisions embrace Dr. Gieseler's lectures on modern church history, from 1648 to 1854, published in Germany after his death. These include the history of philosophy in relation to Christianity, the history of the ecclesiastical controversies in France, and historical sketches of the Order of Jesus, of ecclesiastical reforms in Germany under Joseph II., of theological sciences from the Treaty of Westphalia (1648) to the Treaty of Paris (1854), of the Lutheran Church from 1614 to 1814, of the Reformed Churches in England, France, Holland, and Switzerland, and of the Modern Church from 1814 to 1854. The work is a model of conciseness and candor; and its erudite author's faculty for philosophical analysis and close and accurate historical investigation is conspicuous throughout.

Among thoughtful Christian people there are many who are not curious about subtleties of Biblical interpretation, who decline to puzzle themselves with philological or grammatical niceties, and who are weary of polemic bickerings, but who extend a grateful welcome to a commentary, at once practical and expository, that gives them the plain sense of Scripture, and throws light on historical and other questions which lie outside the range of their moderate learning. Faithful and earnest believers in the inspired canon, they are not harassed by legions of disturbing doubts which will not be driven away; but their great desire and need is to learn the mind and the will of God, so that they may themselves live, and may be enabled understandingly to train up their children to live, in conformity therewith. For Christians of this mind and stamp *Pool's Annotations Upon the Holy Bible,*[8] just published in popular form, is a work of inestimable value. Profoundly learned, and yet without any ostentation of learning, clear and succinct in style, glowing with fervent piety, and combining great wisdom with great simplicity and gentleness, these annotations are a complete encyclopedia of Biblical knowledge, "accommodated," to use Mr. Pool's own quaint phrase, "to the use of vulgar capacities." The most eminent scholars as well as the most simple-minded Christians have drawn upon this commentary for nearly two centuries without exhausting the treasures of its learning or the riches of its experience.

If it be true that good verse, like good wine, "needs no bush," still in both cases the approving nod of a connoisseur of recognized taste and experience has a re-assuring effect upon the judgment of those who have a modest opinion of their powers of discrimination; nor is it entirely without influence even upon those who are less diffident of themselves. Such a good office has been performed with generous effusiveness and nice critical discernment by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman in the introduction he has supplied for an American edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme, and Other Verses*[9]—compositions which, indeed, are not of the highest rank, but are among the most perfect of their charming and piquant kind. As a writer of society verse, Mr. Dobson is without a living rival; and for general and sustained excellence, has had, we think, few superiors in any age. His style is brilliant, sparkling, and elegantly finished, yet unaffectedly chaste and simple, and his art has an indefinable graceful airiness and lightness of touch. So subtle and exquisite is his art that, although he rarely crosses the border line of that "strong imagination," under the spell of which, as Shakspeare teaches, "the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," yet, as Mr. Stedman remarks, with nice discrimination, he often "elevates taste and feeling to the pitch of imagination." This is especially true of some of his more serious pieces, which have touches of tenderness and pathos, and glimpses of quaint or picturesque loveliness, that would not discredit the hand of a master.

Occasionally a book appears that has been prepared with a definite aim as an educational manual, which deserves attention not only for its value as such, but also for its substantial literary merit. Such a book is Mr. Swinton's *Masterpieces of English Literature,*[10] which our readers will find to be very different in character from the heterogeneous collections of haphazard selections that are so commonly met with in our schools and academies. Mr. Swinton's selections are from authors of acknowledged merit, who are, as far as possible, representative of epochs of English literature, their phases of style and distinctive literary methods. Under this plan a judicious choice has been made of examples from forty of the most eminent writers in our tongue, each of which has a claim to recognition founded on some intrinsic and peculiar quality—either its pathos, its beauty, its grandeur, its eloquence, or its exhibition of imaginative power. This is the literary side of the book; and it supplies a series of readings of the first quality, *in* rather than *about* literature, from Shakspeare's day

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[8] *Annotations Upon the Holy Bible.* Wherein the Sacred Text is Inserted, and Various Readings Annexed, together with the Parallel Scriptures, etc. By Matthew Poor. In Three Volumes. Royal 8vo, pp. 3077. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[9] *Vignettes in Rhyme, and Other Verses.* By Austin Dobson. Sq. 12mo, pp. 278. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[10] *Masterpieces of English Literature.* Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakspeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an Aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in High and Normal Schools, etc. By William Swinton. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, pp. 638. New York: Harper and Brothers.

till our own. As, however, the volume is designed to occupy a place at the meeting-point of literature and rhetoric, and to bring them into their natural relationship, each selection is furnished with what Mr. Swinton aptly styles "a working outfit" of definitions and principles, and of directions for the application of the canons of literary art to the analysis of the texts presented. This analysis comprises a great variety of exercises, grammatical and rhetorical, logical and etymological, and a large body of explanatory notes interpreting the several writers, and making clear their references and allusions. The great merit of the compilation, aside from the direct instruction it affords, is its influence to incite the scholar to further reading, and to create tastes that will make it impossible for him to remain in ignorance of the other works of the great writers to whom he is now first introduced.

A SERIES of small volumes upon some of the principal writers of classical antiquity is now issuing from the press, under the editorial supervision of Mr. John Richard Green, which deserves more than the passing notice we are able to give it. These books are equally intended for youthful students and for the general public who are interested in classical literature, and they are executed upon a uniform but not inflexible plan. Each of them gives a concise life of the author in hand, a brief abstract of antecedent and contemporaneous history, a general survey of his works, and a succession of brief special studies of his greatest productions, with estimates and synopses of them. The volumes in the series that have been published are *Euripides*,[11] by Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin University; *Vergil*,[12] by Professor Nettleship, of Oxford; and *Sophocles*,[13] by Professor Campbell, of the University of St. Andrews.

The Theory of Thought, a Treatise on Deductive Logic,[14] is in the main a reproduction of the old logic, or, as its author styles it, a restatement of the theory of Aristotle as colored by filtration through the mediæval mind. The treatise is not elementary in the sense of bringing the recondite subject of which it treats within the grasp of the immature and ignorant, but is so in the sense that it begins at the beginning, and assumes that the reader has no previous knowledge of the subject. An adherent, but not a blind follower, of Aristotle, Professor Davis does not hesitate to offer new views where they seem preferable to the old logic, although generally he aims at a clear, correct, and complete statement rather than at any modification of it. Distinguishing between science and art, that the one teaches us to know, and the other to do; that the one is a body of principles and deductions to explain some object-matter, and the other a body of precepts, with practical skill, for the completion of some work; the one deducing that something exists, with the laws and causes which belong to that existence, and the other merely teaching how something must be produced—Mr. Davis assumes that logic is not primarily nor even secondarily an art, but strictly a science, the object of which is to teach us how we do think, and how we must think if we would think correctly. Logic does not concérn itself with what things thought considers, but treats of thought regardless of its content; and therefore it is properly an abstract science—a science which abstracts from each and all the sciences, considers only what is common to all, is in similar and equal relation to all, and is fundamental to all. Mr. Davis draws freely from the works of standard modern philosophers, but while profiting by their researches, and frankly pointing out his obligations to them, still pursues distinct lines of statement, illustration, and exposition. It would be as unprofitable as unnecessary to give a summary of the treatise. It will be enough to say that Mr. Davis does not belong to the verbal nor to the phenomenal school of logic, but adopts and enforces the view of the Kantian or conceptional school. His treatise is written in terse and idiomatic English, its arrangement is so lucid that each of its steps seems to lead naturally to the one that follows, and it is as easy of comprehension as is compatible with the severity of its subject and the difficulties that are inseparable from close abstract thinking.

THE more closely one studies Miss Woolson's "Southern Sketches,"[15] the more perfect they seem: like a fine poem or painting, they improve upon acquaintance. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. She is a conscientious and true artist. Thoroughly loyal to art, she carefully elaborates the minor accessories, without sacrificing vigor or originality to mere finish; and the general effect of her stories is enhanced by her skillful blending of color and her admirably balanced arrangement of actors and scenery. Intensely realistic, she is never a literal copyist, but her pictures of real scenes and characters are invariably invested with an added beauty and picturesqueness through the agency of a fertile and trained imagination. This union of realism and idealism insures variety as well as grace to her compositions, since nature constantly suggests new and varying types and phases, and fancy as constantly gilds them with what Shakspeare calls its "heaven-

[11] *Euripides*. By J. P. MAHAFFY, A.M. 16mo, pp. 144. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[12] *Vergil*. By H. NETTLESHIP. 16mo, pp. 106. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *Sophocles*. By LEWIS CAMPBELL, LL.D. 16mo, pp. 157. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *The Theory of Thought*. A Treatise on Deductive Logic. By NOAH K. DAVIS. 8vo, pp. 316. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Rodman the Keeper*. "Southern Sketches." By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 18mo, pp. 339. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

ly alchymy." And thus it results that there is no monotony or repetition of herself in her numerous descriptions and portraitures, but each of the characters to whom she introduces us has a distinct individuality, and each of the scenes she reproduces its own peculiar details of outline, coloring, and atmosphere. The sketches —for so Miss Woolson modestly styles them— collected in this volume place their author in the first rank of writers in this line; nay, we know of no writer, English or American, whose short stories are so rich in description, so strong in their delineations of character, so opulent in narrative or dramatic interest, and so truly poetic in their settings and surroundings. Indeed, each of them is a genuine poem, noteworthy for the subtle delicacy of its fancy and for the weird and artistic indefiniteness of its dénouement.

Although we surely recognize the hand of the anonymous author of *A Foreign Marriage*,[16] we resist the temptation to impart the secret to our readers, lest we should rob them of whatever gratification there may be derived from guessing the writer for themselves. It is a clever and unconventional tale, whose interest turns upon the contrasted fortunes of two of its characters who are psychological opposites. Both are Americans, both make their first appearance on the scene in the same New England village, and both taste the bitter waters of penury—with widely different effects on each—in their early years. One of them is a girl of surpassing loveliness, with a native yearning, even in her penury, for whatever is rich, luxurious, graceful, and beautiful, and whose character and feelings, chameleon-like, take their hue from her immediate surroundings. Without strength or individuality of character, save a latent selfishness that betrays itself even in her kindliest actions, she is played upon by the impressions in accord with her temperament that are made upon her by the world around her, as an Æolian harp is played upon by the shifting currents of the atmosphere. True to her nature, alike in poverty and in affluence, she lives only in the present, without the desire or the capacity for anything higher than luxurious enjoyment. Even her love romance is only another manifestation of her dream life of sybaritic enjoyment, animal but not sensual in its kind, and which is only slightly rippled by ambitious suggestions when she loves and is beloved by and weds an Italian Antinous. The other principal character is a lad who, even when he was a shoe-maker's apprentice, had the instincts of an artist, loving beauty for its own sake, ever dreaming of it, and ever eagerly striving to reproduce it. Bursting the fetters of circumstance that bind the pinions of his genius, he makes his way to Florence, and by patient study and honest effort, aided by a passionate and loving devotion to his sole mistress, art, he wins renown as a sculptor. But if he is an artist, so is he also a man—strong in manliness and individuality, unselfish, generous, kindly, able to bear and forbear, quick to sympathize with the weak, stanch to his friendships, and under his rugged nature hiding depths of unexpected love and tenderness. The careers and the love romances of these two opposites, fledgelings, as it were, from one nest, are depicted with ingenuity and skill; and as the tale proceeds the author introduces us behind the scenes of Florentine art and society, opening the studio of the modern artist, describing with appreciative eloquence the mediæval architectural and pictorial glories of the "City of Flowers," lingering with pleasant garrulity on characteristic Florentine sights and scenes, and lifting the veil from the manifold phases of its social life.

Few words are needed for the remaining novels of the month. Of these the most meritorious is Mary Cecil Hay's genial tale *For Her Dear Sake*,[17] which, if less intense and passionate than the romances of Charlotte Brontë, and less graphic in its portraiture of character than the earlier novels of Mrs. Oliphant, surpasses all of them in story-telling power, in effective grouping of the *dramatis personæ*, and in the sustained sweetness and equal development of the plot. No modern writer rivals her in the faculty of portraying young and beautiful girlhood and budding womanhood. Her creations in this line are nearly perfect as works of art, and in the novel before us she excels herself in portraitures of this charming kind. The group of school-girls to whom she introduces us at the opening of the story is painted with rare grace and spirit, and the one of them who becomes the heroine of the drama is a highly attractive creation, interesting us at first by her arch *naïveté*, irrepressible brightness, and sweet willfulness, and as the story unfolds, impressing us profoundly by her self-devotion, her fortitude under cruel complications, her loyalty to those she loves, and her inflexible tenacity of purpose. Of course, when such a woman loves, she loves with all her soul, and in the present instance it is pleasing to know that she loves worthily, and is passionately loved in return.—Although Théophile Gautier's *Captain Fracasse*[18 19] has been thought worthy of translation by two different translators, and of publication by as many publishers, it is an exceedingly meretricious and ultra-French performance. Its staple attractions are of a highly melodramatic char-

[16] *A Foreign Marriage; or, Buying a Title.* A Novel. "Harper's Library of American Novels." 8vo, pp. 197. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *For Her Dear Sake.* A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Captain Fracasse.* By Théophile Gautier. Translated by M. M. Ripley. 16mo, pp. 411. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[19] The Same. Translated by Ellen Murray Beam. Sq. 12mo, pp. 532. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

acter—duels, fights, assassination plots, wanderings with strolling players, abductions, and love intrigues, slightly relieved by the vicissitudes of honorable love.—There is a certain crude power in Mr. William Osborn Stoddard's *The Heart of It*,[20] but, unfortunately for the reader, this power is exhibited spasmodically, and too often lapses into the melodramatic and sensational. Mr. Stoddard's style is too much in the vein of that affected by the enterprising reporter for the local column of a city newspaper, who is solicitous that his matter should be spicy rather than elegant or refined. Several of his descriptions of life and adventure in the Western mining wilds and of phases of St. Louis life are very spirited, but as a work of romantic art his book lacks unity, many of its incidents have no special relation to the course of the story, and would be as appropriate in any other setting or companionship, and the narrative excites only the mildest sort of interest.—Two small collections of sketches, *Tales of the Chesapeake*,[21] by George Alfred Townsend, and *Camp and Cabin*,[22] by Rossiter W. Raymond, deserve commendation. Mr. Townsend's sketches have an exceptional interest for the pictures of local life, manners, and character which they reproduce, and of local legendary or historic incident which they preserve. Mr. Raymond's brief tales are all of them spirited, and some of them elaborate studies of Western incident, characters, and scenery. More carefully finished than Mr. Townsend's, they have less crisp originality than his. Both are creditable contributions to our provincial dialect literature.—*Two Women*[23] and *Daireen*[24] are quiet but very pleasing variations on the old and inexhaustible theme "Love never did run smooth." The narrative of neither is embellished with any violent exaltations or depressions of passion, and both are gracefully written and pure in sentiment.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of April.—The following bills were passed in Congress during the month: Consular and Diplomatic Appropriations, House, March 30, $1,138,235; Senate, April 14, $1,146,135. Providing for a World's Fair to be held in New York in 1883, Senate, March 31; House, April 19; signed by the President, April 23. Immediate Deficiency Bill, Senate, April 1; House, April 23. Census Bill, conference reports adopted by Senate, April 12; House, April 13. Ratifying the agreement with the Utes, Senate, April 12. Army Bill, $26,425,800, House, April 13; Senate, April 22, with a rider forbidding the use of troops as a police force at the polls. Naval Construction Fund Bill, House, April 15. Authorizing the Howgate Arctic Expedition, House, April 15. Indian Appropriation Bill, House, April 17, with the amendment transferring the bureau to the War Department stricken out. Naval Appropriation Bill, $14,405,797 70, House, April 22. Post Route Bill, Senate, April 23.

The Senate, April 21, indefinitely postponed the Geneva Award Bill, by a vote of 32 to 28.

A commission, composed of Dr. James B. Angell (who is to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in place of Mr. Seward), John F. Swift, and William H. Trescott, was appointed by the President to secure a revision of the treaty with China.

State Conventions to nominate delegates to the National Conventions were held in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Connecticut, Iowa, Oregon, Louisiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Vermont, and Georgia.

The Rhode Island State election held April 7 resulted in no choice for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. The Republicans elected the other officers.

The elections for members of a new British Parliament resulted in the downfall of the Beaconsfield government. The Liberals, as far as reported, have a majority over the combined opposition (including Home Rulers) of about sixty members. The old Ministry resigned, and Mr. Gladstone was summoned by the Queen to form a new cabinet.

The German Reichstag has passed that part of the Army Bill fixing the strength of the army until March 31, 1888, at 427,270.

The British forces under General Stewart defeated the Afghans near Ghuznee, April 20, and killed more than a thousand of them.

The Chilian army suffered defeat at the hands of the Peruvians near Moquegua, losing over 1300 killed, besides wounded and prisoners.

The King of Burmah is reported to have sacrificed 700 men, women, and children by burying them alive under the palace walls.

DISASTERS.

March 9.—The entire business portion of Samaná, San Domingo, destroyed by fire.

April 1.—Colliery explosion, Anderlues, Belgium, forty-two lives lost.

April 9.—News of sinking of British steam-

[20] *The Heart of It.* A Romance of East and West. By William Osborn Stoddard. 12mo, pp. 438. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[21] *Tales of the Chesapeake.* By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). 16mo, pp. 285. New York: American News Company.

[22] *Camp and Cabin.* Sketches of Life and Travel in the West. By Rossiter W. Raymond. 24mo, pp. 243. New York: Ford, Howard, and Hulbert.

[23] *Two Women.* A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Daireen.* A Novel. By Frank Frankfort Moore. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 52. New York: Harper and Brothers.

er *Darita* by a collision on the river Danube. Sixteen lives lost.

April 13.—Eleven persons killed and several wounded by the explosion of a still in a creosote works, London, England.

April 17.—Giant-powder mill explosion near San Francisco, California. Between twenty and thirty men killed.

April 18.—Tornado swept over parts of Western and Southern States, destroying much property and killing many people. The town of Marshfield, Missouri, was totally destroyed. One hundred killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The town of El Paso, Arkansas, was also destroyed.

April 21.—Part of the roof and wall of Madison Square Garden, New York, fell while Hahnemann Hospital Fair was in progress. Four persons killed and several injured.

OBITUARY.

April 2.—In New York city, George A. Baker, artist, in his sixtieth year.—In Boston, Rev. George Punchard, author, and founder of the *Evening Traveller*, aged seventy-four years.

April 5.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Rear-Admiral Thatcher, aged seventy-four years.

April 6.—News of the death, in Moscow, Russia, of Henri Wieniawski, the famous violinist, aged forty-five years.

April 8.—At St. Marc, General Nicolas Nissage-Saget, ex-President of Hayti, aged seventy-two years.

April 14.—In New York city, Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., LL.D., aged sixty-eight years.—Robert Fortune, the Scotch botanist, aged sixty-seven years.

April 16.—In London, England, Dr. Edward V. H. Kenealy, M.P., aged sixty-one years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE GALLANT GARROTER.

AN OPERETTA. IN TWO ACTS AND FOUR SCENES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Augustus Montmorency, *the hero and virtuous villain.*
Timothy Trictrac, *a collector of curiosities.*
Hardbake Highflyer, *a cruel parent.*
Angelina Highflyer, *his daughter, a charming creature.*
Mrs. Soapsuds, *a washwoman of culture.*
Sally Soapsuds, *the washwoman's lovely daughter, also cultured.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A parlor in old Highflyer's *house. Enter* Angelina *and* Montmorency *from opposite sides. They stop, start, stare, then embrace. They separate again, and stand facing each other.*

Ange. Oh, joy! oh, bliss! my Montmorency's here!
Mont. My love, my dove, prepare to shed a tear.
Ange. I'd shed a thousand if it pleases thee.
Mont. Ah, c-r-u-el fate, to blight such constancy!
Ange. You're sad, my Montmorency; why, I pray?
Mont. My own, I interviewed your sire to-day—
Ange. You did? and he—
Mont. (*agitated*). Received my suit with scorn—
Nay, bade me from his presence to begone;
And when I would have pleaded— Dear, enough—
Your stairs are steep, your father's boot is tough.
Ange. (*shrieks; covers her face*). Not that! not *that!*
those fatal words unsay.
My sweet Augustus! *kicked!* oh, direful day!
Unnatural parent! Montmorency, sing;
Take from my bleeding heart its anguished sting.
Mont. Your lightest wish, my angel, I obey:
I'll warble for you this impromptu lay.
[*Takes paper out of his pocket, reads, and sings.*

Solo. Doomed from infancy to feel
This cold world's callosity,
Shabby garments may reveal
Impecuniosity.
Fashion may this hat deride, [*Points to his hat.*
Call this coat an article; [*Points to his coat.*
True the heart that beats inside—
True in every particle.
Chorus. True the heart that, etc.

Solo. Dark the sky that lowers above,
Fate is frowning gloomily,

"YOUR STAIRS ARE STEEP, YOUR FATHER'S BOOT IS TOUGH."

Yet I mean to win my love
Spite of cold contumely.
Honesty is always slow,
Its rewards precarious.
Bless me, dearest, ere I go
On my way burglarious.
Chorus. Bless {me, / you,} dearest, etc.

Ange. What mean you, Montmorency? pray explain
The dark resolve that agitates your brain.
Mont. Ask me not, Angelina. You say well.
My brow *is* dark, my purposes are fell;
I'm driven on—
Ange. To what?
Mont. Rash girl, forbear!
Ange. Nay, I insist.
Mont. 'Tis well! my secret share.
I have determined—hist! come closer—so—
To be—
Ange. Quick! quick!
Mont. A BURGLAR!
Ange. (*shrieks*). Oh! oh! oh!
Mont. When tolls the solemn clock the midnight hour,
When slumber's spell shall wrap you with its power,
When dream-land wooes you to its precincts sweet,
Disguised I'll sally forth; with footsteps fleet
I'll dodge the brave policeman—
Ange. Ah, beware!
Thoughts of your danger fill me with despair.
Mont. Courage, my angel! Fortune aids the bold.
When I've secured a store of gems and gold,
Thou'lt smile again. Now must I leave thee, dear.
Ange. But not without one song, thy heart to cheer.
[*She sings.*

What days I knew, when first, love, *you*
Like moth around a candle fluttered!
What plans and schemes, what brilliant dreams,
What charming nonsense then was uttered!
What songs we sung, when eye and tongue
Could lend to simplest words completeness!
What hours, as sweet as they were fleet,
That left a heart-ache with their sweetness!

Mont. 'Tis well! I thank thee for thy sweet, sweet song.
Adieu, my angel; I'll return ere long.
Ange. Farewell! nor on my pillow will I press
This aching brow, till sure of thy success!
[*They embrace; separate. At the sides they pause, groan, and return. Then hand in hand they sing.*

DUET.

Gayly the burglar sang,
Laden with spoil,
Stealing at break of day,
Home from his toil.
Bracelets and rings he brought—
Glittering store,

"BRACELETS AND RINGS HE BROUGHT—GLITTERING STORE."

Tenderly whispering,
Would I had more!
Chorus. Haste thee, then, burglar brave,
Ere night be o'er!

Sweetly the maiden smiled
On her brave knight,
Tenderly bound his head,
Cracked in the fight.
Bracelets and rings she took—
Proudly she wore,
Whispering anxiously,
Were there no more?
Chorus. Haste thee, then, etc., etc.
Some plaintive chords. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Same parlor. Enter Hardbake Highflyer. Angelina *follows. She is weeping.*

High. 'Tis all in vain, I tell you, daughter;
My power I'll exercise.
Restrain these tears that flow like water;
You'll only spoil your eyes!
Old Trictrac is your promised *sposa;*
To welcome him prepare.
I hold the purse, and that's a poser,
So cross me if you dare.
Ange. Cease, cease to aggravate my anguish—
What love, what grief is mine!
As Trictrac's bride I should but languish,
And for Augustus pine.
No, no, my gallant Montmorency
Will soon return to me;
Then, cruel sire, abate your frenzy,
For wedded we shall be.
High. Unnatural child! when tolls the hour of eight,
Trictrac will come, to hear from thee his fate.
Accept him, wealth and blessing I bestow;
Reject him, straightway from this house you go.
Ange. Alas! no, no.
High. Yes, out you go.
Ange. Then I must sink beneath this woe.
High. Obey, obey:
If "yes" you say,
My love shall smooth your onward way.

Enter Mrs. Soapsuds *and* Sally *with basket of clean clothes; they put the basket in the middle, and stand on either side.*

Mrs. S. Clothes white as snow;
You'll find them so.
Yes, Sally's done her part, I know.
Before our tubs
We stands and rubs,
And never minds our neighbors' snubs.
Sally. We cross the line,
And don't repine
At sprinkling when the weather's fine.
High. No sweeter lass
Before her glass
Has ever dreamed while moments pass.
Ange. to Sally. Your clothes are white,
Your eyes are bright,
Your heart is bounding with delight.
I fain would know
The reason, oh—
Mrs. S. Because she never had a *beau.*
All. Yes, yes, that's so;
Too well we know
That love doth keenest pangs bestow.
Sally. It may be so,
But I'd forego
My peace of mind to win a beau.
[*Plaintively.*
Mrs. S. Why, Sally dear,
What's this I hear? [*With amazement.*
High. Well, girls are all alike, that's clear.
All. No rub-a-dub
Before a tub
Can make a pretty girl a grub!
Ange. I pray thee, pretty Sally, let me hear
Thy voice again, thy dulcet notes so clear.

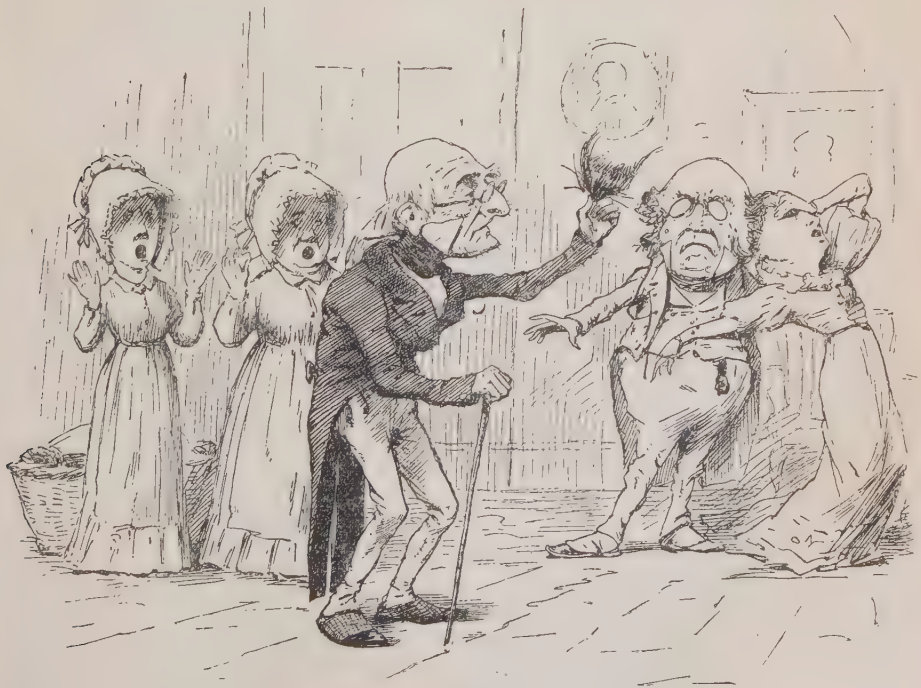
"CLOTHES WHITE AS SNOW; YOU'LL FIND THEM SO."

High. Yes, sing.
Ange. *Do* sing.
Mrs. S. Come, sing, child, or I'll scold.
Sally. My music isn't here. I've got a cold.
Ahem! Hear that! I'm hoarse as any crow.
High. Oh, sing!
Ange. Yes, do.
Sally. Well, once; then I must go.
I can't remember half a song, I know.
[*She sings.*

Ballad.

Fair Ethel sat in her brown-stone bower;
Young Harold knelt at her feet;
Love's bliss he painted with love's own power,
And his words were tender and sweet.

But a change came o'er the maiden's face;
No longer she bent to hear;
She flirted her fan with languid grace—
"What! *only twelve hundred a year!*



"SEE HERE! THIS TROPHY IN MY HANDS HE LEFT."

"Ah! love may do very well," quoth she,
"With plenty of money to spend;
But love on a *flat*—third story at that—
Would speedily come to an end."

Young Harold left her. Full soon there came
A suitor with locks of gray.
"I'll dower my bride with millions!" he cried—
So they settled the wedding day.

Fair Ethel dwells in a brown-stone bower;
Her bridegroom is wrinkled and old;
Her gems are rare, she has robes to spare,
But love can never be *sold!*

[*All applaud.* Sally *courtesies.*

High. A charming song, though with a silly ending.
Ange. New courage with my constancy is blending.
[*Aside.*

Enter Trictrac *hastily. All group around him.*

High. Trictrac! So soon! What makes you look so pale?
Tric. Give me but time, and I'll unfold a tale—
A direful tale. A villain came last night
To steal my treasures. By the moon's pale light
I watched him as he glided to and fro.
He filled his pockets—
Sally. Dreadful!
All (*with gestures*). Oh! oh! oh!
Tric. He fled; I followed; then upon the stair
He tripped and fell. I caught him by the hair.
Mrs. S. Brave man!
Sally. He's very valiant, I declare.
Tric. See here! this trophy in my hands he left.
[*Shows a mustache.*
Ange. Ah me! from Montmorency's lip 'twas reft!
Tric. You recognize it?
High. She but raves.
Ange. Not so.
That *dear* mustache—'tis scarce a month ago
Since first Augustus purchased it—on tick.
I told him then I feared it—wouldn't—stick.
[*She sobs violently.*
Tric. How lucky! Now you'll help me to recover
My things—
Ange. What! I? and criminate my lover?
Hard-hearted monster! think you I'll betray
My Montmorency thus? I tell you, NAY!
Tric. Is this the truth? Do you, then, love another?
My tender aspirations must I smother?
High. She *shall* be yours!
Ange. *She won't!*
Mrs. S. Oh my! oh my!
Sally. I'd like to soothe the gentleman. I'll try.
[*She sings.*

Song and Chorus.

Fortune's a washwoman: into her tub
She tumbles us all, with a rub and a scrub.
We're tousled about
In hot water and out,
Till it's no wonder that when we get through
With rubbing and scrubbing we're all rather blue.
Chorus. With a rub, rub, rub,
In a tub, tub, tub—
Rub-a-dub, scrub-a-bub—rub, rub, rub!

Love is a laundryman. Hearts, the poor things,
Sometimes he scorches, and sometimes he wrings;
Now hot, and now cold,
He keeps all, young and old;
When, in a tremor, they go pitapat,
He mangles them all, and leaves them so flat!
Chorus. With a rub, rub, rub,
In a tub, tub, tub—
Rub-a-dub, scrub-a-bub—rub, rub, rub!

(*During the chorus they all dance, and imitate motions of washing.*)

Tric. Thanks; I must go; I'll soon again be here.
Sally. He'll come again, but not *my* heart to cheer.
[*Aside.*
Mrs. S. Come, Sally, come; our washing waits, you know.
Sally. Yes, back to rub and scrub I fain must go.
All in chorus. With a rub, rub, rub, etc.
[*Exeunt omnes, still singing.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Room in Mrs. Soapsuds's *house. Enter* Angelina. *Speaks.*

Ange. Two anxious days have passed, and not a word
From darling Montmorency have I heard.
My heart misgives me. Hither have I come
To seek my lover in his humble home.

Enter Sally.

Sally. Miss Highflyer! Ah! I see: you came to bring
Some washing for my mother.
Ange. No such thing.
You have a lodger here—
Sally. I understand.
'Tis he to whom you've plighted heart and hand.
Thrice happy maid! then wherefore do you sigh?
And whence this tear-drop glittering in your eye?
Ange. (*sings*).

Song and Chorus.

Away from home I've dared to roam,
My father's anger spurning,
But find not here the one so dear,
And sadly I'm returning.
Chorus (*Sally joins*). Where'er we go, 'tis sweet to know
Love's flame is ever burning.
Oh, dark the day if he should stray,
From fond allegiance turning.
(*Sally joins.*) Fear not, for he is true to {thee, me,
And hope new strength is learning!
Chorus. Where'er we go, etc., etc.

Enter Montmorency *wildly.*

Ange. He comes!
Sally. He does!
Mont. My Angelina here!
'Tis well—for you shall weep beside my bier!
[Angelina *and* Sally *scream.*
Both. Oh! oo-h-o-o-h! what frightful words are these we hear!
Mont. My schemes are blasted—all my hopes have died,
And therefore I've resolved on *suicide!*
[*He takes a small vial from his pocket, uncorks, and tastes it.*
It's bitter—I'm afraid 'twill make me sick;
I'd like a tea-spoon and a glass—be quick! [*To* Sally.
[Angelina *and* Sally *seize him by the arms, and scream.*
He raises the vial.
Bring me a spoon, I say, or I may take
Too large a dose.
Ange. Oh! oh! my heart will break.
Mont. Unhand me, cruel creatures! Let me die.
Ange. Augustus dear, I won't!
Sally. No more will I.
Mont. (*sings*).

Song.

Man is a spinning-top,
Compassed with woes;
Gayly he twirls about,
Down then he goes!
Life is a lottery;
Round the wheel goes;
Blanks it deals out to us—
Plenty of those.
Woman's a will-o'-wisp;
Onward she goes;
We, blindly following,
Fall into woes.
Nothing is anything;
So I suppose
Everything's emptiness—
Here let me close!
[*He drops the bottle.*

"IT'S BITTER—I'M AFRAID 'TWILL MAKE ME SICK."

Ange. Tell me, please, in mournful numbers,
This is all a horrid dream;
Pinch me, wake me from my slumbers,
Say things are not what they seem.
Sally. Streets are long, but time is fleeting,
And my heart is brave no more;
Clubs, like muffled drums, are beating
Double-quick on yonder door. [*Noise outside.*
Ange. Stand not like bewildered cattle; [*Starting.*
Nearer, nearer, comes the strife;
Like a hero in the battle,
Fly, and save thy precious life!
[*Pushes* Montmorency *to the door.*
[*Loud noise outside. Exeunt.* Angelina *and* Sally *dragging* Montmorency.

SCENE II.

Parlor in Highflyer's *house, as before. Enter* Montmorency.

Mont. I come to bid a long, a last, good-by
To Angelina, ere from home I fly.
Gloom and despair are written on my brow.
[*Tragically.*
I care not what dark fate o'erwhelms me now.
Enter Angelina. *She starts and speaks.*
Ange. Augustus! Here once more! What bliss is mine!
Mont. Alas! I come my blisses to resign!
Ange. What mean you? Quick! those cruel words unsay!
Mont. I mean, my love, that I must run away.
Last week I robbed old Trictrac, as you know;
He's on my track—
Ange. No matter. Quickly go;
Employ a lawyer—never mind the fee.
Then plead emotional insanity.
I'll hide the stolen goods.
Mont. This crowns my woes.
I had to raise some cash, you may suppose,
And—
Ange. Oh, my prophetic soul, mine uncle!
Mont. Yes,
I've pawned them all, as you have seemed to guess.
Ange. Then sing, my love, and soothe my deep distress.
[*He sings.*
Mont. Afar from love and home
I'll be to-morrow—
Ange. (*joins*). Thy lot, alas! to roam,
And mine to sorrow!
Chorus. Though far {my / thy} steps may stray.
{My / Thy} heart returning,
Will bridge the longest way
With tender yearning.
Mont. In vain are sighs and tears
When fond hearts sever—
Ange. (*joins*). And darkly frown the years,
Uncertain ever.
Chorus. Though far my steps, etc.
Ange. My father comes! We're ruined! Fly!—Too late!
Mont. Then like a hero let me meet my fate!
Enter Highflyer *and* Trictrac. *They start.* Angelina *places herself before* Montmorency.
Tric. It is! [*Pointing to* Montmorency.
High. Ay, so it is!
Ange. It isn't!
Mont. No!
[*From behind* Angelina.
Tric. (*advancing*). Surrender, sirrah!
Mont. Thanks—I'd rather go!
High. Come, come! your prison waits.
Mont. *I'm* in no hurry.
Tric. Vile caitiff—
Mont. There, there! *don't* get in a flurry!
[*During the next lines* Highflyer *and* Trictrac *step forward,* Angelina *and* Montmorency *backward, but very slowly, reciting.*
Ange. Forbear, I pray.
Tric. 'Tis all in vain.
High. Come, come away.
Mont. I must refrain.
Ange. With tears I plead.
Tric. Then plead no more.
High. He's doomed indeed.
Mont. Yes, luck is o'er.
[*A noise outside. All pause and listen. Enter* Sally Soapsuds.
Sally. My friends, pray calm your agitation,
And listen to my lay—
The most astounding revelation,
As you will doubtless say.
[*All gather around her in an attitude of attention.*

As o'er my tub I bent, this morning,
This *vest* I washed with care,
For oft that manly breast adorning,
The same I'd seen him wear.
[*Producing a dilapidated white vest. Points to* Montmorency.
'Twas done, and ready for the drying,
When something seemed amiss,
And in the left-hand pocket prying,
Why, I discovered *this*.
[*Unfolds an immense document with large red seals. Sensation. All bend over it.*

Mont. Now I am blest!
Tric. And I too!
High. (*claps his hand over* Trictrac's *mouth*).
Trictrac, stop!
His lordship speaks. What words of wisdom drop
From lordly lips! and see with what an air
He levels full at us his high-bred stare!
[*All look admiringly at* Montmorency. *He stares in return.*

Song.

All. Now our woes in joy are ended,
All our past mistakes are mended,

"WHY, I DISCOVERED THIS."

High. What does this mean? Can I believe my eyes?
My dear young friend, this *is* a glad surprise!
In my unworthy fingers let me take
Your noble hand, and give it one warm shake.
[*Offers his hand.*
Tric. (*reads*). "*Augustus Montmorency, son and heir*
Of Viscount Addlepate, of Castle Clare."
Ange. My own Augustus! Well, I always knew
That fate held something great in store for you!
[*Fondly.*
Mont. Then since you've found it out, I won't deny
My name is noble and my lineage high,
The scion of an ancient house—
High. 'Tis plain!
Blue is the blood that courses through each vein.
A lord! and I was fool enough to say
That my dear girl must turn this lord away!
Let me repair the wrong I did before—
Bless you, my children, bless you evermore!
[*Joins their hands.*
Tric. You give away my promised bride?
High. Hush! hush!
Your want of breeding, Trictrac, makes me blush.
Tric. Since Angelina's lost to me, I'll choose
Another mate. Miss Sally, don't refuse!
[*Takes her hand.*
Sally. Refuse, dear Mr. Trictrac? Never fear!
I'll wring your bosom, while your heart I cheer!

Trictrac *and* Sally *on left.* Montmorency *and* Angelina *on right.* Highflyer *in middle.*

Happy lovers we!
Love has left no room for sighing,
Sweet the moments past us flying—
Touched with ecstasy.

Sally. I must from my wash-tub sever,
Rub and scrub no more forever—
All. Happy maiden she!
Sally's won a wealthy suitor,
Loveliness her only tutor,
Artless, as you see.

Ange. To my lover reunited,
Vows and hearts forever plighted,
Happy I must be!
All. Yes, oh yes, mistakes are mended,
All our woes in smiles are ended—
Happy, happy we!

High. Blest are these four swains. I, only,
Stand between them, sad and lonely—
[Mrs. Soapsuds *enters from back.*
Mrs. S. Happy you shall be!
Here's a fond heart for your pining!
[*Takes his hand.*
Ever with your own entwining—
All. Happy couples three!
Highflyer *embraces* Mrs. Soapsuds. *Tableau. All stand thus:*

Highflyer—Mrs. Soapsuds.
Trictrac—Sally. Montmorency—Angelina.

Curtain drops.

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"THE VIOLET GIRL."

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

IT is almost too soon to write of William Morris Hunt. Still the sweet humanity of his presence is about us, and scarcely is the paint dry on his last work. His pictures collected in the Art Museum of Boston, three hundred and twenty-one in number (this paper is confined to a consideration of the first exhibition—there

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was afterward an exhibition of works belonging to the estate in his late studio), were but half the productions of his industrious brush and pencil. In any profession nothing more distinguishes the great man from the amateur or the *soi-disant* "genius" than the power and desire to work. All the greatest men have been the greatest workers. The divine spark is denied the sluggard.

Fifty-five years old at his death, and looking older for his magnificent white beard and his bald head, which was so delicately modelled that it could well afford the display, he was really young in heart, though life had borne hardly upon him; young in mind, with that youth which proved him truly an artist, and without which no man's perceptions are keen enough and unsophisticated enough to bring him properly into the world of art. One can not look at his work, stretching over the space of thirty years, without feeling that the quality was not only not exhausted, but perhaps only half expressed. One apprehends a rich reserve.

Hunt stands in a small and radiant company. Here in his own country there are but three names that may be spoken with his, though we go back through all the years since we have had a country or any art, and though we do not forget the occasional brilliant successes of Elliott, and the subtle, sensitive, but untrained hand of Inman. He used to say, "If I had lived abroad, I might have been a painter." He has needed a public. Sympathetic in temperament, not self-poised, living in the sunshine of his fellow-creatures' affection only, he has had a faithful little band of followers, while the wide public have slept unconscious that they had him in their midst.

To the young artistic life of America, Hunt has been the strongest influence. To-day it places flowers before his portrait—that canvas which holds his last brush-mark—and it speaks his name to the tender generation that springs up behind it. In Boston he has been the fountain-head of art feeling and thought. He gave his life for it. He brought to it the wisdom of his European masters. If the pupils whose work to-day does him honor are but two or three, it is to be said that people of talent are, alas! not common, and can not be *made*, only born, and that there is not one of his little army of followers whose life was not enriched by what they learned of him.

The task of adequately treating Hunt's work is very difficult, for it is very various. It makes one wonder at the similarity in the work of the mass of his pupils, for it is impossible to say which of his styles is most his own.

His masterly drawing probably owes something to the fact that at first for five years he modelled. Sculpture must be ever the backbone of art, and where it is neglected, art will be weak. The little model of horses led by a male figure with an inverted torch, a study for his "Anahita," afterward rechristened "The Flight of Night," shows that his research in this direction was very thorough. He began his studies abroad at an early age.

It is interesting to see how the work that last brought him vividly before the public, his frescoes at Albany, in the Statehouse (one of which is the "Flight of Night"), holds the end of the thread that binds his first work to his last; for a sketch of this subject, painted upon a small Japanese tea-tray, and framed in dull gold velvet, hanging in the room with the charcoals and pastels, is a reproduction of his earliest work, a colossal sketch that hung in his old studio, which was burned in the Boston fire.

This large sketch was like the small in every detail, and the small one painted very soon after it. He called it then "Anahita" (the Persian Goddess of the Moon). A beautiful female figure seated upon bats' wings, which are as sails to her cloudy chariot, is relieved against the horn of the crescent moon. Her horses plunge downward, and are led by a dusky male figure on the left, while on the right, Sleep, with children folded in her arms, floats recumbent.

This design is the mother of all the others of this subject, which differ more or less from it in detail, as in the large sketch in the Boston exhibition, where the moon and clouds have given place to a blaze of sunlight as the background of the principal figure. But whatever change it passes through, we still find it the finest of all Hunt's work. Unfortunately we have not seen it on the wall at Albany, where it must gain a great advantage in the colossal size it takes.

It shows more distinctly than any of his works the possibilities that our young country never gave him room to develop.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

It seems as if we had wanted walls all these years, not to hem in, but to liberate our artists of talent. We have not known here what could be done till we believed that we need not seek fame alone through the confining limits of a cabinet picture.

Out of Hunt's experience of mural decoration at Albany he seems to have evolved a quite new method of painting. Whether his paint really is mixed with the wax he uses in the wall painting, or if it only looks so, we can not decide. It is easier to analyze his latest paintings, shown in the exhibition in Boston —his own portrait, and one of "Tom in a Felt Hat," No. 23 in the catalogue, the property of Mr. Quincy Shaw. The effect of the latter picture (through very dissimilar methods) is a little Rembrandtish. The paint is rough in parts, almost looking combed, in parts laid smooth as with a palette-knife, the particles of color very separate. One may find pure yellow, pure blue, pure red, here and there.

Certainly one is impressed with this

method being not a groping nor a reckless one, but one of very deliberate intention. At first sight we find it not so fascinating as some subtler means. But since across the room the portrait head of Hunt himself, while not crude or obtrusive, appears more real and solid than the heads of the spectators who stand near it, we must admit its power, and wonder to what lengths it might have been carried.

Hunt was a pupil of Couture while still a very young man, and probably Couture has had no pupil who has done such justice to his methods. The "Prodigal Son," painted in 1849, was the first expression of his Couture training—very much like that master's best period, and yet full of original impulse and pathos and beauty. In some ways it has the faults and inequalities of youth. The composition is charming, and the expression very simple and intense. The grace and lightness of the figure in the background contrast very dramatically with the intense vigor of the Prodigal's figure. The old man is the least strong, yet his attitude and expression are very pathetic. The "Fortune-Teller," again, of the Couture period, is another of his young works. Here are one or two faults of drawing, but the arrangement of light and shade and the composition are delightful, as well as the naïve expression of infancy in the child. A young mother, holding her boy on her knee, persuades him to stretch out his palm to the investigating finger of a gypsy crone, who tells his fortune.

Leaving Couture, Hunt studied with Millet, and here we feel the strongest influence. His "Girl with the Cat," sometimes called the "Infanta," owned by Mr. Edmund Dwight, is like the most beautiful stage of Millet's work. It reminds us of Millet's "Sheep-Shearing"; it reminds us more of nature, and of all tender musical harmonies. The face and hands are exquisitely drawn and painted, and with charming simplicity the pink drapery, and the little striped lining, blue and yellow, that peeps out in two places. We can find no fault with this picture either in figure or background, which is extremely atmospheric. To us it seems the best picture in all the collection, after the "Flight of Night." Even the colossal grandeur of the portrait of Judge Shaw does not win us away from it.

Here we come to a middle period, one influenced by neither of his masters, wholly his own in treatment; a figure as classic in its "dress suit" as if it wore a toga; a portrait of a stout, middle-aged man, with all the experience of life in his face.

For strength and impressiveness this must stand alone, and it seems difficult to believe that it is by the same hand as the delicate, fascinating portrait of a lady owned by Mr. S. G. Ward, of New York, that is like an old-fashioned miniature, evasive as a dream, and almost timid in handling. The face, most sensitively modelled, is even stippled.

To return for a moment to his work with his European masters. His work with Millet and Couture is very interestingly contrasted in his "Marguerites"—two pictures painted on the same outline, one with Couture, and one with Millet. A woman, with the back turned to the spectator, stands in a field of wheat, and plucks the leaves from a daisy she holds.*

The first has all the brilliancy of Couture's flesh, the bold, obvious handling. It takes the eye far more than its gentler sister; but it is not long before we admire more the tender subtlety of the one influenced by Millet, which has the moderation of nature, and seems bathed in a sweet mellow glow.

The larger number of Hunt's pictures at the Boston exhibition were portraits. Indeed, one wonders, seeing the "Flight of Night," that the ideal pictures are so few. Was it because the artist was not sufficiently self-poised, and was almost too easily impressed with what was before him, too much so to find time for those more developed impressions that we call imaginations? for, except one tiny sketch in the Couture style of a woman in white, with lovely bare shoulders and arms, carrying a child and leading another through a wood, there is nothing but the landscapes (which are very beautiful), and the studies for the "Flight of Night," a trumpeter, the "Fortune-Teller," and the "Prodigal Son," that are anything else than portraits.

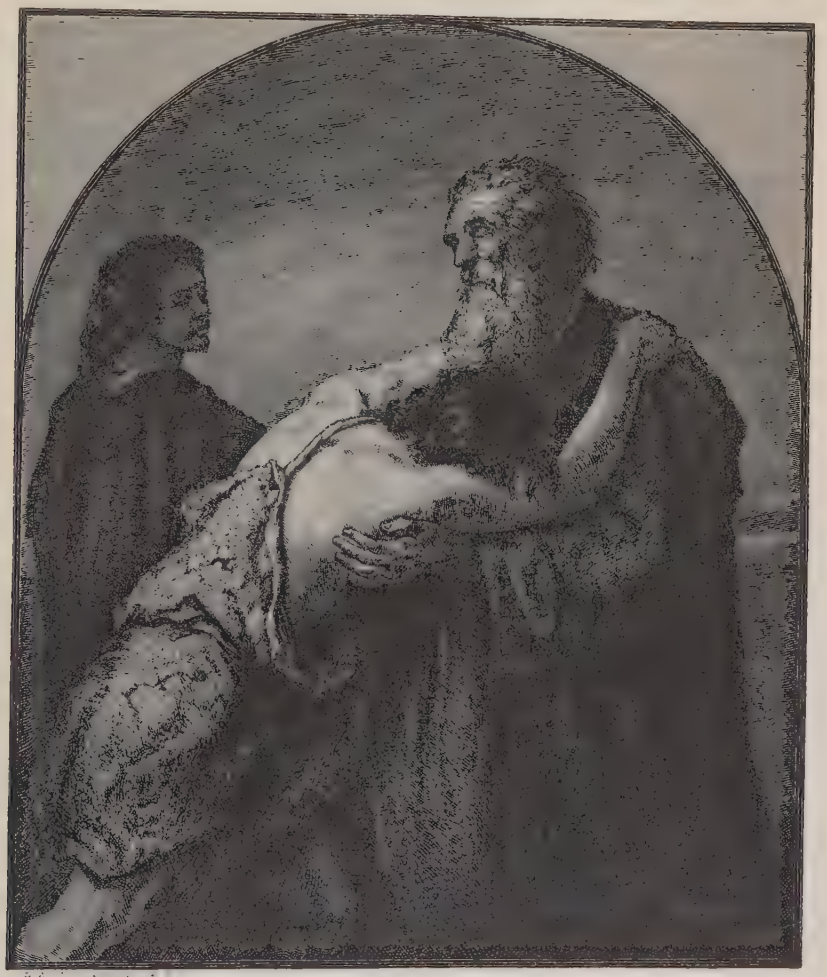
Even the "Violet Girl," also of the Millet period, is much like a portrait. We do not forget that the fame of many of the old masters rests chiefly upon their

* An engraving from Hunt's picture, "Marguerite," was given in "Present Tendencies of American Art," in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1879.

portraits, and that this branch of art is not, as is often ignorantly supposed, one of the least, but is really one of the greatest, when we ascribe to Hunt the *first place* among all our portrait painters.

Many of his finest portraits were not in the Boston collection; but those that were gathered there were quite overwhelming in their force and individuality. That of Mr. Schlesinger, hanging near Hunt's own, bold, brilliant, rich, would be alone enough to establish his place among the portrait painters of Europe and America; and yet the Judge Shaw is finer; and a tenderly painted little girl in a wood, and another in a white dress, standing, are in their way as good, more exquisite, and in method apparently quite unrelated to it.

We have often heard complaint of Hunt's want of color, and truly it is an objection that may justly be made to some of the pictures; for instance, a lady in black, with a little boy in gray, who clings to her hand, with his face raised to her. In color it is cold and harsh. But it is hardly a fair complaint against a man who has given the cold and colorless things among those of almost every other style. We could almost say that Hunt has tried every key, run the gamut of color, so are we impressed with his versatility in this direction; and yet that there are subtleties of color in a broader range than



"THE PRODIGAL SON."

"GIRL WITH THE CAT."

he has tried, Allston and Lafarge have shown us.

For tone nothing can be better or more lovely than the "Girl with the Cat," but though pink, yellow, and blue occur, they are all in fact yellow inclining to these colors. We ask no more as we look at it, but we recognize that color may be like a symphony which employs all the instruments in a grand harmony, and that to arrange the theme thus is a mightier triumph of art than to compose it for one violin, though the one violin in the hand of a master may sweep us into the tenderest mood.

Free and various, then, as a colorist, admirable in tone, we can not yet place Hunt first among our colorists. Allston and Lafarge must rank him.

As a draughtsman no one is better, and this gives him, along with his keen susceptibility, a great power as a portrait painter. He seems to know the whole range of human emotion. The subtlety and tenderness in some of his women's faces, the innocence and pathos of his children, the complexity of the man of the world, the power and impulse of genius—all these we note as we turn from portrait to portrait. He was not an artist who painted but one face, as some weaker men. He seems to have looked at his sitter with no prejudice, and painted him as he really was.

BY-PATHS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

HERE is the summer holiday again. What shall we do with it?

It is not more than a dozen years since the hard-worked New-Yorker or Philadelphian with small income made up his mind that the summer holiday, which was an indulgence to his well-to-do neighbor, was a necessity for himself—as much of a necessity in the work of the year as the hours for sleep are in the work of the day. So far so good. Now that he is convinced of that, he takes his holiday; but he is not yet used to it. He carries the luxury uneasily; it discomforts him; he does not know how to use it. Having but

the one chance to be idle in the year, he is captious about the idleness, and scared lest he may not enjoy every moment of it.

He knows what he wants very well. He and his wife and children are talking about that at this very moment in a hundred thousand places. He will tell you that he is not hard to please. There are certain essentials, to be sure, which he must have when he leaves home for enjoyment: sublime scenery, pure air, no mosquitoes, plenty of game, milk, fruit, and eggs, congenial society, spring mattresses, well-cooked meals, and little to pay at the end of the week—give him these, and he is satisfied. Where he shall go to find them, and, after he has gone, how he was cheated while he was there, afford him matter for grumbling from May until December.

Now his French or German cousin over the sea has a hundred holidays in the year. He knows how to bring the flavor out of every drop in the orange. He drifts into idleness easily, without thought. When his fête comes, he goes, for a few francs, with his sweetheart or wife, a mile or two out of town. They joke and laugh. The sun shines, the wind blows—it is all good. It rains, it is dusty—but they joke and laugh all the same. They criticise nothing. How good it all is!

But as for our American, a corn-husk bed, or a mosquito in the woods, will overturn a whole summer's airy fabric of happiness. In his anxiety lest he should not seize the best chance of enjoyment, he is apt to follow the largest crowd. He goes to Niagara, to Cape May, the Adirondacks, or to some one of the countless pasteboard mansions or hot farm-houses in the suburbs of the cities. He tells you that his object is rest and freedom, but the chances are that he leaves both behind in his house in town. There he could wear his old slippers; he chose his own companions; he held such habits and opinions as suited him; he was the MacDonald, and where he sat was the head of the table. But in every one of these summer homes society tramples him down. It is often a little clique of which he never heard before, "without father, mother, or descent." He may laugh at it as vulgar and ignorant, but it is master of the position; he is not. In the hottest months of the year, when even the beasts in the field lie down to rest, it forces upon him a hurly-burly of fashion gossip, dress, outlay, and weariness, which at home he can manage to shut outside of his own door. He goes back, as a rule, to his shop or office, his gas pipes and family table, unrefreshed, and glad that the holiday is over. But, after all, he goes with the crowd the next year. The average American is afraid not to move with the crowd.

The history of all summering-places is alike. An adventurous artist usually ventures into a new field, and whispers his discovery to his friends. Scenery is well-nigh as popular a hobby just now as household decoration. After him come pell-mell the would-be æsthetics, and later the mere fashionables, as the flock follows the tinkle of the bell-wether, and up go the mammoth hotels as fast as mushrooms spring on a May morning on betramped sheep-walks.

During the last two or three summers, a few adventurers, having an uneasy drop of vagabond blood fermenting in them, have set out from New York each season in a different direction, trying to solve for themselves this problem of summer holidays. The first year they took the train for Baltimore at Jersey City. Dr. Mulock, who led the party, explained their object to a friend whom he met on the cars.

"We want to find a place where an overworked, tired man, with small means, in his fortnight or three weeks of vacation, can repair the damage done to mind and body during the rest of the year. He must have absolute rest; he must have the stimulus of novelty in scenery and people, and he must have a glimpse of real untamed Nature. California, the Yellowstone, and Upper Canada, you understand, are all barred out, as requiring too much time and money."

"It really does not matter where you go," said his friend Morley, "since you can not cross the water. You will find no novelty in scenery or people in this country. Suppose you went to Pike's Peak, or the Grand Cañon, or Mount Desert, take my word for it, you would find the same rocks and trees, the same yellow wooden villa, intelligent shop-keeper, trig young woman belted into a linen duster, collecting material for a magazine article, that you left behind you in New York."

The young woman sitting behind the Doctor eyed Mr. Morley anxiously as he talked. This journey was an expedition to

her: they were an exploring party. She had observant, quick, imaginative eyes. She was a person who could find more strange bits of human history, more suggestions of adventure, in a morning's ride in the horse-cars, than Morley would do in a tour through all Europe.

"When a man finds life all of one color," the Doctor's wife said, blandly, "the inference is that he is color-blind, Mr. Morley. As for finding the place we want near home, we remembered Hawthorne's hero. You know he searched all over the world for a treasure which was to be marked by a certain word—'Effode'—dig; and when he came back, there it was cut on his own door-post; and below, the treasure!"

Mr. Morley bowed politely, but turned again to the Doctor. He had an unconquerable dread of these middle-aged feminine "conversationists," who have not a shifting bit of coquetry left out of their youth to soften their cleverness. "Where do you go, Mulock?" he said.

"I don't know. We've taken passage for Cumberland. Swung off loosely into space, and trusting to fate to bring us up."

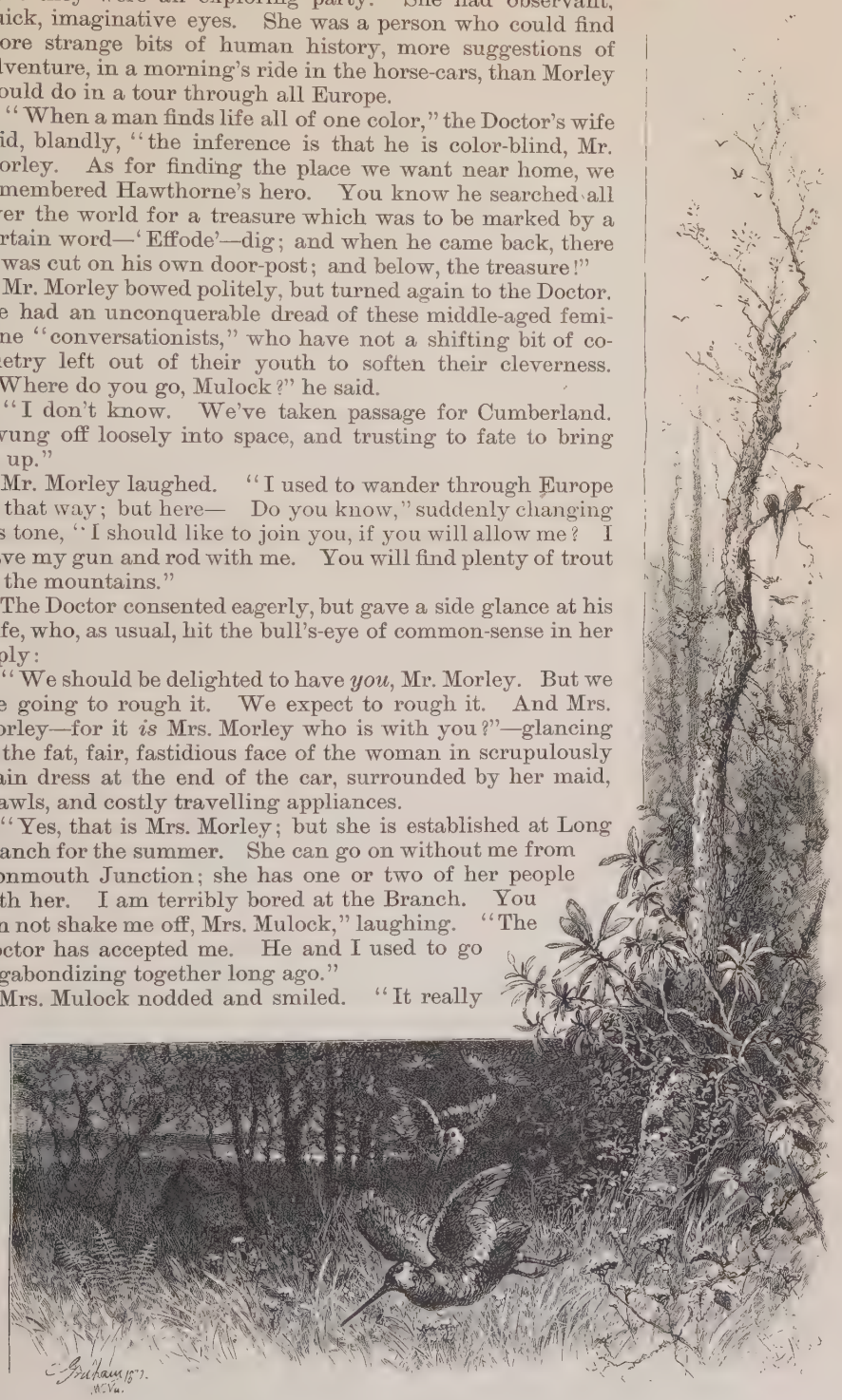
Mr. Morley laughed. "I used to wander through Europe in that way; but here— Do you know," suddenly changing his tone, "I should like to join you, if you will allow me? I have my gun and rod with me. You will find plenty of trout in the mountains."

The Doctor consented eagerly, but gave a side glance at his wife, who, as usual, hit the bull's-eye of common-sense in her reply:

"We should be delighted to have *you*, Mr. Morley. But we are going to rough it. We expect to rough it. And Mrs. Morley—for it *is* Mrs. Morley who is with you?"—glancing at the fat, fair, fastidious face of the woman in scrupulously plain dress at the end of the car, surrounded by her maid, shawls, and costly travelling appliances.

"Yes, that is Mrs. Morley; but she is established at Long Branch for the summer. She can go on without me from Monmouth Junction; she has one or two of her people with her. I am terribly bored at the Branch. You can not shake me off, Mrs. Mulock," laughing. "The Doctor has accepted me. He and I used to go vagabondizing together long ago."

Mrs. Mulock nodded and smiled. "It really



WOODCOCK.

could not be helped, Sarah," she said to the young girl behind her, when he was gone. "He may turn out a better comrade than he looks."

"It does not matter," said the girl. "I am not going to let any trifles annoy me on this my first journey away from home," looking out again quickly lest a house or barn should fly past unseen.

"He is a married man, that is one comfort," thought Mrs. Mulock, looking at her charge. "I want no love-making or complications of that sort on this expedition."

Mr. Morley, when he saw her speak to Miss Davidger, was inclined to draw back. "I did not know that there was a young woman in the party," he said, presently, to Mrs. Morley. "It is too warm weather to be making the perpetual genuflections which a girl of that age expects."

JUDGE HIXLEY.

Mrs. Morley looked at Sarah. "She will not be exigent, Robert," she said, good-humoredly. "There is no self-consciousness in her face. A little too pronounced in character, perhaps; but they are all that."

By "they" she meant American women. She was a Chicagoan, but had lived fifteen months in Paris.

Our explorers reached Cumberland by noon of the next day. "We will push on at once for the mountains of West Virginia," said the Doctor, as they ate their luncheon. "They are unknown to Northern tourists, and therefore we may hope to find more game, trout, and cheaper board there than in the White or Adirondacks."

Bituminous coal was the aggressive fact of the journey just now. The low brick houses were streaked with smoke; puddles of black, greasy mud lay in the streets; every grape leaf and rose in the pretty little gardens bore its load of powdery soot. But the sudden splendors of the sky atoned for the filth under foot. When the sun went down or rose, the black drifting smoke-clouds took rich deep hues, which Sarah had never seen in the sky near to the coast; they built themselves up into fantastic ramparts of ruby or gleaming amethyst, or rolled in a golden surf high up against the west, going out into darkness after sunset.

In an hour after leaving Cumberland, Morley, who was asleep, was startled by a sudden scurry of the passengers to one side of the car, and a cry of "The mountains! the mountains!"

They had rushed, without any warning, into a wilderness so savage that even the phlegmatic American traveller was startled out of his ordinary composure. The track stretched like a thread along the edge of a stupendous gorge; opposite, a beetling range of peaks struck straight up into the cloudy sky. The effect of vastness and impregnable solitude was so sudden and electric that Morley, who had been nodding and thinking over the last game of euchre, caught his breath, and felt himself belittled and ashamed, he knew not why.

The Doctor bustled in. "Tremendous, eh? I've been out on the platform. Nothing like this on our side of Mason and Dixon's line. The train looks like a spider creeping along a gossamer thread. Just met Judge Hixley. Used to be a famous duellist before the war—fire-eater, and so on. Never killed anybody. Virginia duels were generally flashes in the pan. He's settled down to farming in a small way somewhere back on these hills. Plenty of game, he tells me—woodcock, wild turkeys, pheasants. Deer and bear are scarce now within hearing of the locomotive whistle. Here he is."

The Judge was a bilious, wizened little man in a well-worn frock-coat, buttoned *à la militaire*, and muddy top-boots, with an unfinished-looking face, which might have been hastily moulded with any pair of nut-crackers out of very sallow clay. He bowed with profound deference to the ladies, and shook hands impressively with Morley.

"Ah! you admire our scenery? I am glad of that—I am very glad of that," with a tone of relief, as though the mountains had been waiting, incomplete, since creation's day for their approval. There was a slow deliberation, a gravity, in his

deference to them which brought the blood to the faces of both the Northern women. Mrs. Mulock, who had seen a good deal of the world, thought that she never had been tendered as fine a flower of courtesy as in the manner of this shabby, sad-eyed little gentleman; and Sarah Davidger, in five minutes, began to suspect that she had never been just to the South in that business of the war, and to wish she could hear the other side of the story fairly.

"Yes," said the Judge, "the deer and bear have been driven from the line of the railway. But you will find bear, and the great gray wolf, and pahnthers bahck in the Wilderness, or Ca-na'an, as the people up thar call it. Not many deer: the pahnthers kill the fawns when they come down to water."

"Panthers!" cried Mrs. Mulock. "Oh, we must certainly go to Ca-na'an, George."

"Where is this Wilderness?" asked the Doctor. "We are in search of primitive nature."

"You will find it primitive enough," the Judge replied, his owl-like eyes fixed on Sarah's rosy, excited face. "The Wilderness comprises seven hundred square miles of virgin forest, which will be a mine of wealth in timber some day, when it is opened up by a railway. The North Branch of the Potomac takes its rise thar, and the Cheat. Toh reach it, you must stop at Oakland, hire a wagon toh take you toh Fort Pendleton, and from thar take guides and pack-horses."

Mrs. Mulock hastily began to gather up her shawls. "We will stop at Oakland, George."

The train grated along the track, and halted. The Doctor began to stammer with alarm and perplexity. "Panthers? Pack-horses? Be patient, my dear; this is not Oakland."

"No," said the Judge. "But I advise you toh stop here overnight. This is Deer Park, a favorite mountain resort for fashionable people from Baltimore, Cumberland, and Wheeling. You Northerners know nothing of our summer haunts. If you came among us more freely, it would tend toh restore the old friendly feeling."

"Of course it would," said Mrs. Mulock, her color rising warmly. "I'm sure I'm willing to do my part. Come, Sarah. Mr. Morley, we are going to stay at Deer Park overnight, and go on to Oakland in the morning;" and she swept out of the car, meekly followed by her suite.

Deer Park is a hotel perched on a lofty plateau of the Blue Ridge, surrounded by a few picturesque cottages. A soft rain was falling as they crossed the lawn before it. The far-off peaks were hooded in clouds, and rivers of gray mist swept through the valleys. Inside they found brilliantly lighted rooms, a corps of white-cravatted negro servants, elegantly dressed women, pianos, art needle-work, and gossip. Mr. Morley met half a dozen acquaintances whom he had last seen in London or Rome. They reminded each other, as usual, of how small the world was, and how impossible to hide in it from one's acquaintances.

Our friends took the train the next day to Oakland—a drowsy little village, ramparted about with wooded heights. More hotels, more negro waiters, more women with dresses fresh from New York modistes promenading the weedy street past the station.

"I told you so," said Mr. Morley. "On every American height there dwells not repose, but society. Beyond this, the Judge tells me, are Cranberry Summit, and other summits and peaks, where you can find pure air, bold mountain scenery, and especially the best of hotels."

"But that sort of thing is not what we came to find," said Mrs. Mulock. "It is not new, it is not cheap, and it is not Nature."

"Just hired a team to take us all up into the mountains, for four dollars," cried the Doctor, hurrying up. "Come, come! All ready? Storm rising off to the north-'ard."

Outside stood a couple of stout mules harnessed to what appeared to be an undertaker's wagon, with the curtains flapping in rags. A gaunt young Marylander, whom the Judge hailed as Mr. Slater, in dirty gingham shirt and patched canvas trousers, sat lazily holding the reins, squirting tobacco, and looking good-humoredly down on them as from some inaccessible social height.

"Poor wretch!" said Mrs. Mulock, watching him irritably. "Did you ever see such intolerable complacency? His very nose seems to thrust aside the common air. All Murray Hill and Beacon Street would not furnish as much arrogance as is in that nose. Is he anybody in particular?"

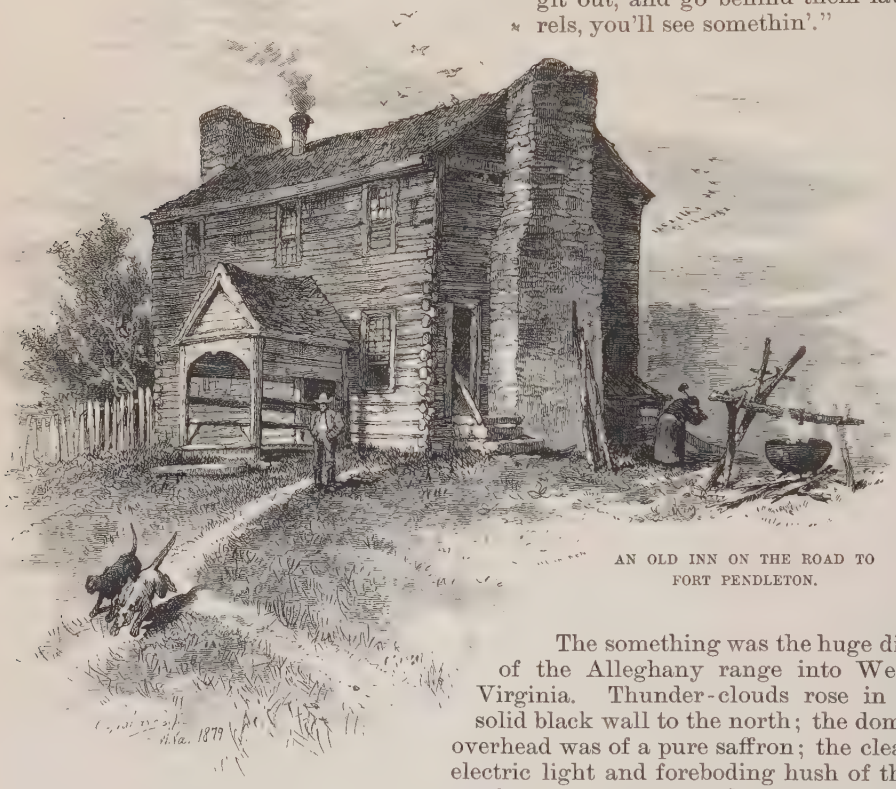
"Nobody," said the Judge. "He will tell you in a few minutes that his fahmily

were impohverished by the wah. But really they never had anything to lose. He has taken the wah for twelve years as a platform for his idleness. Thah are too many like him among us. But you will hear little of the wah, madam, from the men who fought in it, and who lost by it," he added, gravely.

Their road that afternoon led up and up and up through sombre forests. There are here few glimpses of airy distances, and no wide exhilarating views, as in the Upper Alleghanies, of low valleys, winding rivers, and comfortable villages. There is now and then a clearing, it is true; but the rough logs of the houses and shackly out-buildings look like the temporary camp of somebody whose dwelling is elsewhere. A Pennsylvania farm, with its red-roofed barns and teeming breath of affluence and comfort, harmonizes the hills, and brings the meaning of home into them. But these uncivilized dwellings are alien and discordant with the woods.

The woods in this division of the Alleghanies are so vast and engrossing as to be oppressive. It is not peak nor valley whose influence you feel, but a nightmare of trees stretching from horizon to horizon. When you have jogged on through them past the first sky-line, new horizons open of interminable hills shouldering hills, lifting to the skies the same monotonous growth.

Just before sunset, Mr. Slater pulled up in the midst of a laurel thicket. "We're on the top of the Backbone of the Alleghanies now. If you like to git out, and go behind them laurels, you'll see somethin'."



AN OLD INN ON THE ROAD TO FORT PENDLETON.

The something was the huge dip of the Alleghany range into West Virginia. Thunder-clouds rose in a solid black wall to the north; the dome overhead was of a pure saffron; the clear electric light and foreboding hush of the coming storm were on the vast heaving sweep of land, with its soft shades of green, through which the Cheat River coiled like a shining thread.

They had scarcely climbed again into the wagon when the storm burst on them, settling, as night fell, into a drenching rain. They were all soon soaked to the skin; the rags of curtains flapped at either side; the mules' feet came down, hour after hour, with a steady "squash" into the mud; but through it all the driver whistled cheerfully, stopping now and then until a flash of lightning would show him the track.

THE REGIMENT AT FORT PENDLETON.

"We are going deeper and deeper into the Wilderness," cried Mrs. Mulock at last. "I see no signs of human habitations. Do you know where you are going, driver?"

Mr. Slater finished his tune before answering. "Yeh," he said, with a chuckle. "You're goin' toh Fort Pendleton. Likely you'd 'a got thar no sooner on creeter-back, eyther."

"What *is* Fort Pendleton, sir?" asked the Doctor.

"It's defenses that the Yanks put up on the top of a mountain," the driver said, more civilly. "Cost 'em forty thousand dollars, I've heerd, for lumber and damage, an' they never fired a shot off it. Thar's nothin' thar now but log ramparts an' heaps of clay."

"And are we to sleep— Doctor!" cried his wife, desperately.

"It's the beginning of the panther chapter, I suppose, Louisa," called the little man, with a chuckle, from the front seat.

There was a deafening peal of thunder; the lightning showed only the black impenetrable forest. The driver jerked his mules to the left, put them to a trot, and in a moment, as if by magic, a large airy mansion, set on the very top of the mountain, encircled with wide porches, and its windows blazing with light, was before them. Inside were cheerful chambers and halls, made home-like with pretty chintz-covered sofas, curtains, fires, a savory smell of supper, and, best of all, a cordial welcome from a pleasant-voiced woman. When they were dry and warm again they gathered in the dining-room, hungry enough, after their long fast, to be thankful for dry bread and water. But they found a cozy pretty table, with a vase of ferns in the middle, blue china, great glass pitchers filled with cream, honey, clover-scented butter, crisp light biscuits, a dish of mountain trout, and chops.

"The best mutton-chops," Morley declared, energetically, "that I ever tasted out of England. I say, Judge, did you conjure this house up for us to-night out of the wilderness?"

"I thought you'd be pleased," said Hixley. "It was conjured up out of the wilderness with years of hard, patient work. You Nohthehners call us Vahginians lazy. The owner of this house, William Deakins, lost all he had in the wah, sir. He came up on this mountain with his wife; this was 'Towers,' a resort for sportsmen before the wah, and thar was only the shell of it left: it was sacked by both armies. Mr. Deakins bought it (not a door nor window, sir, to keep out the wind when he camped down in it), and he has made it what it is—he and his wife, for Vahginian women have shown as much energy as the men. There is no settlement nearer than Oakland, fourteen miles away. The house is a kind of head-quarters for sportsmen, who come toh hunt and fish through the mountains, and for a few people who wish toh have pure air, grand scenery, and an absolutely quiet home during the summer, at very low rates."

THE OLD MILL AND THE MILLER.

In the morning our explorers found in a meadow below the house the ruins of an old inn, and still farther the real Fort Pendleton, from which the house borrowed its name, a quarter of a mile away, on the North Branch of the Potomac. Mr. Morley, strolling down beyond it, through the thicket of laurel, on which masses of rose-colored fluted buds still hung, came upon a ruined church; the walls were overgrown with the red trumpet creeper, and young sycamores and sassafras bushes thrust up their crimson tops through the broken flooring. He saw Miss Davidger inside; she had climbed upon a beam, and was pulling the vines aside. Morley hesitated. The girl was so shy and silent that he had scarcely spoken to her since the journey began. He always lazily preferred women who relieved him of the burden of conversation; besides, he did not want to annoy her; he understood how new and wonderful even this little glimpse of the world must be to the poor clergyman's daughter, who never before had been outside of a New Jersey village, and whose life had been filled up with hard work. He had been amused sometimes by watching the intentness of her face, and the rapt, eager credulity with which she received everything, from Mr. Slater's high-toned disquisitions to the dumb and awful wisdom of the woods. When she saw him now, she pulled the trailing vines aside, and beckoned earnestly to him.

"This church, they told me, was the only one on the mountains. It was torn down in the war. Now there is none. And see, Mr. Morley, the Union soldiers have written their names all over the wall. Here is a drawing; and 'John J. Lipman, Second New Jersey.' And below are the Confederates; they came later, I suppose. Look at this: 'Nobody but d——d irreligious Yankees would desecrate the house of God by scrawling their beastly names over it.' Signed, 'Jacob Formes, Third Georgia Cavalry.'"

Morley laughed. "That's natural, Miss Davidger. You and I are just as blind to our own short-comings in 'sins we have a mind to.'"

But she did not smile. "Oh, it isn't that. But I know who John J. Lipman was. He was from our village, and he

has been dead these many years, and here is his name as fresh as the day he wrote it. The charcoal scrawl and the bit of fun have lasted, and he—"

Morley silently helped her down, and they walked home together. She was busy gathering ferns, and he smoked, without talking. He had been used to deal with all grades of women, and to pay tribute of every kind of flattery and compliment. But this girl's simple directness puzzled

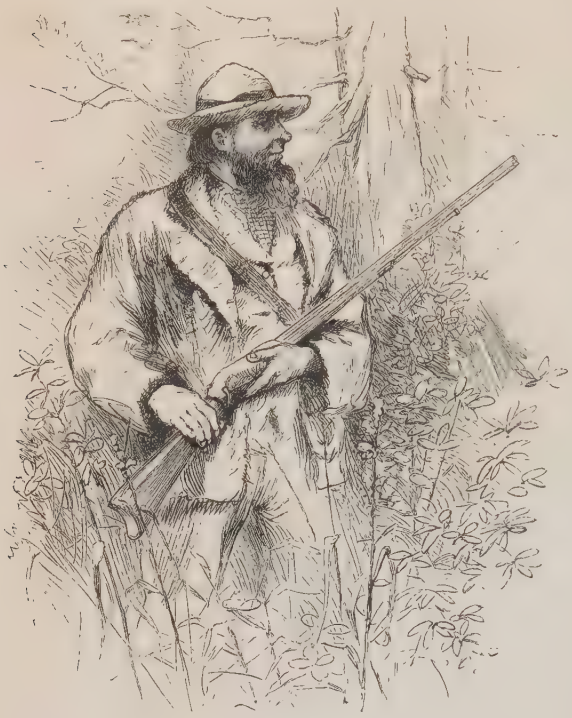
A MOUNTAIN WEAVER.

him. "She is not bold, and she is not modest," he thought; "she simply does not remember there is such a person as Sarah Davidger in the world. It is very comfortable." He observed, too, that her face had the rare fine charm of repressed meaning, and bore close frequent examinations without appearing coarse or familiar.

The house was in possession of a body of pretty children, both Northern and Southern. They ruled over everybody in it. They had formed themselves into a regiment, and the old halls, which had once been sacked by furious soldiery, echoed to the tramp of their little feet and shrill voices. The gray-haired Doctor and the Judge were marching with them, while their mothers looked on delighted.

One of the porches was occupied by a body of tramps—unshaven men in ragged flannel shirts, trousers crusted with the mud of months, and their toes showing through their shoes. There was a clamor of talk about Red Hockles, and Yellow Sally, and Coachmen, and regular salmon, and eighteen-pounders. When the men appeared, clothed and in their right mind, at the supper table, they proved to be doctors and judges and clergymen from Cincinnati, who had spent their summer vacation in tramping through the trout streams of the Alleghanies, from Upper Pennsylvania to South Carolina. They developed an appalling appetite for everything eatable *but* trout, of which they had lately seen too much. And they sat upon the porch until near morning, arguing again over the Hockles and Coachmen and Sallies.

Morley took up his chamber candle-



JERRY BROWNING, OUR GUIDE.

stick at last. "My reason is tottering," he whispered to Sarah. "I begin to feel that the world was really only made for trout, and the chief end of man is to catch them." But Sarah was listening anxiously. Why could not her father have such a holiday? A very different rest this from his week of meetings at Trenton with the Conference of ministers!

Next morning the fishermen betook themselves to Buffalo Creek before dawn. The Doctor and Sarah strolled through the laurels, and found themselves on the Potomac. On the other side was a quaint mossy house, in which an old woman sat weaving homespun. Farther on they came to a mill, where a woman was the miller. When they came back, they found Judge Hixley had gone in search of packhorses for the expedition into the Wilderness. He returned with a grave, keen-eyed old mountaineer, who had the loping, steady stride of a scout. "This is Jerry Browning," he said, "the most skillful and trustworthy guide in these mountains. He is a son of old Meshach Browning, the famous hunter."

Meshach Browning was born about a hundred years ago. He was the Daniel Boone of Western Virginia. He lived to an extreme old age, and told the history of his life shortly before he died, in the rude, marrowy pioneer's vernacular. It fills a certain gap in American literature, being not only a picture in detail of the savage youth through which every one of the States has passed in turn, but of a man of the woods, simple and honest as Esau, in whom the senses and the hunting instinct were as keen and strong as in a sleuth-hound.

When Browning was a boy he hunted through Upper Virginia and Maryland, shooting bears in the suburbs of a hamlet which is now the city of Wheeling: twenty years ago, being then eighty years old, he tracked his last panther through the region to which our adventurers were going. Shortly before that he was taken out by two of his sons to this wilderness "to find some place which no hunter had ever trod." They found it. The old fury of the chase awoke in Meshach. He tells us that he "took off all his clothes except his hunting-shirt and

KITZMILLER'S.

moccasins, so as better to make his way through the laurel thicket and snow," and set off in pursuit of a bear. He could not find the camp again, and for three days was without food, in a driving storm of snow: when the young men caught sight of him at last, he was chasing a herd of deer fleet as a hound. They caught him with difficulty. "As for that fast of three days," he says, simply, "any doctor knows that a man can live without food as long as he is under the fire of fever, and the most terrible fever is that which comes to you on the chance of a bear-fight."

The explorers, with Jerry Browning as guide, started early in the morning for the head waters of the Potomac. They were on pack-horses, and carried, in bags slung behind, bread, cooking utensils, coffee, and pork.

"I reckon it only twenty-five miles toh the Wilderness," said the Judge, who started on foot, walking beside Miss Davidger's horse—a bony old steed just taken from the plough, with a habit of dropping on its knees without the slightest notice of its pious intentions. The Judge kept one watchful eye on the beast as he talked. The earthy smell of the woods had roused the little man's blood, like Champagne. He had donned a flannel shirt and patched corduroy trousers. "Getting back to primitive conditions," he said, nodding gravely. His talk remained grave and his nods ponderous, but behind it all you knew there was a boy, simple and hearty. Morley, on the contrary, made grim, sarcastic jokes from the moment he mounted the horse.

"Only twenty-five miles from here!" the Judge shouted back, encouragingly, as they left the road and turned into the pathless woods.

"So they say," said Browning to Miss Davidger. "But miles in this wilderness is measured by a fox's jumps, an' throwin' in the tail. Keep single file, and don't lose sight of the others for a minute." He went on to tell Sarah of a certain Charley Johnson, who had set out with a party of fishermen on this journey the autumn before, and falling behind for a few minutes, had lost the trail. "We searched for him for three weeks with dogs, but 'twa'n't no use. Two months afterward we found his gun and his bones and shoes not twenty yards from the trail."

They came presently to Kitzmiller's, the last house before entering the Wilderness, where they stopped to water their horses. Sarah rode up to the door of the little cabin. The Judge stood beside her, nervously glancing around him.

ENTERING THE WILDERNESS.

FUNGOUS GROWTH IN THE WILDERNESS.

"There is something frightful in the desolation of this place," he said.

In front of the cabin was a yard of wet clay where one or two gaunt hogs were wallowing. Beyond was a stagnant pool surrounded by hundreds of acres of charred, ghastly trunks of burned trees, and beyond these again the interminable pine forests stretched unbroken and black on every side over range after range of mountains, until the low gray sky shut down and barred them in. An unspeakable monotony, the breathlessness of despair, hung over the black and gray landscape. There was not a flower, nor a waving stalk of corn, nor the twitter of a bird. There were, year after year, only the stagnant pool and the hogs, and the enormous still, sullen forests.

An old woman sat on a bench at the door of the cabin in the chocolate-colored gown and high cap of the Omish people. Her hands were folded in her lap. She looked at the new-comers a moment with gray, watery eyes, and turned away, indifferent and uncurious. A younger woman, in the same dress, sat inside beside a cradle in which a baby slept. Mrs. Mulock bustled in.

"Ha! now I can waken some life here!" she whispered to Sarah. "A fine child you have there," she said to the mother.

"It's well enough," replied the woman, coldly.

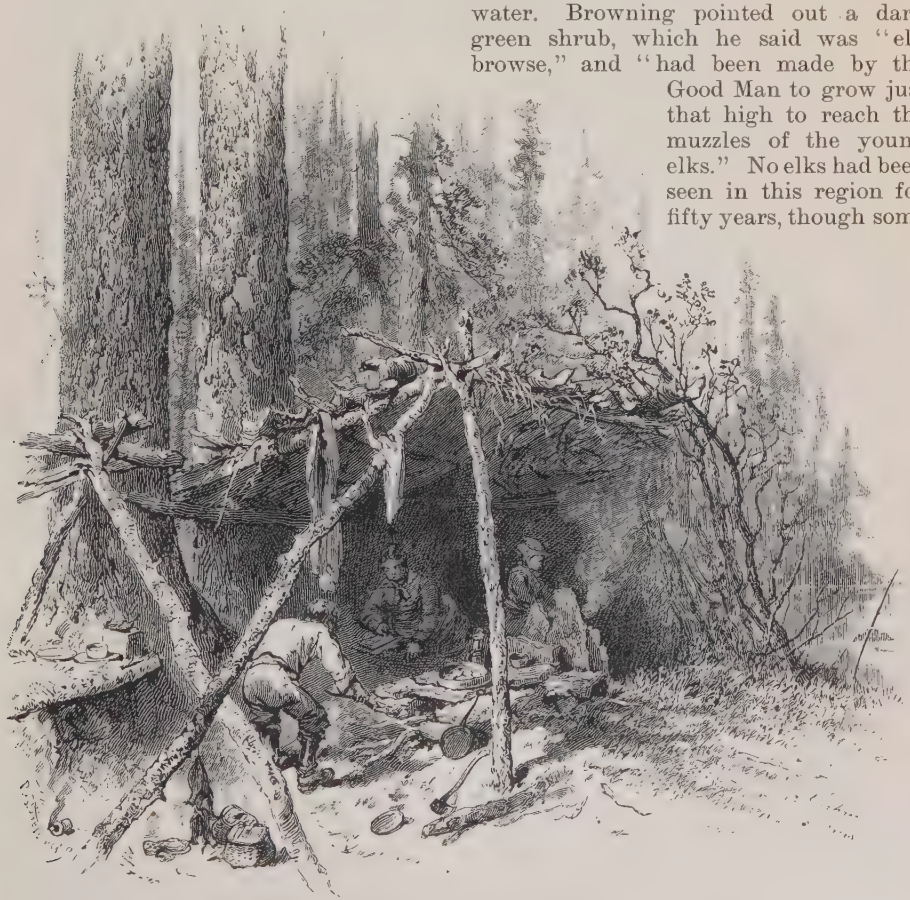
The energetic little lady smiled and prattled in vain, the child slept on heavily, and the woman turned her back on her in silence. They mounted their horses and rode away. From the brow of the hill Sarah glanced back at the desolate cabin. The old woman sat motionless at the door. She had not turned her head to look after them.

The journey occupied a day and a half. They rode Indian file along a trail which only Jerry's eyes could follow; it crossed heaps of rocks, swamps, fallen trees; it led through an unbroken forest of gigantic pines, oaks, birch, ash, and sugar-maples; even the nut trees and black cherry had had time here to reach the height of a hundred and fifty feet. Evergreens and deciduous trees grew alike leafless and branchless side by side, spreading palm-like at the top. The journey was, in fact, a passage through interminable aisles of huge black pillars under a flat, leafy roof. The sides of the creeks were banked with flaming color; laurel and rhododendrons heaped up walls of dark green, scarlet, and creamy white; in the sunshine late azaleas lifted wands of shell-like rose. Sometimes the horses literally broke the path for miles through waving forests of fern, whose delicate leaves, Sarah fancied, touched her hand, as she passed, with a shy caress. The girl's heart was full. Her life had before now been filled up with sewing and sweeping, and the petty matters of a little village. It was the first time that she had looked upon the great solitary face of nature. It seemed to her that the sky and water and trees knew that it was the first time, and were glad that she had come, and whispered to her, as did her old home to Mignon, "Poor child! where hast thou staid so long?"

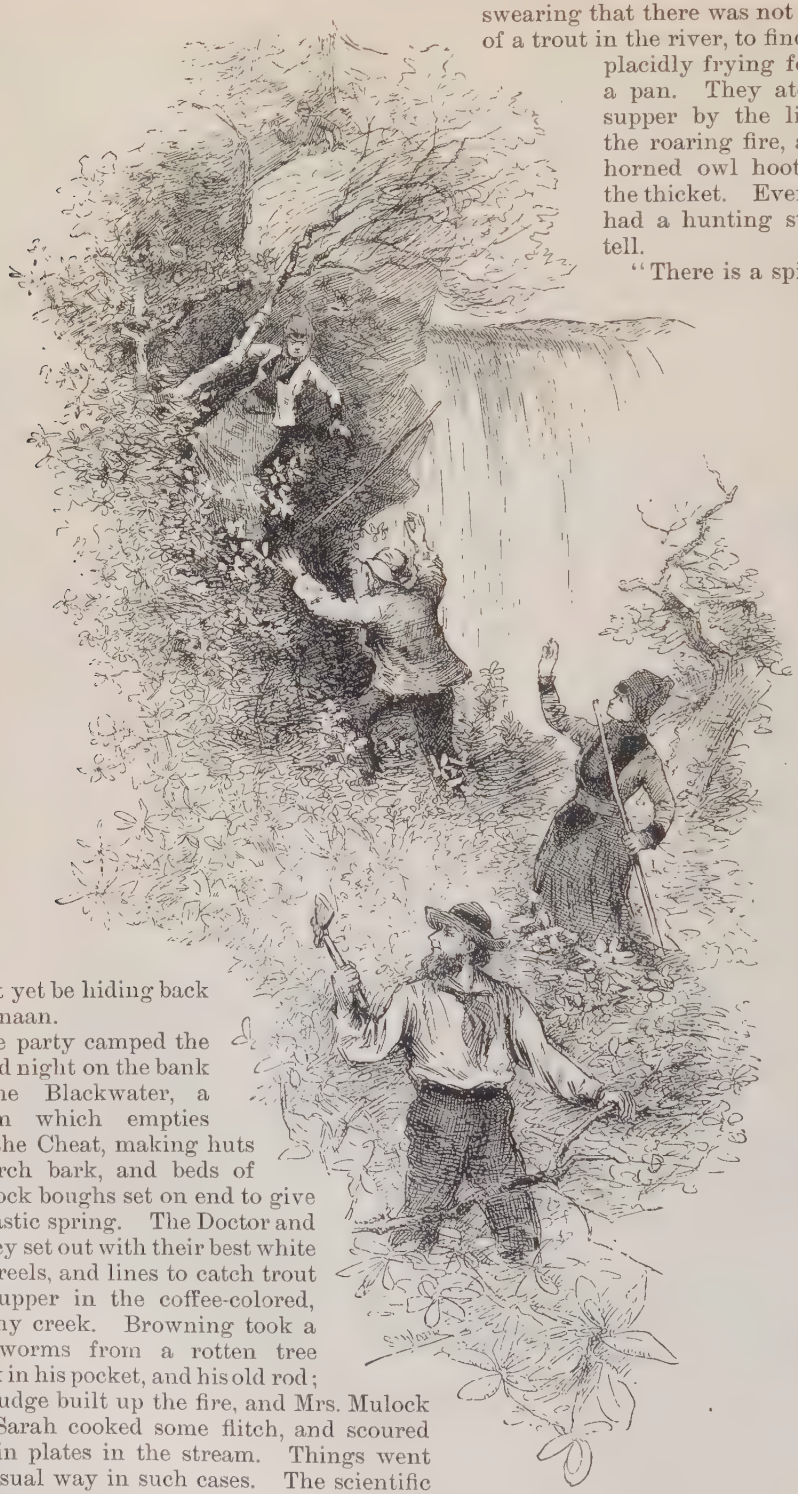
There was no sign that man had ever passed this way before. Huge trees, fallen a century before, lay in gigantic round furrows on the ground; furrows of deep moss, of fretted and fluted lichen, gray and golden, bronze and purple, and of trailing myriads of pink oxalis. Plumy fern nodded from the sides, and a thicket of young hemlocks pushed ambitiously up from the top of the ridge; but when Jerry

put his foot on it, the whole furrow crumbled like a puff-ball into a cloud of red dust. It was a dead body, which, undisturbed in the slow passage of uncounted years, had made all this false show of life. Very few song-birds had made their way into this solitude. There was none of the multitudinous hum of life of woods near towns. The absolute stillness was strange and oppressive at noonday. Nature dwelt alone here, and kept silence, and there was something savage in her mood, now that they had come upon her unawares. Even jaunty, self-sufficient Mrs. Mulock felt like an intruder, and rode apart and quietly. The Judge led Sarah's horse, which could not keep its footing. Sometimes he pointed with bright, pleased eyes to a stately tree or a bed of feathery moss, but he said nothing, and never called on her to admire them. Mr. Morley rode up once, and said, in a grave and patronizing manner, that he must acknowledge there was a quality of freshness and new-born strength in this unexplored wilderness which any scene must lose after it had been tramped over by innumerable tourists. Miss Davidger assented civilly, but pushed on. Human voices were an impertinence in the great and wordless meanings of the woods.

Monstrous fungous growths reared themselves on every side as they began to descend to the Blackwater. The thickets grew more dense; red and black spiders swung themselves incessantly across their faces from tree to tree; they found traces of bears on newly barked trees, and more than once the three-lobed, clawless track of a panther in the wet black mould. The thickets of laurel and scrub oak on the banks of the rivers give to these beasts and to wolves an impervious shelter; they have the best chance there, too, of catching the deer as they come down to water. Browning pointed out a dark green shrub, which he said was "elk browse," and "had been made by the Good Man to grow just that high to reach the muzzles of the young elks." No elks had been seen in this region for fifty years, though some



CAMP ON THE BLACKWATER.

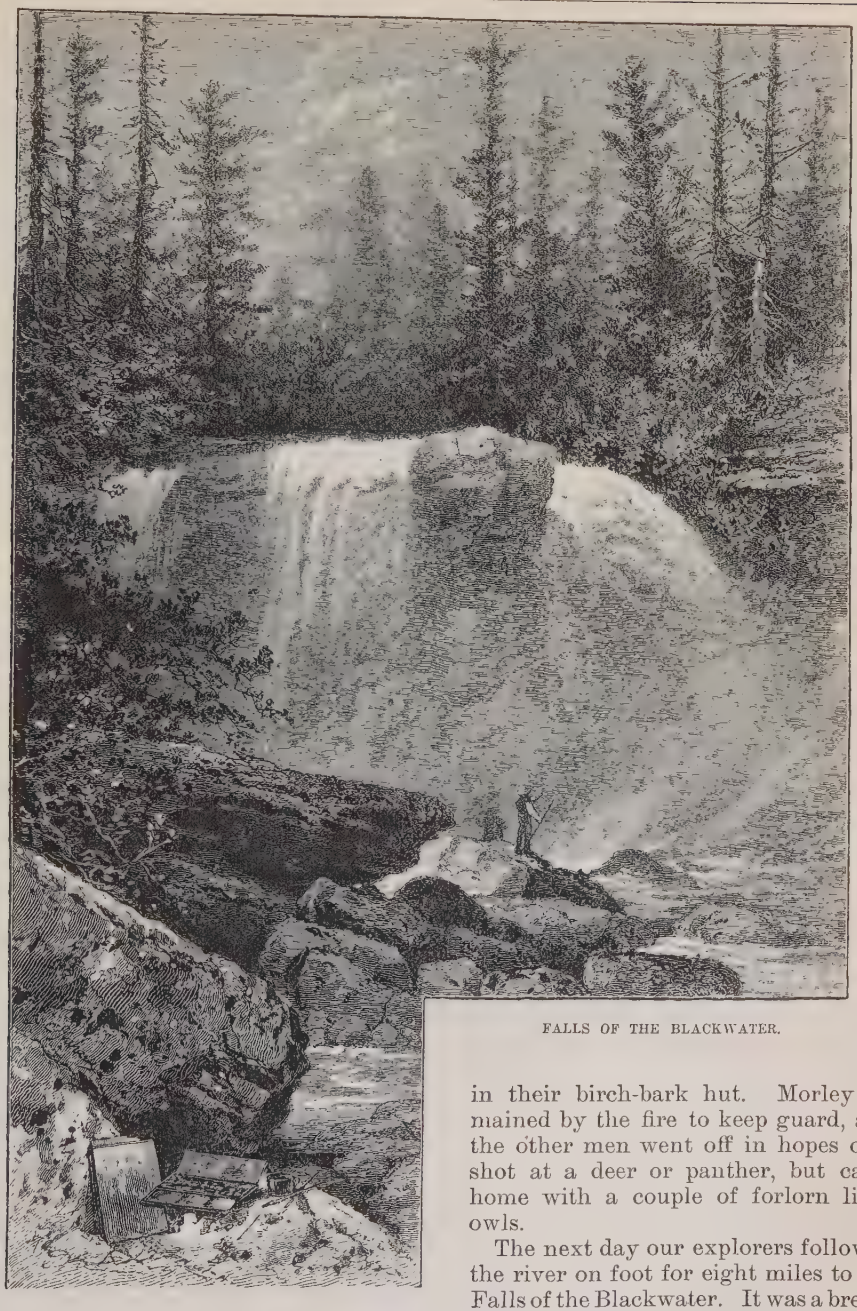


might yet be hiding back in Canaan.

The party camped the second night on the bank of the Blackwater, a stream which empties into the Cheat, making huts of birch bark, and beds of hemlock boughs set on end to give an elastic spring. The Doctor and Morley set out with their best white flies, reels, and lines to catch trout for supper in the coffee-colored, gloomy creek. Browning took a few worms from a rotten tree trunk in his pocket, and his old rod; the Judge built up the fire, and Mrs. Mulock and Sarah cooked some flitch, and scoured the tin plates in the stream. Things went the usual way in such cases. The scientific fishermen came home dripping wet, and swearing that there was not the fin of a trout in the river, to find Jerry placidly frying forty in a pan. They ate their supper by the light of the roaring fire, a great horned owl hooting in the thicket. Every man had a hunting story to tell.

"There is a spider on

COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER.

your plate, my dear," said the Doctor to his wife.

The lady, who shuddered at home at the sight of coarse china, picked it off coolly, and held out the tin platter. "Another bit of bacon, please. We did not cook half enough, Sarah."

She and Sarah were soon sound asleep in their birch-bark hut. Morley remained by the fire to keep guard, and the other men went off in hopes of a shot at a deer or panther, but came home with a couple of forlorn little owls.

The next day our explorers followed the river on foot for eight miles to the Falls of the Blackwater. It was a break-neck scramble for the whole of the way through rugged forests, miry swamps, and thickets of thorns, across heaped rocks, slimy and mossy, which had to be crawled over on the hands and knees, and finally down sheer precipices where the misstep of an inch would hurl the climber into the river a hundred feet be-

low. Sarah dropped lightly from one projecting root to another, and reached the dizzy ledge below in safety; but Mrs. Mulock was lowered by her wrists—a solid weight—and caught by the tottering Doctor beneath at the risk of his neck.

"It ought to be a fine view to pay for this," he puffed, pale and perspiring, as he crawled after the others along the six-inch path on the face of the precipice.

Vines and elk-wood cover both sides from the airy summits to the rushing brown water below. It is the inaccessible, utter solitude of the place which gives it its singular charm. After you have reached it at the risk of your life, you think of it forever after with a sense of possession: it belongs to you and to nobody else.

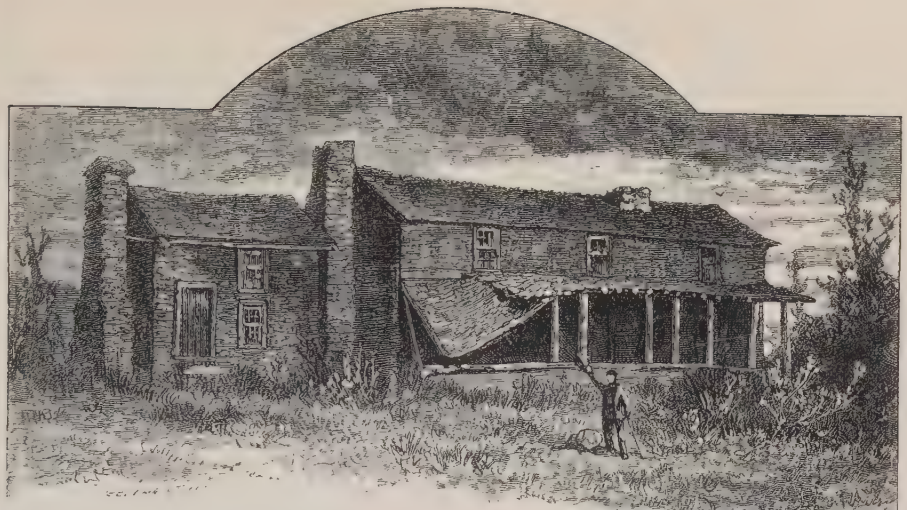
At the foot of the falls is a well about twelve feet deep, worn smooth and round

DOBBIN'S FIRE-PLACE.

"The finest in Vahginia!" shouted back the Judge.

The fall of the river is only about eighty feet, with subsequent headlong leaps which carry it four hundred feet downward, but they are sheer descents over gray rocky walls; the peculiar beauty of the falls is due, however, to the unapproachable, wild surroundings, the river being inclosed between two ramparts of mountains. Down the precipices of one side our explorers had climbed, but the wall of rock on the other is impregnable: the foot of man has never scaled it. by the action on the rock of a loose stone which the water revolved incessantly, similar to the glacial wells at Lucerne.

The Wilderness, upon whose edge our travellers had just entered, runs back for hundreds of miles, and is as yet literally unexplored by civilized people. There is a house named Koesson's somewhere on it, where a German of that name, with four other families, settled fifty years ago. They never appear in the settlements, live upon game and a few pigs, dress in skins, and, according to Jerry, have all property in common.



DOBBIN'S HOUSE.

"They took nyther law nor decency nor God in thar with them," said the shrewd hunter, "an' I reckon they haven't found any to speak of since."

An energetic explorer of this range of mountains, from Pittsburgh, succeeded in the summer of 1878 in taking in a boat and launching it on the Blackwater. It was the first that had ever insulted that untamed little savage of a stream. He proposes to venture in it this summer up into the heart of Ca-na'an, and to unearth this barbarous tribe.

Mr. Morley and Jerry tramped to Dobbin's house—a ruined old building six miles from camp—and there fell in with a party of sportsmen, artists, and guides. Whiskey was plenty, an impromptu theatre and circus were established, and the uproar terrified the bears within a mile's circuit.

On their return to the camp the whole party pushed twelve miles further into the Wilderness than any explorers have done, and reached the head of the North Branch of the Potomac—a spring as little known as the source of the Nile. They were compelled to make the journey on foot, tramping through jungles, fording streams, and climbing rocky precipices, until Mrs. Mulock gave up utterly, sat down, and begged for mercy. But a short half mile more brought them to the Potomac. It is a narrow, powerful stream. The cataracts, of which Jerry had talked incessantly, are a series of eleven bold leaps of the shining flood down the mountain-side. Gloomy chasms open from either side; dense, dark laurel thickets choke every approach; hoary trees gather in conclave above and look down, shaking their heads with melancholy and foreboding; but through all the vigorous bright stream leaps and shouts with a mad joy. It is the very soul of youth in the region of Age and Death.

Our adventurers were completely exhausted by this journey; they returned by three days' stages to their camp, which began to seem like home to them. The next day the Judge killed a deer, and after that venison, trout, and bacon furnished the bill of fare.

After three weeks Dr. Mulock's party left the woods. The Judge pointed out to Sarah the first snowy flakes of the elder, and a song-bird, which showed that they were approaching human dwellings. Purple iron-weed, starwort, and golden-rod began again to show their friendly faces along the trail; but Mr. Morley nipped

the heads of these weeds with his whip. Judge Hixley gathered great bunches as they fell. "I like the homely faces of them better than garden flowers," he said, gravely.

Sarah looked down, watching the little man curiously. They had been good comrades in the journey. He was so oddly womanish at times that she wished she knew more about him. She could not picture him fighting a duel, or leading a cavalry company at Antietam with the mad fury which the Doctor described. She wondered what kind of a woman was his wife—if he had a wife.

They stopped for the night at the pleasant little Omish village of West Union. It was just after sunset as they rode

OMISH WOMAN AND CHILD.

through the quiet cluster of white houses set back in gardens deep in bloom. At the doors some of the Omish women sat knitting in their tight snuff-colored gowns, white kerchiefs, and high caps; the men, with broad-rimmed hats, and long hair and beards falling on straight brown coats (fastened by hooks and eyes), were still at work in their gardens. They are a branch of the Dunkers, and are noted in West Virginia as successful farmers and dairymen.

Our party disbanded here. Mr. Morley declared that he must go at once back to Oakland, to return to Long Branch, having neglected Mrs. Morley too long.

"It is the first time that I have heard him mention his wife since he left her," said Mrs. Mulock, after he was gone.

"Wife!" exclaimed the Judge. "Is—I beg pahdon—but is your friend a married man?"

"Yes, certainly. Why are you surprised?"

The Judge's sallow face grew warm. He shot a swift sidelong glance at Miss Davidger. "I can hardly tell. I labored under a misapprehension," he stammered, with confusion.

The next day, under Judge Hixley's guidance, they started upon an expedition along the range of the Cheat Mountains. The "team," with the driver and his expenses, cost but three dollars a day—a fact noted down eagerly by the Doctor. "For, you see," he explained to the Judge, "we want to bring the schedule of expenses as low as possible. It is for the man of small means that we plan this trip. Meals at the farm-houses have averaged twenty-five cents apiece. I know no better way for a party of sensible, nature-loving people to spend the summer, if they will not venture on camping out, than to hire a team at Oakland, store the wagon with provisions, and leisurely explore the Alleghanies down through West into Southwestern Virginia. When we come next summer, we will do that."

"Will you take me as comrade if you come again?" interrupted the Judge, eagerly.

"Undoubtedly," the Doctor exclaimed. "We could not do without you, Hixley."

But his wife fanned herself in silence. The Judge had disappointed her. He did not fill the Northern idea of a hot-blooded chivalric Southerner.

This journey ended at Rowlesburg. From the Knob—a high coned hill about a mile from this little town—a sudden view opens of a vast champaign of river and field and low rolling hills, bounded by ranges of high mountains, stern and forbidding, in the misty distance.

They drove back by slow stages along a quiet mountain road. The woods at either side were edged with natural hedges of mammoth fern, laurel, and service-berries, already crimson, webbed together with the waxed dark green vine of the smilax. At times delicious vistas opened, far below, of the Cheat winding through hills white with chestnut blooms, of new dream-like ranges of mountains on the

horizon, or of the glittering thread of a water-course in a valley, with a drift of gray mist climbing from it up the hill-side.

At Fort Pendleton the Judge bade them good-by with the solemn, ponderous gravity which he had almost shaken off during their vagabondizing. He shook hands deferentially with Mrs. Mulock, but only bowed profoundly to the younger lady, with a lingering look as she turned away.

"Why on earth did he go with us at all?" cried the Doctor's wife, after he was out of sight. "He seemed to feel it his duty to take charge of the party."

"That was his Virginian notion of hospitality," said her husband. "Before the war Hixley would have opened his house to us for as long as we chose to stay. He lived then like an Irish king. Now he has nothing to offer us but the hills and mountains. He has done his best."

"What an extraordinary idea! I never heard of anything like it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulock. But Miss Davidger's face glowed with pleasure, though she said nothing.

"The worst of it is," continued the Doctor, ruefully, "that I am afraid he neglected his crops to go. I heard something of his history from that Colonel Page that we met at West Union. He lost everything he had in the war; came out here with his old crippled father, and went to sheep-raising for the Baltimore market. Oh, I'll assure you, Louisa, there's plenty of grit in these people. The best of them are grappling manfully with their hard circumstances. We judge of them by a few blatant politicians, and do them gross injustice."

"Politicians? Yes, to be sure," said his wife, absently. "Do I understand you, then, that the Judge is not married?"

"No, he is not married."

Mrs. Mulock was silent, looking thoughtfully at the back of Sarah's neck, for her head was turned away.

"I have made up my mind to one thing," she said, suddenly, after a long silence. "We will leave this part of the Virginias out of our course for next summer, and take the Upper Alleghanies, and the Balsam, and Nantahela, and Great Smoky ranges in the south instead. We will not intrude on his hospitality again."

"As you please, my dear," said the Doctor, meekly.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

FEW citizens of this country are aware how lately begun and how rapidly accomplished has been the development of communications throughout what we call the Great West, but which is more properly designated the Heart of the Continent; especially since, if we are guided by the meridians of longitude, our domain now extends—strange as it may seem—as far to the west of San Francisco as it does to the east. The average layman may, indeed, rightly claim that when as astute and experienced a traveller as General William T. Sherman could state in 1865 that he "would not buy a ticket for San Francisco for his youngest grandchild," and then ride thither himself in a Pullman car only four years later, he (the layman) can hardly be blamed for not keeping pace with the road-builders.

It is only about thirty years since parties of any considerable size began to cross the continent, and only about twenty since the first emigration to the Rocky Mountain region. In two and one-quarter centuries after the landing at Plymouth Rock the descendants of the Pilgrims had made their way in force only to the Missouri: and it seems curious that the Spanish race, so far behind the Anglo-Saxon in enterprise, should, starting from the south, have made so much earlier progress toward the great central domain where the miner and the ranchero now find congenial homes. Yet in 1527, only thirty-five years after Columbus had given a new world to Castile and Leon, Alva Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca sailed from Spain, and landed in what is now Florida; thence he made a wonderful overland journey, occupying nearly nine years, and after passing through the region known at present as New Mexico, arrived at the city of Mexico in the summer of 1536, more than eighty years before the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor off the American coast. Previous to his coming wonderful stories had reached the Spanish authorities of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," and his accounts induced the sending of expeditions to the north, which finally resulted in the conquest of the country. In 1539 Niza laid claim to Cibola in the name of the King of Spain; and while the actual date of the founding of the Spanish city of Santa Fe is in doubt, it probably antedates Leadville by some three centuries.

ALVA NUÑEZ CABEZA DE VACA CROSSING THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

It was at about the beginning of this century that it dawned upon our people that there were good markets as well as cities and people in and near this same Rio Grande Valley, and under Mexican rule. There is said to be in the ancient palace at Santa Fe a Spanish document proving the existence of a trail in the last quarter of the eighteenth century from the old French settlements in what is now Illinois to some of the towns in New Mexico, and from one of them—Abiquiu—to California. General Kearny is said to have dispatched a courier over the latter. But all efforts of the writer have failed to prove the authenticity, or secure proper translations, of the document in question. Mr. Gregg, in his interesting book, *The Commerce of the Prairies* (now out of print), from which much information could be collated, stated that a merchant of Kaskaskia, named Morrison, heard, about 1804, through some trappers, of the stories which the Indians had told them of this ancient land, where Spanish pomp and civilization went hand in hand with royally high prices for merchandise. He dispatched one La Lande, a French Canadian, on an adventure to Santa Fe, and Mr. La Lande went thither with alacrity, but omitted the trifling formality of coming back again. The log-huts of Kaskaskia knew him no more; he lived in opulence in a one-story adobe house, while the excellent Morrison

"Looked for the coming which might not be;"

and finally La Lande died in the odor of sanctity, and was gathered to his fathers, without having rendered any account of sales, or made any remittance to his principal.

Four men, starting with their goods in 1812, and manfully pushing their way to Santa Fe, returned only in 1821, having been imprisoned during nearly all the intermediate time. The next year, however, marked the opening of the Santa Fe Trail, that wonderful road, some eight hundred miles in length, rising so imperceptibly for three-quarters of this distance as to seem absolutely level, and without bridge from end to end. There it stretched away toward the sunset half a century ago, and there it stretches today; and what poet's dream, what prophetic vision of the ardent patriot, steadfastly believing in the future greatness of his country, is commensurate with either the romance or the reality of the

march over and beside it, during those fifty years, of the pioneer, the trader, the soldier, the Free-State champion, the settler, and the railroad engineer?

The first traders carried their merchandise on pack horses or mules, and it was in 1824 that it was decided to use wagons, a number of which reached Santa Fe with much less difficulty than might have been expected. The practicability of this method being established, the trade began steadily to increase, and in a few years a large amount of capital was embarked therein. Its initial point was first Franklin, some one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis; then Independence; then Westport—all these towns being on the Missouri River, and thus easily reached during the season of navigation. Here were found motley crowds—traders, outfitters, dealers in supplies of all kinds, tourists, invalids hoping to regain their health by a trip on the plains, drivers, and "roughs" in abundance. The covered wagons were drawn first by horses, then by mules, then by both mules and oxen, and were carefully loaded. Besides the merchandise, supplies for the men were carried—say, bacon, flour, coffee, sugar, and a little salt, it being expected that enough buffaloes would be killed to furnish fresh meat. Starting off in detached parties, the wagons would rendezvous at Council Grove, on a branch of the Neosho River, twenty miles north of the present town of Emporia, and here an organization would be effected for mutual aid and protection during the long journey. In such a caravan there would be, perhaps, one hundred wagons, and a "captain of the caravan" would divide them into four divisions, with a lieutenant to each. Every individual in the caravan was compelled to stand his watch at night, and this guard must have presented a motley assortment of clothing and arms. When all was ready, the start was made. Every night a hollow square and temporary corral were made with the wagons, and the camp fires lighted outside of this square. Across swamps, quagmires, and even rivers, the teams were driven, men being sent ahead to make temporary bridges over the first two, of brush or long grass covered with earth, and sometimes, for crossing streams, to fabricate "buffalo boats" of hides stretched over frames of poles, or empty wagon bodies.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS AT THE DOCK.

The main route to Santa Fe will be described later on, but the trains sometimes

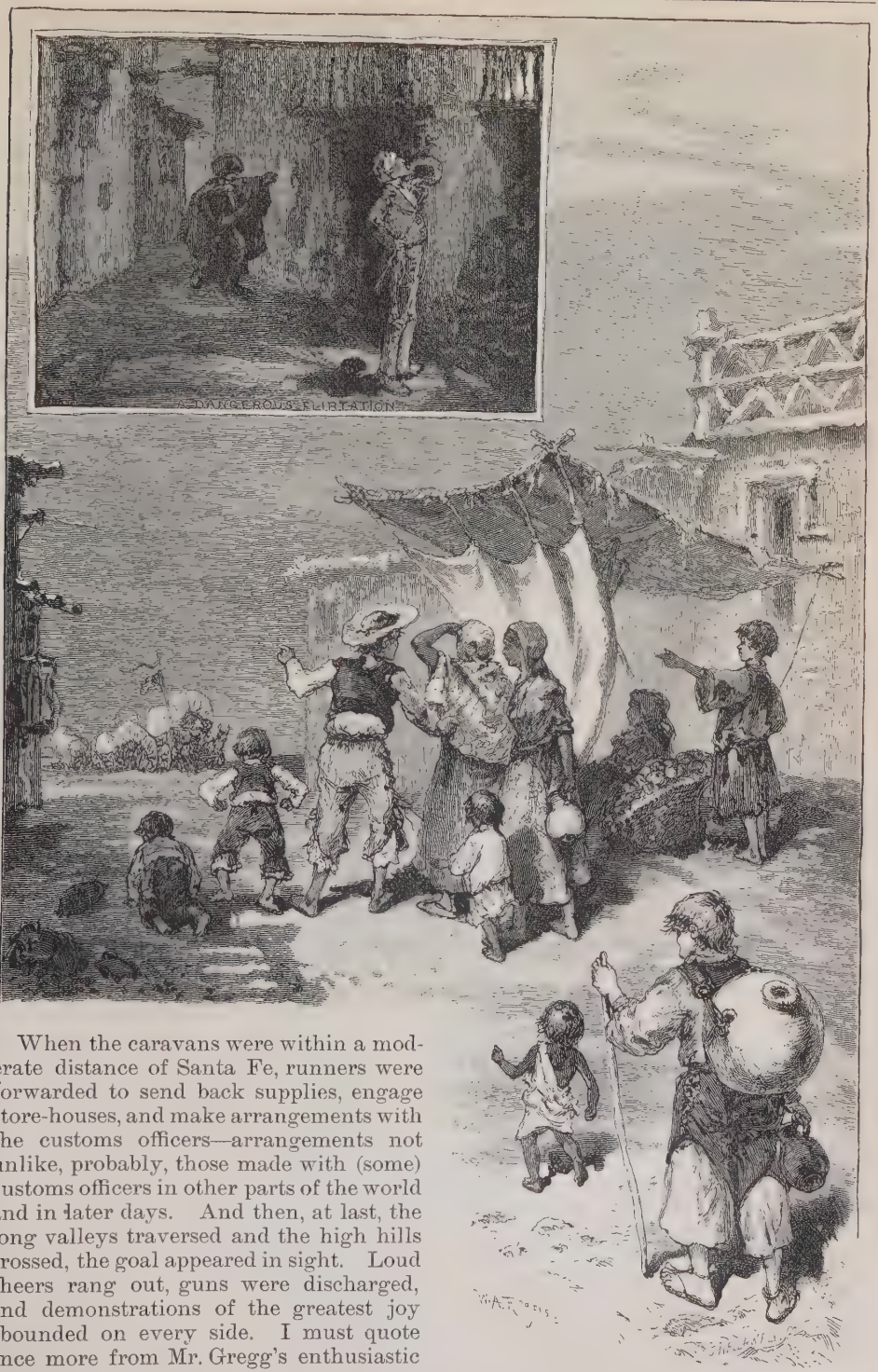
left the Arkansas Valley near what is called Cimarron Crossing, about one hundred and twenty-five miles east of what is now the Colorado State line, traversed an arid desert for some fifty miles, reached the

SUDDEN ATTACK BY INDIANS.

Cimarron Valley, and passed on, striking the main trail somewhere near the present site of Fort Union.

There is no doubt that great trouble was experienced with the Indians from time to time, and that while they might dread interference with strong parties, they were glad enough to attack weak

ones; but Mr. Gregg, writing in 1844, expresses the fear that the earlier traders were not guiltless of instigating the hostilities of later days, and says that "many seemed to forget the wholesome precept that they should not be savages themselves because they dealt with savages." He adds, "In the course of twenty years, since the commencement of this trade, I do not believe there have been a dozen deaths upon the Santa Fe route, even including those who have been killed off by disease as well as by the Indians."



When the caravans were within a moderate distance of Santa Fe, runners were forwarded to send back supplies, engage store-houses, and make arrangements with the customs officers—arrangements not unlike, probably, those made with (some) customs officers in other parts of the world and in later days. And then, at last, the long valleys traversed and the high hills crossed, the goal appeared in sight. Loud cheers rang out, guns were discharged, and demonstrations of the greatest joy abounded on every side. I must quote once more from Mr. Gregg's enthusiastic description:

"It was truly a scene for the artist's

ENTRANCE OF THE CARAVAN INTO SANTA FE.

THE DON.

pencil to revel in. Even the animals seemed to participate in the humor of their riders, who grew more and more merry and obstreperous as they descended toward the city. I doubt, in short, whether the walls of Jerusalem were beheld for the first time by the Crusaders with much more tumultuous and soul-enrapturing joy.

"The arrival produced a great deal of bustle and excitement among the natives. 'Los Americanos!' 'Los carros!' 'La entrada de la caravana!' were to be heard in every direction; and crowds of women and boys flocked around to see the newcomers, while crowds of *leperos* hung about, as usual, to see what they could pilfer. The wagoners were by no means free from excitement on this occasion. Informed of the 'ordeal' they had to pass, they had spent the previous morning in 'rubbing up,' and now they were prepared, with clean faces, sleek combed hair, and their choicest Sunday suit, to meet the 'fair eyes' of glistening black that were sure to stare at them as they passed. There was yet another preparation to be made in order to 'show off' to advantage. Each wagoner must tie a brand-new 'cracker' to the lash of his whip, for on driving through the streets and the *plaza publica* every one strives to outvie his comrades in the dexterity with which he flourishes this favorite badge of his authority."

Then were sold the domestic cottons, calicoes, cotton velvets, silks, hardware, etc., which had been brought across the plains; and the foundation of many a large fortune was laid in the handsome profits coming from this business. It suffered at times from the capricious and despotic behavior of the Spanish or Mexican authorities, and was closed in 1843 by them, only to be re-opened, however, in the ensuing spring. In 1841 the Texans, being at war with Mexico, sent an expedition into the country, which resulted most disastrously; and ostensibly, in reprisal for the treatment of their countrymen, gangs of men, under Warfield and McDaniel, made attempts to raid some of the trains as well as attack villages. One of these gangs was also guilty of the robbery and dastardly murder of Don Antonio José Chavez, in April, 1843, and the criminals were pursued, and most of them captured. Nor was the trade seriously interrupted by the Mexican war, for Santa Fe was taken by our troops in 1846, and an American Governor soon replaced the haughty Dons. Then it progressed steadily, and only the Indians seem to have interfered with it; and when the great iron roads began to push out from the Missouri, the starting-place moved farther and farther West. The forwarding establishment at the head of which is Don Miguel A. Otero, a highly respected citizen of New Mexico, and uncle of the Territorial Delegate to Congress, has made seven jumps in eleven years. It was, in 1868, at Hays City, Kansas. Thence it went to Sheridan, Kit Carson, Granada, La Junta, El Moro, Otero, and Las Vegas.

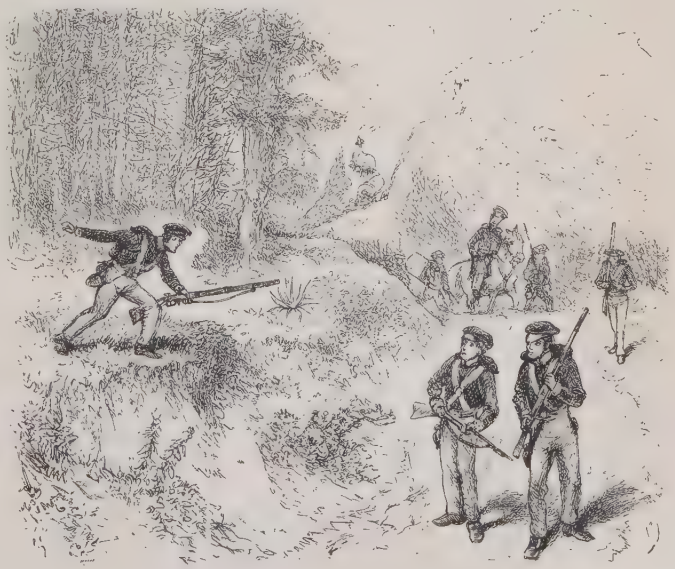
Of interesting incidents, sometimes pleasing, often tragic, there is large store, from which one has but to choose. In either 1850 or 1851, F. X. Aubry, a young man of Canadian descent, rode, on a wager, from Santa Fe to Independence in five days and sixteen hours, his own beautiful mare Nelly having carried him, it is said, over one hundred and fifty miles. It is sad to relate that the man possessing the courage and endurance for such a feat was killed in a brawl in Santa Fe, September 11, 1854. In 1850 a United States mail party was cut off by the Apache and

Utah Indians, not a man surviving; and at about this time Mr. and Mrs. White and party were attacked, and all at once killed, except the lady and her child, who were taken prisoners. A party of dragoons, with the famed Kit Carson as guide, started in pursuit, and overtook the miscreants, but the unfortunate captives were murdered during the fight.

Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, between Kansas City and Atchison, was established in 1827. In 1829 Major Riley, with four companies, escorted a caravan as far as Sand Creek. Captain Wharton, with a smaller force, was on the trail in 1834, and large escorts under Captain Cook were there in 1843. In 1846, however, the first grand march was made (almost exactly where the railroad runs today), by the celebrated "Army of the West," under command of that fine old soldier, Colonel, afterward General, Stephen W. Kearny, of the First Dragoons. His force consisted of just 1658 men, including the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, commanded by the famous Colonel Doniphan. Of this regiment, William Gilpin, the first Governor of Colorado (a brave and patriotic veteran, who has rendered most important services to his country on more than one occasion, and is now living quietly at Denver, and discoursing to his friends on the value of the Rocky Mountain Parks), was the major. It is curious to read in these days of the difficulty which the troops had in reaching the trail from Fort Leavenworth, there being no road; and then of the long march, conducted in detachments, each day's progress being recorded by Captain (now General) W. H. Emory, the engineer officer. The army was rather scantily supplied with provisions, and many of the inexperienced soldiers fell ill and died, but the survivors pushed bravely on; and having marched out of Fort Leavenworth on the 26th of June, arrived at Bent's Fort, then in its glory, on the 1st of August.

Now, the passenger who has left the Missouri River at 9.45 A.M. of one day, passes the ruins of this fort at noon on the next!

Still exactly on the old trail, the army turned south, crossed the Raton Mountains (being often obliged to draw the wagons up with ropes on one side, and let them down on the other), and, reduced to one-half and then one-third rations, proceeded to Las Vegas, where the general, standing on the flat roof of a building, administered the oath of allegiance to the principal Mexican residents. It was understood that Governor Armijo would meet the Americans in a cañon some twenty miles from Santa Fe, and "welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves." The Don assembled 7000 men by proclamation, marched out, threw up some earth-works, and cut down some trees in this strong position, and then—marched away again! When Kearny came on, with his little army in battle array, he went through the gorge and into Santa Fe without firing a shot, thus bringing to a close a most brilliant military achievement, and one of the most romantic and remarkable journeys over the old trail. A second force, under Sterling Price, afterward a noted Confederate leader, came over the same route later. He took command in New Mexico, and had more or less fighting until he returned, in the summer of 1847, an Illinois regiment and another from Missouri having replaced



KEARNY'S SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RANGE.

FIRST STORE IN LAKIN.

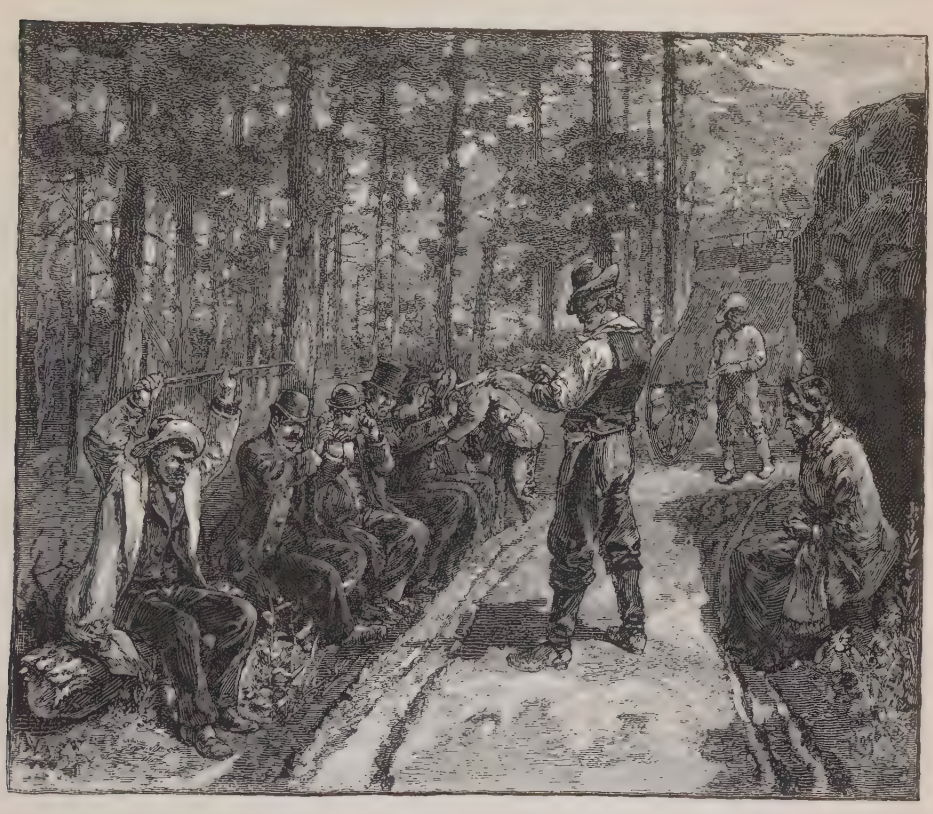
his men, after traversing the now somewhat familiar track. Kearny went to California; and Doniphan, with a very moderate force, made a magnificent march through New and Old Mexico, fought a number of battles, captured Chihuahua, joined the main army, returned to his home by the way of the Gulf, New Orleans, and the Mississippi, and was publicly crowned with a laurel wreath in Independence, Missouri. He is still living. In punishing the Indians, who declared publicly that they would cut off the East from the West, many troops were employed, and a considerable force was sent out late in 1847 for the protection of the trail. The present forts along its length are of comparatively recent construction; but without any startling or romantic events, the soldier has had more or less duty between the Missouri and Santa Fe for the last twenty years, and he has done it bravely and faithfully.

It was alike with a vivid interest and a curious realization of the extreme discrepancy between my modes of travel and those of my predecessors that I traversed, during the summer and autumn of 1879, the Santa Fe Trail, and one finds it hard to believe that the journey over it is now but an every-day duty of the brakeman and the baggage-master. Kansas City, but a few miles north of Westport, is, albeit not in Kansas at all, but in Missouri, a bustling and thriving town. Three competing lines connect it with St. Louis, and the same number with Chicago, and the Union Dépôt presents a busy scene. Starting thence, the train ran swiftly along the banks of the Kaw, or Kansas River, to Topeka, passing through Lawrence, with its fine brick buildings on a high bluff. While many west-bound parties doubtless travelled along the banks of the Kaw, the old Santa Fe Trail proper took a somewhat different course as far as the Arkansas, which is reached by the rails near the town of Newton. Thence I sped on, the old wagon-road being in sight or close at hand nearly all the way, along this famed valley. Instead of herds of buffaloes, and occasional bands of Indians, and long lines of canvas-topped wagons, I saw farms and school-houses and churches and National Banks; Yankees from New England, Scotchmen from the Highlands, Germans from the banks of the Rhine, Mennonites from Russia, and a motley crowd from all parts of the earth, "dwelt together in unity," where the wagons were "parked," and the weary patrol trudged through the night, not many years ago. One feels just a shade disappointed at the absolute peacefulness of his transit, and as the verdant voyager sometimes longs for a storm at sea, so might one in his inmost soul hope for a sight of a savage Indian—at a safe distance. Alas! we could hear of but six, and they were *in jail*. And on what does the reader suppose that we had to fall back for a tinge of excitement? Not on the painted, tomahawk-brandishing warrior; not on desperate Mexican and still more desperate American bandits; not even on a set of drunken, pistol-shooting "cowboys"; but (and this in the far West, and on the great plains) on that hot-house freebooter, that distinctive product of Eastern civilization, the original, impudent, worthless *tramp!* Exit the wild rover of the prairies; enter—the bummer! In 1830 or 1840 the Cheyennes fiercely attacked the lines of wagons; in 1879 the tramps captured a freight train! It was a short one, and there were only two or three men on it, who were told that they had better keep quiet, if they did not want to be shot by some of the twenty-five seedy, second-class ruffians, who proposed to travel, as they say in the West, "with their hats chalked," or *free*. Their journey was a short one, for they shortly met the express, and the trainman told his tale to a worthy master of transportation who happened to be thereon. This quiet Massachusetts man said little, but acted promptly.

"He told the boys," said my informant,

"just to git them rifles out of the baggage-car. 'We'll clear 'em out for you,' says he to the freight conductor; and then we just went for 'em. We could 'a had fifty good revolvers to help us out of the passenger-car; but there warn't no need of 'em. When them tramps see us a-comin', they knew we was on the shoot, and they just give three cheers, and *lit out.*"

Shade of Kit Carson! has it come to this? We buy a new revolver, and take out an accident-insurance policy, and go forth to meet the wild warrior of the West; and, lo! the modern kind would flee from a policeman's club, and would not make a hero for a juvenile "blood-and-thunder" weekly. As I resume my seat, I am reminded of the Briton who left his native shores on a quest for the typical American of the border—the mighty Leatherstocking or Davy Crockett of these latter days. In vain did he search through town after town, farther and farther from the Eastern sea-board. Wearied and disappointed, he was about to retrace his steps, when Fortune smiled, and he saw—the first glance brought conviction to his soul—the real thing! Nothing could be more conventionally correct—the suit of buckskin, the leggings, the large felt hat, the long hair, the rifle, the revolver, and the bowie-knife. "*Eureka!*" he muttered, as he hurriedly crossed the street.



ROAD AGENTS AT WORK.—[See Page 195.]

"My dear sir," said he, "would you—aw—excuse the liberty, you know, and have the kindness to—aw—tell me, you know, from whence you come?"

He doubtless expected to quail before the eagle eye of this Wild Bill, perhaps to be greeted with strange imprecations; but the man answered, in mild tones, and with familiar accent, "Hoot, mon! aw'm just three months from Inverness!"

And now the school-houses and churches began to decrease in size, and the houses were farther apart, as we ran swiftly on to Dodge City. Thence, or from a point

not far distant, diverged the old alternative trail by the Cimarron. Thence to-day one travels by stage to Camp Supply and (less than two hundred miles) to Fort Elliot, south of the Canadian River, and in the "Pan Handle" of Texas. Near by, too, is Fort Dodge; and we drove thither, and saw the neat quarters and the store-houses and the *corral*, and talked with some of the officers who are stationed at these lonely points. Several of them were rejoicing in orders for a post farther east, but in twenty-four hours after we parted with them all was changed, and they were sent with speed to the front, perhaps to lay down their lives in a fight with Indians.

Speeding on again, we passed Lakin (in which enterprising town the store, established in a "dug-out," contrasts curiously with the new railroad dining hall), then across the line, and into Colorado. From Las Animas we went to another military post—Fort Lyon, situated just where the Purgatoire enters the Arkansas. The moon was shining down on the neat square, with its plank walks, and trees, and tall flag-staff (in these Western posts —forts only by courtesy—there are no stone or earth works). A "hop" was progressing at the barracks, and the soldiers' wives, who were dancing to the music of a violin and guitar, had brought with them the children whom they could not leave at home, so that one saw the pretty, chubby little things sleeping as quietly on rugs on the floor as if miles away from the noise and the lights. And if any further humanizing influence were wanted by the pilgrim on the old trail, he found it in the gathering of cultured ladies and gentlemen who had *not* heard *Pinafore*, but who could and did sing it on the far Arkansas. Then, not very much farther on, we went down to the bank of the river to get a sketch of Bent's Fort—a famed post in the old days. The main structure was 180 by 135 feet, and the walls were fifteen feet high and four feet thick. It is now deserted and in ruins; and the only information which we had to guide us in our search for a fortification (it can not be seen from the train) which was in its glory when the "Army of the West" marched to Mexico, was the statement that it was near the 549th mile-post on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. And now the droves of cattle, and the buffalo trails stretching over the plains and down to the water, as straight as if laid out with a theodolite, grew more frequent, and we came to La Junta (pronounce it *La Hoontah*, if you please), the junction of the Timpas with the Arkansas. Here the four-footed engineers turned off to the southwest, and their two-legged successors, leaving the main Colorado line, by which one reaches Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver, followed exactly in their steps. The land is barren to the eye, and the route lonely for a while; but soon we saw the Spanish Peaks and the snow-topped Sangre de Cristo on the horizon, and then it was only eighty miles to Trinidad. Directly through this town, in which one-story adobe huts and Mexican *mescals*, or hovels of mud and straw, are curiously mingled with United States Hotels and National Banks and saloons, runs the trail, and on the banks of the Purgatoire, which we have again reached, runs the iron road.

And here let me stop to record *the* corruption *par excellence* of a name which I have encountered in all my wanderings. The pious Spaniards called this stream Las Animas (the souls), the French called it Purgatoire (purgatory), and the free-born American calls it the *Picketwire*. We crossed the bridge to take the train, musing on what they call in California the "pure cussedness" of such a transformation, and then we saw Fisher's Peak on the east, and, to the south, rising up against the sky, the Raton (Rat) Mountains, which first compelled the trail to follow a heavy grade. The trail went over the toll-road owned by Uncle Dick Wootten, a veteran pioneer, and many stories are told of the long lines of teams and other vehicles which paid tribute at his gate; but the railroad, first using a very bold and ingenious "switch-back," now runs through a tunnel, approached on either side by a heavy grade, and showing curious seams of coal in its inner walls. We saw it from the rear platform of a single passenger-car at the end of a long freight train, and also looked at the "Devil's Gate," through which the trail passes after crossing the mountain, and which might have proved at any time a terrible place for an ambush. Then came supper at Otero, and a cot in the baggage-car.

In the morning, the train, which had run down the trail in the night, through a pleasant valley, and many herds of sheep, and across the edge of the great

"Maxwell Grant" (some one and three-quarter million acres), stopped at Watrous, the station for famed Fort Union, with its fine arsenal, only about six miles from the track. Then we ran on to the south, and in due time reached the then terminus of the road—Las Vegas (the meadows)—where the plain is clearly seen to come to an end. There is a "new town" about the railroad station, and a large number of saloons and gambling dens are to be seen; but the old Plaza, a short distance off, looks just about as it did when General Kearny stood there to make his address to the Mexican people. The most striking buildings are an ancient church, with a rude cross in front, and an enormous edifice three stories or more in height, erected by a Mexican, who, having travelled to some cities of the Eastern States, was fired with a noble ambition to emulate the lofty structures in New York and Boston.

At an early hour in the morning we climbed beside Dick on the box of the Southern Overland Mail Company's stage, and settled ourself for an interesting drive on the trail itself. Between Las Vegas and Santa Fe lie mountains which it would be impossible to cross, and we made a long détour to the south. All around us were hills covered with dwarf cedar and *piñon*, and presenting rather a desolate appearance from the trail, which wound around and among them. At Tecolote we first changed horses, and although nearly every writer who has visited New Mexico has described this and other native villages as resembling *limekilns*, the fitness of the comparison is so obvious and complete that no one could suggest any improvement on it. And now we were brought into contact with an experience of the Santa Fe Trail which was of anything but an agreeable nature. To be sure, the officials on the train from Trinidad complained that the rifles furnished on their end of the line, where they were most likely to be needed, were not so good as those on the eastern division, where only the semi-occasional tramp was encountered. To be sure, too, they spoke in cheerful local parlance at Las Vegas of having "had a man for breakfast" (euphemism for a murder during the previous night), and the existence of a powerful vigilance committee was made known; but it was certainly just a little novel and exciting to have a pleasant and genial resident of Santa Fe, sitting on the seat behind us, quietly mention the fact, as we and "Dick" were lighting our cigars, that the road agents had "gone through" all the passengers of the stage on which he had come in the opposite direction, and which they had attacked at a spot which he would show us. We reached it before long, and concluded that the "agents," or robbers, had an excellent eye for position. The trail turned to the right at a sharp angle, and around a point on which were rocks of considerable height. On the left were high trees, among which lay a burned log.

"Here it was," said our friend. "The first thing that I saw was four masked faces and eight revolvers belonging to men behind those rocks. Of course they 'had the drop' on us, and we had to throw up our hands. And then they made us all get out, and they put the one lady passenger on one side, and then made the rest of us sit down on that log;" and he pointed at it with a cool laugh. "One man," he went on, "kept the revolvers pointed at the party, and the others just 'went through' us, and took everything that we had in the world. I mean the men. The lady had some money, but they let her alone. One fellow—a doctor—walked about, and the man with the revolver told him just to sit down on that log again. 'Is it any of your business whether I sit or stand?' asked he. 'Oh no,' said the man, pleasantly, 'none at all, *only I'll let daylight through ye if ye don't sit down —— quick!*' And he sat down. When they'd taken everything, even fifty-seven dollars of the driver's hard earnings—and they generally let them alone—they told us to keep still for twenty minutes, at peril of our lives, and took the horses, and a buggy that they had up there among the trees, and went off."

The robbers went back to Las Vegas, where, of course, they had plenty of friends; and the United States Marshal for New Mexico, Mr. John Sherman (nephew of the General), who resides at Santa Fe, thought that they must be agreeable and witty people, and that he would like to make their acquaintance, and to present to them two associates and deputies of his own—Mr. Charles Jones, of Kansas, who had come to the Territory for that purpose, and Mr. Thomas Barrett, of Santa Fe, both gentlemen of very *taking* ways.

As the robbers did not seem anxious to be presented, the marshals concluded to waive ceremony and make the first call; and they took a few broad-shouldered, quiet-looking, heavily armed friends with them.

"I see Charley and Tom that night," said a loquacious citizen of Las Vegas to us; "an' I knew somethin' was up when I see 'em turnin' up their coat collars an' lookin' at their percussion-caps; but I didn't know what it was."

THE CAPTURED ROAD AGENTS.

The "agents" were enjoying social games of chance and skill in the halls of the gay town, when each one saw two men, one on each side of him, apparently interested in the game, while two or three more had strolled into the rooms. In another minute there was a grip of iron on each arm; half a dozen shining barrels, with resolute faces behind them, covered the crowd, and all was over.

Leaving Tecolote, we soon saw Bernal Peak, with its cap of stone, on which are three crosses. At our left were those welcome signs of progress and enterprise, the cuttings and embankments for the railway.

"I don't want to lose sight of them," said a hopeful Santa Fe man on the stage. "*There's* what has been railroads and steamboats and everything else in this Territory;" and he pointed to a poor little *burro*, with a stolid Mexican, stick in hand, walking behind him. "Hang me," he went on, "if I don't believe that those fellows undergo metempsychosis, and turn into burros themselves when they die!"

At San José, a second limekiln, we crossed the Pecos, a fine stream, running through a fertile valley, and at Pajarito (little bird) we dined.

It was nearly dark when we last changed horses at Rock Corral, and the stars were shining brightly as we looked down from the heights from which Mr. Gregg's wagoners saw with delight the goal which they were seeking; and then we rattled down the hill, and across the bed of the creek, and through a narrow street, and up to the door of the *fonda*.

Our seventy-five miles' journey had been so pleasant that we felt but little fatigue: the air was balmy, the supper was good, and the residents sitting in and about this same fonda seemed glad to see some new pilgrims arriving at the shrine of St. Francis. One felt fully the fascinating influences of the place; and *foi d'un vieux voyageur*, they should not lightly be missed. Early in the new year the branch line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad was completed to this ancient city. The main line will soon have reached the Rio Grande Valley, and will doubtless push on down it, and by connecting with the Southern Pacific give a new line to California. In 1864 a merchant of Santa Fe paid thirty-two cents per pound for freight on his 110,000 pounds from the Eastern States; to-day it will cost from three to five!

PRINCES AND POTENTATES IN 1840.

THE editors of the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1841 were thrown into a state of preternatural activity by the political events of the year previous. There was, to begin with, the marriage, on February 10, 1840, of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—"a moderate-looking young person," according to Dr. Wayland, who saw him at the opening of Parliament in January following—to Queen Victoria, whom the same observer reported "a small, pale, girlish-looking young woman, with nothing peculiar in her countenance." The Prince had been naturalized by act of Parliament, and allowed a smaller annuity than the Government had proposed, and suffered to take precedence for life "next after her Majesty"; but his title of Prince Consort was withheld till 1857 (June 25). Consorting with the Queen was, however, if as yet invested with rather empty honors, not unattended with

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

risk at the hands of his new countrymen; and Albert Memorials would have been called for thirty years sooner if Oxford's two shots, fired at his bride just four months after their marriage, had not missed the Prince as well as the lunatic's immediate object.

But, for all their accidents in 1840, never were sovereigns safer from being taken off by assassins. Louis Philippe, returning from St. Cloud on the 15th of October, seemed to Darmès to furnish a fair mark; but fate willed otherwise. Miscarriage had already been the lot of a much more serious attempt, not on the person of the ruler of France, but on the dynasty. The author of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* made his second fiasco as a pretender in the early morning of August 6, within six hours after he had landed at Wimereux from the *Edinboro' Castle*, with his sixty fellow-conspirators, his nine horses and munitions, his 400,000 francs in gold, his tame eagle, and a store of proclamations ordaining the banishment of the Orleans family, the dissolution of the Chambers, and the calling of a National Congress, and appointing Thiers the head of a provisional government. Boulogne, a mile off, was entered at five o'clock; but, thanks to the mayor's firmness and presence of mind, the Forty-second Regiment were kept in their barracks; the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" of a corrupted officer fell upon cold ears; and unable to maintain themselves in the city, Prince Louis Napoleon and his filibusters, after some useless bloodshed, retreated first to the site of the camp of invasion of 1804, then to the sea. By eight o'clock the whole body

WILLIAM II., KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.

were prisoners, the Prince himself rescued from an overturned boat, more lucky to have escaped the three shots which riddled his uniform. His plan had been to march from Boulogne upon Calais and Lille, where General Magnan, who had been tampered with, was commanding the garrison. The miscalculation was not so great as it seemed. Had a balloon been his conveyance instead of a steam-ship, and had his pronunciamiento been raised at the gates of Paris instead of at those of Boulogne, there was a public resentment against the Government, and a discontent among the working-classes, which had given rise to formidable strikes and idle loafing, sufficient to have furnished tinder to the spark emitted in the name of the Second Empire. When the future Emperor was tried by the Chamber of Peers (September 28) to empty galleries—such was the indifference of the people—Berryer, his counsel, boldly bade his judges ask themselves, their hands on their hearts, before God and France, whether, if the plot had succeeded, they would have denied Napoleon's right to power, or would have refused to participate in it. The

FREDERIC WILLIAM IV., KING OF PRUSSIA.

only answer vouchsafed to this Legitimist home-thrust was a life sentence of his client to imprisonment in the castle of Ham. But what distinguishes the year 1840 is the apparent perishing of germs which were destined to fructify, and the fructification of Dead Sea apples. Problems supposed to have then been settled were to confront a later generation; the old situations were to be revived, the old incidents even, as if mankind were under the dominion of dreams. This we call history repeating itself.

"The remains of Napoleon should only return to a regenerated France;" so ran the proclamation which found no echo in Boulogne. Thiers, who on March 1 had become the head of the Ministry, after the long Parliamentary struggle with the King, soon exerted himself for the removal of Bonaparte's ashes to Paris, and overcame Louis Philippe's opposition only to find the latter assuming the credit of the proposal. In May a million of francs was granted by the Chambers, and the Prince de Joinville was dispatched to St. Helena. He arrived there October 8, and a week later set sail for France with the imperial remains, ignorant how nearly at war with Bonaparte's old enemies the country was, and what fears were entertained at home lest the fleet should be intercepted before its precious burden could be landed. On the last day of November Cherbourg was made in safety, and the body, being taken thence to Havre, was carried up the Seine to Neuilly. On the 15th of December the funeral procession took place in Paris, with much pomp, but with utter lack of warmth, either moral or physical. Not a few Americans witnessed the pageant, which ended with the reception of the remains at the Invalides by the King and princes. Dr. Wayland was one, but we shall borrow the words of a younger eye-witness:

"I was a little thing, but I shall never forget that day. The cold was piercing; three hundred Englishmen were said to have died of it. Statues of Fame and France and Victory, and columns draped

with tricolor, and giant vases burning incense, were placed along the whole length of the way from Neuilly to the Place de la Concorde, across the bridge, and back to the Invalides. The catafalque, a vast erection held up by gilded statues, and draped with violet crape, was drawn by sixteen white horses

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

in trappings of violet velvet powdered with bees. The remnant of the old Imperial Guard, in their stained and tattered uniforms, collected from all parts of France, walked immediately behind the body of their Little Corporal. As the car passed under the Arch—the Arch of his Triumphs—these old men and the populace around them thought the Emperor would rise from the dead: they waited breathlessly, and wept as the car moved on."

Beyond the Alps, as if to emphasize the decay of his family, Prince Lucien Bonaparte had passed away (June 29). Across the Pyrenees the tedious contest with the Carlists had ended in Queen Christina's abdication, forced upon her (October 10) by Don Baldomero Espartero, who thereupon became regent for the worthless Isabella of our day. In the same month, on the opposite border, William I., King of the Netherlands after the final separation in 1839, abdicated in favor of his son, William II. On the 7th of June died Frederic William III. of Prussia, the vanquished of Jena and Auerstädt, contemptuously described by his conqueror as "un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talento, nè informazione;" but also the sovereign of Stein, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau, with whose reign at once the most doleful and the most glorious memories of the father-land are associated; and husband of the more resolute and spirited Princess Louisa, who in and for herself, and not only as the mother of Emperor William, is cherished in the affections of her people as the patroness of German unity. Thirty years had elapsed since her untimely death, which had touched even Bonaparte with pity—"Era bella, graziosa, e piena d' intelligenza," he said to O'Meara—when, between the putting down of Bonapartism at Boulogne and its apotheosis at the Invalides, her tomb might well have been thought tenantless and her ghost abroad.

The quadruple alliance of England, Prussia, Austria, and Russia in favor of the Porte against the rebellious Mehemet Ali had, spite of the resistance of France, been matured in the convention of July 15. The shock to French pride was tremendous. She had been invited, as we may say, to an equal place on the committee of arrangements who proposed to settle the disturbed affairs of the East. It was not easy for her to accept: she had committed herself to Mehemet Ali; but it was still less easy to imagine that the game would be played without her. That meant more than loss of prestige—it involved war single-handed against the might of Europe. The news of the convention, whose programme was to be carried out by force, came, therefore, like a challenge, and the *rentes* fell as if hostilities were inevitable. All summer long they seemed imminent; the bombardment of Beyrout (September 11), and capture (October 11), made them seem certain. Thiers's speech from the throne would have brought them on. At the last moment the King's courage failed him; the warlike phrases were smoothed over, the Ministry permitted to resign, and an attitude of armed peacefulness committed to one of Bonaparte's marshals and Guizot. But the popular feeling continued yet unabated and threatening.

The humiliation of France had come from Palmerston, intent on securing the overland route to India by keeping a wilderness between the Porte and Mehemet Ali. The other leader had been Russia. Rage against either of these powers would have been natural and logical; war with either, or both together, would have had its difficulties. So when, on the 28th of July, the column was unveiled which now marks the Place de la Bas-

tille, and the "Marseillaise" was heard for the first time in years, and 100,000 of the National Guard marched to the Tuileries demanding war, they thought neither of perfidious Albion nor of Muscovy. Egypt was forgotten; Germany was remembered. The popular cry was for the Rhine frontier. Feuilletonists like Jules Janin offered to seize the left bank if given an army. Philosophers like Quinet pretended to see an oppressed Germany, assimilated to France by the Revolution which had annexed it, offering a welcome to its "deliverers." Even the Duke of Orleans declared he had rather fall beside the Rhine or the Danube than in a gutter of the Rue St. Denis. Thiers, to be sure, tried to turn the current against Austria rather, and meditated a new Italian campaign, menacing the King of Sardinia with a forced passage through his territory if he refused to join in the assault on the inveterate enemy of Italy, who was busily strengthening Ancona. Nevertheless, with a prophetic instinct, he urged forward the defenses of Paris (begun September 13), and secured 100,000,000 of francs for them; while the army which Marshal Soult had neglected was hastily doubled, and the fleet increased one-half. But the response from the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine was quite other than had been counted on. "In those exciting hours," says Hillebrand, "the tendency of the national-historical love of freedom, hitherto hampered in every way, got forever the upper hand of the French rationalistic tendency of the revolutionary spirit." The poet Arndt, just freed by the new King from the silent inaction imposed upon him by Frederic William III., and who had in the Bonaparte era maintained that the Rhine was a German river, not Germany's boundary, now burst forth with his martial lyric, beginning,

"Und brauset der Sturmwind des Krieges heran,"

and ending with the refrain,

"So klinge die Losung: zum Rhein!—
Uebern Rhein!
All-Deutschland in Frankreich hinein!"

But, as often happens in times of great popular excitement, the poorer poet made the greater impression.

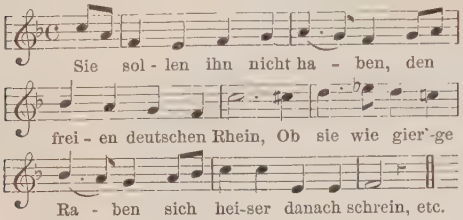
"The whole town," writes Mendelssohn to Carl Klingemann, from Leipzig, November 18, 1840, "is ringing with a song supposed to have a political tendency against the French, and the journals are striving with all their might to render it popular. In the present dearth of public topics they succeed in this without difficulty; and every one is speaking of the 'Rheinlied,' or the 'Colognaise,' as they significantly call it. The thing is characteristic, for the first line begins, 'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein,' and at the commencement of each verse is repeated, 'Never shall they have it,' as if there were the least sense in such words. If they were at least changed into, 'We mean to keep it.' But 'Never shall they have it' seems to

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

me so sterile and futile. There is certainly something very boyish in the idea, for when I actually possess an object, and hold it sure and fast, it is quite superfluous to sing, or to say, that it shall belong to no one else. This song is now sung at court in Berlin, and in the clubs and casinos here; and of course the musicians pounce upon it like mad, and are immortalizing themselves by setting it. The Leipzig composers have already brought out no less than three melodies for it, and every day the papers make some allusion to it. Yesterday, amongst other things, they said I also had set the song, whereas I never even dreamed of meddling with such a merely defensive inspiration."

True, the humble Nicolaus Becker, of Bonn, had written his "Der deutsche Rhein" in Cologne, and it was, what Hillebrand calls it, an insipid utterance. It

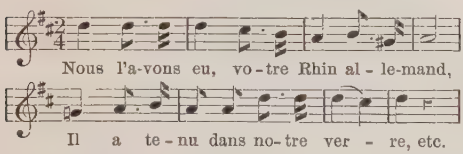
was, too, boyish; but the soul of "Young Germany" was in it, and it could be sung, and was sung, to seventy different airs. That of Kunze is perhaps the best:



Moreover, if not of the best quality itself, Becker's verse was the cause of good poetry in others. Such must be called Alfred de Musset's insolent stanzas (February, 1841):

"Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand,
Il a tenu dans notre verre.
Un couplet qu'on s'en va chantant
Efface-t-il la trace altière
Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang?
* * * * * * *
S'il est à vous, votre Rhin allemand,
Lavez-y donc votre livrée.
* * * * * * *
Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant."

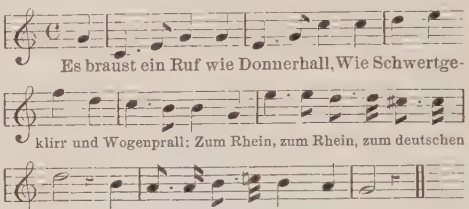
Thus set to music by Félicien David:



Higher still we may rate, notwithstanding its somewhat patronizing grandiloquence, Lamartine's "Marseillaise de la Paix," elaborated after a certain interval (May 28, 1841):

"Roule libre et superbe entre tes larges rives,
Rhin, Nil de l'Occident, coupe des nations!
* * * * * * *
Il ne tâchera plus le cristal de ton onde
Le sang rouge du Franc, le sang bleu du Germain.
* * * * * * *
Fleuve d'Arminius, du Gaulois, du Germain!
Charlemagne et César, campés sur tes collines,
T'ont bu sans t'épuiser dans le creux de leur main.
* * * * * * *
Chacun est du climat de son intelligence:
Je suis concitoyen de toute âme qui pense:
La vérité, c'est mon pays!
L'égoisme et la haine ont seuls une patrie;
La fraternité n'en a pas!"

In fact, "the couplet everlastingly sung," to Mendelssohn's disgust and De Musset's disdain, neither brought all Germany to the Rhine, arms in hand, nor effaced the bloody hoof-marks of the haughty troopers of 1806. But what of the song not sung in the streets, only read privately to his friends by Max Schreckenburger, of Thalheim, in Würtemberg, in November, 1840, when the youth was attaining his majority at Berne? What of the "Wacht am Rhein," first sung in public, to Carl Wilhelm's music, in 1850?

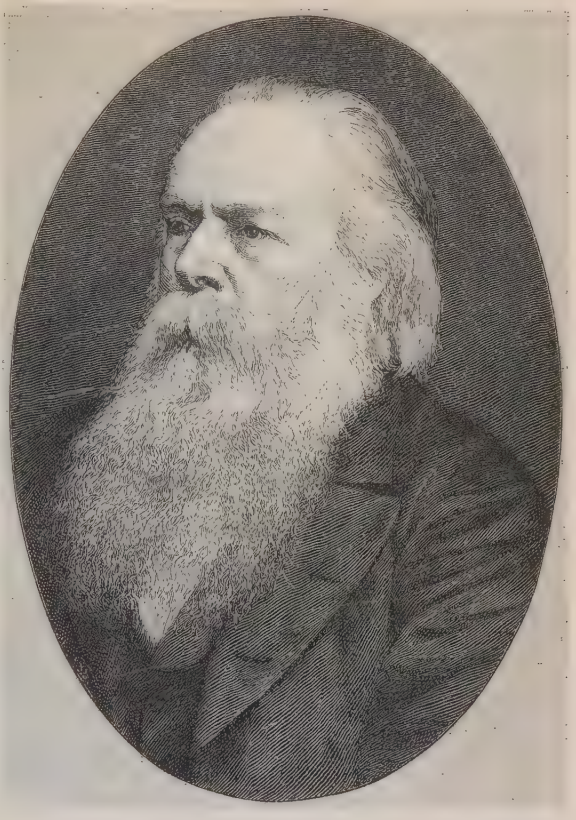

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall, Wie Schwertge-
klirr und Wogenprall: Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen
Rhein! Wer will des Stromes Hü-ter sein? etc.

This national hymn, great neither as verse nor as melody, awaited the second walking of Louisa's ghost, after another thirty years' rest, when poetic justice had provided another Napoleon to be humbled, another empire to be overthrown, and a German empire to be erected, with her son at its head.

All national policies were selfish in 1840, but it is safe to say that England's, under Palmerston, outstripped every other in this odious quality. Earl Russell, looking back to this period, and having in mind the quadruple alliance particularly, pronounced it the climax of Palmerston's diplomatic ability and success as a statesman. A more disinterested spectator and historian, Karl Hillebrand, says of the same Eastern policy, by which France was outwitted at the risk of a general European imbroglio, that it "thoroughly sacrificed the future to the moment." Russia succeeded in breaking the alliance of the two great Western powers, and in keeping Turkey weak in the proportion that Mehemet Ali was left strong. England preserved her East Indian overland pathway, which has remained unused to this day, except as a pretext for Jingoism in the Palmerstonian policy of Lord Beaconsfield. She substituted for the Russian protectorate of Turkey provided by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi (June 26, 1833) a European protectorate, which made her in 1853 the cat's-paw of Napoleon III. in the miserable Crimean war, and in 1877 estopped her from opposing Russia's solitary fulfillment of Europe's duties to the Christian populations of Turkey, and constrained her to see Turkey dismembered by Austria and Russia, and Constantinople all

but occupied. She kept France from gaining supreme influence in Egypt, but to-day simply divides the control with her.

In the case of another British triumph the illusion was still more signal, the retribution more immediate and more awful, and the example of history repeating itself as remarkable as anything which the present generation has witnessed. On the 6th of August, 1839, Lord Auckland's infamous attempt to dethrone Dost Mohammed, the ruler of Afghanistan, and establish Shah Soojah in his place, was crowned with seeming success by the entry into Cabool. For a whole year the dispossessed monarch sought to recover his own; and in the memorable fight at Purwan, November 2, 1840, showed that his troops, if not capable of snatching a victory, knew how to merit it. His voluntary surrender the day after the battle was for the moment the end which justifies the means of the unscrupulous. Another year, to a day, had rolled round, when that insurrection broke out in Cabool which undid all the work of the previous three years; caused the massacre of the British in the city—the murder of Macnaghten, the British envoy—the retreat, half disarmed, of the British army of occupation, after the women had been given up as hostages—its treacherous slaughter in the barricaded Jugdulluk Pass, with but a solitary survivor to carry to Jelalabad the news of this tremendous catastrophe—and the eventual retirement of the British from the country after a petty display of vengeance at Cabool. Forty years after Lord Auckland's manifesto of October 1, 1838, another Governor-General, actuated by motives as wicked and inexcusable, picks a quarrel with the friendly Ameer Shere Ali, invades Afghanistan with a new Macnaghten (Major Cavagnari), occupies Cabool in the same careless confidence, and sets the son of the lawful ruler on the throne. Never, certainly, was there a clearer instance of "tempting Providence." The response was swift, and the parallel between 1841 and 1879 was consummated in the most thrilling manner. Cavagnari reaped the fate of his predecessor; a fresh campaign was necessary to recover Cabool, whence shortly a concerted attack drove General Roberts to Elphinstone's ill-omened cantonments, to emerge with no other prospect than a second evacuation of the Afghan territory. The only novelty in the later situation was that Beaconsfield, who in 1879 prided himself on having acquired a "scientific frontier" against Russia in Asia, in 1842 was taunting Palmerston with a war "proclaimed without a reason," and wanting to know in the House of Commons "how a stronger barrier or a more efficient frontier could be secured than this which they possessed, which nature seemed to have marked out as the limit of a great empire."



HENRY VINCENT.

The third war which England had on her hands in 1840 was that with China, of which it is as difficult to speak in terms of moderation as of the Afghan invasion. It had its root, too, in the supposed eco-

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

nomic necessities of India, as the Afghan war had in the political necessities of the same dependency. "Our wars against China," says an English paper (*Vanity Fair*, February 22, 1879), "were first undertaken because the Emperor objected to our poisoning his subjects by the drug which we cultivate in order to keep up our army in India." To force the sale of opium on China against the laws and desire of that country was not the avowed object of hostilities on the part of the British, but war none the less grew out of the readiness to extend the same protection to contraband goods belonging to British subjects as to legitimate. When the fleet was attacked by the Chinese, in February, 1840, an offensive war was inevitable, but an honorable Government would have concluded it and left opium where it was at the beginning—subject to all the Chinese penalties for smuggling. Territory, treaty ports, indemnity, security for an Indian industry, were the material gains of the victors; the greatest losses must be looked for in the deterioration of national character, albeit at hardly any time since has England been free from war with barba-

rous or semi-civilized peoples. The step, for example, by which New Zealand became, in 1840, a British colony was the prelude to conflicts lasting for a quarter of a century.

Despite her belligerency in 1840, England had much to excite anxiety at home. In that year O'Connell gave a name and consistency to the movement for repeal of the legislative union between that country and Ireland, which culminated in 1843, while the Anti-Corn-Law League, under Bright and Cobden, and the Chartists, under Feargus O'Connor, were making head across the Channel. The Melbourne ministry presently went under, in advocating a measure of free trade, and the free loaf in England was postponed till the epoch of starvation in Ireland. The Chartist voters helped in the downfall, smarting under the imprisonment of some of their apostles, and the trial and punishment of others for high treason. Henry Vincent having been thrown into jail at Newport, Wales, in the fall of 1839, the miners of the neighborhood attempted a rescue, under the leadership of an ex-magistrate. Ten thousand of them concerted, with all sorts of weapons, to move on the jail. All that came of it was the sentence of three of them to death, in June, 1840, and the actual transportation of them instead.

GENERAL ROSAS.

In time a large part of the platform called "The People's Charter" was achieved in the usual way. The planks were manhood suffrage, annual Parliaments, vote by ballot, abolition of the property qualification for a seat in the Commons, payment of members, and division of the country into equal electoral districts. The second, fifth, and sixth still await a champion and a party. The fervor of the period having passed, the objects of the agitation, to which the French revolution of 1848 gave fresh life and violence, seem quite inadequate to account for so much heat. On this point the latest historian of the present reign, Mr. Justin McCarthy, observes:

"The history of that time seems full of reform projects. The Parliamentary annals contain the names of various measures of social and political improvement, which might in themselves, it would seem, bear witness to the most unsleeping activity on the part of any ministry. Measures for general registration; for the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers, and of the duty on paper; for the improvement of the jail system; for the spread of vaccination; for the regulation of the labor of children; for the prohibition of the employment of any child or young person under twenty-one in the cleaning of chimneys by climbing; for the suppression of the punishment of the pillory; efforts to relieve the Jews from civil disabilities—these are but a few of the many projects of social and political reform that occupied the attention of that busy period, which somehow appears nevertheless to have been so sleepy and do-nothing. . . . The reforming energy was in the time, and not in the ministry. In every instance public opinion went far ahead of the inclinations of her Majesty's ministers."

Except for what relates to the Government, this was not more true of England than of the United States. The great commotion, too, among the Old World princes

and potentates in 1840 had its parallel in the two Americas. President Van Buren received a vote of "want of confidence" from a majority of his countrymen in the most exciting campaign ever known. The moral of the election, nevertheless, was not the same in 1841 that it was when the polls closed in the previous November: there were illusions in the Greater as well as in the Lesser Britain. In the vast sister empire of Brazil the regency was summarily abolished in 1840. Dom Pedro's majority was decreed on the 23d of July, and his accession to power became complete at the age of fifteen. In La Plata the despotic power of Rosas was confirmed by his "re-election" (March 4, 1840) to the Presidency for five years. His reign of terror was actually prolonged for twelve; but there came a day when the forces of Uruguay and Brazil, led by General Urquiza, restored self-government and manhood to the demoralized victims of the dictatorship.

SUMMER CLUBS ON GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN summer the surface of Great South Bay is dotted and stippled with many dozens of sails, and the picture it presents is rarely other than attractive. The boats come from the towns and villages that lie along the shore, and from the few islands in and around the bay that can boast of inhabitants. Sammis's Hotel and the Dominy House on Fire Island Beach send their quota, and there are delegations of cat-boats from Havemeyer's and Jesse Conkling's. Patchogue, Bellport, Sayville, Islip, Bayshore, Babylon, South Oyster Bay, Amityville, have each and all their miniature fleets, and are proud of the ancient and youthful mariners that sail from their ports. Then there are dozens of villas and more modest dwellings where city men go with their families to pass the hot months, and every year the number of these summer residents is on the increase. And then, too, there are the bachelor clubs, where married members are in the majority, and as no club on the shores of the bay would be complete without a sail-boat, these homes of masculine exclusiveness have their representatives in the tiny squadrons. On pleasant days the boats are out in greatest number, but by no means do they disappear when the rains fall and the winds blow. While there are many of these craft devoted to amusement, there is a still larger number whose owners make their living by serious toil. They catch fish of the many varieties that abound in the bay or in that part of the Atlantic within ten miles of Fire Island Inlet; they dig for clams, or rather they rake the bottom of the bay for them; and they also plant the meditative oyster, and when he has sufficiently grown, they gather him and send him to market. The product of the water that is taken from Great South Bay has an annual aggregate value of many thousands of dollars.

Fishing is uncertain, as the fish is not sure to bite on every occasion when he is sought; oyster farming requires capital for the purchase of the seed oysters and the rent of the land where they are planted; but clamming is the inherent right and occupation of every South-Sider, be he rich or poor. He may make ten dollars or twice that amount in a day's fishing, or he may make nothing, and the chances are quite in favor of the latter result of piscatorial employment. But he is sure of a thousand or maybe two thousand clams if he takes his rake and labors patiently through the day, and they are rarely worth less than a dollar and a half a thousand. If a man is in a position where he can take the chances, he will go a-fishing, but if he must have a certain amount of money by a certain date, he goes in pursuit of the clam. The clam is, then, the foundation of existence, and the unit of the local currency; values are based on the market value of the clam; and if ever the South-Siders adopt a coat of arms, they should make the bivalve rampant a prominent figure on their crest.

Soon after the firing on Sumter a gentleman of New York, who passes his summers by the waters of South Bay, had occasion to drive from New York to Islip, and to pass through the principal villages along the shore. Nearly everywhere the patriotism of the people was manifested by numerous flags that waved from poles or were flung from windows, and each village contained groups of men who were discussing the important events of the day. One village only was without bunting, and there was a sullen crowd at the principal store, whose breathings were

"FLAGS, EH? AND CLAMS A DOLLAR A THOUSAND!"

anything but loyal. The gentleman was well known to the inhabitants, and felt justified in reproving them for their political attitude. He told what he had seen on his way down, how the other villages were decked with flags, and asked why they did not do like their neighbors. The men looked one toward another for several moments, and finally the boldest ventured to speak.

"Flags, eh?" said he, in a tone of withering contempt. "Flags!—and clams a dollar a thousand!"

The club life of the South Side is an interesting feature of that region, and has had an important influence in developing its prosperity. Many a man has bought land, and erected a house more or less costly, by reason of having been first attracted to South Bay through his club membership, and the money invested in club property is by no means inconsiderable. The principal clubs on and near the bay are the Olympic, the Sportsmen's, and the Wa-Wa-Yanda. The last is on a small island near the channel that leads from the bay to the ocean, but the Olympic and the Sportsmen's are on what we may call the mainland, in distinction from the site of the Wa-Wa-Yanda.

The oldest of these clubs is the Olympic; in fact, it is one of the oldest existing clubs in America, as its organization occurred in 1841. In that year a party of young men arranged to spend a week or more in camp on Barren Island, which was then less odoriferous than it is to-day. They numbered half a dozen, and their camp equipage consisted of an old sail from a boat, a few knives and forks, a kettle, and a frying-pan. There were other utensils of practical utility, but they were not numerous, and an assessment of a dollar on each member for general expenses came near wrecking the club before it was launched. The camp was made according to the original scheme. The sail formed the roof of the dwelling that the adventurers erected; the earth served as a floor, and its hardness was mitigated by means of grass, which formed a common bed at night. Cooking was performed in the open air, and the members of the club took turns in the culinary operations. A great fondness was manifested for a fish diet, and it arose, no doubt, from the inability of the club finances to afford the purchase of anything beyond tea and sugar. Fishing was diligently prosecuted, and the fishers had the double incentive of sport and hunger to induce them to persevere, as they would go to bed sup-

THE FIRST OLYMPIC.

perless if luck abandoned them. Here again the clam proved himself the staff of life and the haven of refuge, if we may indulge in metaphor. After a few experiments of incipient starvation, the young clubbists learned that it was always prudent to keep a bushel or so of clams ready for use, and a pen was constructed whence the bivalves could not climb out and run away. Sometimes everything failed, clams included, and then the occupants of the camp were forced to chew the cud of fancy for lack of something else on which to exercise their teeth.

The club outlived the summer of 1841, and in the winter that followed its numbers increased, and preparations were made for an active campaign in '42. A camp chest was bought, and new utensils for culinary purposes were acquired, and when the summer came, one of the members secured the loan of a military tent for a dwelling-place for himself and his fellows. A site was selected on the shore of Sheepshead Bay, and here, as before, the members were their own cooks, and their own hewers of wood, drawers of water, and diggers of clams. None dreamed of the luxury of servants; and when any one refused to perform his share of the work, he found the camp too warm for comfort. On one occasion, a drone, who had fallen asleep, found, on awaking, that the sand had been gently heaped over him, leaving only his head exposed, and it required no small exertion for him to get free from his toils. After that occurrence he was not remiss in the performance of his duties, nor in endeavoring to "get even" with his tormentors. Numberless were the pranks played by the members upon one another, and not unfrequently the jokes were of a severely practical kind.

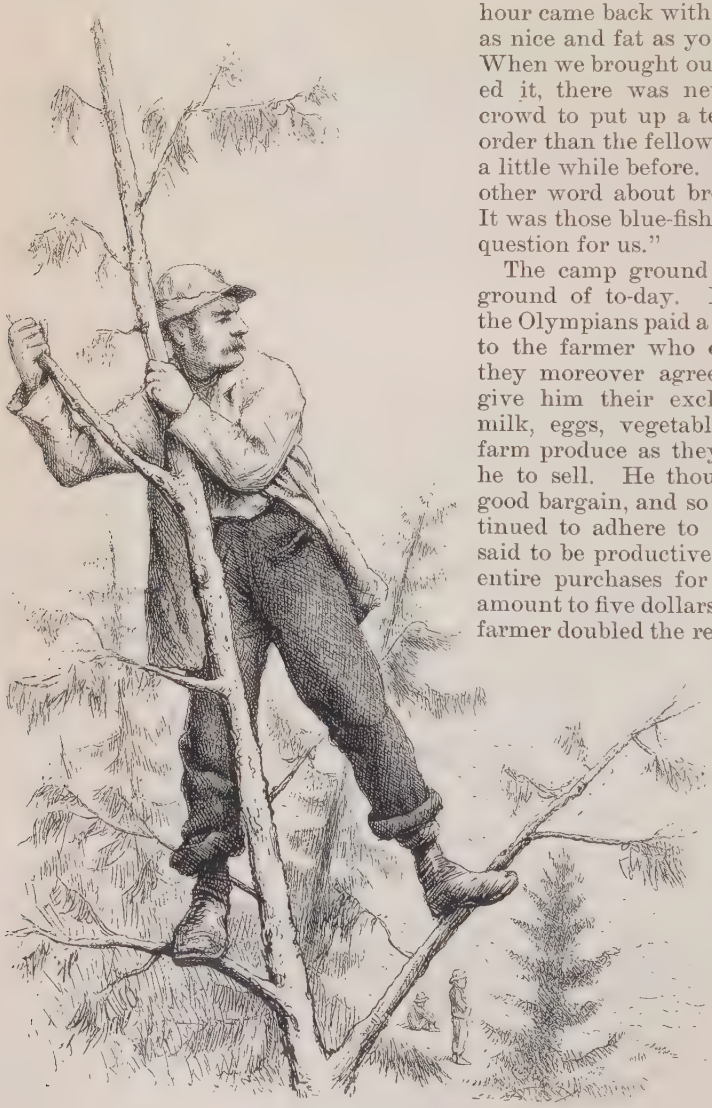
Several of the members belonged to one of the volunteer fire-companies, then in the height of their glory; they were known as "Forty-one's fellers," and they had a particular admiration for the Olympic Theatre, which was then run by jolly old Billy Mitchell. It was proposed and unanimously carried that the club should be called "The Olympic," and in return for the compliment the members were honored one evening with free tickets to the theatre. It is safe to say that this burst of liberality was a good investment on the part of Mitchell, as the members of Engine Company Forty-one were enthusiastic supporters of his establishment. Mary Taylor, an actress well remembered by New-Yorkers of thirty years ago, was their special favorite, and whenever she appeared for a benefit, or was cast in a

new piece, Forty-one's fellers were out in full force, and applauded in their boisterous way till the integrity of the building was endangered. Her memory is reverently cherished in the Olympic Club of today, and you may hear her mentioned in tones of fondness by some of the old members, and with perhaps a glistening of moisture on their weather-beaten eyes.

Two or three seasons were passed at Sheepshead Bay, and then the club moved to Shrewsbury River, where it remained several years. At Shrewsbury the luxury of a cook was indulged in, but all other duties continued to be performed by the members. The dues had increased from one dollar a year to ten times that sum, and in consequence of this enormous cost of membership several of the Olympians retired in disgust. Envious persons said that chickens did not thrive in the neighborhood of the club; but this insinuation is indignantly repelled by all the members, and certainly they are likely to know whether it is true or not. Fish and clams continued the favorite food, and, as before, when the fishing was bad, the dinners were meagre. In course of time fish became scarce, and in the spring of 1854 the club set about finding a new scene for its enjoyments. A committee visited the south side of Long Island, and selected a spot for a camp. In due time it made its report, and the club proceeded to move thither for its usual summer rest. More than a quarter of a century has passed since that committee returned from its labors of natural selection, and its chairman, now a rotund and prominent New-Yorker, known among his intimates as the "Commodore," tells with much gusto the story of the first day in the new camp:

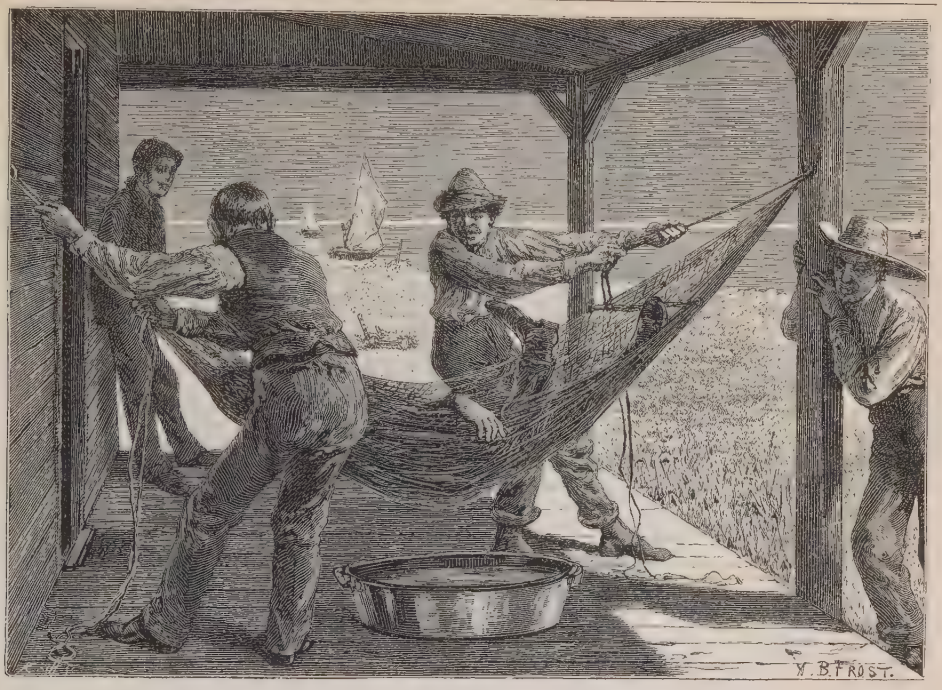
BURYING A DRONE.

"A few of us went down on a schooner with the tent and other things belonging to the club, and the rest of the boys were to go by the Long Island Railway. The nearest station was four miles away, as the South-side Railway was not then built, and they had a good walk through the woods, where there were plenty of mosquitoes. It was thought that the schooner would make the voyage in two days, and so it was arranged that we should meet at the end of the second day at the camp ground, where everybody would lend a hand to make things ready. But we had head-winds, and the schooner was four days on the way instead of two; the consequence was, the boys that went overland were forty-eight hours with nothing to eat, no place but the ground for beds, and no bed-coverings but their own clothes. Madder men were never seen than they were when we got there with our schooner. They wouldn't speak to us except to abuse us; they wouldn't help handle a thing, and all of them declared that the club was at an end. We got the tent and things ashore, and then borrowed a boat to try to catch some fish. We went out into the channel, and in half an hour came back with thirty odd blue-fish, as nice and fat as you would wish to see. When we brought our catch in and showed it, there was never a more willing crowd to put up a tent and set things in order than the fellows who were so angry a little while before. We didn't hear another word about breaking up the club. It was those blue-fish that determined the question for us."



LOOKING FOR THE SCHOONER.

The camp ground of 1854 is the club ground of to-day. For the first season the Olympians paid a rental of five dollars to the farmer who owned the soil, and they moreover agreed that they would give him their exclusive patronage in milk, eggs, vegetables, and such other farm produce as they wished to buy and he to sell. He thought he had made a good bargain, and so did they; they continued to adhere to a fish diet, which is said to be productive of brains, and their entire purchases for the season did not amount to five dollars. Consequently the farmer doubled the rent in 1855, and again was the existence of the club imperiled. The next year or the year after—the historian is a little confused in his mind regarding the exact date—he doubled on them again, and the Olympians who had studied arithmetic, and knew about permutations and combinations, were aghast at the prospect which loomed before them. "If things goes on this



DISTURBING A SLEEPER.

'ere way," one of the Forty-one-ers remarked, "we might just as well throw up the sponge now as later. In less than ten years we shall be paying a million dollars for this mosquito-hole, and a year after that we'll pay two millions. I don't believe the boys has got that lot o' money, and I move we vote the club busted."

"But we didn't bust," says the narrator of the annals; "and we even stood another double to forty dollars a couple of years later. Then some of us who had a little money went in and bought the land, seventeen and a half acres, and this is the very land we are on now. The club bought it of us at the price we paid, and we gave them plenty of time to pay for it."

The tent in time gave way to a small house, with the ground for a floor, and a year or two later it received a flooring of boards, and a double row of bunks along the side for sleeping purposes. By-and-by there arose a second story on the house; then came other houses. A boat was bought, and in course of time it was pronounced too small, and gave place to another and larger craft. As the years rolled on there were prosperity and happiness in the Olympic, though not always peace and soothing silence. Certain jovial ones were accustomed to play gentle tricks on each other to while away the time, and sometimes they were not particularly fastidious as to the character of their amusements.

One of them would lie down in a hammock with the intent of taking a quiet nap. Hardly was he asleep before a pan of water was placed beneath him, and gently—oh, so gently !—the hammock lashings were untied. The victim dreamed he was on a sinking ship at sea, and when the dream took good hold of his imagination, he struck out wildly for the shore. The awakening was a mingling of pleasure and its reverse: pleasure at the escape from a watery grave, and the opposite of pleasure at the revelation of the trick that had been played.

One morning a joker had packed his valise and placed it on the front platform of the club-house, intending to take the stage for the railway station immediately after breakfast. He was detained in conversation until the stage was ready to start, and on essaying to handle his baggage he discovered that it would not move. His companions had opened it where it stood, and fastened it to the planking by means of some screws and a

screw-driver. The tool that had performed the fastening operation was needed to release the screws, and it is by no means surprising that it could not be readily found. The victim of the joke did not miss the train, but he had a very narrow escape.

Holes were bored in the chairs and benches whereon the Olympians were wont to sit, and then a member with a mechanical turn of mind rigged up an arrangement of strings and pins that was calculated to make a sensation. A man would be thrown off his guard, and induced to rest on the fatal seat; while calmly conversing about the latest Emersonian poem, or discussing the proper rendering of a line of Homer, he would be impelled upward by a force as powerful as it was invisible, and his musings would possibly terminate with the lines:

> "I see a voice you can not feel,
> Which says I must not stay."

During the period when this entertainment was popular, the Olympians were accustomed to be oft in the attitude of a banqueting party drinking a toast to the memory of Washington. "Standing and in silence" was the motto, for no one dared to sit on a chair or bench, through fear that it had been all too recently in the hands of the mechanical genius with the pins. "But you can't be a tree, and stand up all your life," said one of the boys, "and we'd better quit this sort of thing." And after a discussion of the pros and cons it was agreed that the game should be played no more. The flight of time brought age and dignity to the members of the club, and sprinkled their heads with the snow that never melts, unless through the aid of hair-dye. With dignity, and gray hairs, and in many instances corpulence, the fondness for boyish pranks and rough joking passed away, and now the lounger may take his ease in hammock undisturbed, or sit or lounge where he chooses, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

With their commodious quarters, comprising parlor, dining-rooms, some thirty odd rooms for sleeping purposes—many of them with fittings superior to those of the best of our summer hotels—with kitchen and servants' quarters, ice-houses and store-rooms for provisions, with grounds laid out in lawn and garden, and boasting a pretty grove of the well-known oaks of Long Island, with a yacht that has won several prizes in club races, and beaten all her competitors on Great South Bay, the old Olympians are never weary of recounting the happy times of two or three decades ago, and the fun they had when they performed their own work, and depended on their own exertions for subsistence. Perhaps no one of them would be willing to see the whirligig of time rolled backward to the days of boyhood, and probably every man of them would wince a little if told that it was his turn to fill the water barrel or cook the dinner. But they are all thoroughly alive to the pleasures of memory, and their narrations are by no means uninteresting to the juniors that have come after them.

And the reference to that water barrel is a reminder of a curious discovery which has an amusing side. For years the water for all the purposes of the Olympic's kitchen was brought from a spring a good half mile away. It was no joke to haul the barrel along the sandy road; and many a time did members make remarks more forcible than elegant when told that it was their turn to fill the cask. It was thought useless to dig for water on the club grounds, and when the managing committee determined to try the experiment, it was pronounced a waste of money. The well was made by driving an iron pipe to a depth of twenty-five feet or more, and when the pump was started, it brought up the purest and sweetest water that one could wish to drink. The supply is inexhaustible.

Since the early part of the century Long Island has been famous among lovers of sport for its abundance of trout, deer, and other game; and the ease of reaching it from New York made its brooks and forests popular with the hunting denizens of Manhattan. Long before the railway was constructed, gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia used to make frequent visits to the township of Islip in search of amusement, and rarely did they come away disappointed. Lif Snedecor's hotel, on the old stage-road, was the resort of these Nimrods and Piscators, and merry were the nights they passed under his roof. Lif was in due time gathered to his fathers, and then the hotel was kept by his son, until about the year 1865, when the owners of the property determined to sell it. The prospect of losing their favorite resort was not a

OLYMPIC WATER-WORKS.

pleasing one to the hunters and fishers, and thereupon they formed an association with the prime object of purchasing the property, and keeping it in the shape most agreeable to them. The association took very naturally the form of a club, and in 1866 it was chartered under the name of "The South-side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island," and under that name it exists to-day. The purchase included about eight hundred acres of land, partly under cultivation and partly wild, and a fine pond and stream where trout can be cultivated and caught. The old hotel and its out-buildings were a part of the acquisition, and in front of the hotel was a mill in a state of severe dilapidation. In the hands of the directors of the club the property has been greatly improved; and though the former hotel is the club-house of to-day, it has undergone so many alterations and received so many additions that it resembles the boy's jack-knife that was the old knife still, though it could boast of two new handles and five new blades.

The membership includes many prominent gentlemen of New York and other cities, and their number is limited to one hundred. The club, as a corporation, owns the ground and its belongings, and consequently each member is the owner of an undivided hundredth of the property. Fifty thousand dollars was the original valuation of the property, and the par value of a share was five hundred dollars. When a member dies or resigns in good standing, his interest is treated like a share of a bank or railway, with the difference that the purchaser must be acceptable as a member of the club.

The first article of the constitution of the association says, "This club is established for the protection of game birds and fish, and for the promotion of social intercourse among its members;" and thereby hangs a history. It is to the South-side Club that the public is indebted for many of the laws protecting game, not only on Long Island, but throughout the State, and not only for the laws, but for the sentiment in favor of game protection everywhere. When the club determined that a law was needed, it set about to secure its passage; one of the ablest lawyers in the State has been counsel for the club since the year of its organization, and when he devoted himself to the framing

of a bill, it was generally so closely framed that a mosquito could not creep through it. When the club was organized there was great lawlessness among the Long-Islanders relative to game, and the few statutes in existence were little heeded, or heeded not at all. Poachers were numerous, and as fast as the club stocked its pond and stream with trout, the poachers would fish them out. In consequence of this free-and-easy practice of the natives the club secured the passage of a law fixing a penalty of five dollars fine and three months in the county jail for taking a trout from a private preserve without the permission of the owner. Men were employed to patrol the banks of the stream and pond; but as the stream ran through the forest for a mile or so, the poachers were still able to ply their trade and defy the law. There was one among them who boasted loudly of his prowess as a stealer of fish, and he did not hesitate to tell the members of the club that they might breed trout as fast as they chose, and he would have them all.

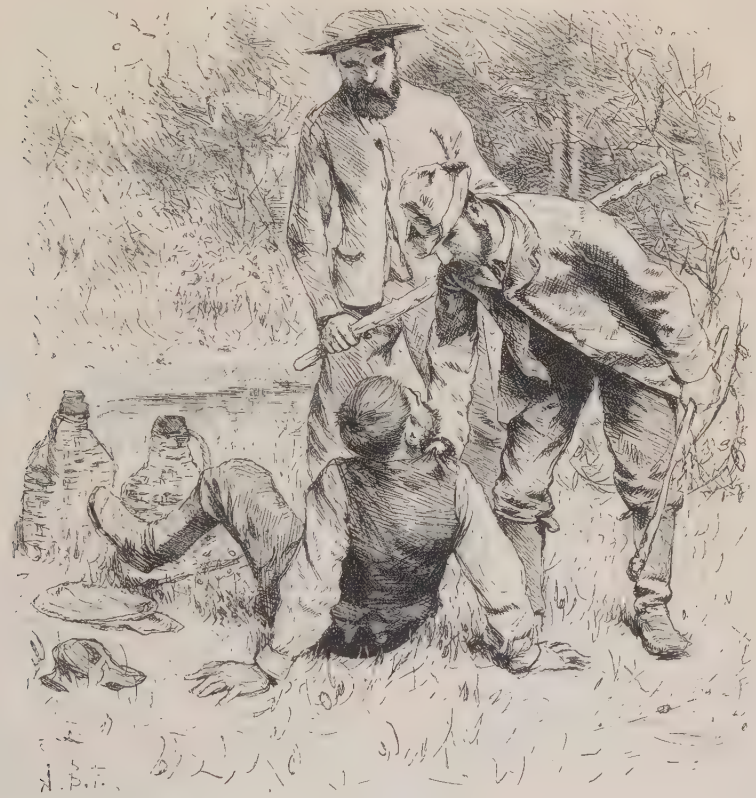
FEEDING TROUT AT THE PRESERVE OF THE SOUTH-SIDE CLUB.

But the king of the poachers came to grief. One morning two of the club's watchers were out on patrol, and espied the doughty appropriator of fish comfortably at work. He was at a bend in the stream, over a deep hole, where the young trout of that season's hatching loved to congregate, and had evidently set about his business in earnest. With a net of fine mesh he insnared the little troutlings, and then placed them in some wide-mouthed demijohns which he had standing ready. All day the watchers watched him. They were determined to "get him dead to rights," and so they did not make their presence known till nightfall, when he folded his net like the Arab, and would silently steal away. Then they came forth, and laid violent hands on poacher and demijohns, and as they were two watchers to one poacher, and the demijohns were neutral, they had the best of it. The young trout were returned to the stream, but not till they had been carefully counted, and found to number four thousand and odd.

The proper affidavits were made, and Mr. Poacher saw trouble ahead. Not to speak of the odd trout, and dealing only with a round four thousand, the situation

was serious. Four thousand times five dollars meant a neat $20,000 bill, and four thousand times three months would be twelve thousand months, or one thousand years. He must spend a millennium in jail, and after that he would stand committed till the fine was paid—perhaps another millennium! He abhorred the prospect, and became penitent.

His views on poaching underwent a complete polarization. The counsel of the club interviewed him, and discovered that there was no more earnest respecter of the fish law than the man who so lately defied it. With the prospect of that large fine and long seclusion within prison walls—the Long Island prisons are not popular residences—he suggested that he would give up poaching at once and forever, and would also devote all his energies to the suppression of poaching by others. The club was not disposed to be severe with him; they gave him a chance to reform, and he soon proved that his reformation was thorough by bringing some of his former associates within the meshes of the law.



CONVERTING A POACHER.

The land belonging to the South-side Club includes a considerable extent of forest, where partridges, quail, and other game birds are encouraged to breed. In the close season they are undisturbed, and sometimes become so tame that one could almost knock them over with a walking-stick. But when the period of slaughter opens, the birds learn with remarkable promptness that it is no longer judicious to show themselves in public, and their assumption of boldness gives place to the most retiring modesty. Some of the club men say the birds keep an almanac and a copy of the laws relative to the preservation of game, but there are many persons who will not accept this statement without question. As the hunting of birds involves the services of a well-trained dog,

the club has made provision for canine entertainment, and there is a Master of the Hounds, whose duty it is to enforce all the rules, regulations, and by-laws relative to hunting. There is a Master of the Fish, who has control over the piscatorial sport, and direct supervision of the hatching and breeding boxes, and all that pertains to the cultivation and preservation of fish, the finny game.

THE BALLYHOO BIRD.

The game sports of the club are not limited to fish, birds, and animals; they include billiards, whist, and other light amusements, boat-races on the pond, and occasional pranks played by the members on each other. New and verdant members are frequently entertained with stories of hunting and fishing that would put Baron Munchausen to the blush, and make a severe strain on the swallowing capacities of an anaconda. On one occasion there was a new member who had equipped himself with all the latest hunting gear, but was not well versed in the mode of using it. It was determined to play a joke on him, and to this end two of the members went out in the evening, took a couple of ducks from the ice-house, and then discharged their guns at the surface of the pond. The shots brought out Mr. Verdant, and as the jokers walked leisurely up from the pond with the dripping ducks in their hands, he was anxious to know where they obtained their game.

"Out here in the pond," was the reply. "We shot them by firing at the phosphorescent light on their feathers."

Verdant was told that there were plenty more of the same sort, and immediately went for his gun. When he came out, all armed for the fray, his attention was directed to the moonbeams dancing on the water, which was gently ruffled by a light breeze. On the assurance that the light came from the phosphorescence of a duck's feathers, he fired; and as another light was seen following the splash, he fired again.

Then he took a boat and rowed out in

search of his game. His tormentors stood on the shore and directed his movements, and they kept him working at the oars for half an hour. Then they called him back again, and set him to shooting more phosphorescence; and they encouraged the sport by going with him in the boat, and pretending to take in his prizes. The two ducks were gathered several times, till he had some ten or twelve, and proceeded to open a basket of Champagne in joy over his good luck. He made arrangements for carrying his birds to the city next day for distribution among his friends; but it was given out that the ducks were stolen in the night, and he did not know the trick that had been played on him until days afterward.

Another green South-Sider was sent in pursuit of birds as remarkable as anything in the mythology of the ancients: they were provided with four wings and two heads, and possessed the wonderful power of whistling through one bill while they sang through the other. They inhabited a marsh about a mile east of the club-house, and were only to be taken at daybreak. The ambitious hunter rose early, and went breakfastless to the field indicated. He waited till long after sunrise, but saw no sign of the curious production of ornithology, and he went there three days in succession, only to be disappointed. Finally, on the fourth morning he discovered a bird answering to the description, and after creeping through the wet grass, and nearly getting mired in a bog, he fired, and brought down a clever composition of wood and pasteboard. Subsequent references to the "ballyhoo bird" were never relished by the victim of the practical joke.

We are told in history that when Cleopatra and Mark Antony were one day on a fishing excursion the sport was enlivened by the employment of divers, who surreptitiously attached dead fish to the hooks of the fishers. The trick has come down to our day, and nowhere is it played with greater effect than on Great South Bay. Even the old stagers are sometimes taken in, and I have recollection of a veteran who had passed many summers on the south shore, who one day threw himself into a whirl of excitement while hauling in a six-pound lead that had been attached to his line while his back was turned. He was happier while hauling than when he gathered in his prize and contemplated its figure. He laughed, as in duty bound, but somehow the victim of the fish trick never laughs as heartily as do his companions. Sometimes the sold party inclines to anger, but it is far better for him to put a smiling face on the matter, and watch for a chance to revenge himself on some one else.

The South-side Club is open the entire year. During two months—March and April—when the trouting season is open, for none but members and masculine guests, but for the rest of the year members are privileged to be accompanied by their families, under certain carefully drawn restrictions. The Olympic is open during the summer months only; and while the buildings and grounds are freely subject to the inspection of ladies at any hour between dawn and sunset, the rules do not permit the residence of the fair sex within the Olympian limits.

Across the bay from the Olympic is the Wa-Wa-Yanda Club, which is also a bachelor establishment, and has its doors hermetically closed during the winter. Like Little Buttercup in the days of her baby-farming-hood, the Wa-Wa-Yanda is young and charming, as it is only an infant in age, and has a delightful situation not far from the entrance of the bay. The Wa-Wa-Yandans fish, hunt, and sail for amusement and health, and the half-dozen boats belonging to the club are kept pretty busy in the fair days of summer. The members boast of cool breezes when New York is mopping its forehead in agony, and they also boast of a cat which is a most remarkable feline production. He is thus described by one of his intimate friends:

"Tom isn't a bit afraid of the water, like every other cat I ever heard of. He will go in swimming of his own accord; and if the boys take him out several yards from the shore, and put him in, he will swim as unconcerned as a Newfoundland dog, and when he gets to the land, he shakes himself, and stands there ready to be put in again. He will catch the little fish that swim close to the shore; he is fond of fish, and sometimes watches for them for hours. He doesn't dive in for them, but sticks his paw into the water and scoops them out, and the boys say that one day he plunged in and caught a fish four or five inches long. When he was a kitten they used to put him in the water and play with him, and in that way he got over his fear of being wet."

Wonderful cat is Tom Wa-Wa-Yanda.

The city men who go down to the bay to hunt for ducks and other feathered game are generally disposed to be very scientific in their sport, and scorn to kill any game except in the approved style. But the native is not so particular; and a story that is told by a well-known New York judge is a fair illustration of the ways of Long Island hunters.

The judge was out one morning in pursuit of snipe, but was not fortunate enough to bag a single bird. While bewailing his bad luck, he met an old negro who was the happy possessor of a dozen or more as fine snipe as a sportsman would wish to see. Naturally he asked, "Where did you get those birds, uncle?"

"Over yere on de meadow," was the reply.

"Do you shoot them on the wing?" was the next query.

"Oh yes," was the cheery response, "on de wing, on de head, on de tail, anywheres, it don't make no difference."

There are sad memories connected with

"SHOT 'EM ON DE WING."

the South Bay as well as pleasant ones. The fishermen can tell you of numerous wrecks on Fire Island Beach, and hardly a year passes without one or more additions to the melancholy record. Most of these disasters are unaccompanied with loss of life, but occasionally there is a fearful calamity, in which the sea swallows up passengers and crew, and sometimes leaves none to tell the story. The government maintains a line of life-saving stations along the coast, and nowhere are they more needed than on this sandy shore. The Olympic Club has mementos of some of these wrecks in the shape of timbers that once belonged to ships which came to grief on Fire Island Beach. The upper part of the tall staff near the water front of the club grounds came from an English ship whose name I do not recall; a smaller stick on the cricket lawn, a few yards from the door of the principal building, was the main-boom of the bark *Elizabeth*, on which Margaret Fuller was a passenger from Leghorn, with her husband and child, in 1850. Old fishermen on the bay are familiar with the storm in which the *Elizabeth* went ashore, and can readily indicate the spot where husband, wife, and child were lost in the waves. At the sale of the wreck the mournful relic of the bark was bought by some of the members of the club, and for many years it was a part of its principal flag-staff. As it became weak with age another and taller support for the national standard was erected, and the older one, reduced in height, now sustains a miniature house of tasteful design, where a large family of English sparrows make their home, and enliven the air with their continual twittering.

PRINCE YOUSUF AND THE ALCAYDE.

A BALLAD.

In Granada reigned Mohammed:
  Sixth who bore that name was he:
But the rightful king, Prince Yousuf,
  Pined in long captivity:

Yousuf, brother to Mohammed:
  Him the king had seized, and sent
Prisoner to a Moorish castle,
  Where ten years his life was spent.

Ill and feeble now, the usurper
  Felt his death was hastening on,
And would fain bequeath his kingdom
  And his title to his son.

Calling then a trusty servant,
  He to him a letter gave:
"Take my fleetest horse, and hasten,
  If my life you wish to save.

"Hie thee to the brave Alcayde
  Of my castle by the sea.
To his hands give thou this letter,
  And his physician bring to me."

Then in haste the servant mounted,
  And for many a league he rode,
Till he reached the coast and castle
  Where the captive prince abode.

There sat Yousuf and the Alcayde
  In the castle, playing chess.
"What is this?" the keeper muttered:
  "Some bad tidings, as I guess."

Pale he grew, and sat and trembled,
  As his eyes the letter scanned.
And his voice was choked and speechless
  As he dropped it from his hand.

"Now what ails thee?" cries Prince Yousuf:
  "Doth the king demand my head?"
"Read it!" gasps the good Alcayde.
  "Ah, my lord, would I were dead!"

Yousuf reads, "'When this shall reach you,
  Slay my brother, and his head
Straightway by the bearer send me,
  So I may be sure he's dead.'

"So!" cries Yousuf. "This I looked for.
  Now let us play out our game.
I was losing, you were winning,
  When this ugly message came."

All amazed, the poor Alcayde
  Played his knights and bishops wrong,
And the prince his moves corrected:
  So in silence sat they long.

In his mind Prince Yousuf pondered:
  "Why this hasty message send,
If my kind and thoughtful brother
  Were not hastening to his end?

"Surely, surely, he is dying,
  And if I must lose my head,

My young nephew will succeed him
O'er Granada in my stead.

"Though my keeper still is friendly,
I must gain some hours' delay.
He is poor; the king may bribe him;
He may change ere close of day."

Then, aloud: "Come, good Alcayde,
One more game before I die.
And be sure you make no blunders.
I may beat you yet: I'll try."

In his lonely life the keeper
Dearly loved his game of chess;
Therefore needs he little urging,
Though sad thoughts his soul oppress.

For an hour or two they battled,
And the Alcayde gained amain,
For the prince, with restless glances,
Gazed beyond the window-pane.

Still the chess-board lay between them,
And the Alcayde played his best;
Took no note of gliding hours
Till the sunset fired the west.

Yet he gained not, for Prince Yousuf
With a sudden checkmate sprang,
Unforeseen; and that same moment,
Hark! was that a bugle rang?

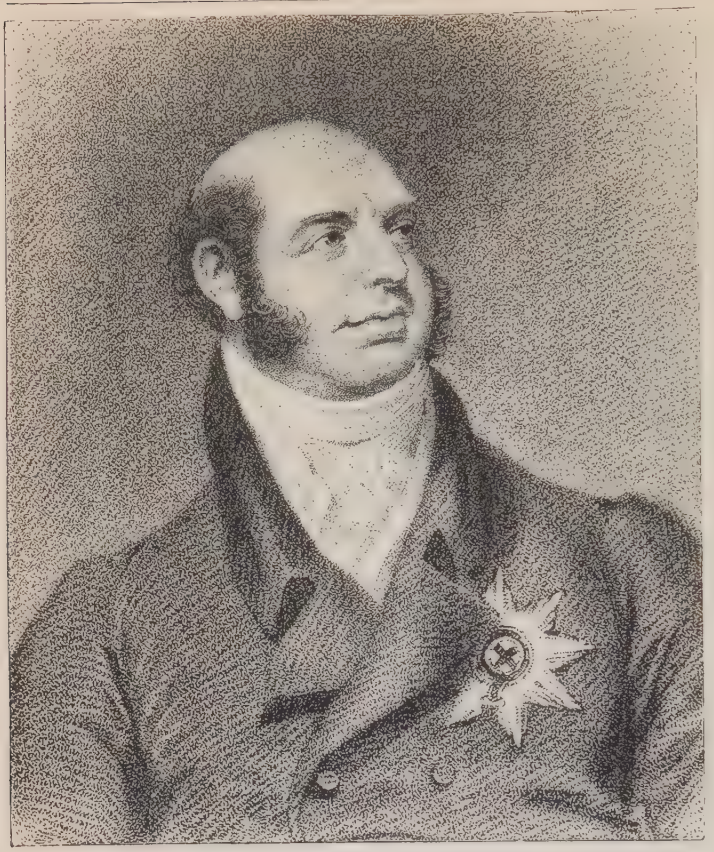
Through the western windows gazing
Far across the dusty plain,
Yousuf saw the flash of lances,
And the bugle rang again.

And two knights appeared advancing,
Like two eagles on the wing.
Allah Akbar! From Granada
Faces flushed with joy they bring.
The king is dead! Long live King Yousuf!
Long-lost lord—our rightful king!

QUEEN VICTORIA.

I.—THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

IN the year 1819 the royal family of England was not in a happy or prosperous state. Seldom before or since has there been less comfort in the prospects of the house of Hanover. King George III. was in seclusion, bowed down with incurable disease; and of all his large family, fifteen sons and daughters, most of whom were still living, not one had a successor to come after him or her as a legitimate heir to the crown. For twenty years the sole hope of the royal house had been the Princess Charlotte, the only child of a most unhappy marriage, but in herself a sweet and promising young woman, with many claims upon the tenderness and sympathy of the nation. So long as she lived, all national requirements were satisfied on the point of heirship. She married wisely and happily, not only making an admirable choice for herself, but bringing forward unawares out of the obscurity of princely life in Germany, and from amidst a crowd of petty princes equally distinguished and undistinguished, a family which has held a greater place since in the affairs of Christendom than perhaps any other—the family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Prince Leopold, the husband thus chosen, showed the family faculty of combining the quietest and most unostentatious private life with great devotion to public affairs, and that political penetration and sagacity which make a statesman, as much as an eye for form and color makes an artist,



EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT, FATHER OF VICTORIA.

and everything bade fair for the happiest royal life that England perhaps had ever known. As Victoria and Albert were a generation later, so were Charlotte and Leopold in 1817—good, true, honest, and noble-minded, setting up a pure household, a high standard of life, in the midst of the careless England of those days. But in that very year Princess Charlotte died, and the royal house found itself childless. Within a few months of her death, however, several marriages took place in the royal family, the most important of which was that of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III., who married a sister of Prince Leopold, the Princess of Leiningen, a young widow with two children, in the month of May, 1818. Of this marriage was born Victoria, the happiest and most popular of English Queens.

The Princess Victoria was born within the homely brick walls of Kensington Palace, on the 24th of May, 1819. When she was only a few months old, her father died, closely followed by his father, poor old King George. Before this, it is recorded that "the Regent was not kind to his brother," and when the Duke of Kent died, it was found that "the poor Duke had left his family deprived of all means of existence." Thus the position of the mother of the future sovereign, a young German princess, so soon left alone in this strange and not always very genial country, was far from consoling. Her brother, Prince Leopold, hastened to her in her distress, and stood by her in all her future difficulties. Few women have had a severer piece of work to undertake. But for that wise and kind brother, the Duchess of Kent, though the mother of the future Queen, was all but unfriended in a home with which she had as yet but little time to get acquainted. She was a foreigner, accustomed to different ways of living, and had not even the easy elasticity of youth which accustoms itself to anything, for she was already over thirty when she married the Duke; and while occupying so great a position, she was comparatively poor. Had she withdrawn with her child to her own country, to bring the little Princess up among her own people, cheaply and kindly, far away from the criticisms and extravagances, the late hours and bustle, of English life, who could have wondered? But the Duchess had the temperate Coburg blood in her veins, and shared the sound sense and judgment of her race. She never forgot that her eight-months-old baby was the first Princess of the blood, English above all things, and imperatively requiring an

English education. And she began her long career of self-denial by steadily remaining in England, though far from her friends and everything that was most dear to her. The little family, bereaved, returned to the old palace at Kensington, where the child had been born, and there the early days of the Princess were chiefly spent. More happy than most children in her position, the little heiress of England had the society of an elder sister, whose superior age must, in those innocent days, have neutralized the immense difference of position, and given something of the sweet natural humility of a younger child in a well-regulated household to the most important member of the family, all unconscious of her own greatness. This sister, Princess Feodora, afterward Princess Hohenlohe, was the tenderest of friends and companions to the Queen during her whole life. They were brought up together in quiet old Kensington, in the sweeter solitude of Claremont, the house where Prince Leopold had spent his short married life, which belonged to him, and in which he often received his widowed sister and her little girl. They were there in the summer of 1824; and so bright must that summer have been that its brightness still lasts in recollection, though the little

THE LITTLE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

CLAREMONT.

Princess was but five years old. "Those days of Claremont," the Queen herself tells us, "were the happiest days of her childhood." The most careful education was given to the young Princess. Over this training Prince Leopold watched with all the interests of a statesman, and all the tenderness of a father. Already, too, other visions of the future were dawning before the far-seeing eyes of the man who, with the sincerest desire for the welfare of England, and a longing, no doubt made all the stronger by the melancholy failure of his personal hopes, to give to the country which had received him a kindly and noble sovereign, had at the same time a natural wish to advance his own family, worthy by constitution and character as it had already proved itself. Another child, standing to him in exactly the same relationship as the little Victoria, had been born just after her in the little ducal court at Saxe-Coburg, in the cheerful country house of Rosenau. While the children were still in their cradles this idea seems to have communicated itself to all about them. The families were in constant communication, the young mothers exchanging those pleasant experiences and bits of nursery news, as mothers will do as long as the species lasts. All the doings and growings of "the little May-flower," as the Princess was called by the kind German kinsfolk, were recorded with fond simplicity for the pleasure of the old grandmother at home. The good German nurse, who passed from one house to another as her services were wanted, "could not sufficiently describe what a dear little love" the baby at Kensington was, and the baby of Rosenau had the enthusiastic pen of his mother to do him full justice. Albert was of extraordinary beauty, this impartial historian declared; "he had great blue eyes, dimples on each cheek, three teeth, and at eight months old was already beginning to walk. Great news!—enough to make the other nursery thrill with emulation as these notes were compared.

A few years later, when the Princess was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott records in his diary that he had dined with the Duchess of Kent, and had been presented by Prince Leopold "to the little Princess Victoria—the heir-apparent to the house, as things now stand. This little lady," he adds, "is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England!' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the royal family." Sir Walter's idea, however, had no foundation. The little Princess neither at that time nor for years after knew anything of her pre-eminence.

Victoria Aug: 10th 1835.

She was brought up with the strictest economy and regularity, as children of much lower position rarely are, and was taught at an early age to restrain her expenditure within the limits of her income, even when that income was but a child's pocket-money. Miss Martineau gives us, in her sketch of the Duchess of Kent, an anecdote current at the time, which illustrates the carefulness of the training better than it does the abstract statement which precedes it, that the Princess "was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child." Very few citizens' children, we believe, ever were or could be so rigidly guarded from the extra shilling of expenditure. "It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazar because she had spent her money. At this bazar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half a crown which would suit him. The shop people of course placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she can not buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess ap-

DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG, FATHER OF PRINCE ALBERT.

DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG, MOTHER OF PRINCE ALBERT.

peared on her donkey to claim her purchase."

A much prettier story, and one of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt, gives a description of the way in which her future rank was revealed to her. No one had been allowed, as is mentioned above, to breathe a word of this in the child's ear. But events now began to happen which changed her position to a certain extent. King George IV. died, which brought the Princess a step nearer to the throne, and there was no longer any reasonable prospect that King William could have children to succeed him. Thus the child of Kensington Palace became beyond all doubt the next in succession. And she herself was only twelve, and her nearest English relative was not of a character to re-assure her friends. In these circumstances a bill was brought into Parliament to make the Duchess of Kent Regent in case her daughter should be called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age. When these public precautions were taken, it was thought necessary to inform the little girl herself of her true position—that she was not merely one of a band of Princes and Princesses, the younger members of the family, but the first among them, the future head of the race. She was in the midst of her daily lessons—somewhat surprised, it would seem, at the grave work required from her, which was not expected from the other Princesses—when this great intimation was made to her. The story is told in a letter from her governess, the Baroness Selwyn, to the Queen, written in 1854, and apparently recalling to her the incidents of her youth:

"I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, after the Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My

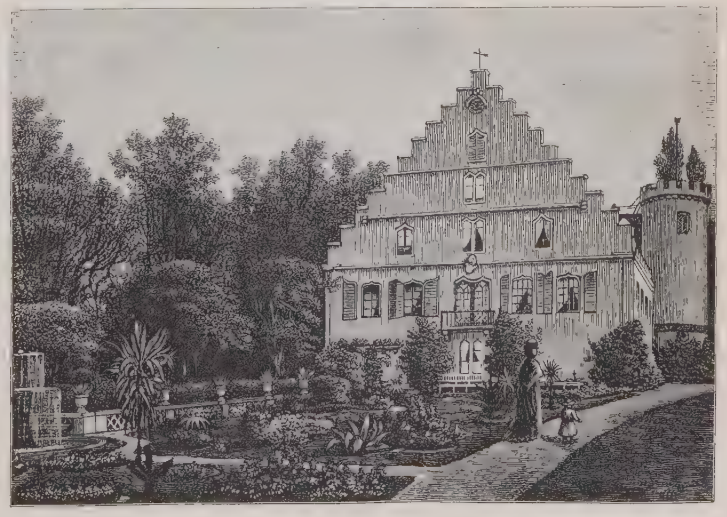
cousins Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now;' and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.'"

II.—THE YOUNG QUEEN.

When the Princess Victoria was seventeen, developing into womanhood, and the moment evidently approached at which she must assume the crown, it became time to bring together the two who had been trained for each other. Whether any knowledge had yet reached the Princess's mind of this family hope we are not informed; but the young Prince could not be entirely ignorant that his fate hung in the balance when, in the month of May, 1836, a handsome and nobly gifted boy of seventeen, he came with his father and brother, with no fear of the event, but some of the sea and the terrible crossing which lay between them and England, to pay a visit to the aunt and cousin whom he had never seen. With what excitement and suspense the elder people must have watched this first encounter! The young people were of the same age, agreeable, and attractive in looks, two blue-eyed human creatures, looking their great life frankly in the face, as hopeful, as unclouded, as became their years. What the Princess was will be seen from the youthful portrait with which by this time even those who remember it of old must have grown unfamiliar — losing the fair, young, candid countenance in the maturer face so familiar to us. What Prince Albert was is described by Baron Stockmar in a letter written, on the eve of this eventful meeting, to the anxious uncle, King Leopold, whose long-cherished plans were now to be put to the test:

"Albert is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities, and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified demeanor. Externally, therefore, he possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times, and in all countries, must please."

The boy was merry and light-hearted, as became his age, full of youthful laughter as well as youthful wisdom, and as capable of keeping his fellow-students in a roar of genial fun as of winning the approbation of the elders. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his sons arrived at Kensington Palace in the end of May, and there is no record of the meeting except in the brief letters of the Prince, published in his *Memoir*, which give few details. His aunt and cousin were "very kind," and "most amiable." The father and sons staid some weeks in London, and were at levées, and court dinners, and concerts, long prolonged, during which the young visitor had many "hard battles to fight against sleepiness," so young was he, and so untried in fashionable dissipations. On one evening, at least, there was "a brilliant ball at Kensington Palace," at which the young Germans, unused to such late hours, remained till four o'clock in the morning. The curious reader would like to know how often the cousins danced together, and if each threw a chance to the other, as happens sometimes, over all the music and the mirth. There were stories going, which we remember to have heard some cite, of



ROSENAU.

flowers bestowed and looks exchanged—the gossip of the ball-room; but these are not things likely to be specified in letters to the mother at home.

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

When the Prince left England, however, anxious King Leopold in the background, who was still, as always, watching over everything, broke the silence, and wrote to his niece. The Princess replied warmly, with a frankness which must have made the heart of her careful and anxious guardian rejoice, entreating her uncle to take into his special protection "one now so dear to me."

This, however, was not revealed to the world, nor even, it would seem, to the chief person concerned, who, still linked in thought and fancy to the pretty cousin of whom all his attendants had spoken to him all his life, thought of her still as he went forth upon his travels, sending her such a token of remembrance as an Alpine rose gathered on the Righi, a book of prints to show his route from time to time—very natural, simple tokens of the delicate amity ripening into warmer emotion, such as pass every day between youth and maiden on the verge of love.

This simple mood, however, is soon interrupted by an event which looks all the more great and overwhelming from these simple surroundings. The present writer remembers, as one of the first public incidents that caught her childish eye, the broad black borders of the newspapers which announced King William's death. Princess Victoria was then eighteen, the age at which royal personages attain their majority, and there was happily no question of a Regency. The King died during the night, and it is said that the official intimation was made to the Duchess of Kent and her daughter next morning before five o'clock, the news having been expected for some days. The account of the proceedings that followed, and the demeanor of the young Queen, we take from the recently published *Journal* of Mr. C. E. Greville—a book so full of posthumous indiscretions that its praise may be accepted fully as sincere:

"The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and certainly something far beyond what was looked for. Her youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked, too, if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled, the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair

to the presence of the Queen, and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read, and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal Dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, rose from her chair, and moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party.....She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

It is not wonderful that, after this remarkable scene was over, the statesmen, touched and charmed, should stand together in a murmur of conversation, talking over this strange young apparition in the midst of them—a creature so different from the old King who had formerly claimed their often reluctant homage. A new sense of loyalty, mingled with chivalry and paternal tenderness and admiration, rose in their minds.

"Peel told me.....how amazed he was at the manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterward the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a Council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her, and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, 'I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.' Accordingly he went and fetched her in state with a great escort.....I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her Ministers, and courtesied repeatedly to the people.....At twelve she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself."

Higher testimony than this could scarcely be. We find another description from outside of the latter ceremony—the presentation at St. James's—from a very different kind of witness. It is given by Miss Martineau in her lately published *Autobiography*, and presents another aspect of the scene. The reader will be amused to note the difference between the respectful enthusiasm of the first narrator, who saw and heard at first hand, and was in communication with all those who had the best opportunity of judging, and the patronizing approval of the lady, who had no more than a by-stander's knowledge of the external aspect of affairs. The coronation took place at Westminster on June 28, 1838. Miss Martineau gives a rather graphic account of the scene:

"The stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colors of the multitude. From my high seat I commanded the whole north transept, the area with the throne, and many portions of galleries, and the balconies, which were called the vaultings. Except a mere sprinkling of oddities, everybody was in full dress. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in well, and the groups of the clergy were dignified; but to an unaccustomed eye the prevalence of court dresses had a curious effect. I was perpetually taking whole groups of gentlemen for Quakers, till I recollected myself. The Earl Marshal's assistants, called Goldsticks, looked well from above, lightly flitting about in white breeches, silk stockings, blue laced frocks, and white sashes. The throne—covered, as was its footstool, with cloth of gold—stood on an elevation of four steps in the centre of the area. The first peeress took her seat in the north transept opposite at a quarter to seven; and three of the bishops came next. From that time the peers and their ladies arrived faster and faster. Each peeress was conducted by two Goldsticks, one of whom handed her to her seat, and the other bore and arranged her train on her lap, and saw that her coronet, footstool, and book were comfortably placed.....About nine the first gleams of the sun started into the Abbey, and presently travelled down to the peeresses. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light travelled, each lady shone out as a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness.....The guns told when the Queen set forth, and there was unusual animation. The Goldsticks flitted about; there was tuning in the orchestra; and the foreign ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession. Prince Esterhazy, crossing a bar of sunshine, was the most prodigious rainbow of all. He was covered with diamonds and pearls, and as he dangled his hat, it cast a dazzling radiance all round.....At half past eleven the guns told that the Queen had arrived; but as there was much to be done in the robing-room, there was a long pause before she appeared. A burst from the orchestra marked her appearance at the doors, and the anthem 'I was glad' rang

through the Abbey. Everybody rose..... The 'God Save the Queen' of the organ swelled gloriously forth after the recognition. The acclamation when the crown was put on her head was very animated; Queen's crown was put on, seems new to us, and a picturesque incident in the pageant. The Queen herself looked "small," though regal in the cloth-of-gold mantle, the centre of all that glittering crowd.

PRINCE ALBERT AS FIELD-MARSHAL.

and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the peeresses were all coroneted..... The homage was as pretty a sight as any —trains of peers touching her crown and then kissing her hand."

The glimmer of magnificence in this picture might be greatly enlarged upon, but that will be better done by the artist than by the writer—though the one instance above alluded to, the simultaneous self-coroneting of the peeresses as the

While all these pageants were going on, however, and everything flashing into splendor, turning into gold at the touch of her small hand, the immediate circle of advisers and friends around the young sovereign fed her with no flatteries nor foolish exultation. Her mother, who had watched over her so closely, now withdrew, as etiquette and necessity required, from at least the constant companionship in which they had previously lived. But

Baron Stockmar remained at the Queen's elbow, the private representative of his royal master and friend King Leopold; and that anxious guardian himself never abated his vigilance, watching over every step his young niece took, and always ready to counsel her. And from this wise uncle to the young cousin setting out upon his travels, who had heard of her elevation with a beating heart, all the friendly princely circle breathed exhortation to duty and conscientious endeavor in the young Queen's ear. "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land in Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions," said young Prince Albert, in his letter of congratulation. He was going to Italy, in the freedom of a life less burdened, less full of splendid care, than hers, yet not without a thought that his very wanderings were some time to be of service to her. "May Heaven assist you," he adds, "and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task!"

III.—A ROYAL ROMANCE.

Prince Albert, as we have said, had come to England in the year 1836, when he and his royal cousin were seventeen. The two young people had pleased each other; they were equal in taste, loving music both of them, and art—playing on the piano together, as the Queen has recorded, and sharing the sight-seeings and events of the moment, from a sermon in St. Paul's to a ball in Kensington Palace. After this, King Leopold, who was the uncle of both, had communicated with the Princess on the subject, and had received an innocent, frank response from her, accepting the idea with something of the readiness of a child, to whom an arrangement affecting her whole life was as simple as if it had been a holiday invitation.

King Leopold wrote to his niece in the beginning of 1838, pressing that some "decisive arrangement" might be come to. "To this her Majesty demurred, for reasons which her uncle considered conclusive. She was herself, she urged, too young; so also was the Prince; and being still under age, a marriage with him would be considered by her subjects as premature. Moreover, his mastery of the English language was still very imperfect; and if he was to take up a proper position in England, it was important that this defect should be remedied, and that he should also have a wider experience, more practical habits of observation, and more self-reliance than it was possible he could up to that time have acquired."

The Prince went to Italy, however, as the best occupation for his time of suspense, and after returning from that tour, was permitted to go to England with his brother on a visit from which he, at least, it is apparent, expected no particular results. "The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she would think of no marriage;" the Prince himself wrote to one of his anxious friends, with perhaps a little suspicion of wounded feeling in the words: "I must, therefore, with quiet but firm resolution, declare on my part that I also withdraw entirely." How it was that, meeting with such serious intentions of bidding each other a dignified farewell, the young couple should have rushed into each other's arms instead, the lady forgetting her wisdom, and the youth his dignity, let other young men and maidens say. It is a mystery, yet as common as love is, and youth.

It was in October of the year 1839 that the two young Coburg princes thus came to England. They brought with them a letter from King Leopold, which ran as follows:

"My dearest Victoria,—Your cousins will themselves be the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to you. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness—not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at their ease with you."

The young men arrived. Their cousin, no longer the little girl of Kensington in the homely, old-fashioned house, but a great Queen, received them at the top of the royal staircase amidst all the magnificence of Windsor Castle, as if these two wandering knights had been emperors. But after this grand reception the commonest of incidents brings back the princely travellers and the royal circle into the sympathy of homelier life. Their portmanteaus, it is to be supposed, had gone astray, as happens to so many of us—or at least did not arrive in time—and the dinner hour was near. "Their clothes not having arrived," the Queen writes in her journal, "they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it, in spite of their morning clothes." There was a cir-

cle of visitors assembled, and no doubt some little tremor in the air—wonderings and whisperings, and close watchings of all the looks and words interchanged between the cousins. Prince Albert was regularity or beauty of features." He was as good as he was handsome, full of high purpose and the most delicate conscientiousness.

And the life in the beautiful old castle

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, VICTORIA'S MOTHER.

now full grown, in all the freshness of twenty, the age at which a handsome youth is handsomest, before any of the bloom has been rubbed off. "There was in his countenance a gentleness of expression, and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eyes and expansive forehead that added a charm to the effect he produced in those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere

in those mellow autumn days was gay and bright as heart could desire. The head of the house was young and light-hearted, the visitors all proud and happy to contribute to her amusement, and to keep the palace gay. The way of life in Windsor during the stay of the Princes was much as follows: "The Queen breakfasting in her own room, they afterward paid her a visit there, and at two o'clock had luncheon with her and the Duchess of Kent.

THE QUEEN DRESSED IN UNIFORM FOR A REVIEW.

In the afternoon they all rode, the Queen and Duchess and the two Princes, with Lord Melbourne and most of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week." This pleasant reaction went on for a week. The brothers had arrived on the 8th, Prince Albert and Queen Victoria being then both of a mind (to believe their own statements), that the tacit understanding between them was over, and they would not marry—not they—for years to come. But before the 15th had come, something had changed the notions of the young pair. Yet the wooing was not all easy and plain before them, as before other pairs. These were not the days in which any noble knight, even a prince, would address a queen. What had to be said must be said by her, not by him—a strange necessity. But no doubt it seems a more difficult matter in talking of it than it was in the doing of it. When the young Prince was summoned alone to the young sovereign's presence, no doubt the first glance, the first word, was enough to tell him that his cause was won. "After a few minutes' conversation the Queen told him why she had sent for him." A happy mist falls over all that was said and done. When the young pair emerge from it, and are seen again of ordinary men, there is a maze of gladness about them which finds expression in the same words all unawares: "These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write, but I do feel very happy," writes the Queen to her uncle—he to whom this good news would be so welcome. And, "More I can't write to you, for at this moment I am too bewildered," says the Prince on his side, striking, as became him, a bolder note, and throwing his rapture and happiness into the words of the poet:

> "Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
> Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeit."
>
> "Upon the eyes heaven opens bright,
> The heart is flooded with delight."

All this charming little idyl is told to us by the chief actor in it, the Queen herself, in the fullness of her heart; and the wonderful humility and simplicity with which she throughout puts herself in the secondary place is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of womanly nature that ever was revealed to the world. "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made!" she says in her journal, noting down the events of that wonderful day. "I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."

The marriage was fixed for the 10th of February, 1840. The morning was dull and cloudy, with frequent showers. The bridal party set out for St. James's, where the marriage took place, through streets thronged with spectators, who stood out undaunted through the rain and cold.

The Queen was received with "tremendous shouts" as she drove slowly along from Buckingham Palace to St. James's through such a crowd as had seldom assembled before even in loyal England. She was "extremely pale" as she passed along under the gaze of multitudes, her

mother by her side, crowned with nothing but those pure flowers which are dedicated to the day of bridal, and not even permitted the luxury of a veil over her drooping face. The lace fell about her, but left her royal countenance unveiled. Even at that moment she belonged to her kingdom. When the procession returned after the ceremony, the courtly chronicle of the newspapers does not fail to record a change of expression quite according to all rules. Her Majesty had looked "anxious and excited," and "extremely pale," as she went to be married; but "she entered her own hall," coming back, "with a joyous and open countenance, flushed, perhaps, in the slightest degree," and acknowledged the cheers with which she was greeted in the most smiling and condescending manner. Shortly after, the showers and clouds disappeared as by magic, and the "Queen's weather" shone out triumphant. In the afternoon the bridal *cortége* set out for Windsor, driving all the way. The road was lined and thronged by spectators, twenty-two miles of it, every soul turning out from the towns and villages on the road. "Our reception," the Queen says, "was most enthusiastic, hearty, and gratifying in every way, the people quite deafening us with their cheers—horsemen, etc., going along with us." When they reached Windsor, the whole irregular line of the picturesque little town, from Eton upward to the castle gates, sparkled with lights; and Eton had turned out as one boy, with one vast shout of delight and excitement, to greet them, and accompany them from its own bounds to the last practicable step—as far as even school-boys could penetrate. Thus, with an unusual outcry of gladness, with a dense rush of sympathetic words, with every demonstration of kindness and affectionate interest which a country could give, the young pair were accompanied to the very door of their home.

IV.—DOMESTIC LIFE.

The young pair, so happy in their love, were also happy in their mutual tastes. Both were fond of music and art, and well instructed in both. Here is the Queen's own sketch of a day of their life, with all its occupations and amusements:

"They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterward; then came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, than now), besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates *bit* in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne [the Prime Minister at the time] came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince generally drove her out in a pony-phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company.....The hours were never late, and it was very seldom that the party had not broken up at eleven o'clock." There must have been exceptions to this rule, however, as "the Queen also gave many dinners, often followed by little dances; and they went frequently to the play, of which the Prince was always very fond." Then the great interest Prince Albert took in music led to the improvement of the Queen's band, and much mutual interest in this subject, which gave the first stir of that new impulse to the study of classical music, and increased taste for it, which is now so very apparent throughout England. When Prince Albert became one of the directors of Ancient Music, and in performance of his duties organized and directed one of their concerts, the Queen threw herself into this also, went to the rehearsal, and showed her interest in every way.

Queen Victoria and her husband found a mutual interest in etching, also. Their etchings were in great part drawings from their own babies, the Princes and Princesses of to-day, then small children in the nursery, and the delight of their young parents. The fond little portraits, "at six months," "at one year," of the little Princess Royal and Prince of Wales—happy memorandums of infancy which, to all parents, are beyond price—were the things which charmed the leisure of the royal amateurs. The Prince went farther than this. He painted, even, in the intervals of more important work, "and began a picture of the death of Posa, from Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' making first a small sketch for it, which he did beautifully," says the Queen, with fond admiration; and he wrote songs, many of them very sweet and graceful, in which "the Queen constantly helped him in the final arrangement of the music. There was no occupation which gave her

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ROYAL.

greater pleasure." And in those days, joyful days, of which the younger generation scarcely retain any recollection, Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle were full of stately gayety and sober pomp. Kings and princes went and came; there were shows and pageants, and bright colors, and happy movement everywhere. State visits, progresses, play-goings; the Queen in the foreground of the national life, affecting it always for good, and setting an example of purity and virtue. Her pure and peaceful home, the abode of domestic love and harmony, became a centre of moral influence, and every good, cheerful, and pleasant thing. Where there had been jealousies, and discords, and perpetual strife, were now all the variations of natural piety and tenderness; for the young pair in their happiness neglected no other ties; and the Queen's mother held the honored place she deserved, close by her child's side, going where she went, and sharing her daily existence, notwithstanding the inevitable separations of life, in a graceful independence, yet union such as seems to present the ideal conclusion of a good mother's life. And children came, making every brightness brighter, binding the Queen to all her generation by those ties of fellow-feeling which make human emotions kin, and filling all the royal dwellings with mirth and innocent youth.

The pleasures most prized by the young pair were all domestic, centring in their home; and as the years went on, and the home circle expanded, it became a pleasure to them to find other homes less splendid and less in the public gaze than quiet Windsor, beautiful and stately as that is. The sea-side villa of Osborne and the little Highland castle at Balmoral became the delightful playthings of their leisure—beloved retreats of family calm, enjoyment, and peace. The Prince had almost a passion for landscape gardening, and great skill and taste in that magnificent yet simple art. The prettiest allusions to the "island home," when the royal household was "wholly given up to the enjoyment of the warm summer weather"—"the children catching butterflies, and Victoria sitting under the trees"—abound; and all the improvements made at Balmoral are chronicled by the Queen with the most cordial pleasure. In later years those two private dwellings which she speaks of, even in his lifetime, with such special affection as "entirely the creation" of her husband, have been to the Queen more dear than any other habitation, so that there has been a half grudge by times in the popular mind—one of the grudges and vexations of affection that the chief home of English royalty, the cradle of kings, has fallen into less im-

portance than ought to belong to royal Windsor, the most stately and historic of English houses.

"The children" figure perpetually in all the records. The most happy expedition has a touch of distress in leaving them behind; the state visit a touch of the bravery of her soldiers, and the gradual rolling back of the tide of evil, the first marriage in the Queen's family brought a gleam of brightness into the sombre history of that time. The Princess Royal, the eldest daughter and favorite of the nation, Victoria like her moth-

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS, FROM A PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER.

nature in the happy interruption of their appearance; the tedious routine of state processions and receptions a glance of tender humor as the baby Prince or Princess is taught its lofty part, and learns to salute with baby solemnity an admiring people. "Now we are just as many as the days in the week," comes the happy little clamor out of the nursery, breaking delightfully through the ringing of bells and royal salvos of artillery when another little brother is born. And the education of these happy children was, amidst all their great occupations, the matter most dear to the heart both of the Queen and the Prince.

When England was emerging from the horror and anguish of the Indian Mutiny, and becoming capable of watching

er, and very like her mother in other ways, with the singular conformity of the royal family to the same type of feature and color, was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, to the perfect satisfaction of her parents. The Queen had been too happy in her own married life not to prize happy marriages for her children beyond all other forms of good fortune. The betrothal of the young Princess, only seventeen, took place at Balmoral, and the Queen herself tells us of the pretty circumstances that attended the royal love tale, so like all other love tales in all classes, small and great.

"Our dear Victoria was this day [29th September, 1855] engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had

already spoken to us on the 20th of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Haig-na-ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, which led to this happy conclusion."

The marriage took place in the very beginning of 1858, in the beautiful Chapel of St. George at Windsor, the Chapel of the Garter, and, next to Westminster, the most royal and stately of all sacred places. It has seen many other marriages and splendid ceremonials in Queen Victoria's family circle, but never any so entirely happy, with a splendor fully justified by unbroken prosperity and family joy, as this. Father and mother and children, and the mother's mother, who was receiving her reward for all the self-denials of her early life in the unbroken domestic happiness of the expanded circle, now stood round the first bride of the family, who recalled the first Victoria and her marriage day to all England, with a happy sentiment which endeared both the mother and the child. It was such a family as might still flourish unbroken for long years, for the royal parents were still young, in the full bloom and vigor of life, and there had as yet appeared among them no warning cloud, no shadow to bring dismay.

When the Princess went away, some time later, on a wintry day, through the falling snow, pale with the first sorrow of parting, that happy grief was the worst family trouble which the happy home had ever known; and all her people felt it with her, with that tender sympathy which exists among those who have accompanied each other through all the tender details of family life, and who knew the ages of the royal children by heart, calculating them by those of their own boys and girls, their contemporaries. Even now, when those children have got to the verge of middle age, and have ceased to retain the more touching interest of youth, this strong family feeling returns to the general heart, whenever there is any special joy, and still more when there is any special trouble, in the household of the Queen.

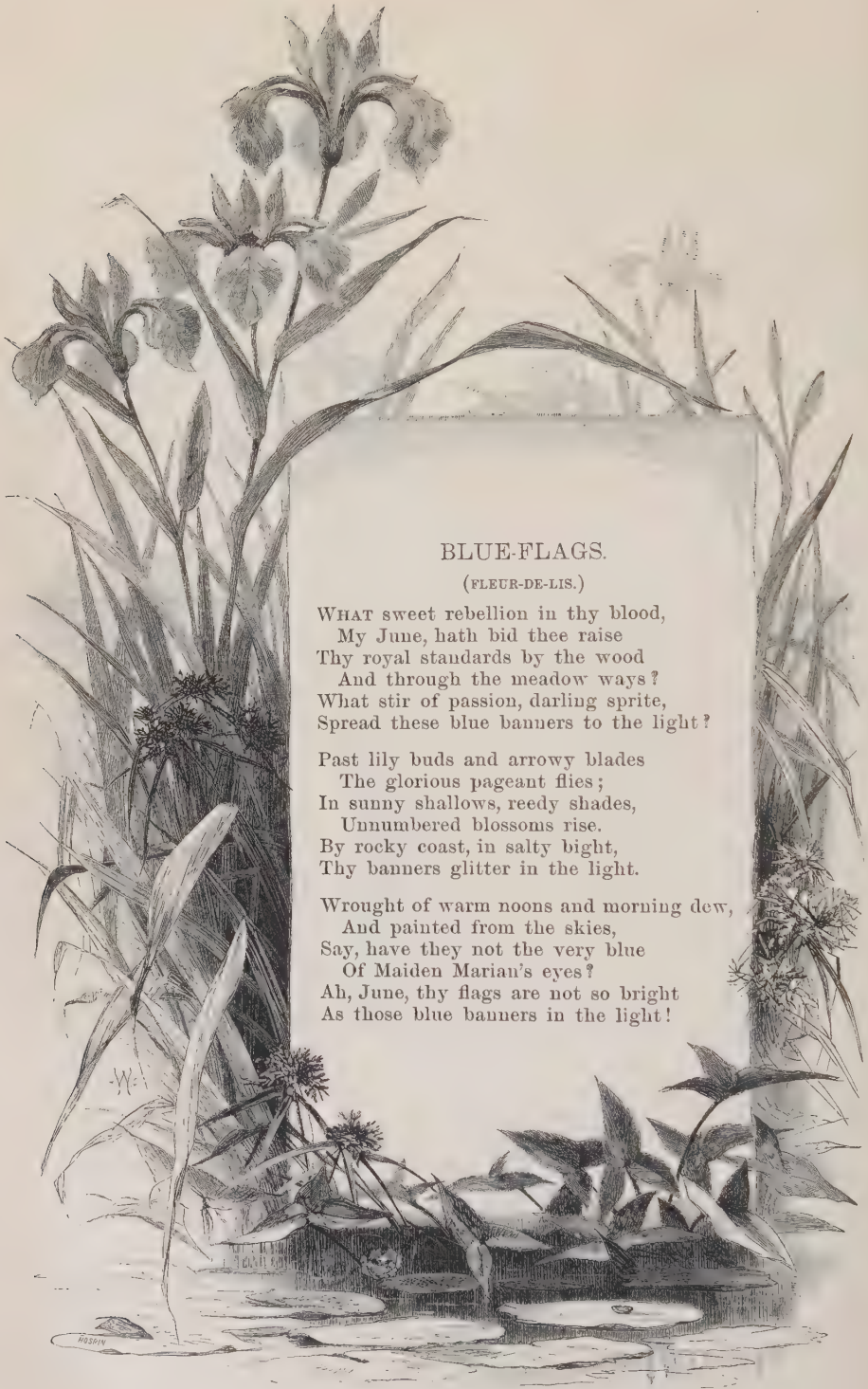
So far all had been happy in the life we have had to record; but now many shadows began to fall. In the spring of the year 1861 the Queen lost her mother. It was her first sorrow—the first break in the family. But the Duchess of Kent had attained the natural limit of human life, and it had been in the power of her daughter to surround her declining life with every comfort and care. The loss was natural and inevitable. A very different affliction was soon to come. Before the year had closed, the husband who had filled the Queen's life with happiness, whom she had truly worshipped as her guide, and wholly trusted in, her own perfect friend, helper, guardian, and lover, was suddenly taken from her side. Afterward it was said that his constitution had never been strong; and throughout his life his public duties had been constant and pressing; but till he died it had not occurred to any one that such a man, in the prime of life, with all the security of virtuous life and exemplary habits, and prosperity and happiness, still young, handsome, and with every appearance of vigor, would die. His illness was not supposed by the public to be even serious till his death was very near; and the intimation of that death gave a personal shock to the nation such as few public events have ever produced. One general sob and cry of sympathy rose everywhere for the Queen. She it was, being the first in the affections of her people, of whom England thought; and all that sympathy could do was little to sustain her in the inconceivable calamity which seemed likely to overwhelm her altogether. It was on the 14th of December, 1861, that Prince Albert died; and it is only since his death that he received the appreciation which his singularly perfect character deserved. This appreciation he had got from all who came into immediate contact with him in his lifetime; but to the mass of the people, who were not near enough to fall under his personal influence, he was not sufficiently known to be beloved. Perhaps, if truth were told, he was too uniformly noble, too high above all soil and fault, to win the fickle popular admiration, which is more caught by picturesque irregularity than by the higher perfections of a wholly worthy life. But since his death, and chiefly since the Queen's own generous and tender impulse prompted her to make the country the confidant of her own

great love and happiness, the Prince Consort has had full justice. The record of their mutual life has interwoven the happiest and purest hours of existence with the national history.

Since this melancholy epoch the Queen's life has been entirely changed. She has suffered some things in consequence which were external and necessary, as well as those which were inevitable. The country has complained of her for the first time; but the complaint itself has been the highest proof of love and honor. The one reproach that has been raised against her Majesty is that in her sorrow she has fallen out of that mutual intercourse with her people in which the country delighted. England has grudged her seclusion, her mourning, the true and profound grief of her widowhood; although, at the same time, with very natural and thoroughly English perversity, the country has been proud of the faithful sorrow which would not be comforted. More and more, however, as it was known what the Prince was to the Queen, is the overwhelming grief of her widowhood understood. It has been said again and again to her honor that she has never failed in her attention to business through all these years of sorrow. But her courage has failed her for the gayeties of life, the ceremonials of state, and that office of social leader and head which no one else can fill, but which it is so hard to undertake with a sorrowful heart. Even these duties, however, her Majesty has by degrees, as she was able for the exertion, to some extent resumed. And by this time the marriage of the greater number of her children, and the springing up of a second generation of children, have restored the atmosphere of cheerfulness and hope. The Princess Alice, the Queen's second daughter, who had been her mother's chief support in the terrible moment of her bereavement, was married shortly after, in the very depth of the gloom, in the private chapel of Windsor Castle—the plainest and least attractive of all royal chapels. The Prince of Wales followed in less than a year after, and was married to his beautiful and popular wife with all the pomp that befitted such an event. The two younger Princesses, Helena and Louise, have followed. The Marchioness of Lorne is the first royal Princess who, fully authorized and approved by the throne, has united herself to a subject—a subject, however, be it said, with as genuine a title to be called Prince, had such been the fashion of the British Islands, as many a secondary Continental sovereign.

THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES.

The Queen has not yet passed the line which separates middle life from age, and we hope that her path will lie far beyond it, and her history present to posterity the venerable picture of an aged sovereign, as it has already furnished the most charming and characteristic romance of royal love and youth.



BLUE-FLAGS.

(FLEUR-DE-LIS.)

WHAT sweet rebellion in thy blood,
  My June, hath bid thee raise
Thy royal standards by the wood
  And through the meadow ways?
What stir of passion, darling sprite,
Spread these blue banners to the light?

Past lily buds and arrowy blades
  The glorious pageant flies;
In sunny shallows, reedy shades,
  Unnumbered blossoms rise.
By rocky coast, in salty bight,
Thy banners glitter in the light.

Wrought of warm noons and morning dew,
  And painted from the skies,
Say, have they not the very blue
  Of Maiden Marian's eyes?
Ah, June, thy flags are not so bright
As those blue banners in the light!

CHAPTER XXXV.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

NEXT morning, however, every one perceived an extraordinary change in the appearance and manner of the girl. Mary Avon had come back to us again, with all the light and life of her face, and the contented gentleness of the soft black eyes. What had wrought the transformation? Certain confidential assurances in the silence of the night that Angus Sutherland, so far from not forgiving her, had insisted that she was not to blame at all? Or the natural reaction after a long strain of anxiety? Or merely the welcome fresh breeze of the morning, with the cheerful wooded shores, and the white houses shining in the sunlight? Anyhow, there was quite a new expression in her face; and we heard the low, sweet laugh again. It is true that, once or twice, as she walked up and down the deck with the Laird, her eyes grew pensive as she looked away along the hills on the southern shores of the loch. That was the direction in which Angus had left in the morning. And these hills were somewhat overcast; it seemed to be raining inland.

Moreover, there was something else to make our breakfast party a glad one. The two men who had rowed our young doctor across the loch at break of day had had the curiosity to pierce inland as far as the village of Clachan; and the scouts had brought back the most glowing accounts of the Promised Land which they had discovered. They had penetrated a fertile and deeply wooded valley; and they had at length come upon a centre of the highest civilization. There was a post-office. There was a telegraph office. There was a church, the clock of which struck the hours.

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed our hostess. "A clock that strikes the hours! and a telegraph office! We might send a telegram to ask whether the country has been invaded anywhere, or whether the Prime Minister has committed suicide."

"I would like to hear about the steam fire-engine," said the Laird, almost to himself.

"However, breeze or no breeze, seals or no seals," she says, with decision, "we must stay over a day here, to have the yacht thoroughly provisioned. We can not go on skating on the edge of tinned meats. We must have a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables, and fresh milk, and eggs and butter; and then two or three joints are always so serviceable—cold, I mean, for luncheon; and if Fred can not get any game, at least he must get us some fowls. What do you say, Mary? Shall we walk over to this place, and clear the way for Fred?"

"Oh no," says the other, lightly; "you and I are going with the seal-shooters. They never get near anything, so we can not be in the way. I assure you, sir, we shall be as quiet as mice," she adds, addressing the Laird.

"Ye will come with us, and ye will speak just as much as ye please," said the Laird, dogmatically. "What signifies a seal? The crayture is good for nothing. And the idea of you two going away by yourselves into the country! No, no. Come away and get ready, Howard. If ye can not shoot a seal with the two leddies in the boat, ye will never do it without. And the sea-breezes, Miss Mary," he added, with an approving air, "are better for ye than the land-breezes. Oh, ay; ye are looking just fine this morning."

A short time thereafter he was on deck,

looking around him at the pleasant trees and the blue waters, when Miss Avon joined him, fully equipped for the expedition; and just at this moment they began to hear a sound of music in the stillness of the morning air. And then they perceived a rude old rowing-boat, pulled by a small boy of twelve or so, coming nearer and nearer; while another small boy of about the same age was peacefully reclining in the stern, his head thrown back so that it met the full glare of the morning sun, while he played vigorously, but rather inaccurately, "The Campbells are coming," on a tin whistle.

"Look at that!" said the Laird, with delight; "is not that perfect happiness? Look at his pride and laziness—having another boy to pull him about, while he shows off on the penny whistle. Dear me, I wish I was that young rascal!"

"He seems happy enough," she said, with a sigh.

"That is because he does not know it," remarked the Laird, profoundly. "If you proved to him that he was happy, it would immediately vanish."

"You can not be consciously happy, but you may be consciously unhappy—that is rather hard," said she, absently.

However, these two philosophers were withdrawn from this occult point by a summons from the Youth, who had already got the rifles and cartridges into the bow of the gig. And, indeed, as we rowed away from the yacht, in the direction of the rocks at the mouth of the loch, Miss Avon seemed determined to prove that, consciously or unconsciously, she was happy enough. She would not even allow that Angus Sutherland could have felt any pang of regret at leaving the *White Dove* and his friends.

"Poor chap!" said the Laird, with some compassion, as he turned his head and looked away toward those gloomy hills; "it must have been a lonesome journey for him this morning. And he so fond of sailing, too. I'm thinking, when he saw what a nice breeze there was, he was rather sorry to go away. I should not wonder if it was wi' a heavy heart that he went on board the steamer."

"Oh no, sir! why should you think that?" said Mary Avon, quickly and anxiously. "If Dr. Sutherland had nothing to consider but yachting, he might have been sorry to go away. But think what lies before him; think what calls him! Look at the position he has won for himself already, and what is expected of him! and you would have him throw away his splendid opportunities in yachting? There is not a university in Europe where he is not known; there is not a man of science in Europe who does not expect great things of him; and—and how proud his father must be of him!"

She spoke eagerly and almost breathlessly; there was a pink flush in her cheek, but it was not from shamefacedness. She seemed desperately anxious to convince the Laird that our doctor ought to have left the yacht, and must have left the yacht, and could not do anything else but leave the yacht. Meanwhile her friend and hostess regarded her curiously.

"A man with such capacities as he has," continued the girl, warmly, "with such a great future before him, owes it to himself that he should not give way to mere sentiment. The world could not get on at all if people—I mean if the great people, from whom we expect much—were always to be consulting their feelings. Perhaps he was sorry to leave the yacht. He does like sailing; and—and I think he liked to be among friends. But what is that when he knows there is work in the world for him to do? If he was sorry at leaving the yacht, you may depend on it that that had passed away before he stepped on board the steamer. For what was that trifling sentiment compared with the consciousness that he had acted rightly?"

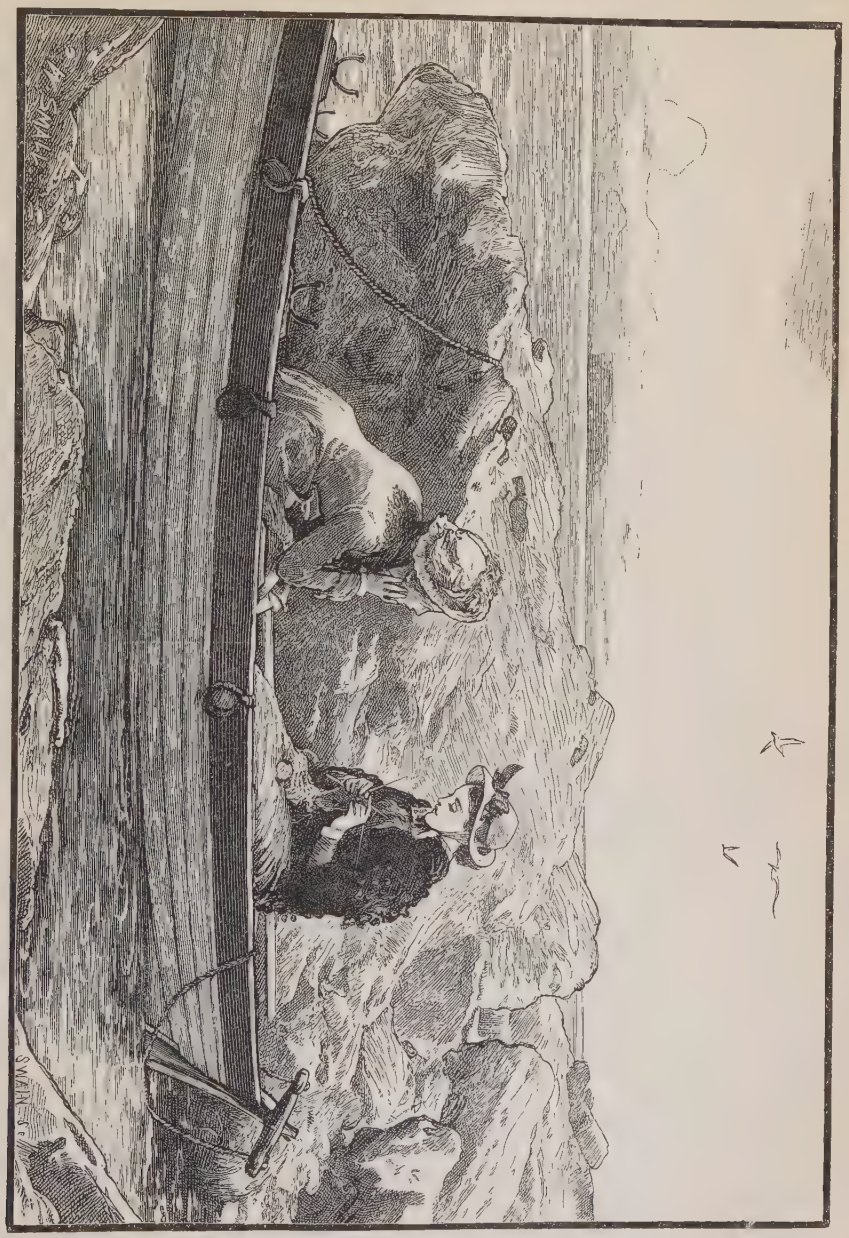
Something about the precision of these phrases—for the girl but rarely gave way to such a fit of earnest talking—seemed to suggest to the silent person who was watching her that this was not the first time the girl had thought of these things.

"Idle people," said this youthful controversialist, "can afford to indulge in sentiment, but not those who have to do great things in the world. And it is not as if—Dr. Sutherland"—she always faltered the least bit just before pronouncing the name—"were only working for his own fame or his own wealth. It is for the good of mankind that he is working; and if he has to make this or that sacrifice, he knows that he is doing right. What other reward does a man need to have?"

"I am thinking of the poor old man in Banffshire," said her friend to her, thoughtfully. "If Angus goes away to Italy for some years, they may not see each other again."

At this the girl turned strangely pale, and remained silent; but she was unnoticed, for at this moment all attention was attracted toward the seals.

and there one of the animals could be made out, poising himself in a semicircle —head and tail in the air—like the letter O with the upper four-fifths cut off. But



"THE LADIES PRODUCED THEIR KNITTING MATERIALS."

There they were, no doubt, and in large numbers. We could see the occasionally moving forms, scarcely distinguishable from the brown sea-weed, on the long projecting points of the low rocks; while here the problem was, how to get anywhere within shot. The rocks, or small islands, had no doubt certain eminences in the middle, but they were low and shallow all round. Obviously it was no use bearing

straight down on them from our present position; so it was resolved to give them a wide berth, to pull away from the islands altogether, and then approach them from the south, if haply there might in this wise be some possibility of shelter. It was observed that Queen Titania, during these whispered and eager consultations, smiled gravely, and was silent. She had been in the Highlands before.

Seals are foolish animals. We were half a mile away from them, and we were going still farther away. The rocking of the water made it impossible for us to try a hap-hazard shot, even if we had had a rifle that would have carried anything like eight hundred yards with precision. There was not the least reason for their being alarmed. But all the same, as we silently and slowly paddled away from them — actually away from them — the huge bodies one by one flopped and waddled, and dropped into the water with a splash. In about a minute or so there was not a seal visible through our best binoculars. And Queen Titania calmly smiled.

But, as everybody knows, there are two sides to an island, as to everything else. So we boldly bore down on the shores nearest us, and resolved, on getting near, on a cautious and silent landing. After many a trial we found a creek where the stern of the gig could be backed into fairly deep water, along a ledge of rock, and then two of us got out. The ladies produced their knitting materials.

With much painful stooping and crawling we at length reached the middle ridge, and there laid down our rifles to have a preliminary peep round. That stealthy glance revealed the fact that, on the other side also, the seals had been alarmed, and had left the rocks; but still they were not far away. We could see here and there a black and glistening head moving among the lapping waters. Of course it would have been madness to have risked our all on a random shot at sea. Hit or miss, the chances were about equal we should not get the seal, so we quietly retired again behind the ridge, and sat down. We could see the gig and its occupants. It seemed to one of us at least that Queen Titania was still amused.

A dead silence: while we idly regard the washed-up stores of sea-shells around us, and patiently await the return of the seals to the rocks. Then a sudden noise that makes one's heart jump: a couple of terns have discovered us, and the irate birds go wheeling and shrieking overhead with screams that would have aroused the Sleeping Beauty and all her household. In their fright and wrath they come nearer and nearer; at times they remain motionless overhead; but ever continues the shrill and piercing shriek. The face of the Youth is awful to see. Again and again he puts up his rifle; and there is no doubt that, if he were to fire, he might accomplish that feat which is more frequently heard of in novels than elsewhere—shooting a bird on the wing with a rifle. But then he is loath to throw away his last chance. With a gesture of despair, he lowers his weapon, and glances toward the gig. Queen Titania has caught his eye, and he hers. She is laughing.

At length we venture to hazard everything. Furtively each rifle is protruded over the ledge of rock; and furtively each head creeps up by the stock, the hand on the trigger-guard. The caution is unnecessary. There is not a sign of any living thing all around the shores. Even the two sea-swallows, alarmed by our moving, have wheeled away into the distance; we are left in undisturbed possession of the island. Then the Youth clambers up to the top of the rocks, and looks around. A skart, perched on a far ledge, immediately takes flight, striking the water with his heavy wings before he can get well on his way: thereafter a dead silence.

"It was the tern that did that," says the Youth, moodily, as we return to the gig. "The seals must have known well enough."

"They generally do contrive to know somehow," is the answer of one who is not much disappointed, and who is still less surprised.

But this wicked woman all a-laughing when we return to the gig!

"Come, children," says she, "we shall barely be back in time for lunch; and we shall be all the longer that Angus is not here to sing his 'Ho, ro, clansmen!' But the quicker the sooner, as the Highlandman said. Jump in!"

"It was all owing to those sea-swallows," remarks the Youth, gloomily.

"Never mind," says she, with great equanimity. "Mary and I knew you would not shoot anything, or we should not have come. Let us hasten back to

see what Fred has shot for us with his silver sixpences."

And so we tumble into the gig, and push away, and have a long swinging pull back to the *White Dove*.

There is still some measure of justice meted out upon the earth. The face of this fiend who has been laughing at us all the morning becomes a trifle more anxious when she draws near the yacht. For there is Master Fred idling up at the bow, instead of being below looking after the vast stores he has got on board; and, moreover, as we draw near, and as he comes along to the gangway, any one can perceive that our good Frederick d'or is not in a facetious frame of mind.

"Well, Fred, have you got a good supply at last?" she cries, taking hold of the rope, and putting her foot on the step.

Fred mumbles something in reply.

"What have you got?" she says, when she is on deck. "Any game?"

"No, mem."

"Oh, never mind; the fowls will do very well."

Fred is rather silent, until he explains that he could not get any fowls.

"No fowls? What butcher's-meat, then?" says she, somewhat indignantly.

"None."

"None? Nothing?" says she; and a low titter begins to prevail among the assembled crowd. "Have you not got a joint of any sort?"

Fred is almost unwilling to confess—he is ashamed, angry, disconcerted. At last he blurts out,

"I could get nothing at all, mem, but fower loaves."

At this there was a roar of laughter. What had become of all her fresh milk, and butter, and eggs; her mutton, and fowls, and cutlets; her grouse, and snipe, and hares? We did not care for our privation; we only rejoiced in her discomfiture.

"That is just like a Scotch village," says she, savagely; "spending all its money on a church bell, and not able to keep a decent shop open! Do you mean to say you could not get a carrot, or a cabbage, or a pennyworth of milk?"

"No, mem."

"John," she says, in a domineering way, "why *don't* you get the sails up? What is the use of staying in a place like this?"

John comes forward timidly, and stroking his great beard: he half believes in these furious rages of hers.

"Oh yes, mem, if ye please, mem, I will get the sail set; but—but the tide will be turning soon, mem, and the wind she will be against us as soon as we get out of the loch; and it will be a long, long time before we get to Crinan. I not well acquent with this place, mem: if we were up in our own part of the Highlands, do you think the people would let the *White Dove* be so long without the fresh cabbage and the milk? No; I not think that, mem."

"But we are not in our own part of the Highlands," says she, querulously; "and do you think we are going to starve? However, I suppose Fred can give us a biscuit. Let us go below."

Our lunch was, in truth, simple enough; but perhaps it was this indirect appeal to Fred that determined that worthy to surprise us at dinner that evening. First of all, after we had returned from another ineffectual seal hunt, we found he had decorated the dinner table in an elaborate manner. There was a clean cloth, shining with the starch in it. There was a great dish of scarlet rowans in the middle of the table; and the rowans had a border of white heather—gathered at Loch-na-Chill: the rowans were for lovely color, the heather was for luck. Then, not content with that, he had put all our available silver on the table, including the candlesticks and the snuffer tray, though the sun had not yet sunk behind the Jura hills. But the banquet defies description. The vast basin of steaming kidney soup, the boiled lithe, the fried mackerel, the round of tongue, the corned beef, the tomatoes, the pickles, the sardines, the convolutions of pudding and apricot jam—what Fish-monger, or Dry-salter, or Gun-maker, could have wanted more? Nor was there any Apemantus at the feast; there was the smiling and benign countenance of the Laird, who again and again made facetious remarks about the kirk bell of Clachan. Then he said, more formally,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to ask ye to drink a toast."

"Oh, uncle!" said the Youth, deprecatingly, "we are not at a Commissioners' meeting at Strathgovan."

"And I will thank ye to fill your glasses," said the Laird, taking no heed of Young England and his modern want of manners. "I have to ask ye, ladies and

gentlemen, to drink the health of one who is an old and valued friend of some of us, who is admired and respected by us all. It would ill become us, now that he has been separated from us but by a day, that we should forget him in his absence. We have come in close contact with him; we have seen his fine qualities of temper and character; and I am sure no one present will contradict me when I say that, great as are his abeelities, they are not more remarkable than his modesty, and his good-humor, and his simple, plain, frank ways. With a man of less solid judgment, I might be afraid of certain dangerous tendencies of these times; but our friend has a Scotch head on his shoulders; he may be dazzled by their new-fangled speculations, but not convinced—not convinced. It is a rare thing—I will say it, though I am but a recent acquaintance, and do not know him as well as some now at this hospitable board—to find such powers of intellect united with such a quiet and unassuming manliness. Ladies and gentlemen, I give ye the health of Dr. Angus Sutherland. We regret that he has gone from us; but we know that duty calls, and we honor the man who stands to his guns. It may be that we may see him in these waters once more; it may be that we may not; but whatever may be in store for him or for us, we know he will be worthy of the hopes we build on him, and we drink his health now in his absence, and wish him godspeed!"

"Hear! hear!" cried the Youth, who was greatly amused by this burst of old-fashioned eloquence. But Mary Avon sat white and trembling, and quite forgot to put the glass to her lips. It was her hostess who spoke next, with a laugh.

"I think, sir," said she, "I might give you a hint. If you were to go up on deck and ask the men whether they would like to drink Angus's health, I don't think they would refuse."

"It is a most capital suggestion," said the Laird, rising to take down his wide-awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SUSPICIONS.

It was handsomely done on the part of the Laird, to pay that tribute to his vanquished and departed enemy. But next morning, as we were getting under way, he got a chance of speaking to his hostess alone, and he could not quite forego a little bit of boasting over his superior astuteness and prescience.

"What did I say, ma'am," he asked, with a confident chuckle, "when ye made a communication to me on the subject of our friend who has just left us? Did I not offer to make ye a wager, though I am but little of a gambler? A gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble: did I not offer to wager ye these three articles that your guesses were not quite correct? And what has become of Dr. Sutherland now?"

His hostess is not in this gay humor. She answers with a touch of reserve:

"If I made any mistake, it was about Mary. And I had no right to suspect anything, for she never took me into her confidence; and I do not approve of elderly people prying into the affairs of young people."

"Pry?" says the Laird, loftily and graciously. "No, no; no prying. But judgment?—is there any harm in one keeping one's eyes open? And did not I tell ye, ma'am, to be of good heart—that everything would go properly and smoothly?"

"And has it?" she says, sharply, and looking up with a glance of indignation.

The Laird, however, is so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he does not notice this protest.

"She *is* a fine lass, that," he says, with decision. "Did ye ever hear a young girl speak such clear common-sense as she spoke yesterday about that very doctor? There is no affected sentiment—there is nothing of your Clarinda and Philander noavel-writing—about that lass: did ye ever hear such good, sound, clear common-sense?"

"I heard her," says his hostess, shortly.

By this time we had weighed anchor, and the *White Dove* was slowly sailing down the loch before a light northerly breeze. Then Mary Avon came on deck, followed by the attentive Youth. And while everybody on board was eagerly noticing things ahead—the seals on the rocks at the mouth of the loch, the windy gray sea beyond, and the blue mountains of Jura—Mary Avon alone looked backward to the low lines of hills we were leaving. She sat silent and apart.

The Laird stepped over to her.

"We have just been talking about the doctor," says he, cheerfully. "And we

were saying there was plenty of good common-sense in what ye said yesterday about his duties and his prospects. Oh, ay! But then, ye ken, Miss Mary, even the busiest and the wisest of men must have their holiday at times; and I have just been thinking that if we can get Dr. Sutherland to come with us next year, we will maybe surprise him by what ye can do wi' a steam-yacht. Why, during the time we have been lying here, we might have run across to Ireland and back in a steam-yacht. It is true, there would be less enjoyment for him in the sailing; but still there are compensations."

His hostess has overheard all this. She says, in her gentle way, but with a cold and cruel clearness:

"You know, sir, that is quite impossible. Angus will not be in Scotland for many a day to come."

The girl's face is hidden; apparently she is still gazing back on those slowly receding hills.

"Toots! toots!" says the Laird, briskly. "The lad is not a fool. He will make an occasion if he considers it desirable: there is no compulsion that he must remain in Eetaly. I think I would even lay a wager that we will have just the same party, and the doctor included, on that steam-yacht next year, and in this very place. Is it a wager, ma'am?"

"I am afraid you must leave us out," she remarks, "at all events. And as for Angus Sutherland, I shall be surprised if ever he sees West Loch Tarbert again."

Why had not Mary Avon spoken? The Laird went a step nearer her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he, "what are we to do to show these people their folly and wickedness—eh? I think I will leave it to you."

"Oh no, sir." This, or something like this, she was understood to say, in a low voice; but at the same moment she rose quickly, crossed the deck, put a trembling hand on the companionway, and went below. Just as she disappeared, she could not quite conceal her face, and there was a look on it that startled the Laird. Had the girl been stealthily crying all the time she had been looking back at those distant hills?

The Laird was greatly disturbed. He said nothing, for he would not have it understood that anything had happened; but any one could see by his preoccupied manner that he was seriously troubled. He had directed a quick, sharp glance of surprise and inquiry at his hostess, but just then she was stepping aside to get out of the way of Captain John. The Laird sat down by himself, and remained in a profound silence. He seemed to pay no attention to what was going on.

But there was brisk work enough all over the yacht. For now we had got clear of the long promontory and its islands; and out here in the open there was a pretty heavy sea running, while the wind began to freshen up a bit. There was a squally look about the sea and sky; it was considered prudent to lower the topsail. Now and again there was a heavy shock at the bows, and then a dipping of heads to dodge the flying shreds of spray. In the midst of all this Miss Avon appeared again.

"I thought we should catch it," said she, in the blithest of tones; and she addressed herself particularly to the Laird. "And it is better to be prepared. But, oh, dear me! what a nuisance a waterproof is!"

And indeed the wind was blowing that hooded and caped garment all about her head, so that her dark hair was becoming considerably dishevelled. The Youth came to her assistance; put a cushion and a shawl for her just beside her hostess, under the lee of the weather bulwarks; then she snugly ensconced herself there, and seemed to be very merry and happy indeed.

"Don't you often wish you were a fish, when the weather is wet," she says, gayly, to her friend, "so that you might be perfectly indifferent?" And here she cries, "Oh!" again, because a drop or two of spray has come flying past the keel of the gig and just caught her on the crown of her water-proof.

Nothing can exceed her talk, her laughter, her cheerfulness. She nestles close to her friend; she is like a spoiled child; she makes fun of the Youth's attempts to steer. And the Laird is regarding her with a grave wonder—perhaps with some dark suspicion—when she lightly addresses herself to him again:

"But what about that strong man, sir? You were going to tell us the story yesterday, when you were interrupted."

It was a cunning device. How could a professed story-teller refuse to rise to the bait? The watchfulness disappeared

from the face of the Laird; in its place a sort of anticipatory laughter began to shine.

"But it was Tom Galbraith heard of that man," said he, in a deprecating way. "Did I not tell ye? Oh, ay! it was Tom Galbraith heard of him when he was in Ross-shire; and it was he told me of the wonderful things that man could do, according to the natives. Did not I tell ye of his rolling an enormous stone up a hill, and of the stone being split into nine pieces, yet not any one man could roll up one of the nine pieces? But I was going to tell ye of his being in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, and a coach and four was coming whirling along; the horses had run away, and no one could stop them. McKinlay was walking along the street, when the people called to him to look out, for the four horses were running mad; but the Ross-shire Samson was not afraid. No, no—"

Here a wisp of spray somewhat disconcerted the Laird; but only for a moment. He wiped the salt-water from the side of his neck, and continued, with suppressed laughter bubbling up in his eyes.

"The man that told Tom Galbraith," said he, "was a solemn believer, and spoke with reverence. 'McKinlay,' says he, 'he will turn to the street, and he will grab at the four horses and the coach, and he will took them up in his two hands—*shist like a mice.*'"

"*Shist like a mice.*" The Laird preserved a stern silence. The humor of this story was so desperately occult that he would leave the coarse applause to us. Only there was an odd light in his eyes, and we knew that it was all he could do to prevent his bursting out into a roar of laughter. But Mary Avon laughed—until John of Skye, who had not heard a word, grinned out of pure sympathy.

"He must have been the man," said Miss Avon, diffidently—for she did not like to encroach on the Laird's province—"whom Captain John told me about, who could drink whiskey so strong that a drop of it would burn a white mark on a tarred rope."

But the Laird was not jealous.

"Very good—very good!" he cried, with extreme delight. "Excellent—a real good one! 'Deed I'll tell that to Tom Galbraith."

And the high spirits and the facetiousness of these two children continued through lunch. That was rather a wild meal, considering that we were still sawing across the boisterous Sound of Jura, in the teeth of a fresh northerly breeze. However, nothing could exceed the devotion of the Youth, who got scarcely any luncheon at all in his efforts to control the antics of pickle jars, and to bolster up bottles. Then when everything was secure, there would be an ominous call overhead, "*Stand by forrard, boys!*" followed by a period of frantic revolution and panic.

"Yes," continued the Laird, when we got on deck again; "a sense of humor is a great power in human affairs. A man in public life without it is like a ship without a helm: he is sure to go and do something redeeclous that a smaller man would have avoided altogether. Ay, my father's sense of humor was often said by people to be quite extraordinar'—quite extraordinar'. I make no pretensions that way maself."

Here the Laird waved his hand, as if to deprecate any courteous protest.

"No, no; I have no pretensions that way; but sometimes a bit joke comes in verra well when ye are dealing with solemn and pretentious asses. There is one man in Strathgovan—"

But here the Laird's contempt of this dull person could not find vent in words. He put up both hands, palm outward, and shook them, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A most desperately stupid ass, and as loquacious as a parrot. I mind fine when I was giving my earnest attention to the subject of our police system. I may tell ye, ma'am, that our burgh stretches over about a mile each way, and that it has a population of over 8000 souls, with a vast quantity of valuable property. And up till that time we had but two policemen on duty at the same time during the night. It was my opeenion that that number was quite inahdequate, and I stated my opeenion at a meeting of the Commissioners convened for that purpose. Well, would ye believe it, this meddlesome body, Johnny Guthrie, got up on his legs, and preached and preached away; and all that he had to tell us was that we could not add to the number of police without the consent of the Commissioners of Supply and the Home Secretary. Bless me! what bairn is there but knows that? I'll be bound Miss Mary there, though she comes from England, would know as much about public affairs as that?"

"I—I am afraid not, sir," said she.

"No matter—no matter. Live and learn. When ye come to Strathgovan, we'll begin and teach ye. However, as I was sayin', this bletherin' poor crayture went on and on, and it was all about the one point, until I got up, and, 'Mr. Provost,' says I, 'there are some human beings it would be idle to answer. Their loquacity is a sort of function; they perspire through their tongue—like a doag.' Ye should have seen Johnny Guthrie's face after that!"

And here the Laird laughed and laughed again at Johnny Guthrie's discomfiture.

"But he was a poor bletherin' crayture," he continued, with a kind of compassion. "Providence made him what he is; but sometimes I think Johnny tries to make himself even more rideeklous than Providence could fairly and honestly have intended. He attacked me most bitterly because I got a committee appointed to represent to the postmaster that we should have a later delivery at night. He attacked me most bitterly; and yet I think it was one of the greatest reforms ever introduced into our burgh."

"Oh, indeed, sir?" says his hostess, with earnest attention.

"Yes, indeed. The postmaster is a most civil, worthy, and respectable man, though it was a sore blow to him when his daughter took to going to the Episcopal Church in Glasgow. However, with his assistance, we now get the letters that used to be delivered in the forenoon delivered late the night before; and we have a mail made up at 10 P.M., which is a great convenience. And that man Johnny Guthrie gabbling away as if the French Revolution were coming back on us! I am a Conservative myself, as ye know, ma'am; but I say that we must march with the times. No standing still in these days. However, ye will get Johnny Guthries everywhere; poor bletherin' craytures who have no capacity for taking a large view of public affairs—bats and blind-worms as it were. I suppose there is a use for them, as it has pleased Providence to create them; but it would puzzle an ordinary person to find it out."

With much of the like wise discourse did the Laird beguile our northward voyage; and apparently he had forgotten that little incident about Mary Avon in the morning. The girl was as much interested as any one; laughed at the "good ones"; was ready to pour her contempt on the Johnny Guthries who opposed the projects of the Laird's statesmanship. And in this manner we fought our way against the stiff northerly breeze, until evening found us off the mouth of Loch Crinan. Here we proposed to run in for the night, so that we should have daylight and a favorable tide to enable us to pass through the Doruis Mohr.

It was a beautiful, quiet evening in this sheltered bay; and after dinner we were all on deck, reading, smoking, and what not. The Laird and Mary Avon were playing chess together. The glow of the sunset was still in the western sky, and reflected on the smooth water around us, though Jura and Scarba were of a dark, soft, luminous rose-purple.

Chess is a silent game; the Laird was not surprised that his companion did not speak to him. And so absorbed was he with his knights and bishops that he did not notice that, in the absolute silence of this still evening, one of the men forward was idly whistling to himself the sad air of Lochaber:

"Lochaber no more! And Lochaber no more!
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!"

It was the old and familiar refrain: Hector of Moidart was probably not thinking of Lochaber at all.

But suddenly the Laird, staring down at the board, perceived some little tiny thing drop on the farther edge from him, and he quickly looked up. The girl was crying. Instantly he put out his great hand and took hers, and said, in a low voice, full of gentleness and a tender sympathy,

"Dear me, lassie, what is the matter?"

But Mary Avon hastily pulled out her handkerchief, and passed it across her eyes, and said, hurriedly:

"Oh, I beg your pardon! it is nothing: I—I was thinking of something else. And is it your move, or mine, sir?"

The Laird looked at her, but her eyes were cast down. He did not pay so much attention to the game after that.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CERTAINTY.

NEXT morning there is a lively commotion on board. The squally, blustering-looking skies, the glimpses of the white

horses out there on the driven green sea, and the fresh northerly breeze that comes in gusts and swirls about the rigging—all tell us that we shall have some hard work before we pierce the Doruis Mohr.

"You won't want for wind to-day, Captain John," says the Youth, who is waiting to give the men a hand at the windlass.

"'Deed, no," says John of Skye, with a grim smile. "This is the kind of day that Dr. Sutherland would like, and the *White Dove* going through the Doruis Mohr, too!"

However, the Laird seems to take no interest in what is going forward. All the morning he has been silent and preoccupied, occasionally approaching his hostess, but never getting an opportunity of speaking with her alone. At last, when he observes that every one is on deck, and eagerly watching the *White Dove* getting under way, he covertly and quietly touches our Admiral on the arm.

"I would speak to ye below for a moment, ma'am," he says, in a whisper.

And so, unnoticed amid all this bustle, she follows him down into the saloon, wondering not a little. And as soon as he has shut the door he plunges *in medias res*.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I must speak to ye. It is about your friend Miss Mary: have ye not observed that she is sorely troubled about something, though she puts a brave face on it, and will not acknowledge it? Have ye not seen it—have ye not guessed that she is grievously troubled about some matter or other?"

"I have guessed it," said the other.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" said the Laird; and then he added, thoughtfully: "It is no small matter that can affec' so lighthearted a creature: that is what I want to ask ye. Do ye know? Have ye guessed? Surely it is something that some of us can help her wi'. Indeed, it just distresses me beyond measure to see that trouble in her face; and when I see her try to conceal it, and to make believe that everything is well with her, I feel as if there was nothing I would not do for the poor lass."

"But I don't think either you or I can help. Young people must manage their affairs for themselves," says his hostess, somewhat coldly.

"But what is it?—what is it? What is troubling her?"

Queen Titania regards him for a moment, apparently uncertain as to how far she should go. At last she says:

"Well, I am not revealing any confidence of Mary's, for she has told me nothing about it. But I may as well say at once that when we were in West Loch Tarbert, Dr. Sutherland asked her to be his wife; and she refused him. And now I suppose she is breaking her heart about it."

"Dear me! dear me!" says the Laird, with eyes open wide.

"It is always the way with girls," says the other, with a cruel cynicism. "Whether they say 'Yes' or 'No,' they are sure to cry over it. And naturally; for whether they say 'Yes' or 'No,' they are sure to have made an irretrievable blunder."

The Laird is slowly recovering from his first shock of surprise.

"But if she did refuse him, surely that is what any one would have expected? There is nothing singular in that."

"Pardon me; I think there is something very singular," she says, warmly. "I don't see how any one could have been with these two up in the North, and not perceived that there was an understanding between them. If any girl ever encouraged a man, she did. Why, sir, when you proposed that your nephew should come with us, and make love to Mary, I said, 'Yes,' because I thought it would be merely a joke. I thought he would please you by consenting, and not harm anybody else. But now it has turned out quite different, and Angus Sutherland has gone away."

And at this there was a return of the proud and hurt look into her eyes. Angus was her friend; she had not expected this idle boy would have supplanted him.

The Laird was greatly disturbed. The beautiful picture that he had been painting for himself during this summer idleness of ours—filling in the details with a lingering and loving care—seemed to fade away into impalpable mist, and he was confronted by blank chaos. And this, too, just at the moment when the departure of the doctor appeared to render all his plans doubly secure.

He rose.

"I will think over it, ma'am," he said, slowly. "I am obliged to ye for your information: perhaps I was not as observant as I should have been."

Then she sought to stay him for a moment.

"Don't you think, sir," said she, timidly, "it would be better for neither you nor I to interfere?"

The Laird turned.

"I made a promise to the lass," said he, quite simply, "one night we were in Loch Leven, and she and I were walking on the deck, that when she was in trouble I would try to help her; and I will not break my promise through any fear of being called an intermeddler. I will go to the girl myself—when I have the opportunity; and if she prefers to keep her own counsel—if she thinks I am only an old Scotch fool who should be minding my own business—I will not grumble."

And again he was going away, when again she detained him.

"I hope you do not think I spoke harshly of Mary," said she, penitentially. "I own that I was a little disappointed. And it seemed so certain. But I am sure she has sufficient reason for whatever she has done, and that she believes she is acting rightly—"

"Of that there is no doubt," said he, promptly. "The girl has just a wonderful clear notion of doing what she ought to do; and nothing would make her flinch." Then he added, after a second: "But I will think over it, and then go to herself. Perhaps she feels lonely, and does not know that there is a home awaiting her at Denny-mains."

So both of them went on deck again, and found that the *White Dove* was already sailing away from the Trossachs-like shores of Loch Crinan, and getting farther out into this squally green sea. There were bursts of sunlight flying across the rocks and the white-tipped waves, but ordinarily the sky was overcast, masses of gray and silvery cloud coming swinging along from the north.

Then the Laird showed himself discreet "before folk." He would not appear to have any designs on Mary Avon's confidences. He talked in a loud and confident fashion to John of Skye, about the weather, and the Doruis Mohr, and Corrievrechan. Finally he suggested, in a facetious way, that as the younger men had occasionally had their turn at the helm, he might have his now, for the first time.

"If ye please, sir," said Captain John, relinquishing the tiller to him with a smile of thanks, and going forward to have a quiet pipe.

But the Laird seemed a little bit confused by the rope which John had confided to him. In a light breeze, and with his hand on the tiller, he might have done very well; but this looped rope, to which he had to cling so as to steady himself, seemed puzzling. And almost at the same time the *White Dove* began to creep up to the wind, and presently the sails showed an ominous quiver.

"Keep her full, sir," said John of Skye, turning round.

But instead of that, the sails flapped more and more; there was a rattling of blocks; two men came tumbling up from the forecastle, thinking the yacht was being put about.

"Shove your hand from ye, sir!" called out the skipper to the distressed steersman; and this somewhat infantine direction soon put the vessel on her course again.

In a few minutes thereafter John of Skye put his pipe in his waistcoat pocket.

"We'll let her about now, sir," he called to the Laird.

The two men who happened to be on deck went to the jib-sheets, John himself leisurely proceeding to stand by the weather fore-sheet. Then, as the Laird seemed still to await further orders, he called out,

"Helm hard down, sir, if ye please!"

But this rope bothered the Laird. He angrily untwisted it, let it drop on the deck, and then with both hands endeavored to jam the tiller toward the weather bulwarks, which were certainly nearer to him than the lee bulwarks.

"The other way, sir!" Mary Avon cried to him, anxiously.

"Bless me! bless me! Of course!" he cried, in return; and then he let the tiller go, and just managed to get out of its way as it swung to leeward. And then as the bow sheered round, and the *White Dove* made away for the mouth of Loch Craignish on the port tack, he soon discovered the use of the weather tiller-rope, for the wind was now blowing hard, and the yacht pitching a good deal.

"We are getting on, Miss Mary!" he cried to her, crushing his wide-awake down over his forehead. "Have ye not got a bit song for us? What about the two sailors that pitied all the poor folk in London?"

She only cast down her eyes, and a faint color suffused her cheeks: our singing-bird had left us.

"Howard, lad!" the Laird called out again, in his facetious manner, "ye are not looking well, man. Is the pitching too much for you?"

The Youth was certainly not looking very brilliant, but he managed to conjure up a ghastly smile.

"If I get ill," said he, "I will blame it on the steering."

"'Deed ye will not," said the Laird, who seemed to have been satisfied with his performances. "I am not going to steer this boat through the Doruis Mohr. Here, John, come back to your post!"

John of Skye came promptly aft; in no case would he have allowed an amateur to pilot the *White Dove* through this narrow strait with its swirling currents. However, when the proper time came, we got through the Doruis Mohr very easily, there being a strong flood tide to help us; and the brief respite under the lee of the land allowed the Youth to summon back his color and his cheerfulness.

The Laird had ensconced himself beside Mary Avon; he had a little circle of admiring listeners; he was telling us, amid great shouts of laughter, how Homesh had replied to one tourist, who had asked for something to eat, that that was impossible, "bekass ahl the plate was cleaned;" and how Homesh had answered another tourist, who represented that the towel in the lavatory was not as it should be, that "more than fifty or sixty people was using that towel this very day, and not a complaint from any one of them"; and how Homesh, when his assistant stumbled and threw a leg of mutton on to the deck, called out to him in his rage, "Ye young teffle, I will knock the stairs down your head." We were more and more delighted with Homesh and his apocryphal adventures.

But now other things than Homesh were claiming our attention. Once through the Doruis, we found the wind blowing harder than ever, and a heavy sea running. The day had cleared, and the sun was gleaming on the white crests of the waves; but the air was thick with whirled spray, and the decks were running wet. The *White Dove* listed over before the heavy wind, so that her scuppers were a foot deep in water; while opening the gangway only relieved the pressure for a second or two; the next moment a wave would surge in on the deck. The jib and fore stay-sail were soaked half-mast high. When we were on the port tack the keel of the gig ploughed the crests of those massive and rolling waves. This would, indeed, have been a day for Angus Sutherland.

On one tack we ran right over to Corrievrechan; but we could see no waterspouts or other symptoms of the whirling currents; we could only hear the low roar all along the Scarba coast, and watch the darting of the white foam up the face of the rocks. And then away again on the port tack; with the women clinging desperately to the weather bulwarks, lest perchance they should swiftly glide down the gleaming decks into the hissing water that rolled along the lee scuppers. Despite the fact of their being clad from top to toe in water-proofs, their faces were streaming with the salt-water; but they were warm enough, for the sun was blazing hot, and the showers of spray were like showers of gleaming diamonds.

Luncheon was of an extremely pantomimic character; until, in the midst of it, we were alarmed by hearing quick tramping overhead, and noise and shouting. The Youth was hastily bidden to leave his pickle jars and go on deck to see what was happening. In a second or two he returned, somewhat grueful—his hair wild, his face wet.

"They are only taking in the mizzen," says he; "but my cap has been knocked overboard, and I have got about a quart of water down my neck."

"It will do ye good, lad," observed the Laird, in the most heartless manner; "and I will now trouble ye to pass me the marmalade."

Patiently, all day long, we beat up against that inexorable north wind, until, in the afternoon, it veered a point or two to the east, which made an appreciable difference in our rate of progress. Then, the farther the wind veered, the more it became a land-wind; and the sea abated considerably; so that long before we could make out Castle Osprey on the face of the hill, we were in fairly calm waters, with a light breeze on our starboard beam. The hot sun had dried the decks; there was a possibility of walking; some went below to prepare for going ashore.

We were returning to the world of telegrams, and letters, and newspapers; we should soon know what the Commissioners of Strathbungo were doing, and whether Johnny Guthrie had been fomenting

sedition. But it was not these things that troubled the Laird. He had been somewhat meditative during the afternoon. At last, finding an occasion on which nearly everybody was below but his hostess, he said to her, in a low voice:

"The more I reflect on that matter we spoke of this morning, the more I am driven to a conclusion that I would fain avoid. It would be a sad blow to me. I have built much on the scheme I was telling ye of: perhaps it was but a toy; but old people have a fondness for their toys as well as young people."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," said the other.

"We will soon learn whether I am right," said the old Laird, with a sigh; and then he turned to her and regarded her.

"I doubt whether ye see this girl's character as clearly as I do," said he. "Gentle, and soft, and delicate as she seems to be, she is of the stuff the martyrs in former days were made of: if she believes a thing to be right, she will do it, at any cost or sacrifice. Do ye mind the first evening I met her at your house—how she sat and talked and laughed, with her sprained ankle swollen and black all the time, just that she might not interfere with the pleasure of others?"

The Laird paused for a moment or two.

"I have been putting things together," he continued—but he did not seem proud or boastful of his perspicacity: perhaps he would rather have fought against the conclusion forced on him. "When she was up in the north, it seemed to you as if she would have married the young man Sutherland?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"The lass had her bit fortune then," said the Laird, thoughtfully. "Not much, as ye say; but it would have been an independence. It would have helped him on in the world; it would have left him free. And she is proud of what he has done, and as ambeetious as himself that he should become a great man. Ay."

The Laird seemed very anxious about the varnishing of the gig: he kept smoothing it with his forefinger.

"And when he came to her the other day—it is but a guess of mine, ma'am—she may have said to herself beforehand that she would not be a drag on him, that she would leave him free to become great and famous, that the sentiment of the moment was a trifling thing compared to what the world expected from Dr. Sutherland. Ye will not forget what she said on that point only the other day. And she may have sent him away—with her own heart just like to break. I have just been putting one or two possibeelities together, ma'am—"

The color had forsaken the cheeks of the woman who stood by his side.

"And—and—if she was so cruel—and—and heartless—and—and monstrous—she ought to be horsewhipped!" she exclaimed, quite breathlessly, and apparently not knowing what she was saying.

But the Laird shook his head.

"Poor lass! poor lass!" he said, gently; "she has had her troubles. No doubt the loss of her bit fortune seemed a desperate thing to her; and you know her first anxiety is conteenually for other people—particularly them that have been kind to her—and that she thinks no more of herself than if she had no feelings at all. Well, ma'am, if what I am guessing at is true—it is only a speculation o' mine, and I am far from sure; but if that is all that has to be put right, I'm thinking it might be put right. We should thank God that we are now and again able to put some small matter straight in the world."

The Laird was more busy than ever with the varnish, and he went nearer the boat. His fingers were nervous, and there was a strange sad look in the sunken gray eyes.

"Poor lass! if that is all her trouble, it might not be difficult to help her," said he; and then he added, slowly—and the woman beside him knew, rather than saw, that the sad gray eyes were somehow wet: "But I had thought to see her living at Denny-mains. It was—it was a sort of toy of my old age."

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

MANY excellent articles and addresses on college and university education in the United States and Germany have been written during the last ten years, but the authors have usually taken it for granted not only that all have clear ideas as to the character and purposes of these institutions, but also that perfect harmony exists between these ideas. The discussion has, therefore, turned upon the means of realizing a character and accomplishing ends not plainly defined. Had, however, each

educational reformer first obtained a clear conception of the actual "final cause" of American and foreign universities and colleges, and then compared that conception with the desired "final cause," it is safe to assert that the present notions in respect to both would be far less confused.

The comparison universally made is between our colleges and the German universities. It is shown that the condition of higher education in the United States is in a sad state—and about this there can be no doubt; that in Germany, on the contrary, it is in a flourishing one; *ergo*, let us turn our colleges into German universities. The next question is, How? In answer to this it is explained that in the German universities the studies are all elective and optional; in the colleges of the United States, compulsory. The conclusion is not difficult to be drawn. Make all studies in the colleges elective, and the work is done! The country is provided with a set of first-class universities! The German universities have thus been taken as models, and a sort of blind attempt made to imitate them in the way described. German universities are an acknowledged success, it is true; but what does it mean to pronounce an institution a success? It signifies that a harmony exists between the intentions of its founders and managers and the accomplished results. The questions then naturally arise, What is the purpose of the German university? What is its real distinguishing feature? Then, after having answered these, the further questions, Do American colleges have the same aims? If they do not, is it desirable that they should?

The answer to the first questions is not difficult. A German university is, from beginning to end, through and through, a professional school. It is a place where young men prepare to earn their "bread and butter," as the Germans say, in practical life. It is *not* a school which pretends or strives to develop in a general way the intellectual powers, and give its students universal culture. This is the first point which should be clearly understood by all trying to Germanize our institutions. As soon as the student enters the university he makes a selection of some one study or set of studies—law, medicine, theology, or some of the studies included in the "philosophical faculty"—chemistry, physics, Latin, Greek, philosophy, literature, modern languages, etc. If a student pursues chemistry, it is because his chemistry is to support him in after-life; if Latin and Greek, because he is preparing himself for a position as teacher; so it is with the other branches. The first question a university student asks before selecting a study is, "Of what practical benefit will this be to me?" An opportunity is given to extraordinary talent and genius of developing, however, by allowing a certain freedom in "learning and teaching." There is no regulation to prevent a student of law from hearing a lecture, *e. g.*, on the Agamemnon of Æschylus; but this rarely happens. Each one has the examination in mind which is to admit him into active life, and, as a rule, pursues only the studies required for passing it, and what is more, pursues them no farther than is likely to be demanded. If a smattering of the history of philosophy is required, as in the theological examination in Prussia, the candidate will read the little work by Schwegler, but stop there. There are exceptions: some study for the love of study, for the love of science, of truth; but they are few. The professors who teach sciences not required for some examination complain that comparatively few students attend their lectures. Professor Wundt, the distinguished psychologist and philosopher of Leipzig, explains in this way the little attention paid to philosophy by German students. In the philosophical magazine *Mind*, for November, 1877, he compares the German and English universities. "The German student does not," says he, "like his English compeer, reside at the university simply with the object of general scientific culture, but, first and foremost, he pursues a 'Brodstudium.' He has chosen a profession which is to procure him a future living as doctor, practicing lawyer, clergyman, master in one of the higher schools, or the like, and for which he must establish his fitness in an examination at the close of his university career. But how enormously have the subjects of instruction increased in the majority of these professions!.....It requires either compulsion or a specially lively interest to bring our doctors, lawyers, philologists, to the philosophical lectures. But of late compulsion has for the most part ceased." Professor Wagner, the political economist, of Berlin, has not long since expressed himself quite simi-

larly. He says only a small number of the law students hear his lectures on political economy, or any other lectures which are not absolutely required for examination. In the University of Berlin there are over three thousand matriculated students, and nearly two thousand non-matriculated attendants at lectures; but so celebrated a man as Zeller has only a small number of hearers at his lectures on psychology, because it is a subject required for but few examinations. At Halle in the winter semester 1877–78 only one course of lectures on psychology was announced, that, however, by a clever young man, an author of some philosophical works. Although there are nine hundred students at Halle, the lectures were not delivered, because two could not be found who desired to hear them. The only one who presented himself was the writer, a foreigner, and when he was trying to find number two, and proposed to others to hear the lecture, the answer was, "It is not required for the examination."

This shows how seriously those college professors and trustees have erred who have imagined that they were turning our American colleges into German universities by making the studies elective and optional. The German institution which corresponds to an American college as a school of general intellectual training is the gymnasium, where there is but a minimum of election in the studies; *e. g.*, Hebrew is optional, and the student has perhaps a choice between English and some other study. The Germans suppose that experienced teachers and men of tried ability, who have devoted years to investigating the matter, are better able to judge of the studies advisable for the general development of the intellectual powers of boys than the boys themselves. It would seem that they might be in the right. On the contrary, the essence of the freedom which each university student has of electing his studies is simply the freedom given to men of selecting their own professions. The door through which every German must pass into office or profession is the examination; but the Minister of Instruction and other public authorities prescribe very minutely the studies required for each examination. Each German student is required to have pursued certain sciences, differing according to his intended profession, before he can enter active life. He has only the liberty of pursuing them when, where, and in the order which he will. He selects his own books, professors, and has his own method. He may be five years in preparing for the examination, or ten, if he chooses to waste time. This is truly a considerable liberty, but far less than it is generally supposed the German students enjoy. Professor Helmholtz, in his inaugural address, delivered October 15, 1877, as rector of the University of Berlin, acknowledges that many German fathers and statesmen have demanded a diminution of even the existing liberty of university life, and adds, farther, that a stricter discipline and control of the students by the professors would undoubtedly save many a young man who goes to ruin under the present system.

There are three departments of our colleges or universities which correspond to three of those of the German universities, and offer no insurmountable difficulty in the perfection of our school system. These departments are those of law, theology, and medicine. The reforms necessary must be evident to men of the respective professions: greater freedom of the schools from the principle of private money-making institutions; a longer and more thorough course of study, as in Germany, where the time required to be passed in previous study for admittance to the professions of law and medicine is about double what it is in the United States; higher requirements for admittance to these professional schools. That here is a place where the government, if not the central, at least that of the separate States, has a duty to perform, no political economist or statesman of note is so given to the *laissez-faire* principle as to deny. All of our States recognize this, and exercise some control as regards physicians and lawyers. If a tailor makes me a poor suit of clothes, no great harm is done: I try another next time. Besides, I can demand samples of his work beforehand, and even if no tailor myself, am not utterly unable to judge of his work. Here the principle of private competition is the only proper one. But the principle of private competition in respect of law and medicine is not sufficient. If a medical quack kills my child, it does not help the matter to reply to my complaints, "Well, try another doctor next time." It is heartless. My child is dead, and nothing can

help the matter now. "But you should have known that the man was a humbug," says some one. I should have known nothing of the kind. It is precisely because I do not know, because I am no physician, that I require one. Again, in many small towns there is only one physician, and the people have no choice. It is the same case with lawyers. An ignorant or incapable man may cause me the loss of my property, or even my neck. This "next time" theory helps the matter not at all. It is too late. There is for me no next time. The man appeared to me clever; he talked well, and I tried him. I judged as well as I could, but my not being a lawyer made it impossible for me to be a competent judge of his abilities. The State, then, does its citizens a real service, and one they can not do for themselves, in forcing candidates for the legal and medical professions to submit themselves to an examination by competent authorities, who pronounce upon their fitness for exercising the functions of lawyers or doctors. This principle is recognized by every civilized government in the world, though perhaps nowhere so laxly and negligently as in the United States. What is necessary, then, as regards these professional schools is for the State by proper legislation to raise the standard of requirements, and so assist the colleges and universities in giving us an able and properly educated set of professional men, as in Germany, where actual legal and medical malpractice are exceedingly rare. England has lately been forced to take a step in the right direction by making the requirements for becoming a physician severer. The profession was too open to the principle of free competition, and the abuses became intolerable. One other means of improving these professional schools would be to bring them in closer connection with the college departments, so that a medical or law student should have the liberty of hearing lectures on history, political economy, etc., if he wished. All the different schools should, of course, have one common library. This is the plan pursued on the continent of Europe. It frequently happens, too, that students of different departments have the same studies, and it is a waste of time, money, and force to separate them here. The law student is not the only one who needs to understand "international law," nor the medical student the only one who ought to have some knowledge of physiology and hygiene.*

The so-called college department, or "college proper," is the one which offers most difficulty to the reformer, and the one where the most confusion prevails. When the course of study is simply one for general culture, it is no part of a university, in the continental European sense of that term. There is, therefore, in America a want of a school offering opportunities to large and constantly increasing classes of men for pursuing professional studies—a want which is deeply felt, and which sends every year many students and millions of dollars out of the country. Where in the United States can a young man prepare himself thoroughly to become a teacher of the ancient classics? A simple college course is not enough. The Germans require that their teachers of Latin and Greek should pursue the classics as a specialty for three years at a university after having completed the gymnasium, which as a classical school would be universally admitted to rank with our colleges. Every college professor of Latin and Greek must admit the need of better preparatory teachers. The poor entrance examinations, when the candidates for admissions do not come from some one of our few old and excellent but expensive academies, like Exeter, Andover, and the Boston Latin School, bear only too strong witness of their previous training. If an American wishes to pursue a special course in history, politics, political economy, mathematics, physics, philosophy, or in any one of many other studies lying outside of the three professions, law, medicine, and theology, he must go to Europe. Even to pursue the study of United States history, the American will do better to go abroad. From Maine to California, from Minnesota to Texas, there is no institution which teaches United States history thoroughly. Many colleges require no knowledge of it, either for entering or graduating. Others imagine that they have done their full duty in demanding a few historical names and dates as condition of admittance. As many—in the country the majority—of our lower schools do not

* The writer does not consider the theological schools, because that is a matter which each Church must take care of for itself, so long as state and church are entirely separate. Where there are so many sects as in the United States it may be well that the schools of divinity should be by themselves.

teach history, the result is sad enough. English papers have with reason spoken slightingly of historical instruction in our country. Again, whoever desires, even in theology, medicine, or law, to select some one branch as a specialty, must go to Europe to do so. But these professional schools are already organized, and their needs recognized.

What is to be done about the college department? How get system out of the confusion of our system, or rather no system? for we have in the United States, with the exception of a few States, no school system, although some good schools.* Until we have adopted a satisfactory system, we may rest assured that thousands of parents will continue to educate their children in Europe.

We have the materials in the United States for a good school system, beginning in the common school and ending in the university; the need is organization. Dr. Barnard would have three grades—the school, academy, and college.† But should not a fourth be added—the university? It is not necessary that the university should be separate from the college, though in some places it might be, as in the Johns Hopkins University, which started with the intent of becoming a university. Harvard will serve as an illustration. If Harvard required a college education for entering any one of its departments, placing them all on a level, made all studies elective except in examination, and enlarged its curriculum so as to enable one to pursue special courses in Latin, Greek, political science, etc., it would become in every respect a professional school, *i. e.*, a university.‡ Those who entered would already have finished their general studies, and would go there to prepare for some particular profession, as that of teacher of Latin and Greek, or some one or two of the natural sciences, or to become physician, editor, etc. Now it is different. Harvard *demands* very limited requirements for entering its professional schools, but *desires* that the students of these schools should first complete the college course of four years. So long as this is expected, it seems impossible that the requirements for admission to the college department should be raised. If a young man is eighteen years of age upon entering, he is not able to begin his professional studies before twenty-two, which makes him at least twenty-five upon entering practical life—quite old enough. Harvard's requirements for admission give the American student a rather longer course before beginning his professional career than is required from his German compeer, who commences them at twenty or thereabouts. If Harvard continues to increase its conditions for admission to the college department, it can not expect the lawyers, doctors, and clergymen to pursue just the college course. The result would be that more young men than at present would begin their professional studies without having previously pursued even an ordinary college course. The solution of the difficulty lies in rather diminishing than otherwise the requirements for admission to the college proper, or academic department, of Harvard, in putting the extra studies in the graduate courses, which latter form part of the university proper, and in requiring a college education at Harvard or some other good college as a condition of entering any department of the university. The writer would thus separate distinctly college education and university education. Their methods and aims are different. The college should adhere to its old plan, give thorough instruction in Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, general history, etc. The courses should be, for the most part, prescribed, and contain such studies as would

* He who would be convinced of the unreason of our educational organization, can do no better than read the able and interesting address delivered by Andrew D. White, LL.D., now United States Minister at Berlin, before the National Educational Association at Detroit, August 5, 1874. It is entitled, "The Relations of the National and State Governments to Advanced Education," and published in pamphlet form by "Old and New," Boston.

† Dr. Barnard's position is not here accurately stated. In his Albany address he was considering general, and not professional, education; and his complaint was that the ground is taken away from under any possible university proper, in this country, by clothing every petty college with university powers.—Editor Harper's Magazine.

‡ The term university is here used in the sense in which it is, or has come to be, used in Germany. It is not the primary signification. The German universities have developed into professional schools, while the British, originally identical in form with those of the continent, have not undergone that development. Is not the power of conferring degrees, as Dr. Barnard suggests, the distinctive function of a university, *i. e.*, of a university in the European sense of the term? Are not all the elements that go to make a school a university simply those which fit it for the exercise of this function?—Editor Harper's Magazine.

fit young men for taking a position in society as educated gentlemen; then should follow business or professional studies. It would seem that this course ought to be finished at twenty, as Dr. McCosh recommends. In other countries the corresponding courses of study do not require more time, though in most the professional courses are longer and severer, as they will surely become in the United States, as they must become, in a time when all professions are making such strides, and the number of studies increased proportionately. If colleges, then, consecrated themselves to this more modest but more useful plan of becoming higher academies, and nothing more, we should find that our four hundred and twenty-five colleges were not such a great superfluity as we now think. Great laboratories, costly observatories, and apparatus indispensable to a university, would be entirely unnecessary. Thoroughness, of which there is now great lack, should be one of the main points. In some places in the West there would be still too many colleges, but by uniting in some places, and by a better local distribution in others, this could be remedied. Let us compare the statistics of two other countries, in which the excellence of higher instruction is admitted alike by friend and foe—France and Germany. In 1874 Germany had 333 gymnasia, besides 170 progymnasia and Latin schools. The progymnasia are a low grade of academy, but some of the Latin schools rank with the gymnasia. Since 1874 over twenty new gymnasia and progymnasia have been established. We can calculate, therefore, that Germany has at least 350 gymnasia or classical colleges. But besides these there were, in the beginning of the year 1874, 106 "Realschulen erster Ordnung," which have a curriculum similar to the Latin and scientific course of some of our colleges, as Cornell. Germany has, therefore, over 450 "colleges proper," scientific and classical, and is increasing the number. Germany's population is a trifle greater than that of the United States. Prussia, with less than 26,000,000 inhabitants, had, in 1874, seventy-nine "Realschulen erster Ordnung," with 23,748 scholars; 228 gymnasia, with 57,605 students; together, 81,353. It is not to be forgotten that the scholars enter the gymnasia and Realschulen when very young, so that the time required to complete the course is eight years. The programmes of these schools and the statistics seem to justify us in ascribing to a little less than one-third of the scholars the rank of American college students, say, 25,000 in Prussia.

France, with a smaller population than the United States, has eighty lycées, with 36,756 scholars, and 244 colleges, with 32,744 scholars; together, 69,500. These schools resemble German gymnasia, and we shall not probably be far out of the way in giving 20,000 of them the rank of American college students.

According to Dr. Barnard's statistics, as given in *Harper's Weekly*, the number of under-graduates in all American colleges is 18,000. We see that a greater proportion of the youth of France and Germany devote themselves to liberal studies than of America. Besides, there are over 19,000 university students in Germany, not to speak of those in the mining and technical schools, undoubtedly many more than in the graduate and professional schools in the United States. In France, in 1868, the attendance at university lectures amounted to 11,903. But in France the faculties have the right of holding examinations and granting diplomas. Twenty-seven thousand six hundred and thirty-four examinations were held in the same year; 9344 received diplomas.

As America becomes older and wealth increases, we might expect, *a priori*, the proportionate number of Americans availing themselves of the advantages of higher education to increase. This is unfortunately not the case, as the careful statistics of Dr. Barnard too clearly demonstrate. Many reasons can be given for this decrease. One may be the higher standard required for admission by some of the best colleges. One would hardly like to say that, abstractly considered, even Harvard's requirements were too severe, but they stand out of all relation to the condition of the lower schools in the greater part of the country. It is not daring to assert that there are entire States in the Union where scarcely a suitable preparatory school for institutions like Harvard, Yale, and Columbia exists. Now parents may be willing to send their sons away from home at sixteen, but most fathers and mothers do not like to do so when they are only ten years old. The remedy lies in a better provision and more careful supervision of grammar and high schools. It were very desirable that none but col-

lege graduates, or those who should pass an examination implying the same amount of knowledge as a college graduate is expected to have, should be permitted to occupy the higher positions in these schools. The government has manifestly the same right to demand this that it has to require the present minimum of knowledge. It seems childish to argue the question, but so many good people among us are blindly attached to the *laissez-faire* principle of the last century that it may be well to put one or two questions to them. What right has the state to force those who wish to teach to pass any examination at all? How can one limit this right, once conceded, so as to make it meaningless? If the government has the duty of seeing that the rising generation is educated, why should it not have the right of using such means as will enable it to accomplish its duty effectually? Nay, what right has the government to use the people's money, or allow it to be used, in employing public servants who are incapable of performing their duties efficiently? At present the requirements are so low that the supply of teachers greatly exceeds the demand, and that American has had an experience as happy as rare who has not repeatedly seen brazen effrontery take the place away from modest merit. The Germans, whom we often accuse of a lack of practical understanding, exhibit more common-sense in these matters than we. In Germany the requirements are proportioned to the grade of the teacher, and are kept so high that the demand for teachers is slightly in excess of the supply. There is thus a tendency toward a continual advance in quality. Every encouragement is offered to excellence, as it is rewarded proportionately. Another probable cause of the small number of college students is the discredit brought on higher education by Western institutions like the "universities" of Ohio, of which not one, according to so distinguished and well-informed an educational authority as Minister White, can rank above third or fourth class, "judged even by the American standard." The chief struggle and chief rivalry of each seems to be to obtain a larger number of students than its neighbors. One institution in Ohio has been promised a large sum of money when the number of its students attains a certain figure. The effect on entrance and other examinations is self-evident. Besides, one can not avoid reflecting that that is a rather low state of culture in which men are valued like sheep, at so much a head! To learn what a wise system of State action can do, we have but to look to Michigan, whose educational system, ending in the university at Ann Arbor, is an honor to the country.*

A third reason why there are so few college students is palpable in a literal sense—as palpable as gold and silver. The expenses of living at the first-class colleges have increased faster than the wealth of those classes which supply them with their under-graduates. A student can not live comfortably at Harvard for less than $700 per annum, but in the wealthy State of New York there are towns of several thousand inhabitants where a man can easily count on his fingers all the fathers who can educate their sons at such an expense. The scholarships at Harvard are not equal to the demand, and many who would otherwise go to Harvard are too independent to accept them. The tuition fee of $150 is comparatively enormous. The same number of hours' instruction at an expensive German university, *e. g.*, Heidelberg, do not cost one-third so much, at the University of Geneva not one-sixth. In fact, it is cheaper to go to Europe to study than to go to Harvard. If men of wealth would employ their money in reducing the expensiveness of the first-class colleges, and so opening them up to new classes of society, they would confer a benefit on their country.

When it becomes generally understood that a college education is not a university one, but, according to the old idea, an intellectual training which is desirable for every man who is able to enjoy its privileges, whatever is to be his business or profession, and when colleges return to their former aims, often too hastily forsaken, we may expect to see classes of the people flock to their learned halls who up to this time have neglected them.

Universities are needed, and a few of the best colleges, the development of which already lies in that direction, ought to supply this want. These colleges are well enough known—Harvard, Cornell, the University of Michigan, and, since it has been under President Barnard's management, Columbia. Many think that Columbia has a special duty in this direction on account

* For a farther consideration of this point, see the admirable address on advanced education by Dr. White.

of its wealth. It has also the good fortune of being situated in a great city—the only place for a true university, however it may be with a college. Columbia is, too, less expensive than Harvard and some other New England colleges. In fact, in a city like New York one can live upon what he will. Columbia's generosity in regard to tuition fees, and the way they are remitted, is truly praiseworthy. It is said that one-third pay none whatever; but the writer was a member of a class in Columbia three years without learning the name of one classmate who did not pay his tuition.

Let no one blame the presidents and professors of our best institutions for not doing more. They are men who do not suffer morally or intellectually by comparison with the faculties of the most renowned European universities. If they had the same advantages as the German professors, they would not do less in advancing science; but at present they are overloaded with work. They are also less independent than the German professors. Science is a tender plant, and requires favorable circumstances for a high development. A professor ought to be lifted above all fear of party and sect.

Germany has twenty-one universities, including the academy at Münster, which has the same rank. We might in the course of time support as many. Once more here is a place for government interference, for we may as well make up our minds once for all that private initiative is not sufficient. England's educational history proves it as well as America's. It is doubtful if in the whole history of the world one single case can be pointed to where private competition and private generosity have proved themselves sufficient. None but universities should be allowed to call themselves such. The government has precisely the same right to forbid this that it has to prevent me from travelling about as Mr. Evarts, and thus securing the various advantages which might accrue to me from representing myself as the Honorable Secretary of State.

The colleges could continue to give the degree of artium baccalaureus, as the French collége and lycées do; but it should be clearly understood that it is a college and not a university degree. The universities could give the artium magister, or still better, as being more distinct from the baccalaureus, the doctor philosophiæ, doctor juris, doctor medicinæ, doctor scientiarum naturalium, etc., as the German universities do. It should be clearly stated on the diploma in what subject the student had passed his chief examination, as is also the case in the German universities. If a student desired to teach Latin or Greek in an academy or college, he should be obliged to take a course of Latin or Greek at a university. But his doctorate of ancient classics ought not to assist him in securing a position as professor of astronomy.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

"You're hiding rebels in the house
Wi'out the leave o' me."
—*Scottish Ballad.*

I AM a Georgia gentleman, and served the South during those four crucial years which one side calls "our late struggle for independence," and the other stigmatizes as "the rebellion." In a skirmish before Fredericksburg I was taken prisoner, and was sent North with a squad of fellow-misfortunates to Point Lookout. Thence, after a while, a number of us were transferred to Fort Delaware. During the journey, while the train was running at slack speed, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, I managed to jump off of it. I took the leap literally in the dark, not knowing where I was going to land, for it was growing dusk, and the day was the 2d of February. There was snow upon the ground, and I slipped as I struck the track, rolling over and over until I brought up in a snow-drift below a steep embankment, and saw the lights of the receding engine flashing round a curve in the road. As soon as I could rally my wits, I gathered myself up, and turned my face toward Baltimore.

After walking a few miles I saw the hazy glow that hangs at night over a large city. I had never been in Maryland. I had no friends and no acquaintance there. I had no money, and felt faint for want of food; but I knew that Baltimore was a sort of outwork to the Southern Confederacy, and that I was likely to find aid and sympathy amongst its women; while I knew likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who favored the Confederate cause had gone already into the Southern army.

At Point Lookout I had observed several letters directed by some of our prisoners to Miss Fanny Lewis, 184 Reade Street, Baltimore. As I walked on I kept repeating this address over and over. I had no idea who Miss Fanny Lewis was, nor, for that matter, had my friends at Point Lookout, though they were in the habit of addressing her, according to the prison etiquette, as "My dear Cousin." They only knew she was a charitable lady who sent boxes of good food and cast-off clothing to the prisoners, while they in return made rings for her out of their coat buttons, and inlaid them with mother-of-pearl cut from their shirt studs.

I entered Baltimore toward the east, and presuming on the universality of that great law, "westward the course of fashion takes its way," I walked on until I found myself, about half past nine o'clock, in what seemed a fashionable quarter of the city. Presently I reached a church—a Roman Catholic church, I presumed, from the cross upon its front—and I observed that several ladies who came out of it had prayer-books with gilt crosses in their hands. I knew well enough that the Roman Catholic population of Baltimore was Southern *to a woman*, and almost to a man. I followed these ladies, and contrived to stop them without frightening them. I conclude they felt I was a gentleman by my address, and were not influenced by the clothes philosophy. I asked them to tell me the way to Reade Street. They gave me clear but brief directions. I raised my hat and walked on, striking into shadow whenever I could, and fearing the glance of a policeman. I made my way to Reade Street, and pulled the bell of 184. It was a house standing in a garden a little back from the street, and an alley ran along one side of the lot. An Irish servant-girl answered my summons. That was a good omen. Irish servant-girls were all sympathizers in their way.

"Can I see Miss Fanny Lewis for a moment?"

"No; Miss Fanny's sent off—gone away. The master is come home. Maybe our other Miss Fanny would do for ye."

"Let me see *her*," I said.

She opened the door of a sort of library or side sitting-room, turned up the gas, and left me there. I looked at my torn clothes, my browned hands, my haggard face, and unshorn beard and hair; for there was a large mirror over the fireplace. As I stood waiting, I wondered what impression I should produce on that other Miss Fanny when she came.

Presently the door opened. A small blonde woman entered. She was about twenty-five, with a very pleasant face. She looked as frightened as I felt myself to be. Closing the door carefully, she came up close to me, without a word.

"Who are you?" she said, trembling.

"Madam," I answered, "I am Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service. I know Miss Fanny Lewis to be a lady very good to our poor fellows at Point Lookout. I know nobody in Baltimore. I come to ask your advice and protection." And I told her my story.

"Oh!" she cried, "I am the wrong lady: you expected to see my sister-in-law. You have run yourself into the greatest danger. My husband, Colonel Lewis, has just received a staff appointment here, under the major-general commanding in Baltimore. He does not allow me to have anything to do with treason or disaffection. He is a Federal officer."

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, taking my hat; "I will go away at once."

"No, no," she cried, wildly, running to the window as the bell rang. "It's too late; I hear my husband. That's him on horseback, with his orderly. He has only been in Baltimore a few hours, and Fanny was sent away South before he came. Go in there—quick!" she added, as a man's footsteps sounded in the hall.

She opened an inner door, and I entered a sort of large closet or store-room. It had no window, but was lighted by a kind of fancy lattice-work at the top of the partition that divided it from the sitting-room. Besides the door through which I entered, it had two others. I softly tried them both, and found them fastened. The place was a sort of anteroom, now used as a store closet. It had shelves in it, and trunks and packing cases, broken articles of furniture, linen laid up in lavender, and ladies' dresses hung on pegs. It was lighted by a glimmer of gas from the sitting-room.

"My darling Fanny!" said a voice; and I heard kisses—kisses as natural as if the man had been a Southerner, and not a blood-thirsty Yank, whom I was bound to hate, to injure, and despise.

"Why, what's the matter, love?" I heard him say to her. "Have you had a

chill? You are trembling all over. You look—I don't know how you look. What is it, my sweet Fan?"

"Nothing. What could it be?" she answered; but I knew, from the tremble in her voice, that she was unused to deceiving her colonel. I think, too, that he probably perceived that something lay concealed under her "nothing," for he did not press her to say more. He sat down, and I think he drew her toward him.

"This is comfortable," he said. "This is home. This is better than campaigning. I have had a worrying day. Claypole" (I judged that was his predecessor) "has left everything in disorder in his department, and that business of Fanny's has annoyed me beyond measure. It lays me open to suspicion, and I have had local politicians at me about it all day. How Fanny could have been so indiscreet, so unmindful of what was due to my position! She seems to have been forever doing something that hovered, to say the least of it, upon the verge of treason. I hope, my Fanny, you have had nothing to do with her proceedings."

"No, no, indeed!" cried his wife, vehemently, with an accent of sincerity. "I have always been so very careful, because—" Here she came to a sudden pause. I suppose the recollection that she had Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service, hidden in her store closet, broke unpleasantly upon her. She added, in a lower tone, and with a different accent, "I would not compromise you for the world."

"I wish Fanny had had the same consideration. General S—— told me he was very sorry to have to send her through the lines, but that it had been absolutely necessary. A little more, and she would have got herself into the Old Capitol Prison. The Union politicians of this place have a keen scent for disaffection. It seems a policeman has been detailed for some time past to watch this house, and they had a string of charges as long as my arm against her. Dear! dear! if women only would stick fast to women's work, and leave rebellion and politics alone!"

"I don't think Fanny meant any harm," said the wife, timidly. "She used to send things to the prisoners, but then that was allowed. She used to get lots of letters; but I don't know that she did anything worse."

"That is, she did not tell *you* all she did," said the colonel. "Well, so far, I am obliged to her, for if half I hear is true, she was steeped in petty treason. Most of it was foolish nonsense—no good to the cause she wanted to serve. Her imprudence has made my own position here a very delicate one. I have written to the commanders of all the prisons not to forward to her any letters that may pass through their hands, and if any do arrive, you had better burn them without reading them, unless you know the handwriting."

Here came a loud ring at the front door. The colonel and his wife moved instantly apart, and a man came into the room.

"Good-evening, colonel. Good-evening, madam. I called to tell you, colonel, that there's a dangerous character at large in Baltimore—a rebel agent on secret service—and the provost-marshal has given strict orders to secure him. If they catch him, they will hang him—*sure*. He has been travelling as a spy all through our Northern cities, and is now on his way back to the South with important papers and information. It was thought he might have come here to inquire about Miss Fanny. Has any such person been here, Mrs. Lewis?"

"No, sir," said the inexperienced equivocator, with a tremble in her tone.

"Have you had no stranger here this evening?" persisted the visitor.

The answer was inaudible.

"One word with you aside, colonel," he said, as he rose to go, drawing Colonel Lewis outside the parlor door into the passage. "I don't want to be disagreeable to Mrs. Lewis, but (this between ourselves) the policeman on this beat says he saw a man answering the description come in this evening at your front door. I tell you because you would not like a domiciliary visit from the provost-marshal."

"Thank you, thank you. But I am sure you are mistaken. Mrs. Lewis is a lady of unspotted loyalty. If there be anything wrong, it is the servants who are concerned."

"Colonel Lewis," said the visitor, in a stage whisper, "I don't like to destroy your confidence in Mrs. Lewis, but the gas was lighted in your parlor before the blinds were down, and the policeman saw him with Mrs. Lewis standing on the hearth-rug. I hope you'll find it all as right as you expect, I'm sure."

The colonel walked to the front door with his visitor, and came back into the sitting-room. I knew that he was thinking, "There is no way of exit from this room but by the door that I came in by or the closet. She has the man in there."

"These local politicians are both low-bred and impertinent," he said, as he came back to her. "There would not be a man with a good coat on his back at large in Baltimore, if all their denunciations were listened to. Fanny, he thinks ill of you. He thinks you would compromise your husband. He says there is a policeman watching our front door."

"Oh, Arthur," cried poor Fanny, "I love you so dearly, indeed I do, and perhaps you will not believe me! Oh, why did— Did he say they would be sure to hang that man, that spy, if they arrested him?"

"Yes, and most justly. A spy deserves no mercy."

"Oh! but, Arthur, think of André."

"Well, André had no right to complain. It was the fate of war. It was the stern duty of Washington."

"Yes, dear, everybody says so; but, Arthur, I have never been able to *love* Washington since I read that story. And the men who gave him up—all women always hate *them*."

"This is childishness, my dear wife. Would you rather have had West Point taken by the British, Arnold triumphant and rewarded, Washington condemned as the traitor?"

"No, no, of course not," she sobbed. "Oh, Arthur, when I was a child our cat had four yellow kittens. They lived under the porch, and were very wild. But one of them trusted me, and used to come out to me, and I was holding it in my arms one day, when our hired man came to me, all bloody, with his axe in his hand; my mother had said they must be killed, and he had cut off the heads of the other three kittens, and I gave him mine—I let him take it. I wake up even now sometimes at night and remember how cruel I was to that poor little yellow cat. It seems something like murder."

"Fanny, this is too foolish," said her husband.

"I know it, I know it," she replied. "But I really believe I should lose my reason if I had to do the same thing over again."

"Fanny," he said, sternly, "you forget yourself. I must remember my duty, whatever you do."

After this there was silence between them. At length the husband said:

"I have a long report to write to-night, Fanny, and accounts to cast up. I must sit up very late. My poor wife, go to bed."

"Yes, dear," she answered, submissively. I heard keys jingling in her key basket as she moved across the floor.

"No, Fanny," said her husband, stopping her; "I may want something from the cellaret. Leave me your keys."

"You will kill yourself with hard work. Let us both go, love."

"No, no," said the colonel. "Go yourself; you have a headache."

"No, Arthur," she answered. "If you sit up, I will stay too."

"It is of no use, Fanny."

"Still, I will stay here."

"If I am going to sit up," said the colonel, "I want my slippers."

"Let me get them," she cried, eagerly. "Sit down."

"No, I'll get them myself. They are in the closet, I know. Is it locked? No, I see that it is not; the key is in the door."

He laid his hand upon the door handle of my place of confinement. For half a moment he hesitated to turn it. I heard Fanny sob. I think she caught him by the arm.

"Let me go, Fanny," he said, impatiently. "I *must*. You had better go away."

He threw the door wide open. The gaslight streamed in from the sitting-room. She rallied all her strength, and came in after him.

Nothing met their eyes but the dresses, the shelves, the rows of pickles and preserves, the broken furniture, the trunks, the linen in lavender. But standing opposite the door, with its hinges toward them, they may have seen a large Saratoga trunk, marked on the side, in big white letters, "Miss Fanny Lewis." Its lid was not quite closed, the hasp having caught upon the rim.

The colonel drew back. Poor Fanny perhaps fancied I had mysteriously disappeared.

They took the slippers from the floor, and went into the sitting-room. There I heard her coaxing him to go to bed; but there seemed some hardening of her husband's heart toward her, which chilled her pretty persuasions.

"Fanny," he said at last, "if you insist on sitting up with me, get me some paper and an inkstand from your chamber."

There was no resisting this request, which he made like a command. She must again have made a movement to pick up her key basket, and he must again have checked her, for she exclaimed, "Oh! I forgot; I beg your pardon," and left the room.

The moment she was gone, I heard him rattle the keys. He put one or more of them into his pocket. I heard, too, a click, as if he were engaged in cocking his revolver. Then he remarked, aloud: "The store-room has no window. I have him safe. He must stay there until morning. If a brave man, he will keep quiet. Only a coward would take advantage of *her*."

He pulled out his watch. "Half past twelve," he said, as Fanny came back again. What agony she may have felt as she left me without protection, and her husband exposed to my attack if I were armed!

"Here is paper and ink," she said.

"Now go to bed, darling."

"No, love; I will sit up here," and she took her place upon the sofa.

Meantime no words can adequately depict the discomforts of my situation. I knew perfectly well that the colonel knew where I was, and that in good time he was going to dispose of me. I quite agreed with him that gratitude to Mrs. Lewis required me to keep still. I also knew that whatever plan he might be laying for my capture, was to be done in such a way as to spare his wife as much as possible. I thought that for her sake I had better let him work it his own way. I only trusted I should be able to prove to the provost-marshal that I was Major Dangerfield, and not the secret agent I was supposed to be. Meantime my physical sufferings were almost unbearable. In the empty Saratoga trunk my position was inexpressibly cramped and painful. I was perfectly conscious that the slightest noise I made would be heard by the husband and wife in the sitting-room, and I was unwilling to disturb any hope the latter might entertain that I was gone. My plan was to wait till she was out of the way, and then place myself at the disposal of her husband.

Meantime a solemn silence seemed to settle on the house and all the neighborhood. My nerves had become so excited that I could with difficulty keep myself from uttering involuntary cries. Hour after hour I heard the deep cathedral bell. Had it not been for the hope I entertained, in common with the colonel, of saving Fanny's feelings from a shock, and her wifehood from suspicion, I should have come forth at once, and have made an end of my misery. Sometimes, as all around me seemed so still, I fancied that the married pair had quitted the sitting-room. But I felt that if I tried to leave the house, watched as I knew it to be, my capture on her door-step would compromise her loyalty.

Time moved like eternity. At last the morning market wagons began moving, the dawn came peeping into my retreat. There was another violent pull at the street door bell. I heard the colonel rouse himself to answer it. I heard Fanny start up to her feet, while a coarse voice called out loudly in the passage,

"What! up by peep of day, colonel?"

"Yes; I had a report to write up. Claypole has left everything in disorder."

"I thought I'd let you know, colonel, that that spy we were talking of last night is in the hands of the marshal. I was mistaken about his being seen about this place. The police got on the track of him last evening, and took him at that nest of secession, Mrs. Charles Garey's."

As the street door closed upon this visitor, I heard Fanny give a suppressed sob.

"Then he was not—*him?*" said her husband, careless of grammar at that supreme moment of reconciliation.

"No, no," she cried. "He said he was a poor prisoner who had jumped off the train."

"Poor little Fanny! brave little Fan!" said her husband, and I guessed, though I could not see, how he was comforting her. "Let this be a lesson to you not to play with treason. Henceforward leave it alone severely. You must be one with me, dear wife, and such things are not allowable in our position. Now go and call Bridget, and tell her to get breakfast. I must get to the office early. And, Fanny," he added, "tell her to slip down the alley the first thing, and tell Williams, who owns the dray, that when he has harnessed up his horse for his day's work, I wish him to back up to our side door. I am determined to get rid of everything that belongs to my sister Fanny. I'll send her

trunk away. I'll clear the house of treason and secession. Tell Bridget that I say so. It may be a warning to her, love."

In half an hour Bridget announced the dray.

"Send in my orderly," said the colonel, "and see if you can see anything, around the corner, of the policeman."

As Bridget was executing this order, the colonel entered the store-room, and closed the spring-lock of the trunk lid.

"Have you the key of Fanny's trunk, my love?"

"I don't know."

"Give it to me," he said, decidedly. "Since your man is *not the spy*, I share your treason for this once, that henceforth you may always side with me. Ha! policeman," he added, as he threw open the outer door of the store-room, which opened on the alley, "will you help the drayman and my orderly to get this trunk of my sister's on the dray? She has been sent South, as you know, and I decline to keep her things. Yes, I suspect it may weigh over two hundred pounds. It is 'powerful heavy,' as you say. But that is the way always with ladies."

By this time I was hoisted on the dray.

"Now, Williams," said the colonel to the drayman, "carry this trunk to Mrs. Legrand's. She is a friend of my sister's, and a very Secesh lady. She will no doubt know what to do with it. Take the key, and desire her to open it the moment it arrives. She must find the way to send it to Miss Fanny if she thinks it necessary."

"All right, sah," cried the voice of the negro drayman.

I fainted, I suppose for want of air, and knew no more till I found myself surrounded by Southern ladies in the back parlor of a house well known for Southern sympathies and hospitality. I told my name and story, only omitting the adventures of the night in Colonel Lewis's store-room.

"But how on earth did you get here in Fanny Lewis's trunk? The drayman left the trunk and key, with a message that the trunk was to be unlocked immediately."

"Ah, ladies," I cried, "it is too dangerous a secret. I dare not breathe it into the ear of any one of you."

"But we know all kinds of dangerous secrets," pouted one fair lady.

"I have no doubt you do, and all Dixie knows that you can keep them; but this one you must not ask me."

"I declare I believe that Colonel Lewis himself had something to do with it."

"On my honor, ladies, I never saw Colonel Lewis in my life. What does he look like, anyhow?"

This question was never answered till about six years later, when I was introduced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania Avenue. He took me to his house in Georgetown, where I met both the Fannys. It is no disparagement to Mrs. Lewis, nor is it base ingratitude, to say that I love the Southern Fanny best, for she has been my wife five years, and Colonel Lewis is my brother-in-law.

FRANKLIN'S PLACE IN THE SCIENCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

WHAT better illustration could we have of the relative value of ancient and modern scientific methods than that furnished by the history of electricity?

Some centuries before the Christian era it was known that amber, on being rubbed, gains the property of attracting light bodies, and that a certain mineral or gem—tourmaline—if warmed or cooled, exhibits the same quality. Since amber often includes in its substance insects, portions of leaves, and other such light objects, it was supposed to have an appetency for devouring them. Its attraction for bits of paper or straw was thought to be a manifestation of that function. An unmeaning word was thus regarded as a satisfactory explanation of an obscure fact.

Such was the case for more than two thousand years. Why give one's self any further concern about such a small affair? It was all clear enough. If a man can sharpen his appetite for dinner by exercise, why should not a piece of amber, briskly excited by rubbing, have its swallowing propensity increased? The monk, the depositary of all knowledge in those days, knew how it was with him when he visited the monastery larder.

What a dismal exhibition of the condition of the human mind from our era to the epoch of the Reformation! So the strange amber fact lay uninvestigated, un-

improved, century after century. Compare this with the magnificent results that modern methods have extracted from it! They have not only revolutionized science, but revolutionized society. By their aid we converse with one another instantaneously across continents and under the bottom of oceans.

The seventeenth century was opening. It brought with it the most precious, the most valuable, of all tastes, that for the making of experiments—an art lost since the destruction of the Alexandrian Museum. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, who had occupied himself with the properties of the magnet, and had detected, though imperfectly, the magnetic relations of the earth, was readily drawn to a study of those of amber. Of him Galileo says, "He was great to a degree that might be envied." He very soon found that appetency was by no means restricted to amber, but that almost anything would show the same quality if properly treated. He perceived the insufficiency of the current explanation; he attributed the effect to a special influence, and suggested the term electricity as a suitable name for that influence. His suggestion has been universally accepted.

Among the many substances shown by Gilbert to possess the electric virtue there were two that proved to be of particular interest—glass and sulphur. For many years glass tubes, two or three feet long, and of sufficient diameter to be readily grasped by the hand, were the only electrical apparatus. They were excited by being rubbed with a warm silk handkerchief. With these, several facts of interest were ascertained. Attractions and repulsions were exhibited; the light of electricity was seen. But as rubbing the tubes back and forth was very tiresome, Otto Guericke, a Dutch burgomaster, who had distinguished himself by trying to obtain a vacuum, and in so doing invented the air-pump, made a very great improvement. Into a large hollow glass globe he poured melted sulphur, and when it had set, chipped off the glass; then mounting the sulphur ball upon an axle in a suitable frame, he, by turning it round and holding against it a silk or woollen rubber, could obtain a good supply of electricity. How often it happens that an experimenter fails to make the best selection of his means! The glass that Guericke chipped off was better adapted to his purposes than the sulphur ball. On the discovery of this, glass globes supplanted sulphur machines. The change was, however, mainly brought about by the liability of the sulphur balls to burst when too quickly turned. With this imperfect apparatus Guericke first saw the electric spark.

Nothing of importance occurred until 1729, when Grey, a pensioner at the Charter-house, discovered that there are some substances that will conduct electricity, and others that will not. He happened to have closed the ends of such a glass tube as above referred to, with corks, for the purpose of keeping out dust, and found that when the tube was excited, the cork participated in its electrical property, and this no matter how long the cork might be. It was evident, therefore, that the electric virtue, as it was called, could pass through a cork. He had an ivory ball on the end of a wooden rod four inches long. He stuck the rod into the cork, excited the tube, and saw that light substances could be attracted by the ball. He used longer and longer rods, with the same result. But as the movement of exciting the tube was liable to break off the ball, he tried a pack-thread long enough to reach down to the floor. It answered perfectly, and this if even the thread were sufficient to reach from the balcony of his house down to the pavement of the court below. The electric virtue could therefore pass through a hempen string many yards in length. He next entered on a series of experiments to discover whether he could transmit the effects in a horizontal as well as in a vertical direction. For this purpose he must sustain the main string in the proper direction by shorter ones. When these sustaining strings were of hemp, "the virtue went up them," and escaped away. It then occurred to him that perhaps fine silk thread might answer better. This proved to be the case. But the silk being unable to bear the shaking motion of exciting the tubes, he replaced it by a fine brass wire. Now he found that "the electric virtue went off as effectually by the small brass wire as it had done by the thick hempen cord," and that "the success in the other case depended on the supporting lines being *silk*, and not because they were *small*." In one experiment he actually conveyed the electric virtue seven hundred and sixty-five feet. A few more experiments finally proved that there are

some substances which can and others which can not conduct electricity.

This, one of the fundamental facts of electricity, was speedily applied to the improvement of the electrical machine. It gave the prime conductor. At first this was a gun-barrel suspended by silken threads, then a tin tube on supports of glass. All kinds of electrical experiments could now be conveniently and satisfactorily made.

The next important discovery was made by Du Fay, intendant of the gardens of the King of France. It was to the effect that there is an intrinsic difference between the electricity produced when glass is rubbed, and that produced when resinous bodies are rubbed. For the sake of distinguishing each of these kinds, he gave to one the designation of vitreous, and to the other that of resinous, electricity. He determined the law of their action. It was found to have a far-reaching application, and was formularized in the expression, "Like electricities repel, and unlike ones attract."

He thus describes his discovery: "Chance has thrown in my way another principle more universal and remarkable, and which casts a new light on the subject of electricity. The principle is that there are two distinct kinds of electricity, very different from one another, one of which I call vitreous, the other resinous, electricity. The first is that of glass, rock-crystal, precious stones, hair of animals, wool, and many other bodies. The second is that of amber, copal, gum-lac, silk thread, paper, and a vast number of other substances. The characteristic of these two electricities is that they repel themselves, and attract each other. Thus a body of the vitreous electricity repels all other bodies possessed of the vitreous, and, on the contrary, attracts all those of the resinous electricity; the resinous also repels the resinous, and attracts the vitreous. From this principle one may easily deduce the explanation of a great number of other phenomena, and it is probable that this truth will lead us to the discovery of many other things."

In order to know immediately to which of the two classes of electricity any body belonged, he made a silk thread electrical, and brought it near the body to be tried when excited. If the body repelled the thread, he concluded it was of the same electricity with it, viz., resinous; if it attracted it, he concluded it was vitreous.

I will defer the further consideration of Du Fay's views until I have described the discoveries of Franklin.

It occurred to some Dutch experimenters in 1745 that by taking advantage of Grey's discovery of the non-conducting quality of glass, they might preserve a quantity of electricity for an unlimited time. Their plan was to put some water into a glass phial, then to impart electricity to it through an iron nail dipping into it, then, having removed the nail, to close the phial with a glass stopper. The electricity would now be fairly imprisoned, and could not get out until the stopper was withdrawn. They did not expect that the water would receive more than two or three sparks, for it was well known that even to large conductors a higher charge could not be given. Mr. Cuneus, who, with Mr. Musschenbroek, was conducting the experiment, happened to support the phial against the electrical machine with his hand. To their surprise not one or two sparks only, but an unceasing torrent of them, passed to the nail. They supposed the apparatus must be leaking somewhere, and on attempting to examine it, Mr. Cuneus was struck aghast by receiving an electric shock.

Exaggerated accounts of this experiment were circulated all over Europe. Travelling electricians went about selling shocks at so much apiece. More than any other previous discovery this drew popular attention to scientific matters.

The study of the wonderful Leyden-jar, as it was termed, gave employment to philosophers for many years. By degrees correct ideas of its construction and functions were obtained. It was found that the severity of the shock turned very largely on the completeness of communication with the surfaces of the glass. If the outside of the charged water bottle was touched with the tip of a finger, the shock was barely perceptible; if grasped in the hand, it was very severe. To make the necessary conducting communication, a leaf of tin-foil was pasted on its outside to within a short distance of the top, the water with which it had been filled was next replaced by a similar leaf on the inside, a brass ball and rod were arranged so as to communicate electricity to it. It had now assumed a form that did not admit of much improvement. The coatings

of tin-foil were respectively designated the inside and outside coating.

This preliminary statement is sufficient to introduce us to the story of Franklin's electrical discoveries.

There came to Boston in 1746, at a time when Franklin happened to be in that town, a Dr. Spencer, from Scotland. He brought with him some electrical apparatus, and proposed to deliver public lectures, as so many others were profitably doing. Though he was not very skillful in the use of his instruments, Franklin, who was one of his audience, was very much struck by his experiments, having never witnessed anything of the kind before. Eventually he purchased the apparatus. It so happened that shortly after his return to Philadelphia, Mr. Collinson, a member of the Royal Society of London, sent a glass tube, such as was then used for electrical purposes, as a present to the Philadelphia Library, and with this Franklin began his experiments.

On Du Fay's theory that there are two electricities, the Leyden-jar receives during charging a continual accumulation: as the vitreous increases on one of its coatings, the resinous increases on the other. Franklin's first important discovery was this, that the jar, no matter how highly it might be charged, contains no more electricity than it did before it was charged, but that "as much as was taken from one side was thrown upon the other." From experiments made with singular ingenuity, he gradually came to the idea of deficiency and accumulation. As a clear view of the matter opened out before him, he perceived that electrical facts generally could be accounted for, if it were admitted that there is a certain quantity of electricity naturally belonging to every substance in its unexcited state. If by suitable means this quantity be increased, the substance may be said to be plus, or positively electrified; if diminished, minus, or negatively electrified. He at once identified this positive condition with the vitreous electricity of Du Fay, and the negative condition with the resinous. Adding to this conception the admission that electricity is self-repellent and attractive of matter generally, he was able to construct satisfactorily what has since been called the one-fluid theory of electricity, in contradistinction to the two-fluid theory of Du Fay.

Not without interest do we remark the great change of opinion that has taken place with regard to the forces of nature. Thus in the old times, in many Asiatic countries, it was thought that Light and Darkness are equal existences, perpetually opposing one another. These, according to the custom of those days, were personified. An angelic form, the image of purity, brightness, and beauty, was regarded as the typical representation of light; a diabolical form, black and impure, the representation of darkness. Great and wide-spread religious systems were founded on these conceptions. They were disseminated far away from Persia, their native seat, and so acceptable did they prove that traces of them are perceptible in the thought of our own times. Zoroaster says: "In the universe there have been from the beginning two spirits at work, the one making life, the other destroying it. They cause the struggle between good and evil, and all the conflicts in the world. The one is light, the other darkness." These dualistic, these Manichean, ideas have descended from Zoroaster to us. They furnish the mechanism of one of our noblest English poems—"Paradise Lost."

But by degrees a correct scientific interpretation was attained. It was at length universally accepted that shadow and darkness are only the partial or total absence of light; that instead of there being two, there is only one principle, which may be present in greater or less quantity. Dualism, which had exercised such a singular influence on human thought, disappeared.

Darkness, then, is the negation, the negative of illumination.

In like manner as regards a second great principle or force of nature—Heat. From antiquity it had been received that there are two self-existing antagonistic principles, Heat and Cold. These are in perpetual conflict with each other, and though possessing properties similar to each other, are essentially antagonistic. Some experiments made by the Florentine Academicians seemed to strengthen this view. They apparently discovered that rays of cold can be reflected by concave mirrors, after the manner of rays of heat. Subsequently the true explanation of this and many connected facts was given by the theory of the Exchanges of Heat, and now it is universally admitted that cold is merely the diminution of heat. It stands

in the same relation to heat that shadow does to light.

And as regards a third great principle or force of nature—Electricity—a similar change of opinion may be observed.

We have seen that Du Fay had introduced a dualistic conception of the nature of electricity, as had formerly been the case for light and heat. In a philosophical point of view Franklin accomplished for electricity what had previously been accomplished for light and heat. There are no such entities as darkness and cold. All the phenomena arise from additions and diminutions, and this was Franklin's conception in the case of electricity.

A friend and co-laborer of Franklin's—Mr. Hopkinson—had observed that if the point of a pin be presented to a body charged with electricity, it will rob that body of its charge. Franklin was very much interested with this effect. He did not perceive that it was a direct consequence of his own theory. He made a most imposing application of the fact.

I need not here repeat the well-known story how that several persons had previously remarked resemblances between lightning and electricity, but that no one had yet entertained the magnificent idea of examining the suggestion experimentally; how Franklin proposed to present a long, pointed, and insulated conductor to a thunder-cloud, with a view of withdrawing from it its electricity, if any it had; how in France instruments constructed on his principles proved the expected identity, and almost simultaneously he himself succeeded in Philadelphia, by using a kite (June, 1752); how he then, in accordance with the spirit of the times, applied his great discovery to useful purposes, giving protection to buildings by the lightning-rod.

The biographers of Franklin relate with surprise that he never published any detailed account of his great experiment himself; that which passes current was written by Dr. Stuber, a resident of Philadelphia.

Franklin's contributions to science are not limited to his electrical discoveries and inventions. Out of many such that might be mentioned there are two that deserve especial attention. They are (1) the course of storms over the North American continent; (2) the effects of the Gulf Stream.

He relates the circumstances of his meteorological discovery in a letter dated February, 1749. "You desire to know my thoughts about the northeast storms beginning to leeward. Some years ago there was an eclipse of the moon at nine o'clock in the evening, which I intended to observe, but before night a storm blew up at northeast, and continued violent all night and all the next day, the sky thick-clouded, dark, and rainy, so that neither moon nor stars could be seen. The storm did a great deal of damage all along the coast, for we had accounts of it in the newspapers from Boston, Newport, New York, Maryland, and Virginia; but what surprised me was to find in the Boston newspapers an account of an observation of that eclipse made there, for I thought as the storm came from the northeast it must have begun sooner in Boston than with us, and consequently prevented such an observation. I wrote to my brother about it, and he informed me that the eclipse was over there an hour before the storm began. Since which I have made inquiries from time to time of travellers and of my correspondents northeastward and southwestward, and observed the accounts in the newspapers from New England, New York, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, and I find it to be a constant fact that northeast storms begin to leeward, and are often more violent there than to windward. Thus the last October storm, which was with you on the 8th, began on the 7th in Virginia and North Carolina, and was most violent there."

Of late years this observation of Franklin's has been greatly extended. It now appears that almost all the chief atmospheric disturbances of this continent pass in an easterly or northeasterly direction toward the Atlantic Ocean. Nor do they stop on gaining the sea-coast. Why should they? In making their way over that ocean, though some may disappear, many reach Europe. It follows, then, that the approach of these storms may be foretold by telegraph, and that not only in the case of the more intense atmospheric disturbances, but the coming of minor ones, such as are popularly designated waves of heat and cold, and variations of atmospheric pressure, may be predicted. The introduction of the land and ocean telegraphs for this purpose constitutes an epoch in the science of meteorology. Ships about to cross the Atlantic may be

forewarned as to the weather they may expect. An exhaustive examination of the whole subject was made by Daniel Draper, director of the New York Meteorological Observatory in the Central Park, and published in his reports of that observatory for the years 1872–73.

2d. Of the Gulf Stream. The existence of this current was long ago detected by the New England fishermen, but they had no idea of its magnificent proportions, its great geographical and climatological importance. These were first brought into view by Franklin. In a memoir read at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society, December, 1785, he states that while he was concerned in the management of the American Post-office an investigation was had respecting the cause of the long voyages made by the packet ships from England. The merchant ships made much shorter ones. "There happened to be then in London a Nantucket sea-captain of my acquaintance, Captain Folger, to whom I communicated the affair. He told me that the difference was owing to this, that the Rhode Island captains were acquainted with the Gulf Stream, which those of the English packets were not. 'In crossing it we have sometimes met and spoken with those packets, who were in the middle of it, and stemming it. We have informed them that they were stemming a current that was against them to the value of three miles an hour, and advised them to cross it and get out of it.' I then observed it was a pity no notice was taken of this current upon the charts, and requested him to mark it out for me, which he readily complied with. I procured it to be engraved by order from the General Post-office on the old chart of the Atlantic, and copies were sent down to Falmouth for the captains of the packets. Having since crossed this stream several times in passing between America and Europe, I have been attentive to sundry circumstances relating to it by which to know when one is in it. I annex hereto observations made with the thermometer in two voyages. It will appear from them that a thermometer may be a useful instrument to a navigator, since currents coming from the northward into southern seas will probably be found colder than the waters of those seas, as the currents from southern seas into northern are found warmer."

Though Franklin was not the discoverer of the Gulf Stream, he was the first to bring it prominently into notice, to cause a chart of it to be published, to detect its most important characteristic—its high temperature—to introduce the use of the thermometer, and to point out the importance of that instrument in navigation.

In the short compass of this article I have not space to relate many of his minor experiments and observations. There is, however, one that deserves to be referred to, from the influence it has had in optical science. "I took," says Franklin, "a number of little square pieces of broadcloth from a tailor's pattern card, of various colors. They were black, deep blue, lighter blue, green, purple, red, yellow, white, and other colors or shades of colors. I laid them all out upon the snow on a bright sunshiny morning. In a few hours (I can not now be exact as to the time) the black, being most warmed by the sun, was sunk so low as to be below the stroke of the sun's rays; the dark blue almost as low; the lighter blue not quite so much as the dark; the other colors less as they were lighter; and the quite white remained on the surface of the snow, not having entered at all. What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use? May we not learn from hence that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate or season as white ones?"

"What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use?" That is a sentiment characteristic of Franklin, characteristic of the age in which he lived. In truth, the entire scientific and industrial progress of that century is an example of the application of it.

The communication of electricity from one body to another by conduction had been pretty thoroughly studied after the time of Grey. Meanwhile it had been discovered that electrical excitement can be produced by bodies at a distance by induction, as it was termed. This, which is one of the most important phenomena, was investigated and its laws determined by Epinus.

Volta, in 1775, invented the electrophorus, an instrument which, once excited, seems to furnish an almost unlimited supply of electricity, and to retain its powers for a long time. A few years subsequently he produced the condensing electrometer. It was reserved for him to close the

century by the grand invention called in honor of him the voltaic pile. Galvani had examined the phenomena of animal electricity. Volta, differing from him in his view of the facts, was led step by step to the construction of this wonderful apparatus.

The voltaic pile has proved to be incomparably the most important of electrical inventions. It revealed the properties displayed by electricity when flowing in a current. Heretofore electricity had been chiefly studied when in a motionless condition. The pile is the source of many of the grandest inventions and discoveries of the present age.

Franklin's kite experiment was the verification of a lucky thought—a momentary inspiration. Volta's pile was the issue of laborious reasoning and many preliminary experiments. Estimated by the results to which they have respectively given rise, the palm must be awarded to Volta's discovery. Among the physical investigators of the eighteenth century, Volta stands first, Franklin next. I do not here take into account Newton's optical researches, for though they furnished a splendid specimen of the art of experimenting, they threw an obstacle in the way of the study of the properties of light. It was the great authority of Newton, and the publication of his book (1704), that postponed the acceptance of the undulatory theory for nearly a hundred years.

Such is the result to which we come, so far as physical investigators are concerned. If we desired to determine Franklin's place among the scientific men of the last century, we must compare the field in which he worked with other scientific fields, and that would carry us far beyond the limits of a short article such as this. Reluctantly, therefore, I must abandon that general survey, and ask my reader to accept a brief statement of what was doing in one other department as a sample of all the rest.

The labors of many illustrious mathematicians and astronomers had completely destroyed the mediæval, time-honored idea that the earth is the greatest, the noblest object in the universe—a green footstool at the throne of God. It had been recognized as an insignificant globe, one of a family or group, the solar system.

The eighteenth century undertook an exploration of the world. For this purpose it was necessary that two problems should be solved. These were—first, to ascertain the distance of the earth from the sun, and thereby obtain a measure of the size of the solar system; second, to determine, at least approximately, the distance of the stars, and thereby obtain an estimate of the solar system in the universe.

For determining the distance of the sun, Halley had proposed that advantage should be taken of the transit of Venus. This was suggested by a transit of Mercury observed by him at St. Helena, whither he had gone to make a catalogue of the southern stars. But transits of Venus are of infrequent occurrence, and as the next was not to happen till 1761, he had no expectation that he should live to see it. Though Gregory had preceded Halley in suggesting the importance of these transits, it was mainly through the exertions and influence of the latter that the project was carried into effect. He addressed a solemn exhortation to future astronomers not to neglect the great opportunity, and to obtain from it one of the most important elements for a correct knowledge of the world.

While this was in abeyance, several attempts were making at a solution of the second problem—to find the distance of the stars. Most conspicuous among them are those of Bradley, who discovered that the apparent place of a star in the heavens is not necessarily its true place, but that to which we refer it on account of the progressive motion of light and the motion of the earth in her orbit round the sun. This aberration of the stars is considered to be the most direct proof furnished by astronomy of the planetary motion of the earth.

Ten years after his publication of the aberration of the stars, Bradley added another discovery—that the earth's axis does not point in an invariable direction in space, but exhibits an oscillatory movement—nutation, as it is termed. Aberration was discovered in 1727, nutation in 1737. Both were the reward of an otherwise unsuccessful attempt to find the stellar parallax. While we may admire the skill with which Bradley's observations were made, we can not but be astonished at the intellectual power with which they were interpreted, and the effects assigned to their proper causes.

The pertinacity with which this problem of finding the distance of the stars, or

their parallax, was pursued, is very interesting. Hooke thought he had discovered it, but found he was mistaken. Maskelyne was sent to St. Helena (1761) partly to observe the transit of Venus, partly to determine the parallax of Sirius, supposed from its brilliancy to be the nearest of the fixed stars. These and other such attempts proved abortive. It was reserved for a later generation to succeed. However, in these failures, or rather negative results, Herschel, toward the close of the century, found proofs of the vast magnitude of interstellar spaces, and obtained juster views of the structure of the universe.

Astronomical instruments are of two kinds—those of precision, and those for exploration. The instrument with which the exploration of the heavens was mainly conducted during the eighteenth century was the reflecting telescope. Newton, as is well known, had given up the improvement of the refractor as hopeless. Dollond's memoir on the construction of the achromatic was not published till 1758, nor until much later did that instrument come into use. Gregory had proposed the form of the reflector that still bears his name, in 1663, but could not construct it. A few years subsequently Newton had made two small ones of another form. Hadley, in 1719, made one five feet long. He was succeeded by Short, who made some large and fine ones; one for the King of Spain (1752), of twelve feet focus, for which he was paid $6000. His were all Gregorians. He also invented the equatorial mounting. His work was, however, greatly surpassed by Herschel, who eventually produced one of four feet in aperture and forty feet in length.

Herschel's astronomical discoveries depended not so much upon the size and perfection of his instruments—the largest, just alluded to, could scarcely be considered an optical success—as on the wonderful skill with which he interpreted what he saw. Very frequently he used what he termed the front view, the most imperfect of all telescopic methods, on account of the volumes of warm air that arise from the observer's person, and agitate the image he sees. There was scarcely a celestial phenomenon that escaped his attention—periodical stars, double stars, nebulæ, the physical aspect of the planets, their rotation on their axes, the distribution of universes in space, the proper motion of the solar system, the collocation and parallax of the stars. In the popular view his grand triumph was the discovery of Uranus, a planet beyond Saturn, but perhaps the philosopher will look with more admiration on the revelations he made on the genesis of the universe and its magnificence.

These pages would fail me were I to attempt to relate in detail the many minor scientific subjects that occupied the attention of the eighteenth century—if, indeed, minor they can be called: how the predicted return of Halley's comet struck every one with wonder; how La Caille was sent to the Cape of Good Hope to determine the parallax of Mars, and make a catalogue of southern stars; how Bode published his celebrated law, which led to the discovery of the asteroids; how Bouguer in Peru and Maskelyne in Scotland determined the attraction of mountain masses, and how from those results Hutton (1778) computed the mean density of the earth, making it 4.5 times that of water; how Cook's first voyage was undertaken in 1769 partly for the observation of the transit of Venus, and partly for the exploration of the Pacific Ocean; how the measurement of time was rendered precise by Graham's invention of the mercurial pendulum and Harrison's invention of the gridiron; how the more exact determination of terrestrial longitude was accomplished both by observations on the place of the moon, and by the transport of time; how the British government paid to the heirs of Mayer a reward of $15,000 for his tables, and to Harrison $100,000 for his marine chronometer; how the reflecting quadrant—that all-important instrument in navigation—was invented by Godfrey; how the disputes respecting the figure of the earth were attempted to be settled by expeditions to Lapland and Peru. Conspicuous among the inventions of the age were the exquisite engines for correctly dividing or graduating instruments for the measurement of angles. The century that had closed in the direction of physical research with the pile of Volta, closed in the astronomical with the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace.

In this scientific work of the highest class—work connected with the ascertainment of the position of man in the universe—Franklin took no part. His knowledge of mathematics was slender; he made no pretensions to astronomical skill. We can not, however, appreciate correctly the

value of what he did unless we compare it with what was simultaneously doing by other investigators in other departments of knowledge. For the sake of this comparison I have glanced at what was accomplished in the highest departments of human knowledge.

It is only a glance. A completer survey would imply a presentment of the wonderful development of mathematics, the impulse received from the genius of Newton and Leibnitz, the progress of natural history in the hands of the contemporaries of Linnæus and Buffon, the discoveries made by the microscope. How shall I do justice to Black's admirable experiments on latent heat, and their result as applied by Watt in the improvement of the low-pressure steam-engine, which, conjoined with the beautiful inventions of the cotton manufacture, revolutionized the industry of the world? A summary must be imperfect indeed if it did not relate how oxygen, hydrogen, and many other gases were discovered, and chemistry developed so rapidly that before the end of the century it was found needful to reconstitute it; how the diving-bell was invented in England, and the air-balloon in France; how toward the close of the period geology, that science of ominous import, destined to destroy many a time-honored fiction, obtruded itself—but here I must stop.

Two obstacles were in the way of industrial improvement during the Dark Ages. A universal belief in diabolical agency caused everything new or strange to be attributed to magic. Roger Bacon and other old inventors found this to their cost. It was thought, too, that the affairs of the world are carried forward mainly by Divine intervention, and hence that men should be careful how they interfere. A phrase was in common use precisely expressing the difficulty. The would-be inventor was often warned by his comrades to take heed: "It might be a tempting of Providence."

But during the seventeenth century these superstitions were fast losing their force. The approach of a period marked by industrial inventions was indicated by the enactment of patent laws. Though very imperfect in their origin, they were based on the just principle of giving an inventor a temporary monopoly of his contrivance.

It must not be forgotten that the wonderful scientific advancement of the eighteenth century was made against an unremitting resistance. Persons interested in upholding old modes of thought opposed it at every step, and that not by meeting it on its own principles, but by calling to their aid extraneous considerations that carried with them social penalties. Great as he was, and carefully as he wrote, Newton himself could not escape. His theory of universal gravitation was regarded by very many, who could not understand the mathematical arguments by which it was sustained, with disfavor. The Royal Society had at its establishment been opposed because it was thought to assert the superiority of experimental evidence over that which was not experimental, and to reject the authority of antiquity. It would acknowledge no master, no teacher, except Nature. When Franklin proposed the protection of buildings by lightning-rods, it was looked upon as an impious thing. Science was denounced as "guilty of presumption in erecting iron rods to draw the lightning from the clouds;" "an impious attempt to control the artillery of heaven." So popular and so cogent did these objections become that public lecturers in their advertisements have been known to announce their intention to show that "the erection of lightning-rods is not chargeable with presumption, nor inconsistent with any of the principles either of natural or revealed religion." These arguments seem, however, to have carried little weight, for as late as 1770 the use of rods was opposed on the ground that "as lightning is one of the means of punishing the sins of mankind, and of warning them from the commission of sin, it is impious to prevent its full execution." Franklin himself, referring to these things in one of his letters, says, "It is well we are not, as poor Galileo was, subjected to the Inquisition for philosophical heresy."

When the powder magazine at Purfleet, which had been protected by Franklin's pointed lightning-rods, was struck, a controversy arose, imbittered by the political feeling of the times (1777). Even the king himself entered into it. Persons seeking court favor were loud in their condemnation of pointed conductors, loud in their praise of blunt ones. As an indication of his Majesty's views, the pointed conductors were taken down from the queen's palace, and blunt ones substituted. Some of Franklin's friends advised him to

reply to the attacks made on him, but he said: "I have never entered into any controversy in defense of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are *right*, truth and experience will support them; if *wrong*, they ought to be refuted and rejected. Disputes are apt to sour one's temper and disturb one's quiet."

Weld, in his history of the Royal Society, states that the king had an interview with Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal Society, during which he earnestly entreated him to use his influence in the support of blunt conductors. The reply of the president was to the effect that duty as well as inclination would always induce him to execute his Majesty's wishes to the utmost of his power; "but, sire," said he, "I can not reverse the laws and operations of nature."

These anecdotes illustrate in a striking manner the course taken by scientific men in the last century. In the terrible convulsion, political and religious, which marked its close in France, they had no direct agency. That was the work of the literati. They never pressed their theological adversaries with the observations and experiments they had made, but, like Franklin, left the vindication of them to Time and Truth. Like Pringle, they would not interpret them to suit the political or theological demand of the hour. They left what they were doing to produce its effect silently.

Make known the facts; leave people to draw inferences at their leisure! Was there not something insincere, something that implied a want of courage, in that?

The scientific men of the last century are not to be accused of insincerity or timidity. They ardently desired that the truths they were in possession of should be widely diffused. They saw that the great errors of the times could be more effectually run down in a "still hunt" than by a clamor of horns. Was there any reason that they should subject themselves to inconvenience, or something worse? Truth has no need of martyrs. It is strong enough to take care of itself.

A very interesting illustration of this desire to avoid disturbing the intellectual slumbers of the illiterate is afforded by the publication of works in a language they could not read. After the renaissance of science most scientific books were published in Latin, a language which at that time secured European circulation, that being the chief motive for its use. But as the eighteenth century approached, the motive changed. Now publication in Latin was for the sake of concealment from the vulgar. Thus Dr. Thomas Burnet published in 1680 a work in Latin entitled *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*. It met with singular success; was highly commended by King Charles II.; the *Spectator* admired its good sense and charming dress; Addison himself wrote a Latin ode in its praise. Burnet received a more substantial token of approval in an appointment as clerk of the closet of King William. But a dozen years afterward he published another Latin work. The times had changed. Opinions that had passed without rebuke were no longer tolerated. In vain he declared that he would only plead this in his defense, that he wrote these things for the learned and the clergy, in a language not understood by the vulgar, and he would by no means justify those who spread lightly such sacred, not to say mysterious, subjects among them to be debated over their cups." But all this came too late. He was taught that works such as his were now inadmissible. He was directed to retire from his post of clerk of the closet of his Majesty.

As the eighteenth century passed on, writing books in Latin became less and less frequent. Toward its close a motto on the title-page was all that remained. Thus Priestley, who was a very good scholar, adorns his history of electricity with the line, "Causa latet, vis est notissima." In my *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, Vol. II., Chap. VI., I have considered the advantages and disadvantages of this exchange of Latin for the vernacular. It was by no means an unmixed good. An author could no longer speak for himself. He must address his foreign reader through the medium of a translator or interpreter, and, as the writer of these pages, some of whose books have been translated into a dozen different languages, can testify, is often made responsible for statements alien to his own opinions, and guilty of the most mortifying scientific blunders.

In early life Franklin had had some little instruction in Latin, but as his circumstances grew easier, he spared no pains to make himself master of French, and was soon able to read that language with ease. To this he afterward added Italian and

Spanish. Meantime his Latin had been altogether forgotten. He found, not without surprise and pleasure, that his new acquisition of these modern tongues smoothed the way for renewing and improving his knowledge of Latin. Hence he earnestly recommended students "to begin by acquiring modern languages first, and then proceed to the ancient, since if they should, as is too often the case, quit their studies, they would find that what they had learned of Latin would be altogether useless, but it would have been better had they begun with French, and then proceeded to Italian and Latin. For though, after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages, and never have arrived at Latin, they would have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life."

It could not escape Franklin's clear common-sense that the reasons formerly urged in behalf of classical studies had lost most of their force. Latin and Greek had ceased to be the depositories of human knowledge; they had been supplanted by modern languages. For other causes the Church herself had recognized the necessity of a change. In Protestant countries public worship was no longer conducted in a dead tongue, but in the living vernacular. When Franklin was one of a board of trustees to organize a public school in Philadelphia, he attempted to carry his ideas into effect, and was only restrained by finding that some of its influential and rich supporters intimated that they should withhold their subscriptions unless precedence were given to the classics. He yielded his point for the sake of the money, or perhaps, more correctly, for the sake of the school.

I intended in these pages to limit my remarks to Franklin's scientific position, but that would be to represent very inadequately the whole life of this great man. Let us remember that his electrical researches, on which his scientific celebrity must mainly depend, occupied at the most only seven or eight years, and then were abandoned because of the pressure of political affairs. Not by his scientific life, but by his political, will Franklin be judged of by his countrymen. In that his true grandeur is seen. He conducted the foreign affairs that gave independence to America. No other American could have stood in his place, and have done what he did. Very true, his scientific reputation gave him position before the eyes of the French court, and added force to his urgent entreaties for money and an army and a fleet to aid his struggling countrymen. No one can rise from a perusal of his political writings, from the time of the Albany Commission to the close of his eventful life, without recognizing his great intellectual ability, his political foresight. To meet the trained statesmen of England, to conduct successfully to a close negotiations which were the most important in which they could engage, since the partition, the disruption, of the British Empire was involved, demanded a clear head, a piercing eye, and a calm judgment. The result he accomplished was of far more importance to mankind than any philosophical experiment he ever made—a vast continent dedicated to human freedom. Contemplated from this point of view, Franklin appears as one of the greatest men of his generation. His electrical discoveries, brilliant as they were, were only embellishments of his life.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XLI.

BAT OF THE GILL.

UPON that same evening the cottage in the gill was well snowed up, as befell it every winter, more or less handsomely, according to the wind. The wind was in the right way to do it truly now, with just enough draught to pile bountiful wreaths, and not enough of wild blast to scatter them again. "Bat of the Gill," as Mr. Bert was called, sat by the fire, with his wife and daughter, and listened very calmly to the whistle of the wind, and the sliding of the soft fall that blocked his window-panes.

Insie was reading, Mrs. Bert was knitting stockings, and Mr. Bert was thinking of his own strange life. It never once occurred to him that great part of its strangeness sprang from the oddities of his own nature, any more than a man

who has been in a quarrel believes that he could have kept out of it. "Matters beyond my own control have forced me to do this and that," is the sure belief of every man whose life has run counter to his fellows, through his own inborn diversity. In this man's nature were two strange points, sure (if they are strong enough to survive experience) to drive anybody into strange ways: he did not care for money, and he contemned rank.

How these two horrible twists got into his early composition is more than can be told, and in truth it does not matter. But being quite incurable, and meeting with no sympathy, except among people who aspired to them only, and failed—if they ever got the chance of failing—these depravations from the standard of mankind drove Christopher Bert from the beaten tracks of life. Providence offered him several occasions of return into the ordinary course; for after he had cast abroad a very nice inheritance, other two fortunes fell to him, but found him as difficult as ever to stay with. Not that he was lavish upon luxury of his own, for no man could have simpler tastes, but that he weakly believed in the duty of benevolence, and the charms of gratitude. Of the latter it is needless to say that he got none, while with the former he produced some harm. When all his bread was cast upon the waters, he set out to earn his own crust as best he might.

Hence came a chapter of accidents, and a volume of motley incidents in various climes, and upon far seas. Being a very strong, active man, with gift of versatile hand and brain, and early acquaintance with handicrafts, Christopher Bert could earn his keep, and make in a year almost as much as he used to give away, or lend without redemption, in a general day of his wealthy time. Hard labor tried to make him sour, but did not succeed therein.

Yet one thing in all this experience vexed him more than any hardship, to wit, that he never could win true fellowship among his new fellows in the guild of labor. Some were rather surly, others very pleasant (from a warm belief that he must yet come into money); but whatsomever or whosoever they were, or of whatever land, they all agreed that Christopher Bert was not of their communion. Manners, appearance, education, freedom from prejudice, and other wide diversities marked him as an interloper, and perhaps a spy, among the enlightened working-men of the period. Over and over again he strove to break down this barrier; but thrice as hard he might have striven, and found it still too strong for him. This and another circumstance at last impressed him with the superior value of his own society. Much as he loved the working-man—in spite of all experience of him—that worthy fellow would not have it, but felt a truly and piously hereditary scorn for "a gentleman as took a order, when, but for being a blessed fool, he might have stood there giving it."

The other thing that helped to drive him from this very dense array was his own romantic marriage, and the copious birth of children. After the sensitive age was past, and when the sensibles ought to reign—for then he was past five-and-thirty—he fell (for the first time of his life) into a violent passion of love for a beautiful Jewish maid barely turned seventeen; Zilpah admired him, for he was of noble aspect, rich with variety of thoughts and deeds. With women he had that peculiar power which men of strong character possess; his voice was like music, and his words as good as poetry, and he scarcely ever seemed to contradict himself. Very soon Zilpah adored him; and then he gave notice to her parents that she was to be his wife. These stared considerably, being very wealthy people, of high Jewish blood (and thus the oldest of the old), and steadfast most—where all are steadfast—to their own race of religion. Finding their astonishment received serenely, they locked up their daughter, with some strong expressions; which they redoubled when they found the door wide open in the morning. Zilpah was gone, and they scratched out her name from the surface of their memories.

Christopher Bert, being lawfully married—for the local restrictions scorned the case of a foreigner and a Jewess—crossed the Polish frontier with his mules and tools, and drove his little covered cart through Austria. And here he lit upon, and helped in some predicament of the road, a spirited young Englishman undergoing the miseries of the grand tour, the son and heir of Philip Yordas. Duncan was large and crooked of thought—as every true Yordas must be—and finding a mind in advance of his own by several years of such sallyings, and not yet even

swerving toward the turning goal of corpulence, the young man perceived that he had hit upon a prophet.

For Bert scarcely ever talked at all of his generous ideas. A prophet's proper mantle is the long cloak of Harpocrates, and his best vaticinations are inspired more than uttered. So it came about that Duncan Yordas, difficult as he was to lead, largely shared the devious courses of Christopher Bert the workman, and these few months of friendship made a lasting mark upon the younger man.

Soon after this a heavy blow befell the ingenious wanderer. Among his many arts and trades, he had some knowledge of engineering, or at any rate much boldness of it; which led him to conceive a brave idea concerning some tributary of the Po. The idea was sound and fine, and might have led to many blessings; but Nature, enjoying her bad work best, recoiled upon her improver. He left an oozy channel drying (like a glanderous sponge) in August; and virulent fever came into his tent. All of his eight children died except his youngest son Maunder; his own strong frame was shaken sadly; and his loving wife lost all her strength and buxom beauty. He gathered the remnants of his race, and stricken but still unconquered, took his way to a long-forgotten land. "The residue of us must go home," he said, after all his wanderings.

In London, of course, he was utterly forgotten, although he had spent much substance there, in the days of sanguine charity. Durham was his native county, where he might have been a leading man, if more like other men. "Cosmopolitan" as he was, and strong in his own opinions still, the force of years, and sorrow, and long striving, told upon him. He had felt a longing to mend the kettles of the house that once was his; but when he came to the brink of Tees his stout heart failed, and he could not cross.

Instead of that he turned away, to look for his old friend Yordas; not to be patronized by him—for patronage he would have none—but from hankering after a congenial mind, and to touch upon kind memories. Yordas was gone, as pure an outcast as himself, and his name almost forbidden there. He thought it a part of the general wrong, and wandered about to see the land, with his eyes wide open as usual.

There was nothing very beautiful in the land, and nothing at all attractive, except that it commanded length of view, and was noble in its rugged strength. This, however, pleased him well, and here he resolved to set up his staff, if means could be found to make it grow. From the higher fells he could behold (whenever the weather encouraged him) the dromedary humps of certain hills, at the tail whereof he had been at school—a charming mist of retrospect. And he felt, though it might have been hard to make him own it, a deeply seated joy that here he should be long lengths out of reach of the most highly illuminated working-man. This was an inconsistent thing, but consistent forever in coming to pass.

Where the will is, there the way is, if the will be only wise. Bert found out a way of living in this howling wilderness, as his poor wife would have called it, if she had been a bad wife. Unskillful as he had shown himself in the matter of silver and gold, he had won great skill in the useful metals, especially in steel—the type of truth. And here in a break of rock he discovered a slender vein of a slate-gray mineral, distinct from cobalt, but not unlike it, such as he had found in the Carpathian Mountains, and which in metallurgy had no name yet, for its value was known to very few. But a legend of the spot declared that the ancient cutlers of Bilbao owed much of their fame to the use of this mineral in the careful process of conversion.

"I can make a living out of it, and that is all I want," said Bert, who was moderately sanguine still. "I know a manufacturer who has faith in me, and is doing all he can against the supremacy of Sheffield. If I can make arrangements with him, we will settle here, and keep to our own affairs for the future."

He built him a cottage in lonely snugness, far in the waste, and outside even of the range of title-deeds, though he paid a small rent to the manor, to save trouble, and to satisfy his conscience of the mineral deposit. By right of discovery, lease, and user, this became entirely his, as nobody else had ever heard of it. So by the fine irony of facts it came to pass, first, that the squanderer of three fortunes united his lot with a Jewess; next, that a great "cosmopolitan" hugged a strict corner of jealous monopoly; and again, that

a champion of communism insisted upon his exclusive right to other people's property. However, for all that, it might not be easy to find a more consistent man.

Here Maunder, the surviving son, grew up, and Insie, their last child, was born; and the land enjoyed peace for twenty years, because it was of little value. A man who had been about the world so loosely must have found it hard to be boxed up here, except for the lowering of strength and pride by sorrow of affection, and sore bodily affliction. But the air of the moorland is good for such troubles. Bert possessed a happy nature; and perhaps it was well that his children could say, "We are nine; but only two to feed."

It must have been the whistling wind, a long memorial sound, which sent him, upon this snowy December night, back among the echoes of the past; for he always had plenty of work to do, even in the winter evenings, and was not at all given to folded arms. And before he was tired of his short warm rest, his wife asked, "Where is Maunder?"

"I left him doing his work," he replied; "he had a great heap still to clear. He understands his work right well. He will not go to bed till he has done it. We must not be quite snowed up, my dear."

Mrs. Bert shook her head: having lost so many children, she was anxious about the rest of them. But before she could speak again, a heavy leap against the door was heard; the strong latch rattled, and the timbers creaked. Insie jumped up to see what it meant, but her father stopped her, and went himself. When he opened the door, a whirl of snow flew in, and through the glitter and the flutter a great dog came reeling, and rolled upon the floor, a mighty lump of bristled whiteness. Mrs. Bert was terrified, for she thought it was a wolf, not having found it in her power to believe that there could be such a desert place without wolves in the winter-time.

"Why, Saracen!" said Insie; "I declare it is! You poor old dog, what can have brought you out this weather?"

Both her parents were surprised to see her sit down on the floor and throw her arms around the neck of this self-invited and very uncouth visitor. For the girl forgot all of her trumpery concealments in the warmth of her feeling for a poor lost dog.

Saracen looked at her, with a view to dignity. He had only seen her once before, when Pet brought him down (both for company and safeguard), and he was not a dog who would dream of recognizing a person to whom he had been rashly introduced. And he knew that he was in a mighty difficulty now, which made self-respect all the more imperative. However, on the whole, he had been pleased with Insie at their first interview, and had patronized her—for she had an honest fragrance, and a little taste of salt—and now with a side look he let her know that he did not wish to hurt her feelings, although his business was not with her. But if she wanted to give him some refreshment, she might do so, while he was considering.

The fact was, though he could not tell it, and would scorn to do so if he could, that he had not had one bit to eat for more hours than he could reckon. That wicked hostler at Middleton had taken his money and disbursed it upon beer, adding insult to injury by remarking, in the hearing of Saracen (while strictly chained), that he was a deal too fat already. So vile a sentiment had deepened into passion the dog's ever dominant love of home; and when the darkness closed upon him in an unknown hungry hole, without even a horse for company, any other dog would have howled; but this dog stiffened his tail with self-respect. He scraped away all the straw to make a clear area for his experiment, and then he stood up like a pillar, or a fine kangaroo, and made trial of his weight against the chain. Feeling something give, or show propensity toward giving, he said to himself that here was one more triumph for him over the presumptuous intellect of man. The chain might be strong enough to hold a ship, and the great leathern collar to secure a bull; but the fastening of chain to collar was unsound, by reason of the rusting of a rivet.

Retiring to the manger for a better length of rush, he backed against the wall for a fulcrum to his spring, while the roll of his chest and the breadth of his loins quivered with tight muscle. Then off like the charge of a cannon he dashed, the loop of the collar flew out of the rivet, and the chain fell clanking on the paving-bricks. With grim satisfaction the dog set off in the track of the horse for Scargate Hall. And now he sat panting

in the cottage of the gill, to tell his discovery and to crave for help.

"Where do you come from, and what do you want?" asked Bert, as the dog, soon beginning to recover, looked round at the door, and then back again at him, and jerked up his chin impatiently. "Insie, you seem to know this fine fellow. Where have you met him? And whose dog is he? Saracen! Why, that is the name of the dog who is everybody's terror at Scargate."

"I gave him some water one day," said Insie, "when he was terribly thirsty. But he seems to know you, father, better than me. He wants you to do something, and he scorns me."

For Saracen, failing of articulate speech, was uttering volumes of entreaty with his eyes, which were large, and brown, and full of clear expression under eyebrows of rich tan; and then he ran to the door, put up one heavy paw and shook it, and ran back, and pushed the master with his nozzle, and then threw back his great head and long velvet ears, and opening his enormous jaws, gave vent to a mighty howl which shook the roof.

"Oh, put him out, put him out! open the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Bert, in fresh terror. "If he is not a wolf, he is a great deal worse."

"His master is out in the snow," cried Bert; "perhaps buried in the snow, and he is come to tell us. Give me my hat, child, and my thick coat. See how delighted he is, poor fellow! Oh, here comes Maunder! Now lead the way, my friend. Maunder, go and fetch the other shovel. There is somebody lost in the snow, I believe. We must follow this dog immediately."

"Not till you both have had much plenty food," the mother said: "out upon the moors, this bad, bad night, and for leagues possibly to travel. My son and my husband are much too good. You bad dog, why did you come, pestilent? But you shall have food also. Insie, provide him. While I make to eat your father and your brother."

Saracen would hardly wait, starving as he was; but seeing the men prepare to start, he made the best of it, and cleared out a colander of victuals in a minute.

"Put up what is needful for a starving traveller," Mr. Bert said to the ladies. "We shall want no lantern; the snow gives light enough, and the moon will soon be up. Keep a kettle boiling, and some warm clothes ready. Perhaps we shall be hours away; but have no fear. Maunder is the boy for snow-drifts."

The young man being of a dark and silent nature, quite unlike his father's, made no reply, nor even deigned to give a smile, but seemed to be wonderfully taken with the dog, who in many ways resembled him. Then he cast both shovels on his shoulder at the door, and strode forth, and stamped upon the path that he had cleared. His father took a stout stick, the dog leaped past them, and led them out at once upon the open moor.

"We are in for a night of it," said Mr. Bert, and his son did not contradict him.

"The dog goes first, then I, then you," he said to his father, with his deep slow tone. And the elderly man, whose chief puzzle in life—since he had given up the problem of the world—was the nature of his only son, now wondered again, as he seldom ceased from wondering, whether this boy despised or loved him. The young fellow always took the very greatest care of his father, as if he were a child to be protected, and he never showed the smallest sign of disrespect. Yet Maunder was not the true son of his father, but of some ancestor, whose pride sprang out of dust at the outrageous idea of a kettle-mending Bert, and embodied itself in this Maunder.

The large-minded father never dreamed of such a trifle, but felt in such weather, with the snow above his leggings, that sometimes it is good to have a large-bodied son.

CHAPTER XLII.

A CLEW OF BUTTONS.

When Jack o' the Smithies met his old commander, as related by himself, at the house of Mr. Mordacks, everything seemed to be going on well for Sir Duncan, and badly for his sisters. The general factor, as he hinted long ago, possessed certain knowledge which the Middleton lawyer fondly supposed to be confined to himself and his fair clients. Sir Duncan refused to believe that the ladies could ever have heard of such a document as that which, if valid, would simply expel them; for, said he, "If they know of it, they are nothing less than thieves to con-

ceal it and continue in possession. Of a lawyer I could fancy it, but never of a lady."

"My good sir," answered the sarcastic Mordacks, "a lady's conscience is not the same as a gentleman's, but bears more resemblance to a lawyer's. A lady's honor is of the very highest standard; but the standard depends upon her state of mind; and that, again, depends upon the condition of her feelings. You must not suppose me to admit the faintest shadow of disrespect toward your good sisters; but ladies are ladies, and facts are facts; and the former can always surmount the latter; while a man is comparatively helpless. I know that Mr. Jellicorse, their man of law, is thoroughly acquainted with this interesting deed; his first duty was to apprise them of it; and that, you may be quite sure, he has done."

"I hope not. I am sure not. A lawyer does not always employ hot haste in an unwelcome duty."

"True enough, Sir Duncan. But the duty here was welcome. Their knowledge of that deed, and of his possession of it, would make him their master, if he chose to be so. Not that old Jellicorse would think of such a thing. He is a man of high principle like myself, of a lofty conscience, and even sentimental. But lawyers are just like the rest of mankind. Their first consideration is their bread and cheese; though some of them certainly seem ready to accept it even in the toasted form."

"You may say what you like, Mordacks, my sister Philippa is far too upright, and Eliza too good, for any such thing to be possible. However, that question may abide. I shall not move until I have some one to do it for. I have no great affection for a home which cast me forth, whether it had a right to do so or not. But if we succeed in the more important matter, it will be my duty to recover the estates, for the benefit of another. You are sure of your proofs that it is the boy?"

"As certain as need be. And we will make it surer when you meet me there the week after next. For the reasons I have mentioned, we must wait till then. Your yacht is at Yarmouth. You have followed my advice in approaching by sea, and not by land, and in hiring at Yarmouth for the purpose. But you never should have come to York, Sir Duncan; this is a very great mistake of yours. They are almost sure to hear of it. And even your name given in our best inn! But luckily they never see a newspaper at Scargate."

"I follow the tactics with which you succeed—all above-board, and no stratagems. Your own letter brought me; but perhaps I am too old to be so impatient. Where shall I meet you, and on what day?"

"This day fortnight, at the Thorniwick Inn, I shall hope to be with you at three o'clock, and perhaps bring somebody with me. If I fixed an earlier day, I should only disappoint you. For many things have to be delicately managed; and among them, the running of a certain cargo, without serious consequence. For that we may trust a certain very skillful youth. For the rest you must trust to a clumsier person, your humble land-agent and surveyor—titles inquired into and verified, at a tenth of solicitors' charges."

"Well," said Sir Duncan, "you shall verify mine, as soon as you have verified my son, and my title to him. Good-by, Mordacks. I am sure you mean me well, but you seem to be very long about it."

"Hot climates breed impatience, sir. A true son of Yorkshire is never in a hurry. The general complaint of me is concerning my wild rapidity."

"You are like the grocer, whose goods, if they have any fault at all, have the opposite one to what the customer finds in them. Well, good-by, Mordacks. You are a trusty friend, and I thank you."

These words from Sir Duncan Yordas were not merely of commonplace. For he was a man of great self-reliance, quick conclusion, and strong resolve. These had served him well in India, and insured his fortune; while early adversity and bitter losses had tempered the arrogance of his race. After the loss of his wife and child, and the breach with all his relatives, he had led a life of peril and hard labor, varied with few pleasures. When first he learned from Edinburgh that the ship conveying his only child to the care of the mother's relatives was lost, with all on board, he did all in his power to make inquiries. But the illness and death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, overwhelmed him. For while with some people "one blow drives out another," with some the second serves only to drive home, deepen, and aggravate the first.

For years he was satisfied to believe both losses irretrievable. And so he might still have gone on believing, except for a queer little accident.

Being called to Calcutta upon government business, he happened to see a pair of English sailors, lazily playing, in a shady place by the side of the road, at hole-penny. One of them seemed to have his pocket cleared out, for just as Sir Duncan was passing, he cried, "Here, Jack, you give me change of one of them, and I'll have at you again, my boy. As good as a guinea with these blessed niggers. Come back to their home, I b'lieve they are, same as I wish I was; rale gold —ask this gen'leman."

The other swore that they were "naught but brass, and not worth a copper farden"; until the tars, being too tipsy for much fighting, referred the question to Sir Duncan.

Three hollow beads of gold were what they showed him, and he knew them at once for his little boy's buttons, the workmanship being peculiar to one village of his district, and one family thereof. The sailor would thankfully have taken one rupee apiece for them ; but Sir Duncan gave him thirty for the three—their full metallic value—upon his pledging honor to tell all he knew about them, and make affidavit, if required. Then he told all he knew, to the best of his knowledge, and swore to it when sober, accepted a refresher, and made oath to it again, with some lively particulars added. And the facts that he deposed to, and deposited, were these:

Being down upon his luck, about a twelvemonth back, he thought of keeping company with a nice young woman, and settling down until a better time turned up ; and happening to get a month's wages from a schooner of ninety-five tons at Scarborough, he strolled about the street a bit, and kept looking down the railings for a servant-girl who might have got her wages in her work-box. Clean he was, and taut, and clever, beating up street in Sunday rig, keeping sharp look-out for a consort, and in three or four tacks he hailed one. As nice a young partner as a lad could want, and his meaning was to buckle to for the winter. But the night before the splicing-day, what happened to him he never could tell after. He was bousing up his jib, as a lad is bound to do, before he takes the breakers. And when he came to, he was twenty leagues from Scarborough, on board of his Majesty's recruiting brig the *Harpy*. He felt in his pocket for the wedding-ring, and instead of that, there were these three beads.

Sir Duncan was sorry for his sad disaster, and gave him ten more rupees to get over it. And then he discovered that the poor forsaken maiden's name was Sally Watkins. Sally was the daughter of a rich pawnbroker, whose frame of mind was sometimes out of keeping with its true contents. He had very fine feelings, and real warmth of sympathy; but circumstances seemed sometimes to lead them into the wrong channel, and induced him to kick his children out of doors. In the middle of the family he kicked out Sally, almost before her turn was come; and she took a place at £4 a year, to disgrace his memory—as she said —carrying off these buttons, and the jacket, which he had bestowed upon her, in a larger interval.

There was no more to be learned than this from the intercepted bridegroom. He said that he might have no objection to go on with his love again, as soon as the war was over, leastways, if it was made worth his while; but he had come across another girl, at the Cape of Good Hope, and he believed that this time the Lord was in it, for she had been born in a caul, and he had got it. With such a dispensation Sir Duncan Yordas saw no right to interfere, but left the course of true love to itself, after taking down the sailor's name— "Ned Faithful."

However, he resolved to follow out the clew of beads, though without much hope of any good result. Of the three in his possession he kept one, and one he sent to Edinburgh, and the third to York, having heard of the great sagacity, vigor, and strict integrity of Mr. Mordacks, all of which he sharpened by the promise of a large reward upon discovery. Then he went back to his work, until his time of leave was due, after twenty years of arduous and distinguished service. In troublous times, no private affairs, however urgent, should drive him from his post.

Now, eager as he was when in England once again, he was true to his character and the discipline of life. He had proof that the matter was in very good hands, and long command had taught him the necessity of obedience. Any pre-

vious Yordas would have kicked against the pricks, rushed forward, and scattered everything. But Sir Duncan was now of a different fibre. He left York at once, as Mordacks advised, and posted to Yarmouth, before the roads were blocked with snow, and while Jack o' the Smithies was returning to his farm. And from Yarmouth he set sail for Scarborough, in a sturdy little coaster, which he hired by the week. From Scarborough he would run down to Bridlington—not too soon, for fear of setting gossip going, but in time to meet Mordacks at Flamborough, as agreed upon.

That gentleman had other business in hand, which must not be neglected; but he gave to this matter a very large share of his time, and paid five-and-twenty pounds for the trusty roadster, who liked the taste of Flamborough pond, and the salt air on the oats of Widow Tapsy's stable, and now regularly neighed and whisked his tail as soon as he found himself outside Monk Bar. By favor of this horse and of his own sword and pistols, Mordacks spent nearly as much time now at Flamborough as he did in York; but unluckily he had been obliged to leave on the very afternoon before the run was accomplished, and Carroway slain so wickedly; for he hurried home to meet Sir Duncan, and had not heard the bad news when he met him.

That horrible murder was a sad blow to him, not only as a man of considerable kindness and desire to think well of every one—so far as experience allows it—but also because of the sudden apparition of the law rising sternly in front of him. Justice in those days was not as now: her truer name was Nemesis. After such an outrage to the dignity of the realm, an example must be made, without much consideration whether it were the right one. If Robin Lyth were caught, there would be the form of trial, but the principal point would be to hang him. Like the rest of the world, Mr. Mordacks at first believed entirely in his guilt; but unlike the world, he did not desire to have him caught, and brought straightway to the gallows. Instead of seeking him, therefore, he was now compelled to avoid him, when he wanted him most; for it never must be said that a citizen of note had discoursed with such a criminal, and allowed him to escape. On the other hand, here he had to meet Sir Duncan, and tell him that all those grand promises were shattered, that in finding his only son all he had found was a cowardly murderer flying for his life, and far better left at the bottom of the sea. For once in a way, as he dwelt upon all this, the general factor became down-hearted, his vigorous face lost the strong lines of decision, and he even allowed his mouth to open without anything to put into it.

But it was impossible for this to last. Nature had provided Mordacks with an admirably high opinion of himself, enlivened by a sprightly good-will toward the world, whenever it wagged well with him. He had plenty of business of his own, and yet could take an amateur delight in the concerns of everybody; he was always at liberty to give good advice, and never under duty to take it; he had vigor of mind, of memory, of character, and of digestion; and whenever he stole a holiday from self-denial, and launched out after some favorite thing, there was the cash to do it with, and the health to do it pleasantly.

Such a man is not long depressed by a sudden misadventure. Dr. Upround's opinion in favor of Robin did not go very far with him; for he looked upon the rector as a man who knew more of divine than of human nature. But that fault could scarcely be found with a woman; or at any rate with a widow encumbered with a large family hanging upon the dry breast of the government. And though Mr. Mordacks did not invade the cottage quite so soon as he should have done, if guided by strict business, he thought himself bound to get over that reluctance, and press her upon a most distressing subject, before he kept appointment with his principal.

The snow, which by this time had blockaded Scargate, impounded Jordas, and compelled Mr. Jellicorse to rest and be thankful for a hot mince-pie, although it had visited this eastern coast as well, was not deep enough there to stop the roads. Keeping head-quarters at the "Hooked Cod" now, and encouraging a butcher to set up again (who had dropped all his money, in his hurry to get on), Geoffrey Mordacks began to make way into the outer crust of Flamborough society. In a council of the boats, upon a Sunday afternoon, every boat being garnished for its rest upon the flat, and every master fisherman buttoned with a flower

—the last flowers of the year, and bearing ice-marks in their eyes—a resolution had been passed that the inland man meant well, had naught to do with Revenue, or Frenchmen either, or what was even worse, any outside fishers, such as oftentime came sneaking after fishing grounds of Flamborough. Mother Tapsy stood credit for this strange man, and he might be allowed to go where he was minded, and to take all the help he liked to pay for.

Few men could have achieved such a triumph, without having married a Flamborough lass, which must have been the crown of all human ambition, if difficulty crowns it. Even to so great a man it was an added laurel, and strengthened him much in his opinion of himself. In spite of all disasters, he recovered faith in fortune, so many leading Flamborough men began to touch their hats to him! And thus he set forth before a bitter eastern gale, with the head of his seasoned charger bent toward the melancholy cot at Bridlington.

Having granted a new life of slaughter to that continually insolvent butcher, who exhibited the body of a sheep once more, with an eye to the approach of Christmas, this universal factor made it a point of duty to encourage him. In either saddle-bag he bore a seven-pound leg of mutton—a credit to a sheep of that district then—and to show himself no traitor to the staple of the place, he strapped upon his crupper, in some oar-weed and old netting, a twenty-pound cod, who found it hard to breathe his last when beginning to enjoy horse-exercise.

"There is a lot of mouths to fill," said Mr. Mordacks, with a sigh, while his landlady squeezed a brown loaf of her baking into the nick of his big sword-strap; "and you and I are capable of entering into the condition of the widow and the fatherless."

"Hoonger is the waa of them, and victuals is the cure for it. Now mind you coom home afore dark," cried the widow, to whom he had happened to say, very sadly, that he was now a widower. "To my moind, a sight o' more snaw is a-coomin'; and what mah sard or goon foight again it? Captain Moordocks, coom ye home arly. T' hare sha' be doon to a toorn be fi' o'clock. Coom ye home be that o'clock, if ye care for deener."

"I must have made a tender impression on her heart," Mr. Mordacks said to himself, as he kissed his hand to the capacious hostess. "Such is my fortune, to be loved by everybody, while aiming at the sternest rectitude. It is sweet, it is dangerously sweet; but what a comfort! How that large-hearted female will baste my hare!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

A PLEASANT INTERVIEW.

CUMBERED as he was of body, and burdened with some cares of mind, the general factor ploughed his way with his usual resolution. A scowl of dark vapor came over the headlands, and underran the solid snow-clouds with a scud, like bonfire smoke. The keen wind following the curves of land, and shaking the fringe of every white-clad bush, piped (like a boy through a comb) wherever stock or stub divided it. It turned all the coat of the horse the wrong way, and frizzed up the hair of Mr. Mordacks, which was as short as a soldier's, and tossed up his heavy riding cape, and got into him all up the small of his back. Being fond of strong language, he indulged in much; but none of it warmed him, and the wind whistled over his shoulders, and whirled the words out of his mouth.

When he came to the dip of the road, where it crosses the Dane's Dike, he pulled up his horse for a minute, in the shelter of shivering fir-trees. "What a cursed bleak country! My fish is frozen stiff, and my legs are as dead as the mutton in the saddle-bags. Geoffrey, you are a fool," he said. "Charity is very fine, and business even better; but a good coal fire is the best of all. But in for a penny of it, in for a pound. Hark! I hear some fellow-fool equally determined to be frozen. I'll go at once and hail him; perhaps the sight of him will warm me."

He turned his horse down a little lane upon the left, where snow lay deep, with laden bushes overhanging it, and a rill of water bridged with bearded ice ran dark in the hedge-trough. And here he found a stout lusty man, with shining red cheeks and keen blue eyes, hacking and hewing in a mighty maze of brambles.

"My friend, you seem busy. I admire your vast industry," Mr. Mordacks exclaimed, as the man looked at him, but ceased not from swinging his long hedge-

hook. "Happy is the land that owns such men."

"The land dothn't own me; I own the land. I shall be pleased to learn what your business is upon it."

Farmer Anerley hated chaff, as a good agriculturist should do. Moreover, he was vexed by many little griefs to-day, and had not been out long enough to work them off. He guessed pretty shrewdly that this sworded man was "Moreducks"—as the leading wags of Flamborough were gradually calling him—and the sight of a sword upon his farm (unless of an officer bound to it) was already some disquietude to an English farmer's heart. That was a trifle; for fools would be fools, and might think it a grand thing to go about with tools they were never born to the handling of; but a fellow who was come to take up Robin Lyth's case, and strive to get him out of his abominable crime, had better go back to the rogue's highway, instead of coming down the private road to Anerley.

"Upon my word I do believe," cried Mordacks, with a sprightly joy, "that I have the pleasure of meeting at last the well-known Captain Anerley! My dear sir, I can not help commending your prudence in guarding the entrance to your manor; but not in this employment of a bill-hook. From all that I hear, it is a Paradise indeed. What a haven in such weather as the present! Now, Captain Anerley, I entreat you to consider whether it is wise to take the thorn so from the rose. If I had so sweet a place, I would plant brambles, briers, blackthorn, furze, cratægus, every kind of spinous growth, inside my gates, and never let anybody lop them. Captain, you are too hospitable."

Farmer Anerley gazed with wonder at this man, who could talk so fast for the first time of seeing a body. Then feeling as if his hospitality were challenged, and desiring more leisure for reflection, "You better come down the lane, sir," he said.

"Am I to understand that you invite me to your house, or only to the gate where the dogs come out? Excuse me: I always am a most plain-spoken man."

"Our dogs never bite nobody but rogues."

"In that case, Captain Anerley, I may trust their moral estimate. I knew a farmer once who was a thorough thief in hay; a man who farmed his own land, and trimmed his own hedges; a thoroughly respectable and solid agriculturist. But his trusses of hay were always six pounds short, and if ever anybody brought a sample truss to steelyard, he had got a little dog, just seven pounds weight, who slipped into the core of it, being just a good hay-color. He always delivered his hay in the twilight, and when it swung the beam, he used to say, 'Come, now, I must charge you for overweight.' Now, captain, have you got such an honest dog as that?"

"I would have claimed him, that I would, if such a clever dog were weighed to me. But, sir, you have got the better of me. What a man for stories you be, for sure! Come in to our fire-place." Farmer Anerley was conquered by this tale, which he told fifty times every year he lived thereafter, never failing to finish with, "What rogues they be, up York way!"

Master Mordacks was delighted with this piece of luck on his side. Many times he had been longing to get in at Anerley, not only from the reputation of good cheer there, but also from kind curiosity to see the charming Mary, who was now becoming an important element of business. Since Robin had given him the slip so sadly—a thing it was impossible to guard against—the best chance of hearing what became of him would be to get into the good graces of his sweetheart.

"We have been very sadly for a long time now," said the farmer, as he knocked at his own porch door with the handle of his bill-hook. "There used to be one as was always welcome here; and a pleasure it was to see him make himself so pleasant, sir. But ever since the Lord took him home from his family, without a good-by, as a man might say, my wife hath taken to bar the doors whiles I am away and out of sight." Stephen Anerley knocked harder, as he thus explained the need of it; for it grieved him to have his house shut up.

"Very wise of them all to bar out such weather," said Mordacks, who read the farmer's thoughts like print. "Don't relax your rules, sir, until the weather changes. Ah, that was a very sad thing about the captain. As gallant an officer, and as single-minded, as ever killed a Frenchman in the best days of our navy."

"Single-minded is the very word to

give him, sir. I sought about for it ever since I heard of him coming to an end like that, and doing of his duty in the thick of it. If I could only get a gentleman to tell me, or an officer's wife would be better still, what the manners is when a poor lady gets her husband shot, I'll be blest if I wouldn't go straight and see her, though they make such a distance betwixt us and the regulars. — Oh, then, ye've come at last! No thief, no thief."

"Father," cried Mary, bravely opening all the door, of which the ruffian wind made wrong by casting her figure in high relief—and yet a pardonable wrong—"father, you are quite wise to come home, before your dear nose is quite cut off.— Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I never saw you."

"My fate in life is to be overlooked," Mr. Mordacks answered, with a martial stride; "but not always, young lady, with such exquisite revenge. What I look at pays fiftyfold for being overlooked."

"You are an impudent, conceited man," thought Mary to herself, with gross injustice; but she only blushed and said, "I beg your pardon, sir."

"You see, sir," quoth the farmer, with some severity, tempered, however, with a smile of pride, "my daughter, Mary Anerley."

"And I take off my hat," replied audacious Mordacks, among whose faults was no false shame, "not only to salute a lady, sir, but also to have a better look."

"Well, well," said the farmer, as Mary ran away; "your city ways are high polite, no doubt, but my little lass is strange to them. And I like her better so, than to answer pert with pertness. Now come you in, and warm your feet a bit. None of us are younger than we used to be."

This was not Master Anerley's general style of welcoming a guest, but he hated new-fangled Frenchified manners, as he told his good wife, when he boasted by-and-by how finely he had put that old coxcomb down. "You never should have done it," was all the praise he got. "Mr. Mordacks is a business man, and business men always must relieve their minds." For no sooner now was the general factor introduced to Mistress Anerley than she perceived clearly that the object of his visit was not to make speeches to young chits of girls, but to seek the advice of a sensible person, who ought to have been consulted a hundred times for once that she even had been allowed to open her mouth fairly. Sitting by the fire, he convinced her that the whole of the mischief had been caused by sheer neglect of her opinion. Everything she said was so exactly to the point that he could not conceive how it should have been so slighted, and she for her part begged him to stay and partake of their simple dinner.

"Dear madam, it can not be," he replied; "alas! I must not think of it. My conscience reproaches me for indulging, as I have done, in what is far sweeter than even one of your dinners—a most sensible lady's society. I have a long bitter ride before me, to comfort the fatherless and the widow. My two legs of mutton will be thawed by this time in the genial warmth of your stable. I also am thawed, warmed, feasted I may say, by happy approximation to a mind so bright and congenial. Captain Anerley, madam, has shown true kindness in allowing me the privilege of exclusive speech with you. Little did I hope for such a piece of luck this morning. You have put so many things in a new and brilliant light, that my road becomes clear before me. Justice must be done; and you feel quite sure that Robin Lyth committed this atrocious murder because poor Carroway surprised him so when making clandestine love, at your brother Squire Popplewell's, to a beautiful young lady who shall be nameless. And deeply as you grieve for the loss of such a neighbor, the bravest officer of the British navy, who leaped from a strictly immeasurable height into a French ship, and scattered all her crew, and has since had a baby about three months old, as well as innumerable children, you feel that you have reason to be thankful sometimes that the young man's character has been so clearly shown, before he contrived to make his way into the bosom of respectable families in the neighborhood."

"I never thought it out quite so clear as that, sir; for I feel so sorry for everybody, and especially those who have brought him up, and those he has made away with."

"Quite so, my dear madam; such are your fine feelings, springing from the goodness of your nature. Pardon my saying that you could have no other, according to my experience of a most benevolent countenance. Part of my duty, and in such a case as yours, one of the

pleasantest parts of it, is to study the expression of a truly benevolent—"

"I am not that old, sir, asking of your pardon, to pretend to be benevolent. All that I lay claim to is to look at things sensible."

"Certainly, yet with a tincture of high feeling. Now if it should happen that this poor young man were of very high birth, perhaps the highest in the county, and the heir to very large landed property, and a title, and all that sort of nonsense, you would look at him from the very same point of view?"

"That I would, sir, that I would. So long as he was proclaimed for hanging. But naturally bound, of course, to be more sorry for him."

"Yes, from sense of all the good things he must lose. There seems, however, to be strong ground for believing—as I may tell you, in confidence, Dr. Uproud does—that he had no more to do with it than you or I, ma'am. At first I concluded as you have done. I am going to see Mrs. Carroway now. Till then I suspend my judgment."

"Now that is what nobody should do, Mr. Mordacks. I have tried, but never found good come of it. To change your mind is two words against yourself; and you go wrong both ways, before and after."

"Undoubtedly you do, ma'am. I never thought of that before. But you must remember that we have not the gift of hitting—I might say of making—the truth with a flash or a dash, as you ladies have. May I be allowed to come again?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, I am heartily sorry that you are going away at all. I could have talked to you all the afternoon; and how seldom I get the chance now, Lord knows. There is that in your conversation which makes one feel quite sure of being understood; not so much in what you say, sir—if you understand my meaning—as in the way you look, quite as if my meaning was not at all too quick for you. My good husband is of a greater mind than I am, being nine-and-forty inches round the chest; but his mind seems somehow to come after mine, the same as the ducks do, going down to our pond."

"Mistress Anerley, how thankful you should be! What a picture of conjugal felicity! But I thought that the drake always led the way?"

"Never upon our farm, sir. When he doth, it is a proof of his being crossed with wild-ducks. The same as they be round Flamborough."

"Oh, now I see the truth. How slow I am! It improves their flavor, at the expense of their behavior. But seriously, madam, you are fit to take the lead. What a pleasant visit I have had! I must brace myself up for a very sad one now—a poor lady, with none to walk behind her."

"Yes, to be sure! It is very fine of me to talk. But if I was left without my husband, I should only care to walk after him. Please to give her my kind love, sir; though I have only seen her once. And if there is anything that we can do—"

"If there is anything that we can do," said the farmer, coming out of his corn-chamber, "we won't talk about it, but we'll do it, Mr. Moreducks."

The factor quietly dispersed this rebuke, by waving his hand at his two legs of mutton and the cod, which had thawed in the stable. "I knew that I should be too late," he said; "her house will be full of such little things as these, so warm is the feeling of the neighborhood. I guessed as much, and arranged with my butcher to take them back in that case; and he said they would eat all the better for the ride. But as for the cod, perhaps you will accept him. I could never take him back to Flamborough."

"Ride away, sir, ride away," said the farmer, who had better not have measured swords with Mordacks. "I were thinking of sending a cart over there, so soon as the weather should be opening of the roads up. But the children might be hankerin' after meat, the worse for all the snow-time."

"It is almost impossible to imagine such a thing. Universally respected, suddenly cut off, enormous family with hereditary hunger, all the neighbors well aware of straitened circumstances, the kindest-hearted county in Great Britain—sorrow and abundance must have cloyed their appetites, as at a wealthy man's funeral. What a fool I must have been not to foresee all that!"

"Better see than foresee," replied the farmer, who was crusty from remembering that he had done nothing. "Neighbors likes to wait for neighbors to go in; same as two cows staring at a new-mown meadow."

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

I.

DURING a portion of the first half of the present century, and more particularly during the latter part of it, there flourished and practiced in the city of New York a physician who enjoyed perhaps an exceptional share of the consideration which, in the United States, has always been bestowed upon distinguished members of the medical profession. This profession in America has constantly been held in honor, and more successfully than elsewhere has put forward a claim to the epithet of "liberal." In a country in which, to play a social part, you must either earn your income or make believe that you earn it, the healing art has appeared in a high degree to combine two recognized sources of credit. It belongs to the realm of the practical, which in the United States is a great recommendation; and it is touched by the light of science—a merit appreciated in a community in which the love of knowledge has not always been accompanied by leisure and opportunity. It was an element in Doctor Sloper's reputation that his learning and his skill were very evenly balanced; he was what you might call a scholarly doctor, and yet there was nothing abstract in his remedies—he always ordered you to take something. Though he was felt to be extremely thorough, he was not uncomfortably theoretic; and if he sometimes explained matters rather more minutely than might seem of use to the patient, he never went so far (like some practitioners one had heard of) as to trust to the explanation alone, but always left behind him an inscrutable prescription. There were some doctors that left the prescription without offering any explanation at all; and he did not belong to that class either, which was, after all, the most vulgar. It will be seen that I am describing a clever man; and this is really the reason why Doctor Sloper had become a local celebrity. At the time at which we are chiefly concerned with him he was some fifty years of age, and his popularity was at its height. He was very witty, and he passed in the best society of New York for a man of the world—which, indeed, he was, in a very sufficient degree. I hasten to add, to anticipate possible misconception, that he was not the least of a charlatan. He was a thoroughly honest man—honest in a degree of which he had perhaps lacked the opportunity to give the complete measure; and putting aside the great good-nature of the circle in which he practiced, which was rather fond of boasting that it possessed the "brightest" doctor in the country, he daily justified his claim to the talents attributed to him by the popular voice. He was an observer, even a philosopher, and to be bright was so natural to him, and (as the popular voice said) came so easily, that he never aimed at mere effect, and had none of the little tricks and pretensions of second-rate reputations. It must be confessed that fortune had favored him, and that he had found the path to prosperity very soft to his tread. He had married at the age of twenty-seven, for love, a very charming girl, Miss Catherine Harrington, of New York, who, in addition to her charms, had brought him a solid dowry. Mrs. Sloper was amiable, graceful, accomplished, elegant, and in 1820 she had been one of the pretty girls of the small but promising capital which clustered about the Battery and overlooked the bay, and of which the uppermost boundary was indicated by the grassy way-sides of Canal Street. Even at the age of twenty-seven Austin Sloper had made his mark sufficiently to mitigate the anomaly of his having been chosen among a dozen suitors by a young woman of high fashion, who had ten thousand dollars of income, and the most charming eyes in the island of Manhattan. These eyes, and some of their accompaniments, were for about five years a source of extreme satisfaction to the young physician, who was both a devoted and a very happy husband. The fact of his having married a rich woman made no difference in the line he had traced for himself, and he cultivated his profession with as definite a purpose as if he still had no other resources than his fraction of the modest patrimony which on his father's death he had shared with his brothers and sisters. This purpose had not been preponderatingly to make money—it had been rather to learn something and to do something. To learn something interesting, and to do something useful—this was, roughly speaking, the programme he had sketched, and of which the accident of his wife having

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an income appeared to him in no degree to modify the validity. He was fond of his practice, and of exercising a skill of which he was agreeably conscious, and it was so patent a truth that if he were not a doctor there was nothing else he could be, that a doctor he persisted in being, in the best possible conditions. Of course his easy domestic situation saved him a good deal of drudgery, and his wife's affiliation to the "best people" brought him a good many of those patients whose symptoms are, if not more interesting in themselves than those of the lower orders, at least more consistently displayed. He desired experience, and in the course of twenty years he got a great deal. It must be added that it came to him in some forms which, whatever might have been their intrinsic value, made it the reverse of welcome. His first child, a little boy of extraordinary promise, as the Doctor, who was not addicted to easy enthusiasm, firmly believed, died at three years of age, in spite of everything that the mother's tenderness and the father's science could invent to save him. Two years later Mrs. Sloper gave birth to a second infant—an infant of a sex which rendered the poor child, to the Doctor's sense, an inadequate substitute for his lamented first-born, of whom he had promised himself to make an admirable man. The little girl was a disappointment; but this was not the worst. A week after her birth the young mother, who, as the phrase is, had been doing well, suddenly betrayed alarming symptoms, and before another week had elapsed Austin Sloper was a widower.

For a man whose trade was to keep people alive, he had certainly done poorly in his own family; and a bright doctor who within three years loses his wife and his little boy should perhaps be prepared to see either his skill or his affection impugned. Our friend, however, escaped criticism; that is, he escaped all criticism but his own, which was much the most competent and most formidable. He walked under the weight of this very private censure for the rest of his days, and bore forever the scars of a castigation to which the strongest hand he knew had treated him on the night that followed his wife's death. The world, which, as I have said, appreciated him, pitied him too much to be ironical; his misfortune made him more interesting, and even helped him to be the fashion. It was observed that even medical families can not escape the more insidious forms of disease, and that, after all, Doctor Sloper had lost other patients besides the two I have mentioned, which constituted an honorable precedent. His little girl remained to him, and though she was not what he had desired, he proposed to himself to make the best of her. He had on hand a stock of unexpended authority, by which the child in its early years profited largely. She had been named, as a matter of course, after her poor mother, and even in her most diminutive babyhood the Doctor never called her anything but Catherine. She grew up a very robust and healthy child, and her father, as he looked at her, often said to himself that, such as she was, he at least need have no fear of losing her. I say "such as she was," because, to tell the truth— But this is a truth of which I will defer the telling.

II.

When the child was about ten years old, he invited his sister, Mrs. Penniman, to come and stay with him. The Misses Sloper had been but two in number, and both of them had married early in life. The younger, Mrs. Almond by name, was the wife of a prosperous merchant, and the mother of a blooming family. She bloomed herself, indeed, and was a comely, comfortable, reasonable woman, and a favorite with her clever brother, who, in the matter of women, even when they were nearly related to him, was a man of distinct preferences. He preferred Mrs. Almond to his sister Lavinia, who had married a poor clergyman, of a sickly constitution and a flowery style of eloquence; and then, at the age of thirty-three, had been left a widow, without children, without fortune—with nothing but the memory of Mr. Penniman's flowers of speech, a certain vague aroma of which hovered about her own conversation. Nevertheless, he had offered her a home under his own roof, which Lavinia accepted with the alacrity of a woman who had spent the ten years of her married life in the town of Poughkeepsie. The Doctor had not proposed to Mrs. Penniman to come and live with him indefinitely; he had suggested that she should make an asylum of his house while she looked about for unfurnished lodgings. It is uncertain whether Mrs. Penniman ever instituted a search for unfurnished

lodgings, but it is beyond dispute that she never found them. She settled herself with her brother, and never went away; and when Catherine was twenty years old, her aunt Lavinia was still one of the most striking features of her immediate *entourage*. Mrs. Penniman's own account of the matter was that she had remained to take charge of her niece's education. She had given this account at least to every one but the Doctor, who never asked for explanations which he could entertain himself any day with inventing. Mrs. Penniman, moreover, though she had a good deal of a certain sort of artificial assurance, shrank, for indefinable reasons, from presenting herself to her brother as a fountain of instruction. She had not a high sense of humor, but she had enough to prevent her from making this mistake; and her brother, on his side, had enough to excuse her, in her situation, for laying him under contribution during a considerable part of a lifetime. He therefore assented tacitly to the proposition which Mrs. Penniman had tacitly laid down, that it was of importance that the poor motherless girl should have a brilliant woman near her. His assent could only be tacit, for he had never been dazzled by his sister's intellectual lustre. Save when he fell in love with Catherine Harrington, he had never been dazzled, indeed, by any feminine characteristics whatever; and though he was to a certain extent what is called a ladies' doctor, his private opinion of the more complicated sex was not exalted. He regarded its complications as more curious than edifying, and he had an idea of the beauty of *reason*, which was on the whole meagrely gratified by what he observed in his female patients. His wife had been a reasonable woman, but she was a bright exception; among several things that he was sure of, this was perhaps the principal. Such a conviction, of course, did little either to mitigate or to abbreviate his widowhood; and it set a limit to his recognition, at the best, of Catherine's possibilities and of Mrs. Penniman's ministrations. He nevertheless, at the end of six months, accepted his sister's permanent presence as an accomplished fact, and as Catherine grew older, perceived that there were in effect good reasons why she should have a companion of her own imperfect sex. He was extremely polite to Lavinia, scrupulously, formally polite; and she had never seen him in anger but once in her life, when he lost his temper in a theological discussion with her late husband. With her he never discussed theology, nor, indeed, discussed anything; he contented himself with making known, very distinctly, in the form of a lucid ultimatum, his wishes with regard to Catherine.

Once, when the girl was about twelve years old, he had said to her,

"Try and make a clever woman of her, Lavinia; I should like her to be a clever woman."

Mrs. Penniman, at this, looked thoughtful a moment. "My dear Austin," she then inquired, "do you think it is better to be clever than to be good?"

"Good for what?" asked the Doctor. "You are good for nothing unless you are clever."

From this assertion Mrs. Penniman saw no reason to dissent; she possibly reflected that her own great use in the world was owing to her aptitude for many things.

"Of course I wish Catherine to be good," the Doctor said, next day; "but she won't be any the less virtuous for not being a fool. I am not afraid of her being wicked; she will never have the salt of malice in her character. She is as good as good bread, as the French say; but six years hence I don't want to have to compare her to good bread and butter."

"Are you afraid she will be insipid? My dear brother, it is I who supply the butter; so you needn't fear," said Mrs. Penniman, who had taken in hand the child's "accomplishments," overlooking her at the piano, where Catherine displayed a certain talent, and going with her to the dancing class, where it must be confessed she made but a modest figure.

Mrs. Penniman was a tall, thin, fair, rather faded woman, with a perfectly amiable disposition, a high standard of gentility, a taste for light literature, and a certain foolish indirectness and obliquity of character. She was romantic, she was sentimental, she had a passion for little secrets and mysteries—a very innocent passion, for her secrets had hitherto always been as unpractical as addled eggs. She was not absolutely veracious; but this defect was of no great consequence, for she had never had anything to conceal. She would have liked to have a lover, and to correspond with him under an assumed name in letters left at a shop; I am bound to say that her imagination never carried

the intimacy further than this. Mrs. Penniman had never had a lover, but her brother, who was very shrewd, understood her turn of mind. "When Catherine is about seventeen," he said to himself, "Lavinia will try and persuade her that some young man with a mustache is in love with her. It will be quite untrue; no young man, with a mustache or without, will ever be in love with Catherine. But Lavinia will take it up, and talk to her about it; perhaps even, if her taste for clandestine operations doesn't prevail with her, she will talk to me about it. Catherine won't see it, and won't believe it, fortunately for her peace of mind: poor Catherine isn't romantic."

She was a healthy, well-grown child, without a trace of her mother's beauty. She was not ugly; she had simply a plain, dull, gentle countenance. The most that had ever been said for her was that she had a "nice" face, and though she was an heiress, no one had ever thought of regarding her as a belle. Her father's opinion of her moral purity was abundantly justified; she was excellently, imperturbably good; affectionate, docile, obedient, and much addicted to speaking the truth. In her younger years she was a good deal of a romp, and though it is an awkward confession to make about one's heroine, I must add that she was something of a glutton. She never, that I know of, stole raisins out of the pantry; but she devoted her pocket-money to the purchase of cream-cakes. As regards this, however, a critical attitude would be inconsistent with a candid reference to the early annals of any biographer. Catherine was decidedly not clever; she was not quick with her book, nor, indeed, with anything else. She was not abnormally deficient, and she mustered learning enough to acquit herself respectably in conversation with her contemporaries, among whom it must be avowed, however, that she occupied a secondary place. It is well known that in New York it is possible for a young girl to occupy a primary one. Catherine, who was extremely modest, had no desire to shine, and on most social occasions, as they are called, you would have found her lurking in the background. She was extremely fond of her father, and very much afraid of him; she thought him the cleverest and handsomest and most celebrated of men. The poor girl found her account so completely in the exercise of her affections that the little tremor of fear that mixed itself with her filial passion gave the thing an extra relish rather than blunted its edge. Her deepest desire was to please him, and her conception of happiness was to know that she had succeeded in pleasing him. She had never succeeded beyond a certain point. Though on the whole he was very kind to her, she was perfectly aware of this, and to go beyond the point in question seemed to her really something to live for. What she could not know, of course, was that she disappointed him, though on three or four occasions the Doctor had been almost frank about it. She grew up peacefully and prosperously, but at the age of eighteen Mrs. Penniman had not made a clever woman of her. Doctor Sloper would have liked to be proud of his daughter; but there was nothing to be proud of in poor Catherine. There was nothing, of course, to be ashamed of; but this was not enough for the Doctor, who was a proud man, and would have enjoyed being able to think of his daughter as an unusual girl. There would have been a fitness in her being pretty and graceful, intelligent and distinguished; for her mother had been the most charming woman of her little day, and as regards her father, of course he knew his own value. He had moments of irritation at having produced a commonplace child, and he even went so far at times as to take a certain satisfaction in the thought that his wife had not lived to find her out. He was naturally slow in making this discovery himself, and it was not till Catherine had become a young lady grown that he regarded the matter as settled. He gave her the benefit of a great many doubts; he was in no haste to conclude. Mrs. Penniman frequently assured him that his daughter had a delightful nature; but he knew how to interpret this assurance. It meant, to his sense, that Catherine was not wise enough to discover that her aunt was a goose—a limitation of mind that could not fail to be agreeable to Mrs. Penniman. Both she and her brother, however, exaggerated the young girl's limitations; for Catherine, though she was very fond of her aunt, and conscious of the gratitude she owed her, regarded her without a particle of that gentle dread which gave its stamp to her admiration of her father. To her mind there was nothing of the infinite about Mrs. Penniman;

Catherine saw her all at once, as it were, and was not dazzled by the apparition; whereas her father's great faculties seemed, as they stretched away, to lose themselves in a sort of luminous vagueness, which indicated, not that they stopped, but that Catherine's own mind ceased to follow them.

It must not be supposed that Doctor Sloper visited his disappointment upon the poor girl, or ever let her suspect that she had played him a trick. On the contrary, for fear of being unjust to her, he did his duty with exemplary zeal, and recognized that she was a faithful and affectionate child. Besides, he was a philosopher; he smoked a good many cigars over his disappointment, and in the fullness of time he got used to it. He satisfied himself that he had expected nothing, though, indeed, with a certain oddity of reasoning. "I expect nothing," he said to himself, "so that if she gives me a surprise, it will be all clear gain. If she doesn't, it will be no loss." This was about the time Catherine had reached her eighteenth year; so that it will be seen her father had not been precipitate. At this time she seemed not only incapable of giving surprises, it was almost a question whether she could have received one, she was so quiet and irresponsive. People who expressed themselves roughly called her stolid. But she was irresponsive because she was shy—uncomfortably, painfully shy. This was not always understood, and she sometimes produced an impression of insensibility. In reality she was the softest creature in the world.

III.

As a child she had promised to be tall, but when she was sixteen she ceased to grow, and her stature, like most other points in her composition, was not unusual. She was strong, however, and properly made, and fortunately her health was excellent. It has been noted that the Doctor was a philosopher, but I would not have answered for his philosophy if the poor girl had proved a sickly and suffering person. Her appearance of health constituted her principal claim to beauty, and her clear, fresh complexion, in which white and red were very equally distributed, was, indeed, an excellent thing to see. Her eye was small and quiet, her features were rather thick, her tresses brown and smooth. A dull, plain girl she was called by rigorous critics—a quiet, lady-like girl, by those of the more imaginative sort; but by neither class was she very elaborately discussed. When it had been duly impressed upon her that she was a young lady—it was a good while before she could believe it—she suddenly developed a lively taste for dress: a lively taste is quite the expression to use. I feel as if I ought to write it very small, her judgment in this matter was by no means infallible; it was liable to confusions and embarrassments. Her great indulgence of it was really the desire of a rather inarticulate nature to manifest itself; she sought to be eloquent in her garments, and to make up for her diffidence of speech by a fine frankness of costume. But if she expressed herself in her clothes, it is certain that people were not to blame for not thinking her a witty person. It must be added that though she had the expectation of a fortune—Doctor Sloper for a long time had been making twenty thousand dollars a year by his profession, and laying aside the half of it—the amount of money at her disposal was not greater than the allowance made to many poorer girls. In those days in New York there were still a few altar fires flickering in the temple of republican simplicity, and Doctor Sloper would have been glad to see his daughter present herself, with a classic grace, as a priestess of this mild faith. It made him fairly grimace, in private, to think that a child of his should be both ugly and overdressed. For himself, he was fond of the good things of life, and he made a considerable use of them; but he had a dread of vulgarity, and even a theory that it was increasing in the society that surrounded him. Moreover, the standard of luxury in the United States thirty years ago was carried by no means so high as at present, and Catherine's clever father took the old-fashioned view of the education of young persons. He had no particular theory on the subject; it had scarcely as yet become a necessity of self-defense to have a collection of theories. It simply appeared to him proper and reasonable that a well-bred young woman should not carry half her fortune on her back. Catherine's back was a broad one, and would have carried a good deal; but to the weight of the paternal displeasure she never ventured to expose it, and our heroine was twenty years old before she treated herself, for evening wear, to a red satin gown trimmed

with gold fringe, though this was an article which for many years she had coveted in secret. It made her look, when she sported it, like a woman of thirty; but oddly enough, in spite of her taste for fine clothes, she had not a grain of coquetry, and her anxiety when she put them on was as to whether they, and not she, would look well. It is a point on which history has not been explicit, but the assumption is warrantable; it was in the royal raiment just mentioned that she presented herself at a little entertainment given by her aunt, Mrs. Almond. The girl was at this time in her twenty-first year, and Mrs. Almond's party was the beginning of something very important.

Some three or four years before this, Doctor Sloper had moved his household gods up town, as they say in New York. He had been living ever since his marriage in an edifice of red brick, with granite copings, and an enormous fan-light over the door, standing in a street within five minutes' walk of the City Hall, which saw its best days (from the social point of view) about 1820. After this the tide of fashion began to set steadily northward, as, indeed, in New York, thanks to the narrow channel in which it flows, it is obliged to do, and the great hum of traffic rolled further to the right and left of Broadway. By the time the Doctor changed his residence the murmur of trade had become a mighty uproar, which was music in the ears of all good citizens interested in the commercial development, as they delighted to call it, of their fortunate isle. Doctor Sloper's interest in this phenomenon was only indirect—though seeing that, as the years went on, half his patients came to be overworked men of business, it might have been more immediate—and when most of his neighbors' dwellings (also ornamented with granite copings and large fan-lights) had been converted into offices, warehouses, and shipping agencies, and otherwise applied to the base uses of commerce, he determined to look out for a quieter home. The ideal of quiet and of genteel retirement, in 1835, was found in Washington Square, where the Doctor built himself a handsome modern, wide-fronted house, with a big balcony before the drawing-room windows, and a flight of white marble steps ascending to a portal which was also faced with white marble. This structure, and many of its neighbors, which it exactly resembled, were supposed, forty years ago, to embody the last results of architectural science, and they remain to this day very solid and honorable dwellings. In front of them was the square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, inclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural and accessible appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of the Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history. It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of sources of interest; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery-maid with unequal step, and sniffing up the strange odor of the ailantus-trees, which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the square, and diffused an aroma that you were not yet critical enough to dislike as it deserved; it was here, finally, that your first school, kept by a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule, who was always having tea in a blue cup, with a saucer that didn't match, enlarged the circle both of your observations and your sensations. It was here, at any rate, that my heroine spent many years of her life; which is my excuse for this topographical parenthesis.

Mrs. Almond lived much further up town, in an embryonic street, with a high number—a region where the extension of the city began to assume a theoretic air, where poplars grew beside the pavement (when there was one), and mingled their shade with the steep roofs of desultory Dutch houses, and where pigs and chickens disported themselves in the gutter. These elements of rural picturesqueness have now wholly departed from New York

street scenery; but they were to be found, within the memory of middle-aged persons, in quarters which now would blush to be reminded of them. Catherine had a great many cousins, and with her aunt Almond's children, who ended by being nine in number, she lived on terms of considerable intimacy. When she was younger they had been rather afraid of her: she was believed, as the phrase is, to be highly educated, and a person who lived in the intimacy of their aunt Penniman had something of reflected grandeur. Mrs. Penniman, among the little Almonds, was an object of more admiration than sympathy. Her manners were strange and formidable, and her mourning robes —she dressed in black for twenty years after her husband's death, and then suddenly appeared one morning with pink roses in her cap—were complicated in odd, unexpected places with buckles, bugles, and pins, which discouraged familiarity. She took children too hard, both for good and for evil, and had an oppressive air of expecting subtle things of them; so that going to see her was a good deal like being taken to church and made to sit in a front pew. It was discovered after a while, however, that Aunt Penniman was but an accident in Catherine's existence, and not a part of its essence, and that when the girl came to spend a Saturday with her cousins, she was available for "follow-my-master," and even for leap-frog. On this basis an understanding was easily arrived at, and for several years Catherine fraternized with her young kinsmen. I say young kinsmen, because seven of the little Almonds were boys, and Catherine had a preference for those games which are most conveniently played in trousers. By degrees, however, the little Almonds' trousers began to lengthen, and the wearers to disperse and settle themselves in life. The elder children were older than Catherine, and the boys were sent to college or placed in counting-rooms. Of the girls, one married very punctually, and the other as punctually became engaged. It was to celebrate this latter event that Mrs. Almond gave the little party I have mentioned. Her daughter was to marry a stout young stock-broker, a boy of twenty: it was thought a very good thing.

IV.

Mrs. Penniman, with more buckles and bangles than ever, came, of course, to the entertainment, accompanied by her niece; the Doctor, too, had promised to look in later in the evening. There was to be a good deal of dancing, and before it had gone very far, Marian Almond came up to Catherine, in company with a tall young man. She introduced the young man as a person who had a great desire to make our heroine's acquaintance, and as a cousin of Arthur Townsend, her own intended.

Marian Almond was a pretty little person of seventeen, with a very small figure and a very big sash, to the elegance of whose manners matrimony had nothing to add. She already had all the airs of a hostess, receiving the company, shaking her fan, saying that with so many people to attend to she should have no time to dance. She made a long speech about Mr. Townsend's cousin, to whom she administered a tap with her fan before turning away to other cares. Catherine had not understood all that she said; her attention was given to enjoying Marian's ease of manner and flow of ideas, and to looking at the young man, who was remarkably handsome. She had succeeded, however, as she often failed to do when people were presented to her, in catching his name, which appeared to be the same as that of Marian's little stock-broker. Catherine was always agitated by an introduction; it seemed a difficult moment, and she wondered that some people—her new acquaintance at this moment, for instance—should mind it so little. She wondered what she ought to say, and what would be the consequences of her saying nothing. The consequences at present were very agreeable. Mr. Townsend, leaving her no time for embarrassment, began to talk to her with an easy smile, as if he had known her for a year.

"What a delightful party! What a charming house! What an interesting family! What a pretty girl your cousin is!"

These observations, in themselves of no great profundity, Mr. Townsend seemed to offer for what they were worth, and as a contribution to an acquaintance. He looked straight into Catherine's eyes. She answered nothing; she only listened, and looked at him; and he, as if he expected no particular reply, went on to say many other things in the same comfortable and natural manner. Catherine, though she felt tongue-tied, was conscious of no embarrassment; it seemed proper that he

should talk, and that she should simply look at him. What made it natural was that he was so handsome, or rather, as she phrased it to herself, so beautiful. The music had been silent for a while, but it suddenly began again; and then he asked her, with a deeper, intenser smile, if she would do him the honor of dancing with them. Even to this inquiry she gave no audible assent; she simply let him put his arm round her waist—as she did so it occurred to her more vividly than it had ever done before that this was a singular place for a gentleman's arm to be—and in a moment he was guiding her round the room in the harmonious rotation of the polka. When they paused, she felt that she was red; and then, for some moments, she stopped looking at him. She fanned herself, and looked at the flowers that were painted on her fan. He asked her if she would begin again, and she hesitated to answer, still looking at the flowers.

"Does it make you dizzy?" he asked, in a tone of great kindness.

Then Catherine looked up at him; he was certainly beautiful, and not at all red. "Yes," she said; she hardly knew why, for dancing had never made her dizzy.

"Ah, well, in that case," said Mr. Townsend, "we will sit still and talk. I will find a good place to sit."

He found a good place—a charming place; a little sofa that seemed meant only for two persons. The rooms by this time were very full; the dancers increased in number, and people stood close in front of them, turning their backs, so that Catherine and her companion seemed secluded and unobserved. "*We* will talk," the young man had said; but he still did all the talking. Catherine leaned back in her place, with her eyes fixed upon him, smiling and thinking him very clever. He had features like young men in pictures; Catherine had never seen such features—so delicate, so chiselled and finished—among the young New-Yorkers whom she passed in the streets and met at dancing parties. He was tall and slim, but he looked extremely strong. Catherine thought he looked like a statue. But a statue would not talk like that, and, above all, would not have eyes of so rare a color. He had never been at Mrs. Almond's before; he felt very much like a stranger; and it was very kind of Catherine to take pity on him. He was Arthur Townsend's cousin—not very near; several times removed—and Arthur had brought him to present him to the family. In fact, he was a great stranger in New York. It was his native place; but he had not been there for many years. He had been knocking about the world, and living in queer corners; he had only come back a month or two before. New York was very pleasant, only he felt lonely.

"You see, people forget you," he said, smiling at Catherine with his delightful gaze, while he leaned forward obliquely, turning toward her, with his elbows on his knees.

It seemed to Catherine that no one who had once seen him would ever forget him; but though she made this reflection, she kept it to herself, almost as you would keep something precious.

They sat there for some time. He was very amusing. He asked her about the people that were near them; he tried to guess who some of them were, and he made the most laughable mistakes. He criticised them very freely, in a positive, off-hand way. Catherine had never heard any one—especially any young man—talk just like that. It was the way a young man might talk in a novel; or, better still, in a play, on the stage, close before the foot-lights, looking at the audience, and with every one looking at him, so that you wondered at his presence of mind. And yet Mr. Townsend was not like an actor; he seemed so sincere, so natural. This was very interesting; but in the midst of it Marian Almond came pushing through the crowd, with a little ironical cry, when she found these young people still together, which made every one turn round, and cost Catherine a conscious blush. Marian broke up their talk, and told Mr. Townsend—whom she treated as if she were already married and he had become her cousin—to run away to her mother, who had been wishing for the last half-hour to introduce him to Mr. Almond.

"We shall meet again," he said to Catherine as he left her, and Catherine thought it a very original speech.

Her cousin took her by the arm, and made her walk about. "I needn't ask you what you think of Morris!" the young girl exclaimed.

"Is that his name?"

"I don't ask you what you think of his name, but what you think of himself," said Marian.

"Oh, nothing particular," Catherine

answered, dissembling for the first time in her life.

"I have half a mind to tell him that," cried Marian. "It will do him good. He's so terribly conceited."

"Conceited?" said Catherine, staring.

"So Arthur says, and Arthur knows about him."

"Oh, don't tell him," Catherine murmured, imploringly.

"Don't tell him he's conceited? I have told him so a dozen times."

At this profession of audacity, Catherine looked down at her little companion in amazement. She supposed it was because Marian was going to be married that she took so much on herself; but she wondered, too, whether, when she herself should become engaged, such exploits would be expected of her.

Half an hour later she saw her aunt Penniman sitting in the embrasure of a window, with her head a little on one side, and her gold eyeglass raised to her eyes, which were wandering about the room. In front of her was a gentleman, bending forward a little, with his back turned to Catherine. She knew his back immediately, though she had never seen it; for when he left her, at Marian's instigation, he had retreated in the best order, without turning round. Morris Townsend—the name had already become very familiar to her, as if some one had been repeating it in her ear for the last half-hour—Morris Townsend was giving his impressions of the company to her aunt, as he had done to herself; he was saying clever things, and Mrs. Penniman was smiling, as if she approved of them. As soon as Catherine had perceived this, she moved away; she would not have liked him to turn round and see her. But it gave her pleasure—the whole thing. That he should talk with Mrs. Penniman, with whom she lived, and whom she saw and talked with every day—that seemed to keep him near her, and to make him even easier to contemplate than if she herself had been the object of his civilities; and that Aunt Lavinia should like him, should not be shocked or startled by what he said, this also appeared to the girl a personal gain; for Aunt Lavinia's standard was extremely high, planted as it was over the grave of her late husband, in which, as she had convinced every one, the very genius of conversation was buried. One of the Almond boys, as Catherine called them, invited our heroine to dance a quadrille, and for a quarter of an hour her feet at least were occupied. This time she was not dizzy; her head was very clear. Just when the dance was over, she found herself in the crowd face to face with her father. Doctor Sloper had usually a little smile, never a very big one, and with this little smile playing in his clear eyes and on his neatly shaved lips, he looked at his daughter's crimson gown.

"Is it possible that this magnificent person is my child?" he said.

You would have surprised him if you had told him so, but it is a literal fact that he almost never addressed his daughter save in the ironical form. Whenever he addressed her he gave her pleasure; but she had to cut her pleasure out of the piece, as it were. There were portions left over, light remnants and snippets of irony, which she never knew what to do with, which seemed too delicate for her own use; and yet Catherine, lamenting the limitations of her understanding, felt that they were too valuable to waste, and had a belief that if they passed over her head, they yet contributed to the general sum of human wisdom.

"I am not magnificent," she said, mildly, wishing that she had put on another dress.

"You are sumptuous, opulent, expensive," her father rejoined. "You look as if you had eighty thousand a year."

"Well, so long as I haven't—" said Catherine, illogically. Her conception of her prospective wealth was as yet very indefinite.

"So long as you haven't, you shouldn't look as if you had. Have you enjoyed your party?"

Catherine hesitated a moment, and then, looking away, "I am rather tired," she murmured. I have said that this entertainment was the beginning of something important for Catherine. For the second time in her life she made an indirect answer, and the beginning of a period of dissimulation is certainly a significant date. Catherine was not so easily tired as that.

Nevertheless, in the carriage, as they drove home, she was as quiet as if fatigue had been her portion. Doctor Sloper's manner of addressing his sister Lavinia had a good deal of resemblance to the tone he had adopted toward Catherine.

"Who was the young man that was making love to you?" he presently asked.

"Oh, my good brother!" murmured Mrs. Penniman, in deprecation.

"He seemed uncommonly tender. Whenever I looked at you, for half an hour, he had the most devoted air."

"The devotion was not to me," said Mrs. Penniman. "It was to Catherine; he talked to me of her."

Catherine had been listening with all her ears. "Oh, Aunt Penniman!" she exclaimed, faintly.

"He is very handsome; he is very clever; he expressed himself with a great deal—a great deal of felicity," her aunt went on.

"He is in love with this regal creature, then?" the Doctor inquired, humorously.

"Oh, father," cried the girl, still more faintly, devoutly thankful the carriage was dark.

"I don't know that; but he admired her dress."

Catherine did not say to herself in the dark, "My dress only?" Mrs. Penniman's announcement struck her by its richness, not by its meagreness.

"You see," said her father, "he thinks you have eighty thousand a year."

"I don't believe he thinks of that," said Mrs. Penniman; "he is too refined."

"He must be tremendously refined not to think of that."

"Well, he is!" Catherine exclaimed, before she knew it.

"I thought you had gone to sleep," her father answered. "The hour has come!" he added to himself. "Lavinia is going to get up a romance for Catherine. It's a shame to play such tricks on the girl. What is the gentleman's name?" he went on, aloud.

"I didn't catch it, and I didn't like to ask him. He asked to be introduced to me," said Mrs. Penniman, with a certain grandeur; "but you know how indistinctly Jefferson speaks." Jefferson was Mr. Almond. "Catherine dear, what was the gentleman's name?"

For a minute, if it had not been for the rumbling of the carriage, you might have heard a pin drop.

"I don't know, Aunt Lavinia," said Catherine, very softly. And, with all his irony, her father believed her.

V.

He learned what he had asked some three or four days later, after Morris Townsend, with his cousin, had called in Washington Square. Mrs. Penniman did not tell her brother, on the drive home, that she had intimated to this agreeable young man, whose name she did not know, that, with her niece, she should be very glad to see him; but she was greatly pleased, and even a little flattered, when, late on a Sunday afternoon, the two gentlemen made their appearance. His coming with Arthur Townsend made it more natural and easy; the latter young man was on the point of becoming connected with the family, and Mrs. Penniman had remarked to Catherine that, as he was going to marry Marian, it would be polite in him to call. These events came to pass late in the autumn, and Catherine and her aunt had been sitting together in the closing dusk, by the fire-light, in the high back parlor.

Arthur Townsend fell to Catherine's portion, while his companion placed himself on the sofa beside Mrs. Penniman. Catherine had hitherto not been a harsh critic; she was easy to please—she liked to talk with young men. But Marian's betrothed, this evening, made her feel vaguely fastidious; he sat looking at the fire, and rubbing his knees with his hands. As for Catherine, she scarcely even pretended to keep up the conversation; her attention had fixed itself on the other side of the room; she was listening to what went on between the other Mr. Townsend and her aunt. Every now and then he looked over at Catherine herself and smiled, as if to show that what he said was for her benefit too. Catherine would have liked to change her place, to go and sit near them, where she might see and hear him better. But she was afraid of seeming bold—of looking eager; and, besides, it would not have been polite to Marian's little suitor. She wondered why the other gentleman had picked out her aunt—how he came to have so much to say to Mrs. Penniman, to whom, usually, young men were not especially devoted. She was not at all jealous of Aunt Lavinia, but she was a little envious, and above all she wondered; for Morris Townsend was an object on which she found that her imagination could exercise itself indefinitely. His cousin had been describing a house that he had taken in view of his union with Marian, and the domestic conveniences he meant to introduce into it; how Marian wanted a larger one, and Mrs.

Almond recommended a smaller one, and how he himself was convinced that he had got the neatest house in New York.

"It doesn't matter," he said; "it's only for three or four years. At the end of three or four years we'll move. That's the way to live in New York—to move every three or four years. Then you always get the last thing. It's because the city's growing so quick—you've got to keep up with it. It's going straight up town—that's where New York's going. If I wasn't afraid Marian would be lonely, I'd go up there—right up to the top—and wait for it. Only have to wait ten years—they'd all come up after you. But Marian says she wants some neighbors—she doesn't want to be a pioneer. She says that if she's got to be the first settler, she had better go out to Minnesota. I guess we'll move up little by little; when we get tired of one street, we'll go higher. So you see we'll always have a new house; it's a great advantage to have a new house; you get all the latest improvements. They invent everything all over again about every five years, and it's a great thing to keep up with the new things. I always try and keep up with the new things of every kind. Don't you think that's a good motto for a young couple—to keep 'going higher'? What's the name of that piece of poetry—what do they call it?—'Excelsior!'"

Catherine bestowed on her junior visitor only just enough attention to feel that this was not the way Mr. Morris Townsend had talked the other night, or that he was talking now to her fortunate aunt. But suddenly his aspiring kinsman became more interesting. He seemed to have become conscious that she was affected by his companion's presence, and he thought it proper to explain it.

"My cousin asked me to bring him, or I shouldn't have taken the liberty. He seemed to want very much to come; you know he's awfully sociable. I told him I wanted to ask you first, but he said Mrs. Penniman had invited him. He isn't particular what he says when he wants to come somewhere. But Mrs. Penniman seems to think it's all right."

"We are very glad to see him," said Catherine. And she wished to talk more about him, but she hardly knew what to say. "I never saw him before," she went on, presently.

Arthur Townsend stared.

"Why, he told me he talked with you for over half an hour the other night."

"I mean before the other night. That was the first time."

"Oh, he has been away from New York—he has been all round the world. He doesn't know many people here, but he's very sociable, and he wants to know every one."

"Every one?" said Catherine.

"Well, I mean all the good ones. All the pretty young ladies—like Mrs. Penniman." And Arthur Townsend gave a private laugh.

"My aunt likes him very much," said Catherine.

"Most people like him—he's so brilliant."

"He's more like a foreigner," Catherine suggested.

"Well, I never knew a foreigner," said young Townsend, in a tone which seemed to indicate that his ignorance had been optional.

"Neither have I," Catherine confessed, with more humility. "They say they are generally brilliant," she added, vaguely.

"Well, the people of this city are clever enough for me. I know some of them that think they are too clever for me; but they ain't."

"I suppose you can't be too clever," said Catherine, still with humility.

"I don't know. I know some people that call my cousin too clever."

Catherine listened to this statement with extreme interest, and a feeling that if Morris Townsend had a fault, it would naturally be that one. But she did not commit herself, and in a moment she asked, "Now that he has come back, will he stay here always?"

"Ah," said Arthur, "if he can get something to do."

"Something to do?"

"Some place or other; some business."

"Hasn't he got any?" said Catherine, who had never heard of a young man—of the upper class—in this situation.

"No; he's looking round. But he can't find anything."

"I am very sorry," Catherine permitted herself to observe.

"Oh, he doesn't mind," said young Townsend. "He takes it easy; he isn't in a hurry. He is very particular."

Catherine thought he naturally would be, and gave herself up for some moments

to the contemplation of this idea, in several of its bearings.

"Won't his father take him into his business—his office?" she at last inquired.

"He hasn't got any father—he has only got a sister. Your sister can't help you much."

It seemed to Catherine that if she were his sister, she would disprove this axiom. "Is she—is she pleasant?" she asked in a moment.

"I don't know—I believe she's very respectable," said young Townsend. And then he looked across to his cousin, and began to laugh. "I say, we are talking about you," he added.

Morris Townsend paused in his conversation with Mrs. Penniman, and stared, with a little smile. Then he got up, as if he were going.

"As far as you are concerned, I can't return the compliment," he said, to Catherine's companion. "But as regards Miss Sloper, it's another affair."

Catherine thought this little speech wonderfully well turned; but she was embarrassed by it, and she also got up. Morris Townsend stood looking at her and smiling; he put out his hand for farewell. He was going, without having said anything to her; but even on these terms she was glad to have seen him.

"I will tell her what you have said—when you go," said Mrs. Penniman, with a little significant laugh.

Catherine blushed, for she felt almost as if they were making sport of her. What in the world could this beautiful young man have said? He looked at her still, in spite of her blush, but very kindly and respectfully.

"I have had no talk with you," he said, "and that was what I came for. But it will be a good reason for coming another time; a little pretext—if I am obliged to give one. I am not afraid of what your aunt will say when I go."

With this the two young men took their departure; after which Catherine, with her blush still lingering, directed a serious and interrogative eye to Mrs. Penniman. She was incapable of elaborate artifice, and she resorted to no jocular device, to no affectation of the belief that she had been maligned, to learn what she desired.

"What did you say you would tell me?" she asked.

Mrs. Penniman came up to her, smiling and nodding a little, looked at her all over, and gave a twist to the knot of ribbon in her neck. "It's a great secret, my dear child, but he is coming a-courting!"

Catherine was seriously still. "Is that what he told you?"

"He didn't say so exactly. But he left me to guess it. I'm a good guesser."

"Do you mean a-courting me?"

"Not me, certainly, miss; though I must say he is a hundred times more polite to a person who has no longer extreme youth to recommend her than most of the young men. He is thinking of some one else." And Mrs. Penniman gave her niece a delicate little kiss. "You must be very gracious to him."

Catherine stared—she was bewildered. "I don't understand you," she said; "he doesn't know me."

"Oh yes, he does; more than you think. I have told him all about you."

"Oh, Aunt Penniman!" murmured Catherine, as if this had been a breach of trust. "He is a perfect stranger—we don't know him." There was infinite modesty in the poor girl's "we."

Aunt Penniman, however, took no account of it; she spoke even with a touch of acrimony. "My dear Catherine, you know very well that you admire him!"

"Oh, Aunt Penniman!" Catherine could only murmur again. It might very well be that she admired him, though this did not seem to her a thing to talk about. But that this brilliant stranger—this sudden apparition, who had barely heard the sound of her voice—took that sort of interest in her that was expressed by the romantic phrase of which Mrs. Penniman had just made use: this could only be a figment of the restless brain of Aunt Lavinia, whom every one knew to be a woman of powerful imagination.

VI.

Mrs. Penniman even took for granted at times that other people had as much imagination as herself; so that when, half an hour later, her brother came in, she addressed him quite on this principle.

"He has just been here, Austin; it's such a pity you missed him."

"Whom in the world have I missed?" asked the Doctor.

"Mr. Morris Townsend; he has made us such a delightful visit."

"And who in the world is Mr. Morris Townsend?"

"Aunt Penniman means the gentleman—the gentleman whose name I couldn't remember," said Catherine.

"The gentleman at Elizabeth's party who was so struck with Catherine," Mrs. Penniman added.

"Oh, his name is Morris Townsend, is it? And did he come here to propose to you?"

"Oh, father," murmured the girl for all answer, turning away to the window, where the dusk had deepened to darkness.

"I hope he won't do that without your permission," said Mrs. Penniman, very graciously.

"After all, my dear, he seems to have yours," her brother answered.

Lavinia simpered, as if this might not be quite enough, and Catherine, with her forehead touching the window-panes, listened to this exchange of epigrams as reservedly as if they had not each been a pin-prick in her own destiny.

"The next time he comes," the Doctor added, "you had better call me. He might like to see me."

Morris Townsend came again, some five days afterward; but Doctor Sloper was not called, as he was absent from home at the time. Catherine was with her aunt when the young man's name was brought in, and Mrs. Penniman, effacing herself and protesting, made a great point of her niece's going into the drawing-room alone.

"This time it's for you—for you only," she said. "Before, when he talked to me, it was only preliminary—it was to gain my confidence. Literally, my dear, I should not have the *courage* to show myself to-day."

And this was perfectly true. Mrs. Penniman was not a brave woman, and Morris Townsend had struck her as a young man of great force of character, and of remarkable powers of satire; a keen, resolute, brilliant nature, with which one must exercise a great deal of tact. She said to herself that he was "imperious," and she liked the word and the idea. She was not the least jealous of her niece, and she had been perfectly happy with Mr. Penniman, but in the bottom of her heart she permitted herself the observation, "That's the sort of husband I should have had!" He was certainly much more imperious—she ended by calling it imperial—than Mr. Penniman.

So Catherine saw Mr. Townsend alone, and her aunt did not come in even at the end of the visit. The visit was a long one; he sat there—in the front parlor, in the biggest arm-chair—for more than an hour. He seemed more at home this time—more familiar; lounging a little in the chair, slapping a cushion that was near him with his stick, and looking round the room a good deal, and at the objects it contained, as well as at Catherine; whom, however, he also contemplated freely. There was a smile of respectful devotion in his handsome eyes which seemed to Catherine almost solemnly beautiful; it made her think of a young knight in a poem. His talk, however, was not particularly knightly; it was light and easy and friendly; it took a practical turn, and he asked a number of questions about herself—what were her tastes—if she liked this and that—what were her habits. He said to her, with his charming smile, "Tell me about yourself; give me a little sketch." Catherine had very little to tell, and she had no talent for sketching; but before he went she had confided to him that she had a secret passion for the theatre, which had been but scantily gratified, and a taste for operatic music—that of Bellini and Donizetti in especial (it must be remembered in extenuation of this primitive young woman that she held these opinions in an age of general darkness)—which she rarely had an occasion to hear, except on the hand-organ. She confessed that she was not particularly fond of literature. Morris Townsend agreed with her that books were tiresome things; only, as he said, you had to read a good many before you found it out. He had been to places that people had written books about, and they were not a bit like the descriptions. To see for yourself—that was the great thing; he always tried to see for himself. He had seen all the principal actors—he had been to all the best theatres in London and Paris. But the actors were like the authors—they always exaggerated. He liked everything to be natural. Suddenly he stopped, looking at Catherine, with his smile.

"That's what I like you for; you are so natural! Excuse me," he added; "you see I am natural myself."

And before she had time to think whether she excused him or not—which afterward, at leisure, she became conscious that she did—he began to talk about music, and to say that it was his greatest plea-

sure in life. He had heard all the great singers in Paris and London—Pasta and Rubini and Lablache—and when you had done that, you could say that you knew what singing was.

"I sing a little myself," he said; "some day I will show you. Not to-day, but some other time."

And then he got up to go; he had omitted, by accident, to say that he would sing to her if she would play to him. He thought of this after he got into the street; but he might have spared his compunction, for Catherine had not noticed the lapse. She was thinking only that "some other time" had a delightful sound; it seemed to spread itself over the future.

This was all the more reason, however, though she was ashamed and uncomfortable, why she should tell her father that Mr. Morris Townsend had called again. She announced the fact abruptly, almost violently, as soon as the Doctor came into the house; and having done so—it was her duty—she took measures to leave the room. But she could not leave it fast enough; her father stopped her just as she reached the door.

"Well, my dear, did he propose to you to-day?" the Doctor asked.

This was just what she had been afraid he would say; and yet she had no answer ready. Of course she would have liked to take it as a joke—as her father must have meant it; and yet she would have liked, also, in denying it, to be a little positive, a little sharp, so that he would perhaps not ask the question again. She didn't like it—it made her unhappy. But Catherine could never be sharp; and for a moment she only stood, with her hand on the door-knob, looking at her satiric parent, and giving a little laugh.

"Decidedly," said the Doctor to himself, "my daughter is not brilliant."

But he had no sooner made this reflection than Catherine found something; she had decided, on the whole, to take the thing as a joke.

"Perhaps he will do it the next time," she exclaimed, with a repetition of her laugh. And she quickly got out of the room.

The Doctor stood staring; he wondered whether his daughter were serious. Catherine went straight to her own room, and by the time she reached it she bethought herself that there was something else—something better—she might have said. She almost wished now that her father would ask his question again, so that she might reply, "Oh yes, Mr. Morris Townsend proposed to me, and I refused him."

The Doctor, however, began to put his questions elsewhere, it naturally having occurred to him that he ought to inform himself properly about this handsome young man who had formed the habit of running in and out of his house. He addressed himself to the elder of his sisters, Mrs. Almond: not going to her for the purpose—there was no such hurry as that—but having made a note of the matter for the first opportunity. The Doctor was never eager, never impatient nor nervous; but he made notes of everything, and he regularly consulted his notes. Among them the information he obtained from Mrs. Almond about Morris Townsend took its place.

"Lavinia has already been to ask me," she said. "Lavinia is most excited. I don't understand it. It's not, after all, Lavinia that the young man is supposed to have designs upon. She is very peculiar."

"Ah, my dear," the Doctor replied, "she has not lived with me these twelve years without my finding it out."

"She has got such an artificial mind," said Mrs. Almond, who always enjoyed an opportunity to discuss Lavinia's peculiarities with her brother. "She didn't want me to tell you that she had asked me about Mr. Townsend; but I told her I would. She always wants to conceal everything."

"And yet at moments no one blurts things out with such crudity. She is like a revolving light-house—pitch darkness alternating with a dazzling brilliancy. But what did you tell her?" the Doctor asked.

"What I tell you—that I know very little of him."

"Lavinia must have been disappointed at that," said the Doctor; "she would prefer him to have been guilty of some romantic crime. However, we must make the best of people. They tell me our gentleman is the cousin of the little boy to whom you are about to intrust the future of your little girl."

"Arthur is not a little boy; he is a very old man; you and I will never be so old. He is a distant relation of Lavinia's *protégé*. The name is the same, but I am given to understand that there are Townsends and Townsends. So Arthur's mother tells me; she talked about 'branches'

—younger branches, elder branches, inferior branches—as if it were a royal house. Arthur, it appears, is of the reigning line, but poor Lavinia's young man is not. Beyond this, Arthur's mother knows very little about him; she has only a vague story that he has been 'wild.' But I know his sister a little, and she is a very nice woman. Her name is Mrs. Montgomery; she is a widow, with a little property, and five children. She lives in the Second Avenue."

"What does Mrs. Montgomery say about him?"

"That he has talents by which he might distinguish himself."

"Only he is lazy, eh?"

"She doesn't say so."

"That's family pride," said the Doctor. "What is his profession?"

"He hasn't got any; he is looking for something. I believe he was once in the navy."

"Once? What is his age?"

"I suppose he is upward of thirty. He must have gone into the navy very young. I think Arthur told me that he inherited a small property—which was perhaps the cause of his leaving the navy—and that he spent it all in a few years. He travelled all over the world, lived abroad, amused himself. I believe it was a kind of system, a theory he had. He has lately come back to America, with the intention, as he tells Arthur, of beginning life in earnest."

"Is he in earnest about Catherine, then?"

"I don't see why you should be incredulous," said Mrs. Almond. "It seems to me that you have never done Catherine justice. You must remember that she has the prospect of thirty thousand a year."

The Doctor looked at his sister a moment, and then, with the lightest touch of bitterness: "You at least appreciate her," he said.

Mrs. Almond blushed.

"I don't mean that is her only merit; I simply mean that it is a great one. A great many young men think so; and you appear to me never to have been properly aware of that. You have always had a little way of alluding to her as an unmarriageable girl."

"My allusions are as kind as yours, Elizabeth," said the Doctor, frankly. "How many suitors has Catherine had, with all her expectations? how much attention has she ever received? Catherine is not unmarriageable, but she is absolutely unattractive. What other reason is there for Lavinia being so charmed with the idea that there is a lover in the house? There has never been one before, and Lavinia, with her sensitive, sympathetic nature, is not used to the idea. It affects her imagination. I must do the young men of New York the justice to say that they strike me as very disinterested. They prefer pretty girls—lively girls—girls like your own. Catherine is neither pretty nor lively."

"Catherine does very well; she has a style of her own, which is more than my poor Marian has, who has no style at all," said Mrs. Almond. "The reason Catherine has received so little attention is that she seems to all the young men to be older than themselves. She is so large, and she dresses—so richly. They are rather afraid of her, I think; she looks as if she had been married already, and you know they don't like married women. And if our young men appear disinterested," the Doctor's wiser sister went on, "it is because they marry, as a general thing, so young, before twenty-five, at the age of innocence and sincerity, before the age of calculation. If they only waited a little, Catherine would fare better."

"As a calculation? Thank you very much," said the Doctor.

"Wait till some intelligent man of forty comes along, and he will be delighted with Catherine," Mrs. Almond continued.

"Mr. Townsend is not old enough, then; his motives may be pure."

"It is very possible that his motives are pure; I should be very sorry to take the contrary for granted. Lavinia is sure of it; and as he is a very prepossessing youth, you might give him the benefit of the doubt."

Doctor Sloper reflected a moment.

"What are his present means of subsistence?"

"I have no idea. He lives, as I say, with his sister."

"A widow, with five children? Do you mean he lives *upon* her?"

Mrs. Almond got up, and with a certain impatience. "Had you not better ask Mrs. Montgomery herself?" she inquired.

"Perhaps I may come to that," said the Doctor. "Did you say the Second Avenue?" He made a note of the Second Avenue.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AS the departure of the summer travellers for Europe begins, the hearts and memories of the older travellers go out toward the enchanted land, and the eyes that looked upon Rome and Switzerland long ago, as they scan the bustling throngs upon the quay, see in the bright air of hope and expectation of the travellers something of the romantic eagerness of pilgrims setting forth for the celestial city. Those older voyagers, however—travellers *emeriti*, men of day before yesterday, old Grimeses who antedate steam, some of them, who took passage on forgotten ships—enjoy a kind of triumph, which, if the fresher travellers knew, they would regard as chuckling senility. But one of the newer travellers lately paid tribute to the triumphant feeling of the older by asking the Easy Chair, "Did you really know Italy before railroads?" The question was like Browning's line,

"And did you once see Shelley plain?"

The questioner confessed that he had often wondered if Italy were not a pleasanter travelling ground in the days of vettura and diligence than in the age of steam, when you may perhaps snatch a glimpse of Perugia, or Thrasymene, or the very gentle Clitumnus, as you whirl and rattle by in the train.

The question touched the secret of the feeling with which that older traveller looks upon the pilgrim of to-day. "Yes, my young friend," he seems to say, "you will find a wonderful fascination in that romantic other world, but you will not see the Europe that I saw." Poor old fellow! He would probably say to the enthusiastic young person of either sex, who agrees with a late newspaper scribe that to hear Campanini sing a certain song is a liberal education, "Yes, but you should have heard Mario, and Rubini, and Duprez." Let him interpret the shrugs with which his words are heard. Dotard! does he hope to make yesterday as good as to-day, or the rose of York or Lancaster as perfect as this dewy rose of June?

Still, the old fellow has his satisfaction. He holds with Webster that the past at least is secure, and the Easy Chair can wish no fairer fortune to the young pilgrims than that they may find the Europe that they see what it found the Europe of other years. Certainly Pureheart, who sailed the other day, will find it if it is to be found. Whoever may be his travelling companion will be fortunate, for Pureheart is an artist, and it is the artists who teach those of us who are not artists what to see, and how to see it. It was a joyous company that said farewell to him on a bland May evening, and, except for the exquisiteness of the feast, it might have been one of the Roman evenings before railroads. There were wit and fun and fancy and bright repartee, and there was that nameless charm of Bohemia, not the wild, reckless region which lies "beyond the domain of conscience," but the merry land of good sense and generous purpose, which is, perhaps, better called Arcadia.

Whoever travels with the artist sees a new heaven and a new earth. The Easy Chair feels that it saw very Italy because it lived with artists. Those nights in the—not exactly the Café Greco, which was for the earlier evening, but in some upper chamber, where, as the jubilant nephew apprised his uncle, who called for him at two in the morning, "Dear uncle, in Rome all baggage is at the risk of the owner"—those nights were not drunken orgies; they were, with their mulled red wine of the country, and copious tobacco, feasts of high spirits, and of that freedom from excessive convention which is characteristic of artists. The same freedom is shown in their slouched hats and long hair, and the disposition to make life something of a picnic. It brings them under the doubtful eye of staid parents and respectable citizens. It exposes them to the charge of a gypsy turn—a kind of shiftlessness and vagabondage; and the judicious father doubtless often looks upon his son's tendency to the artist's life as a kind of wild oats that must be sown before he settles down into a steady calling.

But how many of those fathers work more faithfully and steadily in the office than the artist son in the studio? The boy takes the risk of success, but that risk he takes in every profession. The prizes are few, but where are they many? In art, as in law, they are taken by talent and labor. In those far Italian times the Easy Chair has spent many a day with Kensett in an old villa garden full of darting lizards on crumbling sunny walls, of broken statues and plashing fountains, and ilexes and cypresses and blue violets in the spring; and there, hour after hour, Kensett studied and tried the form and color of a tree, or a pretty vista, or a marble nymph, or a balcony on which Tasso's Leonora might have stood, until it seemed that the very soul of tree or mouldering shrine must have passed into his own soul, and his devotion was as absorbed, his labor as constant, as that of any man at any task. It is not the task merely, or the wish, or the knack, it is patient study and steady toil which win the laurel. It was not only the delicate genius, it was the intelligent diligence of the modest and manly and conscientious Kensett which gave him his crown. It is by the wooing of loving study that the heart of Nature is won, and she seems to be willing to unveil her perfect beauty to those only who prove by faithful service that they are worthy to behold it.

Those departing pilgrims are fortunate who sail with the artists, and live and travel with them beyond the sea. Walking and driving

on the Campagna, or floating on the canals and lagoons of Venice, or strolling about Fiesole or Padua, or climbing on donkeys among the orange groves of Sorrento, with the bay and Vesuvius and voluptuous Naples beyond, it was Kensett who pointed out what otherwise would have escaped the eye, and thus the beloved painter was the interpreter in the House Beautiful. Charles Lamb said that half of the gayety of the world departed when Jem White died. Certainly half the Italy that the Easy Chair remembers, Kensett showed him. Pray, therefore, departing pilgrim over the summer sea, that some Kensett or Pureheart may go with you along, and anoint your eyes with the gift of seeing.

In a striking little speech which the Easy Chair lately heard, the writers and the artists who make a magazine were compared to a round table of goodly knights, who, if a square table of knights were proposed, would instantly scour up cuirass and greave, and show that they were goodlier than ever. For the knights who have long sat at this present Round Table it is always pleasant to hear the murmurs of sympathy and voices of approval, as the old player catches with delight the hearty bravo of an enthusiast in the pit. Last month we had occasion to reason with a good friend who had been very much troubled by our argument in favor of not publishing in the contents the names of writers in the *Magazine*, and then immediately giving them. Our friend seemed to feel that he had been trifled with, and he was rather indignant than placated upon discovering, after he had guessed the names of half of the authors, and written them down, that they were already printed in the contents. He laid himself open to the dreadful suspicion that he had guessed wrong. But now that what he wished has been done, the *Magazine* may fairly count upon his approval.

It did not need, however, to placate another friend, who writes from another quarter to express his constant pleasure in the *Magazine* as a monthly family visitor, and who is courteous enough to say that it grows better and better. He adds that there seems to be hardly any room for improvement, "but we know there will be, for the world moves, and so will the *Magazine*." This is the more grateful because the writer has been a reader from the first number, and because the *Magazine* has now become a part, and a constantly growing part, of his library. The *Magazine* pleases him, as his hearty expression of satisfaction pleases us.

"Comparing the last number with the first, there is only the cover to recognize it by." That is practically true. The abundance of exquisite illustration which is now lavished upon it, the clear type, the superior printing, are all points "well taken" by our correspondent. Indeed, it is only by some such comparison of the earliest with the latest numbers that the growth and marvellous development of the art of wood-engraving can be seen, and it is that which has so greatly increased the resources for making the beautiful monthly book which the *Magazine* has become. Illustrative art now affords opportunity to a great multitude of artists, and there is no reason why America should not lead the world in that branch. There are no illustrated European magazines comparable to the American, and wood-engraving has advanced within a few years with prodigious rapidity. It is, indeed, fast becoming an American art, and a great deal of the genius and activity of the younger men is attracted to it.

The vitality of the new "movement," not only in illustrative designs for wood-cutting, but in the general study of art, is shown also by the school in painting under the charge of Mr. Chase, which has been established prosperously for four or five years, and which has held several successful public exhibitions. This is a somewhat belligerent enterprise in form, or it is forced into that position as a kind of opposing school to the National Academy of Design. Undoubtedly that venerable institution displays some of the conservatism of age, and has less of the modern and progressive spirit than younger artists desire. The reluctance to admit new members, and the consequent long exclusion from the degree of N.A. of many artists who have long proved their right to it, so far as the right depends upon recognized talent and distinction, have alienated sympathy from the Academy, and fostered the suspicion that it is becoming too much of a close corporation, more careful of the dignity of its own members than of the interests and development of art.

The brotherhood of illustrative artists, which give so much of the charm to the *Magazine*, are little represented in the National Academy. Yet its distinctive title as an Academy of Design should seem especially to contemplate and include them. Many of them have formed a club of their own, which is called the Tile Club, because of the tile upon which the members draw at their meetings. An excellent result of the extension of the illustrative school is the closer association of the artist and the author. As the arts themselves—architecture, painting, sculpture, music—mutually co-operate to the finest and greatest effects, so may they combine with literature. Indeed, the art instinct is identical.

"Raphael made a century of sonnets."

"Dante once prepared to paint a picture."

The pen and the pencil are often interchangeable, and Michael Angelo designing a cathedral, carving the statues to adorn it, and painting its walls, is but the figure of a rounded and complete artist.

To the *Magazine* itself—for every Maga has a certain personality—it is gratifying to know that there is constantly more reason for the kind of personal regard, almost affection, which is expressed in the letter of J. N. F. *Harper's*

Monthly—although we say it—was the first really good popular magazine in the country. It was not popular in the sense of flash papers and dime novels, but in that of acceptability to the intelligent domestic sentiment. From the first it has been a family visitor. To many families, scattered far and wide, it often supplies the only literature, except the newspaper, which they receive. To this welcome by young and old, "without distinction of sex," the illustrations largely contribute, and no one can honestly say that they ought not largely to contribute. There is one test by which the *Magazine* knows infallibly whether it is still as welcome as it has always been, and the correspondent who writes in so friendly a strain will be glad to know that the infallible test proves incontrovertibly that he speaks for a larger circle than ever.

THERE are two very familiar sayings the source of which is generally unknown. One is, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," and the other is, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" They are from two plays of Thomas Morton's, the first from *A Cure for the Heart-Ache*, and the other from *Speed the Plough*. The Mrs. Grundy saying is one that tersely expresses the motive by which action is greatly controlled. There is a social Mrs. Grundy, and a religious and a political Mrs. Grundy, and it is always the fear of what that terrible lady may say which makes cowards of very estimable men.

In the beautiful and stately essay of Elia, "Blakesmoor in H——shire," Elia speaks of "that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the daytime, with a passion of fear." But it is old Mrs. Grundy living of whom we are all in such mortal terror, and it is from the dire thought of hearing her voice that we creep about with a passion of fear. Men do the most unworthy and unexpected acts, and their only excuse and explanation is that they could not help themselves. But if you press them home upon so obscure an assertion to learn why they were unable, they own with a certain shame that it was fear of this awful being. "Who is the woman?" said the Turkish cadi when a complaint was laid before him, assuming that at the bottom of all trouble there was a woman. His assumption was justified by the oldest tradition in literature, the siege of Troy, at the bottom of which lay the beautiful Helen, and by the last incomprehensible political, or social, or sectarian cowardice, at the bottom of which lies Mrs. Grundy.

The scholar in his study simply and naturally reaches conclusions that are not generally accepted. That is to say, the mass of those who have no time to think or study upon such subjects receive the common tradition about them, which is different from the conclusions of those who do think and study. The scholar's opinion is sincere, and founded upon apparently incontrovertible reasons. Loyalty to truth demands the dispersion of illusions that exhale from ignorance, and he is morally bound to speak. But his mouth is sealed. In vain he is chided by his own conscience and by conscientious friends. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is his terrified answer. In "society" it is the same. This tyrannical woman is omnipotent. The brave and generous wife proposes to Edward, whose salary is small, to take cheap and pleasant rooms in a pleasant street. "Good heavens! what will Mrs. Grundy say if we live in Y Street?" Men go down to early graves or to the mad-house because of the struggle and despair to maintain a certain "style." To every remonstrance Edward has but one reply, "My dear, we live in Mrs. Grundy's world, and if we break her laws, what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

The attention of the Easy Chair has been attracted to this permanent and pervasive question by some recent events in the political world. Some conspicuous persons naturally decided to say what they thought, and to do what they felt that they ought to do, and when asked in blank dismay, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" they replied, pleasantly, that they did not care a—say, button—for what Mrs. Grundy might say. It was a position so unprecedented that to take it seemed to the church of Mrs. Grundy to be equivalent to attempting to subvert the moral laws of the universe. This is not surprising when it is considered that the political Mrs. Grundy is a very important personage. The social Mrs. Grundy's sneer may ban Edward and his wife as "those queer people," which is a form of the sentence of exile to the social Siberia. The religious Mrs. Grundy may brand the honest scholar as an "unbeliever." He may stoutly deny Mrs. Grundy's supremacy; yet it suffices to hurt his influence and career. The political Mrs. Grundy is very powerful. The man who does not mind her will or word is "recreant," "dishonorable," "sore," "silly," "false." He merely follows his own conscience instead of her will; that is to say, he does merely what every honorable man ought to do, and the only comment is a scream of horror, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Many of those who join in the cry despise it, and very probably they despise themselves for swelling it. But it is the condition—or they think it to be the condition—of their personal and political advantage. Besides, Mrs. Grundy's "say" has a tremendous echo. It is constantly and infinitely repeated, and it is that reverberation which makes it terrible. A man might be very willing that one copy of one newspaper should call him a dirty dog, a thief, and a liar. But when he is called by these names in a hundred thousand copies of it every morning in the week, and hundreds of other newspapers repeat it, and millions of people who do not personally know him, and who are apt to believe what they constantly see, read

every day that he is a dirty dog and a liar, a man naturally begins to count the cost, and asks himself whether he had not better keep his opinions to himself if this is the penalty of expressing them.

But the moment he yields and falls dumb, he helps to make the tyrannical Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, in other words, is the creation of those who despise her. If those who really spurn the idol would but show their contempt for it, the stone would drop and be shivered in a moment. On the other hand, the enormous power of the political Mrs. Grundy is shown in the consternation with which contempt of her word is treated. There is nothing more ridiculous than the air with which those who themselves secretly hate her look upon those who quietly say so, as if they had causelessly committed hari-kari. Yet, we repeat, it is those who hate her who themselves make opposition to her will a kind of political suicide. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" But what matters what she says, if her word is impotent? And impotent it is if every man who scorns it laughs at it instead of fears it. It is not courage which is most unfortunate in this world, by any means. "For the first time in my life," said a distinguished public man recently, "I don't care what the political Mrs. Grundy says, and I never was so happy and light-hearted." Other distinguished public men—Webster, Clay, Calhoun—lacked the courage, asked with terror what Mrs. Grundy would say, and died broken-hearted.

Every man who defies this tyrannical old woman does a great public service. She is a kind of malign Diana, a triple Duessa of society, religion, and politics. Every man who helps to rivet her yoke is a public enemy. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Let her say what she will, so long as the honest man asks only what honor and manliness say, and having heard, goes quietly on to make their word his deed.

THE occasional strictures of the Easy Chair upon the want of proper provisions of safety in public buildings received sad emphasis in the fall of the wall of the Madison Square Garden, by which four persons were killed and many injured. There were two directions in which to look for the responsibility: one was the Building Department; the other was the Harlem Railroad Company, which owns the building, and made the change which apparently led to the disaster. After a thorough and careful inquiry, the jury returned a verdict of censure against both. The law is defective which does not provide that in case of loss of life by such a catastrophe—a loss legally proved—the owner or owners of the building shall pay in damages a large and definite sum. The value of human life can not be calculated in money, but it is very easy to calculate the probability of a company's taking a great risk from their own negligence. If railway directors were made to ride upon the cow-catcher, there would be few railway accidents. If railway corporations and all other associations knew that a serious calamity would swallow up their profits for a year or more, there would be very few serious calamities.

The inquiry into the Madison Square disaster disclosed the fact that the lives of citizens were exposed to the chance of the tumbling down of a flimsy building which was erected in disregard of law. The jury censured "the Harlem Railroad Company for employing a civil engineer to act as an architect who is not conversant with the construction of buildings," and "the Department of Buildings for negligence in their duty in allowing the aforesaid addition to be erected contrary to law, and in a faulty manner; and we recommend that the entire building be taken down, as we deem it dangerous and unfit for the purposes of public assemblages." This is a decided verdict, which ought to compel not only the demolition of the building, but smarting damages.

It will be interesting to watch events, and to see if any results follow this important judgment. When there is a fire in a theatre, and terrible exposure, if not actual loss, of life, there is a tremendous rumbling and uproar in the press for a few days. "Only that, and nothing more." It is doubtful if there be a theatre or a hall in the city from which there are reasonably proper means of escape in an emergency. The honest citizen thinks that he will take the risk, like the boy upon the thin ice. That is the present end of the matter. There will be no adequate laws to assure safe buildings, and no enforcement of such laws, until there is a public opinion which demands them. Even then, if the superintendent and executive agent of such laws is appointed because he can pack a caucus, buildings will continue to tumble down. The safe construction of buildings, like nursing and care in public hospitals, is not a political matter. But so long as these functions are made political matters, buildings like the Madison Square Garden will be unsafe, and the sick and suffering in public hospitals will be cared for by drunken nurses.

There is a terrible legend of Crim-Tartary, concerning a very massive and imposing edifice, which is also very ancient. It is so vast and impressive that travellers are profoundly affected, especially those who come from countries where a certain number of persons are annually destroyed by burning theatres and falling buildings. One such traveller was gazing with admiration upon the edifice, in company with his Majesty the King of the country, and he could not restrain himself from saying:

"O King, what is the secret of the wonderful strength of this building, that it has neither tumbled down nor been burned up?"

But his Majesty the King of the country was coy, and forbore to answer. Being pressed more closely, however, at length he answered,

"O stranger, its strength is a secret of the state."

The stranger was not dismayed, and after much entreaty, his pertinacity overcame the reluctance of the King, who finally said, with solemnity: "O stranger, when my ancestor began to build this temple, it was laid upon insecure foundations. Thereupon he sent for another builder, and said to him: 'The present corner-stone will be raised, and the present builder placed under it alive, and upon the stone laid upon the body, you will proceed to erect the wall. Should it be weak or insufficient, it will be taken down; the corner-stone again raised, you will be placed under it alive, the stone will be again laid, and the building proceed once more.' My ancestor said nothing further; and you now know, O stranger, the secret of these massive walls, and why this building does not tumble down."

The stranger, says the Crim-Tartar legend, went his way much meditating the marvellous government which was able to prevent flimsy building.

Newspaper manners and morals hardly fall into the category of minor manners and morals, which are supposed to be the especial care of the Easy Chair, but there are frequent texts upon which the preacher might dilate, and push a discourse upon the subject even to the fifteenthly. Indeed, in this hot time of an opening election campaign, the stress of the contest is so severe that the first condition of a good newspaper is sometimes frightfully maltreated. The first duty of a newspaper is to tell the news: to tell it fairly, honestly, and accurately, which are here only differing aspects of the same adverb. "Cooking the news" is the worst use to which cooking and news can be put. The old divine spoke truly, if with exceeding care, in saying, "It has been sometimes observed that men will lie." So it has been sometimes suspected that newspapers will cook the news.

A courteous interviewer called upon a gentleman to obtain his opinions, let us say, upon the smelt fishery. After the usual civilities upon such occasions, the interviewer remarked, with conscious pride: "The paper that I represent and you, sir, do not agree upon the great smelt question. But it is a newspaper. It prints the facts. It does not pervert them for its own purpose, and it finds its account in it. You may be sure that whatever you may say will be reproduced exactly as you say it. This is the news department. Meanwhile the editorial department will make such comments upon the news as it chooses." This was fair, and the interviewer kept his word. The opinions might be editorially ridiculed from the other smelt point of view, and they probably were so. But the reader of the paper could judge between the opinion and the comment.

Now an interview is no more news than much else that is printed in a paper, and it is no more pardonable to misrepresent other facts than to distort the opinions of the victim of an interview. Yet it has been possible at times to read in the newspapers of the same day accounts of the same proceedings of—of—let us say, as this is election time—of a political convention. The *Banner* informs us that the spirit was unmistakable, and the opinion most decided in favor of Jones. True, the convention voted, by nine hundred to four, for Smith, but there is no doubt that Jones is the name written on the popular heart. The *Standard*, on the other hand, proclaims that the popular heart is engraved all over with the inspiring name of Smith, and that it is impossible to find any trace of feeling for Jones, except, possibly, in the case of one delegate, who is probably an idiot or a lunatic. This is gravely served up as news, and the papers pay for it. They even hire men to write this, and pay them for it. How Ude and Carême would have disdained this kind of cookery! It is questionable whether hanging is not a better use to put a man to than cooking news. Sir Henry Wotton defined an ambassador as an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth. This kind of purveyor, however, does not lie for his country, but for a party or a person.

It is done with a purpose, the purpose of influencing other action. It is intended to swell the pæan for Jones or for Smith, and to procure results under false pretenses. Procuring goods under false pretenses is a crime, but everybody is supposed to read the newspapers at his own risk. Has the reader yet to learn that newspapers are very human? A paper, for instance, takes a position upon the Jones or Smith question. It decides, upon all the information it can obtain, and by its own deliberate judgment, that Jones is the coming man, or ("it has been observed that men will sometimes lie") it has illicit reasons for the success of Smith. Having thus taken its course, it cooks all the news upon the Smith and Jones controversy, in order that by encouraging the Jonesites or the Smithians, according to the color that it wears, it may promote the success of the side upon which its opinion has been staked. It is a ludicrous and desperate game, but it is certainly not the honest collection and diffusion of news. It is a losing game also, because, whatever the sympathies of the reader, he does not care to be foolishly deceived about the situation. If he is told day after day that Smith is immensely ahead and has a clear field, he is terribly shaken by the shock of learning at the final moment that he has been cheated from the beginning, and that poor Smith is dead upon the field of dishonor.

Everybody is willing to undertake everybody else's business, and an Easy Chair naturally supposes, therefore, that it could show the able editor a plan of securing and retaining a large audience. The plan would be that described by the urbane reporter as the plan

of his own paper. It is nothing else than truth-telling in the news column, and the peremptory punishment of all criminals who cook the news, and "write up" the situation, not as it is, but as the paper wishes it to be. This is more than an affair of the private wishes or preferences of the paper. To cook the news is a public wrong, and a violation of the moral contract which the newspaper makes with the public to supply the news, and to use every reasonable effort to obtain it, not to manufacture it, either in the office or by correspondence.

Charles Lamb, in a felicitous turn of words that makes everybody wish to do what he describes, speaks of taking "those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire." Who would not take one of those walks? What quaintness in the words Mackery End! What rural melody in the word Hertfordshire! Lamb says that he was once detected by a familiar damsel reclining upon the grass on Primrose Hill, reading *Pamela*, and he wishes that it had been any other book. But if any loiterer were detected sitting by a stream or under a tree in this delightful season, reading Lamb's very essay from which we quote, he could not wish the situation to be different.

As we write, it is the season for those pretty pastoral walks. There is one week in May—the dogwood week, when the dogwood is in blossom—which is the most beautiful in the year. All the trees and shrubs are then budding and bursting. The cherry-trees are beginning to lose their blossoms, and the apple-trees, at a little distance, are rounded mounds of bloom. The warm puffs of air—wafts, as the young poets call them—are aromatic with the richness of the orchards, and the gardens of the Hesperides were not more exquisite in color and fragrance. There among the dark pines is the pink cloud of the Judas-tree, and under the forest trees, before they have fairly started, the shad-blossom herald of the azalea, the swamp honeysuckle. The brilliant yellow Forsythia, which comes before the lilac dares, and almost takes the winds of March, leads in the flowery train in garden beds and along the edges of lawns.

But what suddenness, and what profusion! An early warm day reminds you that the time of the singing of birds has come, and that you must begin to peer after the vines and the young grapes, and you are amazed to find that you have been caught napping, and that while you were wondering how much longer fires would be necessary, the myriad firstlings of the year were already quickening, and that there were crocuses and violets and the trailing arbutus ready for the finder. From that moment a kind of Bay of Fundy floral tide swells and rises and pours all around the busy and delighted spectator. It is not a high tide of Lincolnshire only, but another deluge, of verdure and bloom, tender and beautiful, and hill and meadow and the far undulating country are all submerged in the ethereal splendor.

"Pretty pastoral walks"—in the country there are then no other. The season was in the heart of June when Lamb, in later years, returned to Mackery End, and he was so exclusively a citizen, a denizen of streets, that he apparently cared very little for the landscape, and probably knew little of trees and flowers. It was the romance of the old house, and a certain higher family association, which gave his imagination a vague contact with grandeur, causing "very Gentility" to pass into his consciousness, which made the charm of the place to him. It was yesterday, and not to-day. But the pretty pastoral walks about the Easy Chair in the month of May are rich with the glory of the present moment. Indeed, from day to day, in that teeming season, the eye must be on the alert to mark each step of the swift progress. One morning the ground is all violets, the next the lilacs are everywhere in full flower, and the simultaneous efflorescence of tree and shrub and creeping plant is bewildering.

From the hill your eye looks down the brilliant fresh green of the springing rye in the long upland field to the trees below, the orchard trees and the dogwood, with the bright young grass beneath, and, far beyond, the gradual slope of the plain, with houses and gardens and spires and groves to the water, and on the other side the same varied luxuriance receding to the misty hills. In the hazy afternoon the landscape itself becomes a mist, in which the water lines shine with intense brightness—gleams of silver in a solitary land. The bland air breathes softly as the loiterer gazes; it is perfumed beyond the air of Araby. That glittering sheet of silver is not the familiar strait; it is the poet's

"Broad water of the West";

it is the sluggish stream of the Arthurian legend along which slide the slow barges—the river of Paradise.

"Give me health and a day," says Emerson, in his earliest book, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faery; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams." Let the day be a day of spring, the midmost week of May in this latitude, and the pretty pastoral walk in the suburbs will not be about Mackery End, but about the garden of Eden.

Looking, the other day, at the photographs which hung at Bogardus's door, the Easy Chair saw a venerable head, of strong features and of rather foreign aspect, which, upon a closer inspection, turned out to be that of Ole Bull. A few evenings afterward he played at a concert, and there was great enthusiasm, the pa-

pers said, even if the performance was what it always was. What it always was! Does the critic remember Hans Christian Andersen's account of Ole Bull's first playing in Italy, in Rome? He had come down from Norway with his violin, and the violin was pretty much all that was left to him. He had reached the last crust, but he had youth and his violin. A great concert was announced in Rome, at which De Beriot was to play, and princesses and grand dames of every degree were to attend, and at the last moment De Beriot was ill, or was in a "huff," and said that he was ill; in any case, he would not play, and there was universal consternation until some one thought of the Norwegian youth with his violin. So a messenger was sent in hot haste, who found the hero of hope and the last crust, and summoned him to come at once to the concert and play. The Norwegian was very shabbily dressed, but he took his violin, as the son of the miller took his legacy, and set forth to try his fortune.

The theatre was brilliant with the distinction and the fashion of Rome, and presently the Norwegian came forward in his shabby clothes holding his violin—this is Hans Andersen's story—wondering what he should play. He resolved to improvise the fantasia that was floating through his mind, snatches and reminiscences of melodies of his native land, and, as the rider who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix patted the neck of his good horse Roland to magnetize him with sympathy, the youth bent his ear to his violin, and touched the strings gently with his fingers. Then he drew the bow, and the mingled music of hope and memory, of aspiration and resolve, vibrated and rang through the great building. A roar of applause followed, and the artist was compelled to come forward again. He asked for themes upon which to improvise, and three were given him from which to select. They were melodies from three operas, and instead of selecting, he took them all, and combined them in an extraordinary and captivating improvisation, which ended in a universal acclamation, the forerunner of his fame. He was attended to his room with torches and music, and from that moment Ole Bull has been one of the noted virtuosos of his time.

It was nearly forty years ago that he first came to this country, and appeared at the old Park Theatre. The house was very full; and when his tall, manly figure emerged from the wings, and advanced to the foot-lights, the coat buttoned across his breast, and his smooth, handsome face above the broad shoulders—a young Apollo in evening dress—there was a freshness and simplicity of impression, and a personal fascination, wholly unknown to the full-bearded and mustached and finical artists whom we were accustomed to see. There was a cool repose of ample strength in his Northern aspect, and the entire audience was ready to admire and enjoy before a sound was heard. As he stood erect while the orchestra played the introduction, he bent his ear to his violin with an air of communion with a conscious spirit, and at the proper moment he dashed off into some *polacca guerriera*, to which he gave prodigious effect, and at once captured the audience and secured his American success.

Vieuxtemps was here at the same time, an exquisite master of the violin; but he was wholly eclipsed by this "phenomenon" from Norway. There was immense enthusiasm about Bull, and the papers gushed with sentimental rhapsodies; but the musicians smiled, and shrugged their shoulders, and were denounced by the true believers as narrow-minded infidels, green with jealousy. It would be interesting to recur to the remarks then made upon Ole Bull's playing, and the young persons of to-day, who are persuaded that there never was and never can be so perfect a musical hero as Campanini, who is fitted to kindle overpowering enthusiasm in the breast of the most obdurate parent, would be amazed could they turn back for a generation, and behold that obdurate parent shouting and violent with admiration of Ole Bull. *Fortes vixere ante Campanini.*

It is possible to see something of the youthful fire and energy of the Norwegian Apollo of those old days in the photographic head that the Easy Chair saw at Bogardus's door. But what was it that the Chair saw in the next morning's paper about the same old tricks and h—mb—gs and blunders? Is the world awry? Does that green jealousy survive? Because Campanini is the hero of the hour, shall there have been no Ole Bull? Let those laugh that win. In a later paper it is recorded that Ole Bull has bought some ponies for a great sum of money; and the Easy Chair, gratefully recalling the delight of other years, rejoices to think that the hope and violin of the brave Norwegian youth in Rome have changed the crust into comfort.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. SYMONDS'S *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*[1] form a repast that will be relished by all persons of cultivated or scholarly taste, and especially by those who are interested in Italian literature and art, or who have enjoyed and are familiar with Italian life and scenery. Mr. Symonds's descriptions—which, we should say, are not exclusively descriptive, but are enriched by fine classical and

[1] *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe.* By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo, pp. 393 and 388. New York: Harper and Brothers.

mediæval allusions, both poetical and legendary, and sparkle with brilliant though spontaneous criticism—embrace picturesque views of Mentone, Ajaccio, Florence, Perugia, Orvieto, Amalfi, Pæstum, Capri, Rome, Syracuse, Palermo, Rimini, Ravenna, Canossa, Parma, Fornova, the old towns of Provence, etc., and the country around each; and are so many shifting scenes, glowing with warmth and color, in which the past and present, the distant and near, are linked together, their artistic and architectural beauties described, and their men and women made to pass before us in agreeable procession. His rural descriptions are genuine idyls, and his account of Florence and the Medici is a brilliant outline sketch of the most brilliant period in Florentine history. As with Florence, so with the other cities to which Mr. Symonds takes us, along with fine pictures of them as they exist to-day he revives glowing historical memories and life-like biographical portraits, and interposes subtle art sketches and criticisms. Thus his accounts of Palermo, of Syracuse, of Rimini, of Canossa, and of Parma are successively enriched with a vivid comparative description of the architecture and interiors of the Sicilian churches (the work of Saracen builders, assisted by Byzantine, Italian, and Norman craftsmen), and the architecture and interiors of Gothic churches and cathedrals, with historical portraits of the great dukes of the house of Hauteville, of the heroic and all-accomplished Alberti, of the warlike Countess Matilda and the iron-hearted Hildebrand, and with a sympathetic estimate of the characteristics of the genius of Correggio. The scholar will find that his special tastes have not been overlooked. At the close of the second volume are two elaborate essays of great interest to the student of English meters, the first being a history of English blank verse, comprising an examination of the earliest examples of it, from Surrey and Marlowe down to Milton, and the other a critical study of Milton's blank verse, in which its structure is analyzed, and some of the mistakes that have been made about it are corrected. Among his lighter sketches Mr. Symonds has introduced several severer but not difficult studies; for instance, on Antinous and the "mild mystery" that environs him, on Lucretius, as representing the Roman character in its most perfect literary incarnation, on the debt of English to Italian literature, on the popular Italian poetry of the Renaissance, and on the popular songs of Tuscany. The lover of poetry will find a rich treat in the numerous examples of Italian poetry, in various forms, which Mr. Symonds has collected, and rendered into our vernacular with flowing ease and grace.

One can not read without a sense of invigoration the lives of those who have devoted themselves steadily, with a fixed and resolute purpose, and with a total abnegation of self, to the welfare of their fellow-men. There may have been no waving of banners or blare of trumpets around these unobtrusive heroes, but neither were their footsteps marked by broken hearts and desolated homes. The tears which they caused to flow were tears of gratitude—tears which, like the early and the latter rains, brought a harvest of blessings in their train. Of this bracing and wholesome kind are the biographies of Elihu Burritt and Mary Carpenter—two philanthropists, moving, indeed, on widely differing planes, whose lives are worthy of study as examples of the effect of steadfast effort, directed by noble disinterestedness to worthy ends, to command success in spite of incommensurate means, and in the face of the most disheartening apathy. Mr. Northend's *Life of Burritt*[2] has little attractiveness from the merely literary point of view. Its account of him for the first thirty years of his life—the period that is usually most fully freighted with attractive instruction for youth—occupies less than half a score of pages, and is exceedingly meagre. What there is of it, however, is of substantial value. The biographical portion of the volume is principally devoted to the large philanthropic schemes to which he devoted the energies of his life. Among these were his plans for ocean or international penny postage, for universal brotherhood, and for the suppression of war through the medium of arbitration and international treaties. Although, as we have intimated, the volume lacks the fullness of personal incident that is the essential excellence of all biography, it can not be read without profit being derived from the fine example it records of difficulty overcome and good accomplished. More than half of the volume is made up of readable and characteristic selections from Burritt's correspondence, journal, and published writings. Of a very different quality as a literary performance is the *Life of Mary Carpenter*.[3] Gracefully and elegantly written, and copiously illustrated by selections from her own large and felicitous correspondence, it is the rounded record of the life of a worthy representative of the philanthropic women of England, following her closely in her career from the cradle to the grave—in the domestic circle that she refined and elevated; in all her social and public efforts for the moral and physical, the religious and intellectual, improvement of the lower classes; in her enterprises for the establishment of ragged, reformatory, and industrial schools; in her noble crusade, extending from England to America, for the amelioration of prison, work-house, and factory abuses; and in her self-sacrificing missions to India for the evangelization and education of the women of that distant land. The work forms a most reassuring chapter in the history of woman's

[2] *Elihu Burritt.* A Memorial Volume. Containing a Sketch of his Life and Labors. With Selections from his Writings, etc. Edited by Charles Northend. 12mo, pp. 477. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[3] *The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter.* By J. Estlin Carpenter. 12mo, pp. 490. London: Macmillan and Co.

work for the distressed, the ignorant, the needy, and the vile, and will be read with perpetual encouragement by the Christian philanthropist. Even those who have no special philanthropic leanings will be charmed by the intellectual grace, the prevailing sweetness, and the symmetrical beauty of the life of this true gentlewoman.

THE application of the literary-critical method to the life of Lord Beaconsfield,[4] or the study of the career of the statesman in the light of his works as a novelist, is no new idea. Consciously or unconsciously, intelligent Englishmen and Americans have habitually turned to the pages of Disraeli for the interpretation of the motives or the policy of Beaconsfield, and have fancied that they found a more or less substantial agreement between the two sides of the Sphinx-like character they pondered. It has been reserved, however, to Mr. Georg Brandes, a German scholar, to reduce this idea to concrete form in his study of Lord Beaconsfield, and he has done so with an attention to details that gives an air of striking verisimilitude to his performance. Ingenious, however, as are his comparisons and parallels, the query often suggests itself while reading them whether they are indeed real or only ingenious, and what Lord Beaconsfield himself would say about them; for, after all, he only can decide the extent and the reality of the insight into his political acts that may be derived from his literary vaticinations. Although the study of the statesman in the mirror of the novelist is the leading and most attractive problem of Mr. Brandes's book, it is not exclusively confined to this, but also embraces a series of acute criticisms and analyses of Lord Beaconsfield's purely literary productions, and a thoughtful outline and estimate of his public career. The volume is as suggestive as it is entertaining.

THE occurrence in April last of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Channing has prompted the preparation of two brief memorial volumes, which are valuable as contributions, in a popular and convenient form, to a more intimate knowledge of the man, and to closer views of his mental, moral, social, and religious characteristics, than have been generally accessible hitherto. The very extent and elaborateness of the able biography, in three large volumes, by his nephew, William H. Channing, conspired to make it "caviare to the general"; and its copious extended extracts from Channing's letters and sermons interrupted the attention of the reader, and, unless he were a practiced thinker, disabled him from securing a connected view of the growth and transition stages of his mind and opinions. Mr. Brooks's *Centennial Memory*[5] is a succinct outline of the life of Channing, the chief facts of which are gleaned from the more extended biography to which we have referred, supplemented by some interesting reminiscences drawn from original sources not hitherto published. Together with these reminiscences Mr. Brooks has collected and ranged in appropriate connection many of Channing's own utterances, gathered from his epistolary and other writings, which enable the reader to see and hear the man himself as he is imaged in his own words. The book is illustrated with fine artotypes of places associated with incidents of Channing's life, and with fine portraits of his mother and himself.—The volume of *Reminiscences*,[6] by Miss Peabody, is a more distinctively original work than Mr. Brooks's memorial. Its object is to transfer to the mind of the reader such an impression of Dr. Channing as was derived by the author herself from an intimate acquaintance with him during the last twenty years of his life—in the years between 1816 and 1842. During this period Miss Peabody frequently acted as an amanuensis for him, was perfectly familiar with his everyday life, discussed with him most of the more important public, social, and religious questions that occupied his thoughts, and consulted him on subjects of similar concernment that agitated her own mind. Thus the work has a triple character; it is at once a collection of reminiscences bearing upon the personal life of Channing, a psychological study of his moral and intellectual characteristics, and an exposition of his moral and religious beliefs as they hardened into convictions. Throughout her intimate and semi-confidential association with Dr. Channing, Miss Peabody copied into her journal her daily conversations with him; and her reproduction of these contemporaneous records forms a valuable addition to our knowledge of him, more especially since they afford freer revelations of his mind than he was wont to make in his published writings. They introduce us, as we fail to be introduced in his sermons, essays, and other works, to the processes of mind by which he arrived at his conclusions, the intellectual methods he employed in search of the truth for which he so earnestly yearned, and which so often eluded his grasp, and the transitions and perplexities he experienced in his unceasing search. The general impression we derive from this close view of the man is somewhat disappointing. Dr. Channing's intellect seems to have been quick, active, agile, and lithesome, rather than robust, vigorous, and masculine. He was so intellectually fastidious, and his religious opinions were so greatly colored by his æsthetic tastes, that he rarely secured a firm and tenacious grasp of religious truth. His religious

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[4] *Lord Beaconsfield.* A Study. By GEORG BRANDES. Translated by MRS. GEORGE STURGE. 12mo, pp. 382. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *William Ellery Channing.* A Centennial Memory. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 259. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[6] *Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D.D.* By ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY. 16mo, pp. 459. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

opinions were therefore in a state of perpetual flux; and as an illustration of this, Miss Peabody naïvely confesses that, if he had lived until now, "he might have advanced from the Arian toward the Athanasian doctrine of the relation of Jesus Christ to the eternal Father." The glimpses which Miss Peabody affords us, through the medium of her diary, of the man, in the most unstudied attitudes of his most unguarded moments, are authentic testimonials of the purity, delicacy, sweetness, and benignity of Dr. Channing's life, and excite the liveliest admiration for his beautiful and symmetrical character.

THE new library edition of Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall*,[7] which we announced in the Record for May as in course of publication, has reached completion, and the last three volumes now lie before us. These volumes cover the period from A.D. 476 to A.D. 1500—from the conversion of Clovis and the establishment of the French monarchy to the extinction of the Roman Empire of the East, and the acquirement of the absolute dominion of Rome by the popes. Among the important events of this world-transforming epoch, which are described by Gibbon in these volumes in his stateliest periods, are—the conquest of Britain by the Saxons; the invasion and conquest of Italy successively by Theodoric and the Lombards; the birth of Mohammed, and his wars for the propagation of his religion; the conquest of Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain by the Saracens; the growth of the Russian monarchy, and the conversion of the Russians and other barbarians to Christianity; the fall of Jerusalem, and the overshadowing growth and threatening advance of the Turkish power; the conquests of Saladin, Zengis Khan, Othman, Amurath, and Bajazet; the wars of the Crusades, and the ruin of the Greek Empire; the last struggle of Roman liberty under Rienzi; and the final settlement of the ecclesiastical state of Rome, and the investiture of the popes with absolute temporal and spiritual power. A notable feature of the fourth volume is Gibbon's celebrated chapter in which he traces the Roman jurisprudence from Romulus to Justinian, and gives a masterly analytical outline of the Roman or civil law, as contained in the Code, the Pandects, and the Institutes of Justinian.

AMERICAN scholars have just reason to regard Dr. Furness's *New Variorum Edition of Shakspeare*[8] with pride and complacency. The work of an American, in response to the enlightened tastes of American readers, it is at once condensed, comprehensive, scholarly, learned without being pedantic, and eminently judicious. A thesaurus of all that is valuable in Shakspearean literature—whether we have regard to textual readings and interpretations, to bibliographical and historical investigations, or to æsthetic, critical, or technical comment and illustration—it is yet completely free from the useless learned dust and rubbish beneath which Shakspeare's editors and commentators too commonly contrive to bury his meanings "deeper than did ever plummet sound." The four volumes already published of this important work—each of which, as Mr. Rolfe has happily said, "is a library distilled into a volume"—have earned for it a reputation commensurate with its merits, that will be enhanced by the admirable manner in which the fifth and latest volume has been executed. For the information of those who are not familiar with the earlier volumes it may be said that each volume contains a separate play, and is independent of the others. On the same page with the text of Shakspeare all the various readings of each play, from the earliest quarto to the latest critical edition, are presented, together with all the most approved notes and comments thereon that elucidate the text or illustrate the history of Shakspearean criticism. As relates to the particular play—*King Lear*—to which this fifth volume is appropriated, the text of the first manuscript folio has been virtually but not absolutely followed. When the folio is clearly defective, the quartos have been called in aid; especially have those portions been retained which were undoubtedly penned by Shakspeare, and which are not to be found in the folios. Even more strictly than in the former volumes Dr. Furness adheres to the orthography of Shakspeare's original text, in the conviction that happily the day is fast declining when it is thought necessary to modernize it. The Appendix to the volume is a mine of Shakspearean wealth. It contains elaborate original essays on the text, the date of the composition of the play, the source of the plot, the duration of the action, the insanity of Lear, the great actors who have personated Lear, the costume of the play, and on Tate's celebrated acting version of it, together with liberal selections from the best English and German criticisms, a list of the editions collated in the textual notes, and a copious bibliography of the play.

MR. ROLFE has edited the first and second parts of *Shakspeare's History of King Henry the Fourth*[9] on the same plan with the sixteen plays already published. The notes of these historical plays are peculiarly fitted to help

[7] *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By EDWARD GIBBON. With Notes by Dean MILMAN, M. GUIZOT, and Dr. WILLIAM SMITH. In Six Volumes. Vols. IV., V., and VI. 8vo, pp. 715, 701, and 822. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *A New Variorum Edition of Shakspeare.* Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D. Vol. V. *King Lear.* Royal 8vo, pp. 503. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[9] *Shakspeare's History of King Henry the Fourth.* Parts I. and II. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 208 and 210. New York: Harper and Brothers.

youthful students to a more intimate knowledge of an important epoch in English history, as well as to a full understanding of the thought of Shakspeare's text.

THE beautiful "Geoffrey Crayon edition" of the works of Washington Irving,[10] now passing through the press of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, invites a comparison of its initial volume, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, now lying before us, with a treasured copy of the first edition of the work. The contrast between the antiquated type, the coarse and dingy paper, the ragged edges, and the scanty, skimped page and margin of the edition of 1809—innocent as it was of any typographical or artistic adornments—and the clear, bold type, the fine-laid paper, luxurious in its pure whiteness and in the firm smoothness of its texture, the ample page and generous margin, and the fine illustrations, reflecting the very spirit of the text, of the new edition, reveals the entire advance that has been made in the "art preservative of all arts" during the last threescore and ten years. But here the evidences of change cease. The interior spirit remains unchanged. The same spontaneous, blithe humor still brightens and gladdens us; the same sweet fancy that idealized homely sights and scenes, and gilded commonplace names and places with the glancing lights and shades of legend and poesy, still exercises its tricksy enchantments; the same serene and gentle thoughtfulness couched under innocent sportiveness still arrests us by its quiet charms; the same arch and quaint originality still sparkles like unexpected gems in unexpected places; the same clear, pure, and unaffected style, equally free from pedantry, or pretension, or flippancy, still delights us with its liquid melody. We understand from a circular of the publishers that this superb edition of Irving's works will consist of twenty-six volumes, appearing successively, in the order of their original publication, about once a month, and will include his life and letters, which will form the last three volumes. The edition is fitly preluded by a genial and discriminating "Essay upon Irving," by Charles Dudley Warner, which presents a brief view of Irving's life and works, and a just and scholarly estimate of his literary rank and services. In the final volume will be printed Bryant's "Oration on Irving," and "Personal Reminiscences" of him by the late George P. Putnam; and for the convenience of those who already have complete sets of Irving's Works, these, together with Mr. Warner's pleasing essay, have been published in a separate volume.[11]

WHEN the reader lays down Diedrich Knickerbocker's chronicle of New York, with its budget of popular traditions and peculiar and racy customs, and its staple of whimsical legends and associations grafted on local tales and pleasantries, and takes up Miss Booth's popular *History of the City of New York*,[12] with its careful record of real events, he is transported from the realm of fancy to the world of fact—from the environments of the dusty and drowsy past to the sober reality of the busy, wide-awake, and literal present. The transition is just violent enough to be relishing. We revert to honest Diedrich with new zest, and try to descry beneath his whimsical exaggerations and serio-comic extravagances the features of the real men and women, and the outlines of the actual events that Miss Booth records with such scrupulous care and substantial accuracy. And again we turn to Miss Booth's clear and precise narrative for the basis of fact on which Irving rested for his good-humored paintings, and out of which he wove the charms and spells of his quaint fancies. Miss Booth has performed her task not only creditably, but well. Eschewing mere personal reminiscences and entertaining gossip concerning leading families and familiar landmarks, she has prepared a volume which is a careful and trustworthy record of all public events of importance, from the settlement of the city to the present. At times her narrative rises above the tone of simple annals to the dignity of history, as, for instance, in the chapters describing the administrations of Nicolls, Andros, and Cornbury, and more especially in the one that commemorates the interesting episode of Leisler's defense of civil and religious liberty, and his martyrdom in the cause of popular rights. Miss Booth has done tardy justice to this sturdy pioneer of popular liberty, and her account of his administration and of his personal character is vigorous and eloquent. Two other episodes of peculiar interest—the brief one describing the negro plot of 1741, and the more prolonged one detailing the events that ushered in and attended the Revolutionary war—are deserving of emphatic praise for their graphic portraitures of the times. Cordially recognizing the general worth of the book as we do, we shall not be thought invidious when we remark that its dignity is impaired by the insignificance of some of the matter that has been crowded into its final chapters, much of which is made up of items more appropriate to the local column of a newspaper than to the pages of a volume intended to be of permanent and substantial historical value.

The Manliness of Christ[13] is the subject of

[10] Irving's Works. Geoffrey Crayon Edition. Complete in Twenty-Six Volumes. Vol. I. *Knickerbocker's New York.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. With an Essay on Irving's Life and Works, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Sq. 8vo, pp. 525. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[11] *Studies of Irving.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and GEORGE P. PUTNAM. Sq. 8vo, pp. 159. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[12] *History of the City of New York.* By MARY L. BOOTH. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. 920. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[13] *The Manliness of Christ.* By THOMAS HUGHES, Author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, etc. 16mo, pp. 160. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

eight Sunday afternoon readings by Mr. Thomas Hughes before a class in the Working-men's College, London. The subject was suggested to him by the prevalence in England of a feeling that the class from whom the members of Young Men's Christian Associations are for the most part taken is lacking in manliness, and that this want of manliness is attributable to their avowed profession of Christianity. Upon investigation Mr. Hughes discovered that this prejudice was not confined in its operation to the members of Young Men's Christian Associations, but extended to all professors of Christianity, and involved a wide-spread popular impression that Christianity itself is responsible for the reputed weakness and want of courage and manliness of its disciples. To meet and combat this injurious prejudice, Mr. Hughes prepared the readings in the volume before us, in which, closely following the life of the Saviour through the events recorded in the Gospels, and applying the test at every stage of the advance, he undertakes to show that the character of Christ comprised all the elements of true manliness, not only as exhibited in charity, meekness, and purity, but in patience, long-suffering, fortitude, and courage. The readings open with a vigorous sketch of the state of society in the Holy Land at the coming of Christ, constituting it a battle-field in which the moral courage of the Great Captain was to be put to the severest test. This is followed by an admirable essay discussing the tests of manliness, and defining in what true manliness, manfulness, and courage consist. The succeeding readings take the reader through His boyhood, through the time of His preparatory, call, and temptation, and during His ministry; and finally accompany Him to the scenes of His crowning expiatory act. The readings are written in a style of luminous and elegant simplicity, and their arguments and illustrations are models of cogency and aptness. Mr. Hughes confines himself to contemplating the life of Christ from a single point of view in special connection with one human quality only, and the impression that he stamps upon the mind of the reader is that "the more we canvass and sift and weigh and balance the materials, the more clearly and grandly does His figure rise before us as the true Head of humanity, the perfect ideal, not only of wisdom and tenderness and love, but of courage also."

THE ninth volume of McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia*[14] comes fully up to the high standard of excellence of its predecessors. At once scholarly and popular, addressed alike to the needs of the student and of the general reader, to the extent that it has been issued the work forms a complete Bible dictionary and reference-book on topics of religious interest. The titles of the ninth volume, which extend from "Rhabanus" to "Styx," and are nearly 4000 in number, cover a wide field of literary and scientific research in the departments of geography, topography, biography, archæology, theology, ecclesiology, philosophy, Christian and non-Christian art and literature, and also of Biblical history, criticism, translation, and investigation—the whole forming an admirably furnished treasury of information on subjects necessary for the equipment of the student or the enlightenment of the intelligent general inquirer. Exceedingly interesting features of the work, and in especial of this installment of it, are the numerous titles devoted to American and other recent biography, and to elaborate accounts of eminent persons and places referred to in the sacred canon, or associated with significant events recorded in it. It is also rich in sketches of those great reformers, philosophers, metaphysicians, theologians, and men of action who have made a sensible impression on religious thought and history. The contributions of the surviving editor and his staff of collaborators evince patient research, great learning, and unimpeachable candor; and many of the articles supplied by special contributors are of unusual interest and ability. Particularly noteworthy for the recondite learning and research they display are the editorial contributions under the titles, "Samuel," and "The Books of Samuel," the "Epistle to the Romans," "Samaria," "Russian Sects," "Sanhedrim," "Serpent," "Satan," "Sadducees," and "Sabbath;" the contributions of Professor Lacroix on "Savonarola," "Schelling," "Schleiermacher," "Schubert," and "Scholastic Theology;" of Professor A. J. Schem on various geographical and statistical titles; and of Rev. B. Pick on the different versions of the Bible, on the Samaritan literature and liturgy, and on a large number of linguistic, liturgical, and archæological titles.

AMONG those books of general utility, without which no library can be considered thoroughly furnished, are a standard encyclopedia, a hand-book of biography and dates, a dictionary, and a gazetteer. Each is invaluable in its sphere as a time-saving apparatus, and a reservoir of precise, systematically arranged, and not always accessible information, and each is indispensable, for reference, to the student, the teacher, the man of letters, and the man of business. Of course we speak of such books as are full and trustworthy, since none are more emphatically useless or more provokingly disappointing than works of this class which are meagre, ill-arranged, careless, or inaccurate. After having subjected it to severe tests, we are able to say that the revised and enlarged edition of Lippincott's *Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World*,[15] now published, fulfills

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[14] *A Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.* By the late Rev. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. Vol. IX.—RH–ST. Royal 8vo, pp. 1083. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical*

all the conditions that the most exacting could impose. It is full, careful, and accurate. Some names undoubtedly have escaped the diligence of its editors, but these are few and of comparative unimportance. The rules which have governed the editors, and to which they have intelligently conformed, in determining the orthography and names of places, both ancient and modern, are simple and judicious; and the enormous amount of geographical, statistical, topographical, geological, and ethnological material they have collated under the more important titles, is noteworthy alike for the skill with which it has been condensed, and the fullness and accuracy with which it is presented.

THE novels of the month do not lack variety so much as individuality and originality. The characters who figure in them, it is true, are not the same, neither are their incidents and situations precisely alike. But the differences are mostly external and arbitrary; and so close is their real relationship that it would not be difficult to classify all the various actors and their vicissitudes under certain conventional denominations sufficiently familiar to industrious readers of fiction. The novelist may retort that in the actual world, as well as in his ideal world, there is a marvellous uniformity, and that any departure from this law would be phenomenal and exceptional. It may be so. But none the less is the departure from level uniformity refreshing and exhilarating, and indicative of true creative genius. The readers of fiction need look for no deviations from the beaten track in the novels of the month. Graceful, genial, agreeably studded with lively descriptions of diverse phases of social life, and with more or less picturesque limnings from nature, and absolutely trustworthy for their sweetness and purity as they undoubtedly are, still the new novels are not the kind to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested as examples of art, but are merely pleasant and unexacting diversions for an idle hour. If we should make an exception to the rigid application of this criticism, it would be in favor of *The Virginia Bohemians*,[16] by Mr. John Esten Cooke, and of Mr. Blackmore's maiden effort, *Clara Vaughan*[17]—in favor of the former because of its fresh and unconventional sketches of native character, social life, and mountain scenery in the Old Dominion, and its spirited episodes of adventure with the "moonshiners"; and of the latter, because it affords an opportunity to study the early methods of the greatest living story-teller in the light of his riper efforts, and to detect the germs of his quaint humor and of his felicitous paintings of English rural life, manners, and scenery.—Perhaps we should also make an exception in favor of portions of Mrs. Whitney's *Odd, or Even?*[18] which, however tedious in its moralizings, and defaced by long-drawn dialect colloquies, has extended descriptive and dramatic passages of unquestionable delicacy and power.—The remaining novels that are worthy of being singled out for brief mention, because of their bright, readable, and entertaining qualities, are Lady Augusta Noel's *From Generation to Generation*,[19] Maria M. Grant's *Prince Hugo*,[20] Mrs. Burnett's *Louisiana*,[21] Jennie M. Drinkwater's religious novel, *Rue's Helps*,[22] and *Democracy*,[23] the latter, by an anonymous writer, being a clever but exaggerated satire on social and political life in Washington, rather than a novel.

THE poetry of the month is redeemed from the tame mediocrity that too commonly characterizes this department of American literature by several volumes of real though not exalted merit. There are a dozen poems in the collection of the remains of Frank O. Ticknor[24] that will compare favorably with any of Motherwell's for lyric fire, several that are noteworthy for the sweet simplicity of their melody, and as many more that are remarkable for their tenderness and pathos. Among the former we class the fine lyric, "The Virginians of the Valley," and we should also place the poem on "Little Giffen" in the same division, were it not that its simple pathos and suggestive indefiniteness entitle it to rank among the best of our modern ballads. Very graceful also are several of the brief poems grouped under the head of "Songs of Home"; for example, the picturesque painting entitled "An April Morning," the charming idealization of maidenhood in "Sibyl," and the limpid verses to "Rosalie." Mr. Hayne does not exaggerate when he says, in his introductory notice of the author, that "there are no fantastic conceits, no far-fetched similes, no dilettanteism of any sort, in his verses," and that "the light irradiating them seldom failed to be the light from the heaven of a true inspiration."—There is an exuberant joyousness and a rich consciousness of life, a

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Dictionary of the World. Containing Notices of over One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Places. With Recent and Authentic Information Respecting the Countries, Islands, etc., in Every Portion of the Globe. New Edition. Revised, Re-written, and Greatly Enlarged. By a Number of Able Collaborators. Imperial 8vo, pp. 2478. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[16] *The Virginia Bohemians.* A Novel. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. "Harper's Library of American Fiction." 8vo, pp. 233. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Clara Vaughan.* A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 89. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Odd, or Even?* By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. 12mo, pp. 505. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[19] *From Generation to Generation.* A Novel. By Lady AUGUSTA NOEL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 57. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *Prince Hugo.* A Bright Episode. By MARIA M. GRANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 73. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Louisiana.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 12mo, pp. 163. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[22] *Rue's Helps.* By JENNIE M. DRINKWATER. 12mo, pp. 386. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[23] *Democracy.* An American Novel. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 374. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[24] *The Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D.* With an Introductory Notice of the Author, by PAUL H. HAYNE. 16mo, pp. 150. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

breath of fresh fields, a sense of the beautiful in nature, a fragrance of flowers, and a melody of birds, in some of the poems which Mr. Charles De Kay has grouped under the head of "Poems Out of Town," in the earlier part of his *Hesperus, and Other Poems;*[25] and the same is true of many of the poems he groups as "Amatory," notably the fine lines entitled "The Tall Wheat," "In the Green Woods," "Invocation," "Blue Iris," and "Magnolia." His more ambitious—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say his more extended—poems are less satisfactory. Mr. De Kay is a better interpreter and a more ardent lover of nature than of man. Nature seems to transport and captivate, and also to elevate him, and he sings of her and her sweet children with the lusty and full-throated joy of a bird. Purely natural and unconstrained when describing natural objects, he is conventional and artificial when he directs his thoughts upon man, and too often degenerates into a sneering and supercilious cynic.—The author of *Valhalla*[26] has undertaken to reproduce in poetical form the myths of the Scandinavian mythology. Apart from the interest that attaches to her venture as a poetical effort, the subject itself has a profound attractiveness, because the mythology of which it treats was the religion of our forefathers. Her interpretations of the signification of the different myths, and of the grand truths they shadow forth, which find their analogues in the great doctrines of the Christian system, are as reasonable as they are subtle and poetical. It would be difficult to find a volume that in so brief a compass, and with so little parade of archæological pedantry, gives so clear a view of the Norse mythology, that so attractively exhibits its foundation principles of temperance, freedom, and chastity, or that so effectively reproduces its poetical imagery and its sublime spiritual and physical personifications. As a work of art, it merits cordial commendation. The form of the verse appropriately varies with the sentiment of each of the sagas, and its changes, in obedience to the nature of the theme, from the flowing and narrative style to the heroic, the elegiac, and the lyrical, evince great fertility of resources and command of language.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson's fresh and interesting book on *Alaska*[27] should put an end to the ridicule that has been so persistently directed against the late Secretary Seward because of his acquisition of that remote Territory, and its incorporation into the Union. Instead of being an unproductive and useless ice-bound desert, Dr. Jackson shows from his own careful observations, supplemented by the researches of Mr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Baker, of the Coast Survey, Professors Powell, Nourse, and others, that the southern portion of the immense tract, or nearly a moiety of the 600,000 square miles comprised in Alaska, is fertile and salubrious, and that its climate is as temperate as and more equable than that of the Middle States. The vegetable productions of the Northern and Middle States grow on its soil as luxuriantly as anywhere in the United States, and its resources of everything needful for existence and commerce—of timber, coal, copper, iron, gold, plumbago, and other minerals—are some of them illimitable, and others sufficiently abundant to give full employment to enterprise, and to insure a prosperous future to the country. In addition to the resources contained in or dependent upon its soil, the seas that surround Alaska, the vast rivers that penetrate it—one of these rivers, the Yukon, is over two thousand miles long, and seventy miles wide at its mouth—and the boundless forests that cover its mountains, abound in seal, fish, and fur-bearing animals, which already give profitable employment to large numbers, and make an important contribution to the commerce and industry of the nation. Alaska is as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. Its extremest island, Attu, in the Aleutian Archipelago, is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city. Its extreme breadth from east to west is 2200 miles, and from north to south 1400 miles; and its shore-line up and down the bays and around the islands is 25,000 miles, so that its coast, if extended in a straight line, would belt the globe. It is the great island region of the United States; its islands, over one thousand in number, rise abruptly out of the ocean to a height of from one thousand to eight thousand feet, the channels between them being in some places less than a quarter of a mile wide, and yet too deep to afford anchorage. This great archipelago forms one of the most remarkable stretches of inland ocean navigation in the world; its island shores are bold, and indented with innumerable bays and harbors; they have an abundance of fuel and water, and they afford perfect shelter from the swells of the ocean. The voyager may enjoy among them an ocean sail of a thousand miles without encountering peril or even seasickness. Moreover, Alaska is the great glacier region, some of its glaciers being vastly greater and grander than those of the Alps; and its hot and mineral springs are on an enormous scale, one of them being a huge boiling and steaming caldron eighteen miles in circumference. What with its wonderful natural curiosities, its peculiar invitations by land and water to pleasure-seeking or scientific travellers, its illimitable resources, and its strange native populations, Alaska of-

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[25] *Hesperus, and Other Poems.* By Charles De Kay. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[26] *Valhalla.* The Myths of Norseland. A Saga, in Twelve Parts. By Julia Clinton Jones. 12mo, pp. 156. New York: R. Worthington.

[27] *Alaska, and Missions on the North Pacific Coast.* By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 327. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

fers inducements for travel, for pleasure, and for business that are not likely to be disregarded by the enterprising and adventurous.

WHIST-PLAYERS will find much to entertain and instruct, and much that will involve them in debate, in two little volumes that have been recently published. One of these[28] is from the pen of Henry Jones, better known to whist-players as "Cavendish," editor of *The* (London) *Field*, and author of *The Laws and Principles of Whist*. Nearly half of Mr. Jones's book consists of six or seven æsthetic and historical essays on the relative merits of chess and whist, on the morality of card-playing, on the origin and development of cards and card games, on the etymology of "whist," and of other words used in connection with it, and on the duties that have been levied on playing-cards. These essays are moderately bright and gossiping, but have no marked literary merit. The most interesting portion of the book to whist-players is a brief compilation of the decisions of the late James Clay on moot points in the game that had been submitted to him. As Mr. Clay during his life was esteemed by his admirers, and is still regarded by many players, as the great corypheus of whist, his opinions and decisions will be read with interest. The card-table talk with which Mr. Jones ekes out his volume is chiefly made up of reminiscences of Mr. Clay and other players, jottings of card-table anecdotes, and memoranda of points of the game that had been under discussion among eminent players.—The other publication to which we have adverted is a clever little volume,[29] with a trenchant preface traversing some of "Cavendish's" decisions with force and pungency, and showing even as little reverence for Mr. Clay as for his distinguished pupil. The body of the book is of a purely practical character for whist-players, briefly describing the various games of whist, and the technical terms and phrases that are used in playing them, and supplying a reprint of the rules of short whist that have been adopted by the Washington Club of Paris. About fifty of the later pages are given to a compendium of sound maxims and suggestive advice, prepared for students and beginners, and covering every stage of the game and the position of each player through all its mutations.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of May.—The following appropriation bills were passed in Congress: Indian, House, May 6; Senate, May 7 (no provision for payment of Indian Commissioners). Immediate Deficiency, both Houses, April 29; vetoed by the President, May 4, because the bill contained legislation not relevant to the application or the expenditure of the money appropriated. Post Route, House agreed to Senate amendments April 29. Naval, Senate, April 30. River and Harbor, House, May 17. Post-office, House, May 7; Senate, May 17. Consular and Diplomatic, House agreed to conference report May 8. Legislative, House, May 14; Senate, May 21. Pension, Deficiency, House, May 18. Agricultural, House, May 19.

President Hayes approved the Army and Fortification Appropriation Bill May 4.

The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, amounting to $20,729,987, was reported to the House May 21.

The Senate, May 21, passed Mr. Bayard's bill providing for the appointment of deputy-marshals for elections by the judges of the Circuit Courts, the officers to be of different political parties, and to be paid $5 per day of actual service.

The House, April 28, passed resolutions requesting the President to take steps to secure indemnity for the sufferers by the Fortune Bay outrage, and for the early abrogation of the fishery treaty of 1871. On May 17 the President sent a message to both Houses (accompanying the correspondence relating to the outrages), recommending that duties be reimposed upon the products of Canadian fisheries, and that an estimate of the injuries suffered be computed for future use.

United States Senator Gordon, of Georgia, resigned May 14, and ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown was appointed his successor.

The Senate, May 24, passed a resolution providing a joint rule to regulate the counting of the electoral vote.

The President, May 19, nominated Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General; James Longstreet, of Georgia, for Minister to Turkey; and James M. Key for District Judge for Eastern and Middle Tennessee.

The Rhode Island Legislature, May 25, elected Alfred H. Littlefield Governor, and H. H. Fay Lieutenant-Governor.

The leading members of the Gladstone ministry are: Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, Secretary of State for War; Mr. H. Fawcett, Postmaster-General; the Earl of Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty; Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for India; Sir W. Vernon-Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Home Department; Right Hon. John Bright, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the

[28] *Card Essays, Clay's Decisions, and Card-table Talk.* By "Cavendish." 16mo, pp. 290. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[29] *Laws and Regulations of Short Whist.* Adopted by the Washington Club of Paris, etc. With Maxims and Advice for Beginners. By A. TRUMP, Junior. 18mo, pp. 111. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal; Lord Selborne, Lord Chancellor; the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland; the Marquis of Ripon, Governor-General of India; Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade; the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, President of the Local Government Board.

The new British Parliament was opened April 29. The Right Hon. Mr. Brand was re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons.

M. Léon Say was elected President of the French Senate May 25.

DISASTERS.

April 25.—Tornado at Macon, Mississippi, blowing away twenty-two houses, killing seventeen persons, and wounding twenty-two.

May 9.—Eighty houses and thousands of barrels of oil at Rixford, Pennsylvania, and the business part of Kinderhook, New York, destroyed by fire.

May 13.—Stuyvesant, eleven miles north of Hudson, New York, destroyed by fire.

May 14.—Town of Milton, Pennsylvania, destroyed by fire. Three thousand persons made homeless.

May 24.—Railroad accident near Santa Cruz, California. Fifteen person killed and many wounded.

During April and May a large portion of Southern New Jersey was laid waste by forest fires.

The training-ship *Atalanta*, of the British navy, with three hundred young seamen and eleven officers on board, is given up for lost. She sailed from Bermuda January 30, and has never been heard from.

OBITUARY.

April 30.—Announcement by cable of the death of Joseph Vinon, one of the oldest French generals, and Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, aged eighty years.

May 1.—In Washington, D. C., Major-General Samuel P. Heintzelman, aged seventy-five years.

May 9.—In Toronto, Canada, Hon. George Brown, statesman, and editor of the Toronto *Globe*, aged sixty-two years.

May 10.—Cable announcement of the death of two French authors—Gustave Flaubert, aged fifty-nine years, and Édouard Fournier, aged sixty-one years.

May 11.—In London, England, Sir John Goss, musical composer and organist, aged eighty years.

May 14.—In Albion, New York, Hon. Sanford E. Church, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, aged sixty-five years.

May 19.—Near Nashville, Tennessee, Hon. Henry Stuart Foote, ex-United States Senator and Governor, aged seventy-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Cañon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theatres, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He had no clear idea who Shakspeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travellers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "There's no use talkin'."

"Well, he wants them, and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a-settin' there, readin' a book called Shakspeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet. "Did you say—Shakspeare? Here, —— you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book, and take them oxen."

"Oh no," said the man. "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim, resolutely, "jest you take them oxen, and give me that book." And so the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakspeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the princes in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled, in thunder-tones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till I git my rifle, and I'll shoot the —— scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakspeare.

L—— Du P——, of Austin, Texas, eight and a half years old, is famed for her skill as a violinist, and her devotion to the sonatas of Beethoven. She is studying geography, and loving her cat, was not pleased to find that there are

Catskill Mountains skirting the Hudson. She said, reflectively and apologetically, to her mamma, "Don't you suppose they are called so because it takes a cat's skill to climb them?"

HERE are a few anecdotes quoted in advance from a forth-coming new edition of the Hon. S. S. Cox's entertaining book, *Why We Laugh:*

An English officer gives an incident which occurred in the Crimea that illustrates the impulsive ardor of the Irishman: "While lying wounded at the Alma, a man stooped over me, and said, 'Will you be so kind as to tell me, sir, if you are alive; or, if you are not, perhaps this dhrop of dhrink will help you.'"

POR-TICAL MEDITATION.—"Seems to me I've heard that name before."

Who can not understand the meaning of this confused advertisement? "Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogerty. She had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black with red hair, and a tortoise-shell comb behind her ears, and large spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, "who was that talking with you so late last night at the gate?"

"My oldest brother, ma'am."

"What is his name?"

"Barney Octoolan, ma'am."

"Indeed! How comes it his name is not the same as yours?"

"Troth, ma'am," says the unfailing Bridget, "hasn't he been married once?"

An Irish auctioneer, who understood the nature of the telescope, extolled its merits by assuring his auditory "that by such an instrument the widow's heart has leaped for joy when she beholds her husband at a distance brought near."

An American orator told a Dublin audience: "We in America have had our day of depression; yours is just coming on. I hope it is nearly over." It was an American lecturer who solemnly said, "Parents, you may have children; if not, your daughters may have." It was a German orator who, warming with his subject, exclaimed, "There is no man, woman, or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their minds for centuries!"

Here is practical sagacity in the advice of an old school-master to a poor scholar: "Now, James, I'll tell you what to do. Let the hour of your reconnoitring be that in which dinner is preparing. Seat yourself on the highest hill near by, take a survey of the smoke that ascends from the chimneys of the farmers' houses, and be sure to direct your steps to that from which the highest and merriest column issues. This is the old plan, and it is a sure one. The highest smoke rises from the largest fire, the largest fire boils the biggest pot, the biggest pot generally holds the fattest bacon, and the fattest bacon is kept by the richest farmer. It's a wholesome and comfortable climax, my boy, and one by which I myself was enabled to keep a decent portion of educated flesh between the master's birch and my ribs. The science itself is called Gastric Geography." If this does not indicate a capacity for selfish and humorous acuteness, then no other illustration can be found.

Looking at the water-works at Fairmount, and the great turbine wheels, during the Centennial, an Irishman said to his friend, "The Americans are a quare people, and have their water ground before they can dhrink it."

It was a New York lawyer in whose peroration this occurred: "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you may have mercy upon this unhappy man, who has never yet strayed from the path of rectitude, and only asks your assistance to enable him to return to it."

It was a Chicago reporter who wrote, "They fired two shots at him; the first killed him, but the second was not fatal." A French writer, and not an Irish, made this bull: "In the death of Monsieur Thiers, France is widowed of her noblest son." That was a first-class bull made by an English bishop, who said of some one that he had renounced the errors of Popery for those of Protestantism. It was a Kansas politician who said of his party "that they were prepared to burn their ships, and with every sail unfurled steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom." Mixed and magnificent as this imagery is, it does not approach that of the Austrian Minister of Justice who, in 1848, declared, at Vienna, that "the chariot of the Revolution was rolling around and gnashing its teeth as it rolled!"

A GOOD story is told of the witty Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, who was, it seems, as ready with retort in his youth as now. He

had but a little while been in charge of his first parish in Goochland County, Virginia, when he was one of a company at dinner, which included all the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Among them was a man noted for his infidelity as to Christianity, and for the roughness of his manner and speech to those by whom it was professed.

The young parson soon discovered that the old infidel was talking *at* him, and prudently made no reply. At last the enemy became more aggressive, and addressing him directly, said, "Mr. Wilmer, you don't seem to like to talk about religion."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I do like to talk about it with people who are earnest and respectful in their treatment of it."

"Well," rejoined the assailant, "if you will answer me one question I will let you off."

"Sir," said Mr. Wilmer, "I do not know that I care to be let off from anything; but ask me the question, and if it is a proper question, and I know the answer, I will give it to you."

"Well, sir, I've asked all the preachers I have ever seen, and none of them could tell me, and now I ask you, what became of the body of Moses when the devil and the archangel had a contest over it?"

It was a trying question for a young theologian, and a trying occasion, for the assembled company all silently awaited his reply. He quickly rose up from his chair, walked across the room, stood directly in front of his antagonist, and said, firmly and respectfully, "Sir, that question does not concern you in the least."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it's perfectly certain that no archangel will ever have any contest with the devil over your body."

The infidel confessed himself whipped, and joining in the loud laugh at his expense, said that he would bet five hundred dollars on his parson every sermon against any other preacher in the country.

A DISTINGUISHED Philadelphia preacher exchanged pulpits with a brother clergyman. Afterward meeting the sexton of his church, he asked him how he liked the strange minister. "Oh, very well, sir," was the reply; "but in his evening service he disposed of one hundred feet more gas than you usually do." It did not immediately occur to the preacher that the sexton's remark was based on an examination of the gas-meter in the cellar of the church.

FINAL REHEARSAL OF THE IMPROMPTU SPEECH.
"Although totally unprepared for the call with which you have honored me," etc.

THE narrator of the preceding anecdote, riding on a suburban railway, had for his companion in the same seat with him an old country farmer—somewhat influenced by recent pota-

tions—who, after distinguishing himself by sitting down on our correspondent's hat, still further attracted the notice of his fellow-travellers when the conductor called for his ticket. Pulling out an enormous wallet filled with nickels and coppers, he delayed the conductor for several minutes doling out his small change. After this transaction had been concluded, he turned to his neighbor, and brandishing his ticket, exclaimed, "Hic, guess I got the best of him that time!"

A CORRESPONDENT from the "far West" makes the following eloquent plea to us, which, we are sure, will appeal to the sympathetic hearts of numberless poets throughout the land. We certainly have received verses which would meet all the requirements of this "forsakened" man's case:

April the 6, 1880.

MR. HARPER,—I am a young man twenty two years of age I married when I was nineteen years of age and me and my wifs peple could not a gree asspesuley with my mother in law my wife was allways very chicken harted and did not want to go a way from her mother and allways seamed to think more of her mother than she did me my wife being like I have named a bove I thought to mutch of my wife to take her of whair she could not see and visit her mother often my father who dide when I was but 4 years old left me to thoussand dolars by staying clost to my wifs peple by bad luck bad management and agrivation in a little while I had spent most all of my capitol and then I tride to get my father in law to let me work some of his land he would not do so or help me aney way me beang raised in a high bred familey did not like the I die of hireing out for my living and familey sow I consulted my wife a bout the matter and told her as wea had sutch bad luck in the state whair wea was raised that I thought it was best for us to go to a better state or at least whair wea was not none sow wea would no bea a shamed to do aney kind of work that was the most money in she consented and sed she hated to leave her peple but sed she thought it was the best told me to go and find a good place to settle and she would come to me wea lived in Tennessee Robertson co and I left home and went to Arkansaw and settled and sent for my wife by letter never getting aney anser I am taking a paper from that co and saw in last weeks number that she has sude for a divorce whitch I can not give aney definite reson for her so doing I never intend to object to her having a divorce I allways dearley loved my wife and thought she did me but a las I have bin forsakened I felt like I wanted to write her one more letter bidding her far well I thought I would send to you and see ef you could ade me in the matter I want you to send me the best to pieces of poetry you have one to send to my wife and one to her mother to bid them far well for ever I want somthing that will make any ones hart blood run cold somthing that will perce them too the hart for they are to blame I will let God bea the Judg I dont care what the piecees cost ef aney thing in reson send by mail and will send pay in money or stamps amediateley ef you wont send in advance send price and name of pieces and will send pay in advance send letter to ——.

LITTLE ROBERT REED.

"I'll never use tobacco, no:
It is a filthy weed:
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

"It hurts the health;
It makes bad breath;
'Tis very bad indeed.
I'll never, never use it, no!"
Said little Robert Reed.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXIII.—AUGUST, 1880.—Vol. LXI.

ROBERT BURNS.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task,
So clear we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain:
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Touched by his hand, the way-side weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous under-tow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brush-wood hung
Above the tavern door lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man, in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

"I DON'T know," I answered. It was Cynthia who had asked me; but that is at the end of my story.

The rain beat time to an autumn tune on the window-pane. The fire, flickering up, made sudden bright illuminations of Cynthia's little white hands relieved upon the glossy black fur of Onyx, who sat cozily in her lap; and dying down, showed nothing more than a minute pair of feet stretched out on the hearth toward the warmth; and rising again, brought out Cynthia's little worn, sweet, happy face turned up to me with an inquiring, sympathetic gaze. Somewhere in the darkness of the opposite corner I could dimly discern the open secretary, and the piano, with our mother's portrait above it.

Cynthia was my half-sister, and always my atmosphere, audience, adviser,

A TWILIGHT CONFIDENCE.

commentator, friend. The minuteness of her presence seemed to rob her authority of any obtrusiveness—indeed, to cast a little jocosity about it—and the confidence that her sure faith inspired me with was not overturned by a certain sense of aggravation that I felt sometimes at her deep content with things as they were. I would have had things a little different for Cynthia, but her smile seemed to say that she knew a secret worth two of mine. She believed so much in the happiest things, that I didn't see that she stood greatly in need of heaven.

However, all this digression is only to explain how I came to be telling Cynthia all about it; and yet the chief explanation is that she had the sympathy that invited. Where shall we, indeed, find sentiment save in a woman of forty, with views and a past? I had, half smilingly, said this to Cynthia, and she had answered, very gravely:

"But how beautiful it is, the fresh sweet hardness of youth! You appreciate the other, but to that you turn, and love it. Don't analyze it, my dear boy; grasp it while you can. Nature demands the tribute. Nothing is ever again to be so sweet to you."

Onyx, who was looking up at his mistress, turned his head, and brushed his nose with his fore-paw.

I had been telling Cynthia how harmonious the gay life of —— had seemed for a while. Nothing better to do on summer nights than to guide a slender weight, through rooms full of gauze, to music, and to "cool off" in the moonlight on the piazza afterward; nothing better to do with a hot summer day than to sit side by side in a basket-wagon with a Hebe in white muslin, where little pink bows gleamed and hid among mysterious ruffles, while one was swept swiftly along the crowded avenue, or over the beach, with a sea-breeze blowing in the face.

But a mist came over the sea. An unfortunate word, spoken when the air was electric, seemed to make these employments but vanity and vexation of spirit; and so one evening found me leaning disconsolately on the fence of a neglected garden, where lilies of many kinds grew in a tangled mass, philosophizing on the utter superiority of nature in its rudest form to art and convention, and somewhat illogically resolving to go back to the city and Cynthia as the nearest approach to a "lodge in some vast wilder-

ness," with a friend to whom to exclaim, "How charming is solitude!"

My resolves had scarcely taken a very practical form, when a strong barytone voice rang a pleasant greeting through the silence, and I discerned Sylvester, in his slouch hat and artistic beard, sympathetically in accordance with my unworldly mood, coming toward me, with a load of painting traps hung over his shoulder.

"My dear fellow, was there ever anything so fortunate!" cried Sylvester. "I thought that my fun here was nearly over, and you come like a lady's postscript, the most important part of the letter. What are you doing?"

"Thinking of going home. Cynthia is there, trying the solitude of the city in summer. It seems to me just now quite the thing. I'm tired of all this flummery and gas-light and kid gloves. I like that weedy garden better."

"I see," said Sylvester; "you are looking at the coin all on one side, and the inscription is confusing. Let me show you the device on the reverse. Come with me. Do you know the old wharf? I am going there to make a sketch. You don't? Very good."

Sylvester put his arm in mine, and we made our way through the little narrow picturesque streets of the old sea-port town, and soon found ourselves in an unfrequented part, where the houses were at wider distances, and we could discern through the decay and neglect that here had been a former seat of fashion and stately mansions, where ruins of magnificence only remained.

"Here we come to the old wharf," said Sylvester, and "beyond there a few people have been wise enough to build houses that I would were comparable to the old, at least as decorations."

SUNSET AT THE OLD WHARF.

A long dike stretched out into the water, and a wharf was built at the end of it with seats for the contemplative, and steps down into the water for the enterprising. The hour was sunset, and a glow of golden light blent sky and water in one harmonious splendor, through which sail-boats drifted and row-boats shot. In one of the sail-boats a handsome youth lounged by the side of a young girl in a scarlet boating dress. Their voices came to us so distinctly over the water that we were ashamed that they should so unconsciously make us the innocent recipients of their confidences. Presently a boat rowed by a solitary girl came into sight. She shipped her oars, and shading her eyes with her hand, watched the sail-boat. She wore a dress of dark flannel, and her bright hair fell in masses over her shoulders; for background, the golden sky.

"That's good enough," I said.

"It's as beautiful as Venice," said Sylvester; and he lighted a pipe, and surveyed the scene in silence.

By-and-by I broke in with: "But, my dear, good Sylvester, brilliant as your side

of the coin is, how do you expect me to spend it in my own service? I am not that youth in the boat, nor is either of those girls my ideal of woman, nor can we sleep and live upon this wharf, and subsist on sunsets and moonrises and dawns. I shall go back to the city, and make Cynthia amuse me."

"Now, my dear boy," said Sylvester, "if it was *I* that made those resolves with any certainty or belief in their fulfillment, there would be a certain reason in them, but with you they mean that you're blue. You've lost a bet, or a hope, or something, no matter what, and you long to retire and be morose: at your age it's a waste of time. Here am I who carry my retirement along with me *nolens volens* in the gayest society, and I tell you it's no exchange for companionship. You please me in your present mood. You look handsome, and your melancholy becomes for me a graceful mirror-like accompaniment to myself, flattering what it reflects. So easily we carry other people's crosses."

"Well," I said, a little gruffly, "you were preambling along toward the practical use of your side of the coin."

"Ah, I was about to say that you had had only a gleam of it. You've not seen it all. I don't propose to pass the night on the wharf, but to take you with me to my Happy Hunting Ground—a little paradise three or four miles away from all the life you so suddenly despise, a small model of a grand classic. Ah! you shall be introduced to it, with its rocks incrusted with moss that lie in great ridges through the land—the land that has a modelling of wonderful beauty, its orchards and its sea, its woods and valleys and meadows, its oaks and its thorn-trees, its sheep and cattle—"

"Why, bless me, you ought to make your fortune!—you, a landscape painter, in such a promised land," I interrupted, smiling.

"You think, perhaps," said Sylvester, grimly, "that the public likes the classic, the solemn, and the grand. What a blissful ignorance! No, indeed; the public demands that I shall perpetually trip it on the light fantastic toe. When I am hungry, I acknowledge them as my Touchstone, and at their bidding, like Audrey, I skip, even if heavily."

MOONLIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

"Well, if 'they pay their money,' I suppose it is but fair that they shall 'take their choice,'" I remarked.

"That's the point," said Sylvester. "There comes in my helplessness, and so to you I turn for sympathy. Come, I've a buggy waiting here for me in the town,

SYLVESTER'S CLASSIC FIELD.

and we will stop at your hotel for your traps. Agreed? Nature is the most comforting thing in the world," said Sylvester, as we drove over the beaches, pointing with his pipe to the horizon line and the darkening sea.

Later he pulled up the horse to point me out a field hedged by an orchard, and where a yoke of oxen were grazing. "That's good, but my Happy Hunting Ground is better—a never-ending picture-book." And so I thought, as we wandered that evening up and down through a lovely valley, and watched the wonder the moonlight weaves through summer nights. Even after we went into the farm-house, where the kindly housewife had made our rooms far more cozy than one often finds them out of city limits or a private country-seat, I sat at the window till the dawn surprised me, and I saw the sun rise gloriously over rocks and meadows where the peaceful kine had spent the summer night, as I wished I had done.

So Sylvester found me when he knocked at my door, and bade me come out before breakfast. He looked at me a little curiously and suspiciously, and said, "Dressed so early? I thought that I should expend all my muscle in waking you;" and I, willing to avoid his amiable jeer, nodded my head in half-guilty acquiescence. "I want to show you my little Greek field," said Sylvester; and he led me through daisies and wet grass and dewy wild roses, and presently we stood where, in an exquisite simplicity, a sort of divine economy, trees and rocks and low-lying distance did surely suggest a young shepherd with pipes perched on the rocks, and a gentle sheep or two browsing alongside.

I said as much to Sylvester, who patted me on the back in his enthusiasm, and produced a sketch-book from his pocket. "Here you are," he said. "I did it the other morning. I wanted to know if you would see. Yes, it is as true as fact. You saw it at once. My dear young friend, you are in an admirable frame of mind."

As he spoke a lamb trotted up to the rocks, and seeing us, stopped shyly, and turning about, galloped away with the picturesque awkwardness of its kind. We followed, calling to it, but it did not heed us, and presently we saw that it was but a skirmisher from a flock that followed the good farmer, who held a tiny one in his arms. We asked him if anything ailed it. The poor little creature had been stepped on by a horse in the meadow. So the farmer guessed, when he found it help-

less as he went to drive the sheep into another field. "I guess my old woman can cosset it," he said.

"Poor little beast!" I mused, looking back as we walked on.

taken its rightful development, the direction is all to strength and force, and it stands there the model of a mighty giant."

As we went we could see it afar off, beyond where a spring gleamed in the sun,

MORNING IN THE MEADOW.

"Oh no; it is weak, and easily finds a protector. The strong suffer. The loneliness to which their strength eternally condemns them is to me the most pathetic of all things. Come with me down in the valley meadow yonder, and I will show you a dwarf cedar that has grown up alone in winter storms and spring winds. By some sarcasm of fate the seed of a giant tree has fallen between two little rocks, where there is no room. *Dwarf*, I say, but that refers to its actual measurement—something more than four feet. In kind it is a giant, and though the growth has been so slow as to find hardening age creeping upon it before it has

and sheep browsed in half shadow, and the little farm boy, followed by a flock of white ducks, carried a pitcher of water and a basket of grain as he went with bare feet. A contrast to this was the dwarf cedar when we had reached it, and Sylvester had indicated his favorite view of it, where a far background of rocks gave it its proper severity of setting.

The sound of a bell from the farm-house warned us of the folly of persisting in eating the chameleon's dish, and I was obliged to pay the price of my duplicity by sitting down to breakfast without dressing. Afterward I excused myself, and went to my room, from the window of which I

THE DWARF CEDAR.

later saw Sylvester afar off busily at work with the brush.

He came before dinner to tell me that there was a goose-plucking going on in the barn, which was very picturesque to see, and explained to me that this operation was performed just as the creatures were ready to moult, and was almost absolutely painless, and that their slight discomfort was well repaid by their absurd joy when they were set at liberty, and went quacking away, stretching out their necks.

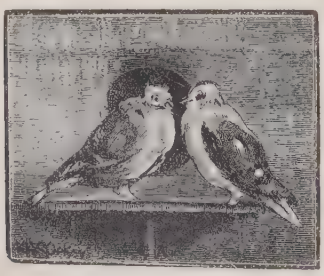
The flock waited their fate in an empty stall which was closed by a gate, and there was a ludicrous tragedy about it as one by one they were brought out and plucked, and an entire comedy in them as they waddled away afterward.

"You must see the pigeons," said Sylvester. "Come out into the farm-yard. All the upper story of the barn is a dove-cote. See that little gray and white pair of newly mated ones, billing and cooing on their own door-step!"

Presently there was a commotion among the feathered inhabitants, and the air seemed filled with wings.

"It's the *table d'hôte*," said Sylvester. "Look at them clustering like bees about that iron platter! It's dinner-time, you see."

In the afternoon I went sketching with Sylvester; that is, he did the sketching, and I accepted the *rôle* of appreciative audience. He was sketching a thorn-tree under which the sheep were seeking shadow. I proposed to him that he should



ON THEIR OWN DOOR-STEP.

TABLE D'HÔTE.

finish his sketch another day, and walk with me across the country toward the inviting blue distance, climbing the little rocks that looked so great.

"You don't understand," he answered. "This is an enchanted country. The picture one finds to-day is never there to-morrow. A thousand others lure you on

SHEEP UNDER THE THORN-TREE.

every side, but that particular one that charmed you yesterday has fled. I saw this one a fortnight ago, and I have revisited the spot every day at the same hour for a fortnight. To-day is the first time that I have found it again. See where the sun shimmers in the branches of my thorn-tree; look at my sheep arranged like a little classic pastoral; the simple unobtrusiveness of my background. To-morrow it will be gone like a mist. No wonder a certain famous divine who made this place his haunt once evolved a theory that there was no matter, that we *think* objects into existence!"

"I wish we could," said I. "I should like your Happy Hunting Ground."

"Well, I think a man was never before told so distinctly that he was a bore," said Sylvester, good-naturedly.

I picked up a sketch-book that lay beside him on the ground, and turned the pages idly, till I stopped at one that took my eye. "What are these flowers?" I asked.

"Marsh-mallows. One can't in black and white give their flaunting joyousness. It needs their robust pink color. I delight in them. They remind me of some buxom country lass, proud of her strength and her rosy cheeks, vain and joyous in her beauty, eager to tell, laughing and blushing, how she is admired, feeling herself peculiar in this, unconscious that she fulfills a simple law of nature. She is a woman, and men admire her. She knows not that were it otherwise she would fail in one point of nature, that it is not an accomplishment she has earned to be attractive, but— There! you are laughing."

"Not at your talking, Sylvester—may you talk forever!—but at the sudden recollection of a saying of the Doctor's."

"Confound your quotations from the Doctor! Haven't you outgrown that habit?"

"You may confound it if it is not good. He said once that some people were surprised to find that they had the natural faculties of humanity, a brain as well as legs. You don't even smile. I will leave you in your ill-humor. Where shall I find marsh-mallows?"

"Oh, just below there. Go down the

THE "YOUNG GIRL IN A RIDING-HABIT."

hill, cross the valley; at the end of the valley is a pond, and beyond a marsh, and there you shall find marsh-mallows. You shall know them by their flaunting and their bright pink color. They are as large as your hand. How restless you are! Good-by! Good luck!"

It was as if Sylvester's parting blessing had suddenly taken effect, for as I came to the highest point of ground, and looked down to the valley, what should I see! Not marsh-mallows; no; if I was not dreaming, I saw seated amid the tall grasses down in the valley a young girl in a riding-habit. She had taken off her hat, held her whip in her hand, and sat dreamily looking up to where I stood. Surely she must have seen me, as I stood relieved against rocks and sky, below me the sloping ground and the browsing sheep. Surely she must have seen me. She seemed to start; she half rose; she sat down again; she put on her little beaver hat; she gathered up the folds of her skirt in her hand; and she walked away.

I made all haste to the spot; the frightened sheep fled before my rapid progress. I vaulted the stone wall that hedged the upper end of the valley; I ran. But where was she? Was it true that we think people into being? She *was* here, surely. Why, yes; there was the print in the grass where some one had been sitting, where I sat at that moment, baffled and bewildered. Perhaps she had not been there. I looked about. Something shone in the grass. I picked it up with a strange sensation; it was a hair-pin, and warm, as if it had just fallen from the hair. Fool! it might be warm from the sun, and have lain there long. No; it showed no rust. I put it in my pocket. I rose, and half aimlessly followed the way I thought I had seen her take toward a thick hedge of trees and undergrowth that covered a steep ascent from the valley.

I put aside the foliage with my hands,

"IT WAS A HAIR-PIN."

and was about to begin my climbing through briers and over rocks, when I saw something white at my feet. I picked it up; it was a lady's handkerchief—a little gauzy thing of cambric, with a scalloped border, but neither name nor initial. A vague odor as of wild roses clung about it. I remembered the same before about a veil of hers. But was I sure that no other lady dropped wild roses in the drawer of her bureau, or laid them in her handkerchief sachet? Yet with feverish haste I hurried on.

A woman must have been very active to climb this. An instant I paused to take breath when I had reached the top. I looked about, half expecting to see her seated near, resting after her exertions. There was no one in sight. Now which way had she gone? To my left lay an apple orchard, and beyond I knew was a road, where horses might be waiting; to the right the farm-yard. The orchard was most probable. I took the orchard, and I was right. Had she laid a trail for me all the way? How rapidly she must have walked or run! Did she fear pursuit? I vaulted the orchard wall. I was on the road, but the buttonwood-trees that made a hedge on the other side must, with the undergrowth of blackberry vines and wild-rose bushes, have hidden me from sight. I did not seem to attract the attention of a lady and gentleman who were not far from me. The gentleman supported her with his arm, and fanned her with his hat. I seemed paralyzed. A mist swam before my eyes. When I looked again, I saw that the man was her brother. In my excitement I had failed to notice this important fact. He was saying: "I told you, my dear, that that climb was too much for you. Are you better now? Do you think that you can ride home?"

I stood there confused. Was it the climb that had made her faint? Was it, perhaps, her surprise at seeing me? Dared I think so? Now what should I do? Her brother was mounting her upon her horse. He gave her the reins; he re-assured her, patting her knee caressingly. What aggravating creatures brothers are! Should I step forward and speak? What should I say? How would she receive me? Should I present her handkerchief; and would she bend forward with a graceful coolness and say, "You are very good; I am sorry to have troubled you"? What, indeed, should I gain, and her brother there to watch us both, with the superior right to take her away at any moment? In a moment it would be too late. Her brother had jumped into his saddle, and they rode away.

I climbed the orchard wall, and sat down under the trees in no amiable mood. A mild, contented cow grazed amid the flecking lights and shadows. How we worry and struggle through life, with nature perpetually setting us the example of simple obedience! Yet there are storms and volcanoes too, the passions of nature; but they have a certain directness; they do nothing equivalent to hiding by orchard walls, to acting unfelt indifference. No doubt I was a fool.

Sylvester and I sat about on the rocks behind the little farm-house till a late hour that evening, talking over old times, and when I went to my room I sat up still later, looking at two little things that I took from my pocket, feeling as if some inspiration would come to me as to the best way to use the chance that had dropped them into my hands. But even at breakfast the next morning, when I broke it to Sylvester that I meant to leave him that afternoon, I had no very definite idea of what I meant to do next.

"What!" said Sylvester, "leave the Happy Hunting Ground! Have I not ceaselessly entertained you with stores of wisdom? Have we not wandered about like a second Virgil and Dante in a latter-day Paradiso? What further inducements can I offer you? Unsensitive creature! what land shall you find equal to this?"

"Ah! my dear Sylvester, it is true that we have wandered like Virgil and Dante, and you have poured your stores of wisdom into my lap, as it were, with a lavish generosity. I find no fault with you, nor with your Paradiso in itself; but Dante does not find his Beatrice here. There is no Beatrice in the orchards of your Happy Hunting Ground; your rocks are barren, and your sea is sad. 'Not here! not here!' is their continual cry."

"No, indeed," said Sylvester. "I find her in every sunrise and sunset, in the shadows of every orchard and the foam of every wave, in the clematis and the water-lilies, in the honeysuckle and the bees, in the butterflies and the wild roses, in the morning-glories and the lark."

"Now speaks the artist and the poet. I am but an ordinary mortal, and the morn-

SYLVESTER AND I MEETING THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

ing-glory and the butterfly are but a passing delight to me."

Fate favored Sylvester's amiable wish to detain me. The gray sky of that morning grew darker and darker, and soon the rain drove us in doors, where we filled our landlady's best room with smoke, stretched our lengths in turn on her horse-hair sofa, and composed a jocose catalogue of the chromos that decorated her walls.

The storm grew in force till by night we were in our little farm-house as in a ship at sea, shaken and tossed, and the wind's chromatic scale waked all the melancholy I had been joking into obscurity that day. At dawn it cleared, and I came with a sudden waking upon the finest sunrise the most artistic soul could have imagined. I got out of bed immediately, and out of doors in as brief a span of time as a respect for the proprieties permitted. I found Sylvester before me, perched on the great ridge of rock that hedged the valley, and only waiting for me in order to climb over its entire face.

The magnificent view lured us on till we found to our astonishment that we had completed the whole distance of the ridge, stone walls and all, for the strange natives of the surrounding country even take their walls to the top of the rocks, uncontent with checking the land with them. The sea was white with foam, and though the ships might have been swept clean from its surface by the night's hurricane, there they were in the morning light, with bellying sails dashing gayly along. But those were the survivors. The land had a peculiar brilliancy and freshness, the moss-incrusted rocks looking like masses of some stone of the family of malachite, and the streams in the meadows full, and glancing and gleaming. In the high wind a hat was of doubt-

ful use or ornament, and we carried them like sun-shields in our hands, as a Chinaman carries a fan.

I went away that morning, Sylvester saying, "If you must go, my dear boy, you must. An old fellow like myself finds at fifty that it is best to stay in one place a good deal. But you must take something with you for a souvenir of my Happy Hunting Ground." He looked through his sketch-book, and tore out a leaf. "Here is a sort of pot-pourri—a spider I found once keeping the gate of that side of the farm that leads to the descent into the valley; a little view of the pond up beyond the meadows; a water-lily from the pond below the marsh at the end of the valley; and a sketch of a lady I found reading one day in that little nook in the big rocks on the hill. They are trifles, but will serve for a keepsake. Good-by; God bless you, dear boy!"

I spent some hours at my hotel in making an elaborate toilet. I looked quite unlike Dante, when all was done, but, like him, I sought my Beatrice.

A large company of ladies in charming costumes made more beautiful the sunny afternoon on the lawn of a fine country-seat, where they had set up a target, at which they were shooting arrows.

At the moment of my approach it was my Beatrice was shooting. Her arrow, with that thud grateful to the archer's ear, buried itself deep in the bull's-eye. A mingled cry of feminine voices gave the applause. She turned her head to the left as she plucked another arrow from the quiver. A pause. She handed her bow to a young man who stood near. They seemed to be talking. She pulled off her glove, took the bow again, aimed deliberately, and again hit the bull's-eye. She walked away to a garden seat, where I speedily presented myself.

She looked up in answer to my silent bow, and smiled faintly. She was very pale. I found words to say, presently: "You go straight to the mark. I wish I understood the art as well."

She answered nothing, but playing with an arrow she held between her hands, broke it. Several people came up to congratulate her upon her success. She said that she was tired, and should shoot no more that day.

I moved away to speak to other people, and a little later we were all asked to go into the house for a four-o'clock cup of tea. I stood in the doorway as she passed in. She looked up at me, blushing, and said: "It takes a little practice. One can't be sure to do it the first time."

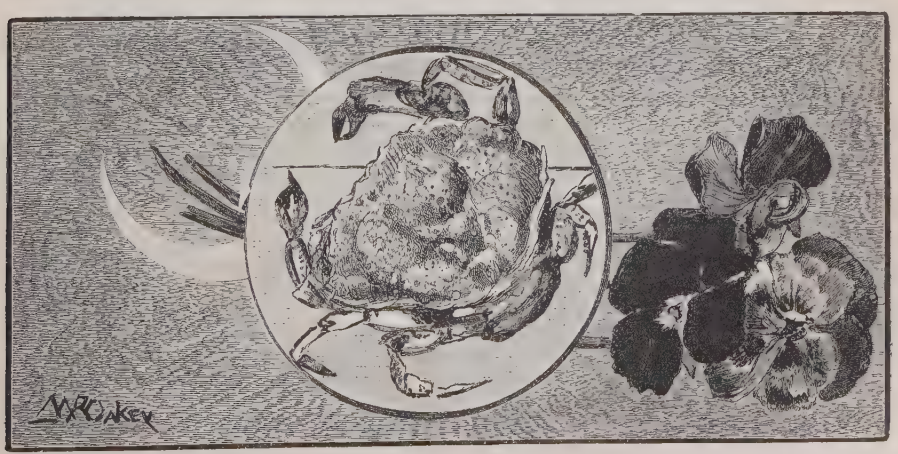
The crowd swept between us, and I had no moment alone with her again.

I called the next morning. The servant told me that she had a bad headache, and was confined to her room. I called again the next morning, having sent her flowers the night before. There were trunks in the hall. The family were returning to town. She had preceded them, with her brother and a maid, to put the town house in readiness to receive them. No note, no word, for me. It looked like an intended retreat.

"And so," I said, having reached this point in my story, "here I am, you see, Cynthia, rather outwitted by the enemy."

"Do you mean to leave it there?" said Cynthia.

"I don't know," I answered.



PROPERTIES.

I.

MIDDLETON had his preconceived notion of the Maine islands. When he looked at that interminably indented coast on the map, it gave him a fanciful impression as of the toothing of machinery, into which played the reciprocating wheel, as it were, of the tides and currents swinging off in a great arc toward the north of Europe.

It was a coast of two hundred and eighteen miles, he knew, in a straight line, but something like two thousand five hundred if you followed it around by the shore. He felt that it was leaden in color, chilly, desolate—iron-bound, that was the word. He had wondered at and admired, especially for their attempted stay there in the winter, those early voyagers from the warm European countries—the Verrazanos, Cabots, De Monts, Gosnolds, Weymouths, and our very old friend Captain John Smith, who had come long before the landing at Plymouth Rock, and most of them before Jamestown, Virginia, and he had wished they might have had a more comfortable fate. Still, he had an interest in out-of-doors of almost any kind—in the habits of fish, where they promised to be seen to advantage, and in those of men, as well, likely to differ a little from the every-day patterns to which one is accustomed. Such promise the remote-looking Maine islands might fairly be supposed to make, besides that of a refreshing temperature for the summer, at any rate.

"I will go about with a preconceived notion no longer," said Middleton; and so he found himself presently, at midsummer, sojourning in the midst of them, not a little surprised on occasion at what he saw, but, on the whole, well content.

The first point at which his previous conceptions began to be shaken was in a tall old red shingled tower, like the tower of a windmill, on the heights at Portland, above the archipelago of Casco Bay. An elderly man watched there, in a store of bunting methodically distributed in pigeon-holes, to signal the appearance on the far-off horizon of vessels in which he took an interest. Wherever islands are gathered together in numbers greater than two or three, it appears that the superstition must prevail that there are three hundred and sixty-five of them, and Middleton was only moderately stirred to find the usual one for every day in the year claimed for Casco Bay.

But it was the glowing warmth and exquisite hues of things at which he marvelled. The channels leading down among them were of the lovely opaque blue of lapis lazuli. Beyond this the islands drew together in their multitude like a single richly wooded country. Touches of white in them indicated the houses, patches of gray the weather-beaten wharves, at which through the telescope little figures could be seen landing and putting off. The deep water in the harbor in front was of a fine blue also, and

the crags and bowlders, among the larch, spruce, and fir of the shores, of the pleasant gray that painters love.

"Why, it is the coloring of Bellagio and Riva," cried Middleton. "We have nothing to concede to Ischia or Sorrento."

He found this trait even intensified as he went on up the coast, and only some thin wreaths of mist here and there to give a touch of mystery to the atmosphere, and to soften over-rugged outlines, like the great camel humps of Mount Desert, instead of a lowering gloom; and inasmuch as it so happened that he had been chilled and dejected by unceasing fogs and rains among the vine-clad hills of France, and all the rest of it, not long before, he abandoned from this time his sympathy for the early explorers. Sailing in upon such lovely vistas in their favorable mood, they could have had little reason for disparagement of this first glimpse of a new world in the memory of any scenes they might have left behind them whatsoever.

He went down to Commercial Wharf, and took a little steamer—one of a number, well careened over by the weight of their passengers, flying flags and playing squeaky music—that criss-crossed about the harbor, between the forts, the yachts, the frigates (one French and one British) lying at anchor, and touched from island to island, in front of white summer hotels and bowling-alleys, by which excursionists in sailor suits were playing croquet. The government had a collection of bulky red buoys ranged on Little Hog Island, with an odd effect; Little Chebeague had one of the most attractive of the white hotels; Great Chebeague, a white church; Hope Island, a single poor house and barn, with a patch of cabbages

CLEANING FISH

A FLAKE YARD.

near by, and a lonely dark pine grove behind. A collection of overprosperous white buildings on a treeless small island near the town, with parallel rows of lattice-work all about for the curing of fish in the sun, was pointed out to him as the establishment of a "banker." It was not a financial magnate, it appeared, but a person whose occupation consisted in fishing in his schooner on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, or possibly on the American "George's," a hundred miles or so off Cape Cod. It was not at all romantic in its aspect, and Middleton made sure—as the case proved—that he should meet these bankers under more favorable circumstances.

He remarked a quaint and vigorous play of imagination in the naming of the islands. He began to note here, and continued to find on his travels in plenty, such titles as, the Ship, the Barge, the Whale-Boat, the House, the Basket, the Junk of Pork, Little Spoon and Big Spoon, the Ram, the Gooseberry, the Great Duck and Little Duck, the Brown Cow. Then there was a numerous human family of an eccentric sort: the Hussey, the Orphan, the Brothers, the Sisters, and the Old Man and Old Woman—in short, a suggestion of every shape or trait from common life to which a resemblance could be forced by the liveliest fancy.

At one of the landings an agitated man rushed down as the boat moved off, and, brushing aside a youngish matron, with conspicuous filling of gold in her front teeth, and a door-key with a tag attached swinging in her hand, and securing the acoustic benefit that is got by placing the hand at the side of the mouth, shouted to a passenger who had just got aboard, "And, George, a couple of pound of French yaller, while you're about it—French yaller!"

But this kind of people, in the kind of large pleasure-park the place seemed to be, with its close relations with a high state of civilization, did not so much attract him. It seemed desirable to choose one of the remoter islands, which might contain something different, and serve as a type of its class, and so pass on.

What selection so judicious as that of Orr's Island, one of the outermost of the group, about which the testimony of an amiable lady with the literary faculty, who had set foot on it to make it famous, was already on record? Orr's Island it

accordingly was. He was rowed thither, across the swift deep channel from Harpswell, in the kind of small boat universally in use, sharp at both ends and flat on the bottom, known as a dory. No sooner was he landed than he discovered a potential "Pearl of Orr's Island," and Moses as well, under the bashful hats of brown little children going "berrying" along the single, central road. He saw the distant white spire of Parson Sewell's meeting-house, to which the characters used to sail of a Sunday, on Harpswell, over the top of a couple of the most delightful old hulks in a cove. And the lively Sally Kittredge, he figured, was the young woman at whose house he dined at noon—there being no hotels—who had been at a seminary on the mainland, and who wove wonderful mats for the floors out of no other material than common rags. Some of these were of naïve, charming designs, like patterns of tea-cups, red and blue flowers and irregular leaves scattered over a drab ground, and he thought the household art companies of the time might be glad to know of them. The mats were a usual domestic product, and he began to suspect that he had happened on a true vein of original artistic inspiration in this remote corner of American territory. But it appeared that the naïve and old-tapestry-looking ones were the result of errors, and received contemptuous treatment in consequence, as too horrid for anything, while the ideal actually aspired to was of a very different and insipid character.

At the hither point of the island, which had a length of about three and a half miles, were a flourishing store, fish-houses, and a wharf. The hill-side was set with the lattice-work "flakes," or tables for drying the fish, thenceforward a pretty constant spectacle. The Maine islander has them about his house as a farmer elsewhere might have rows of bee-hives, or milk-pans, or a vineyard. Middleton had passed his days with but a shadowy idea of how the plump and dripping and animated fish of the ocean is converted into the arid product of the corner grocery, and now it was with a becoming sense of improvement that he observed the process.

The freshly captured victim was decapitated, split down the back, cleansed, and thrown into a pickle of Cadiz salt, to lie from spring to autumn if it were a large cod, a week or ten days for most of the other varieties. It was drained a couple of days, and thereupon transported to the flakes. It lay there, back upward first, then the meat side, till the sun had dried out of it all its moisture, and it was no longer a fish, but the mummy of a fish, endowed by salt and desiccation with something very like immortality. The sun must not be allowed to strike down too fiercely, to avoid which the flakes were made capable of being sloped at an angle. Sedulous attendants generally hovered near them for this service, and to spread out the fish in the morning, gather them up into hillocks on the approach of fog or storm, and at evening, and to cover them with gambrel-roof-shaped wooden boxes for protection.

"What fish have you there?" inquired Middleton, early in these scenes, of an attendant, who proved to be a buyer and dealer as well.

"Cod, haddock, and pollock mostly—and hake."

"It appears that the rule is indeed of universal application," he said, in a musing way, having, we may suppose, very little on his mind. "The fisherman, too, must make hake while the sun—" But fancying that the man's eye glared with a stern reprobation at him, he turned it off, and complimented him on his fish, and inquired the prices.

"They're good 'uns, and plenty on 'em," said the dealer, idly tossing a misplaced haddock down the flakes; "but they hain't wuth nothin'—'bout a dollar a kental for hake. *I* can't get no more; mebbe there's them that can. Yours was hake, was it?" he concluded, with the bargainer's half closing of the eyes.

All these varieties had their plainly distinctive marks and peculiar customs, and as Middleton came to know them better, he took the more friendly interest in their fortunes. The hake is of a white slimy surface. He must be taken in deep water—seventy fathoms is not too much—and over mud, not rock, bottom. The pollock is known by his white stripes, to which the haddock has dark stripes corresponding. He prefers rather shoal water, but a considerable distance from shore, and is the "gamest" of all, making an energetic resistance to capture, both by force and subterfuge. The haddock has in addition two "devil marks," the prints of a thumb and finger authentically known to have been left by the arch-enemy in lift-

HAKERS OFF HALF-WAY ROCK.

ing the ancestor of the race out of water on one occasion. The haddock has the repute of being the best chowder fish. He frequents shoal grounds, and remains on the coast all winter, while the hake makes off into deeper water, and the pollock, it is thought, to the southward. Large cod was accounted the choicest of the fish for curing. It is taken at its best on the dangerous bank of George's. The meat there is whiter, owing to the clear sandy bottom, while the rock fish of inshore has a redder tinge, following the general law that fish approximate the color of the bottom over which they feed.

It appeared that while the man who went out for pollock was said to have gone "pollocking," and the one who went for haddock "haddocking," without distinct appellations for their branches of business, the man who fished for hake, and also his boat, was a "haker." In other departments there were, in the same way, trawlers, draggers, riggers, seiners (popularly called *seeners*), and the bankers before mentioned. In the month of August the hake was only to be caught at night, being frightened off in the daytime by the unusual voracity of the dogfish. Middleton met the hakers returning at sunrise, wearied with the long night's vigil which fell to their lot at this time, and saw them at twilight with a pensive effect, notably off such places as Seguin or the Half-way Rock. There were usually two men, or a man and a boy, in a small boat with the mast taken down, who attended two lines each. Once he heard a haker's boy berated because he had slumbered and slept instead of watching, and the fish had eaten off not only his bait, but one of his lines.

Everywhere there was the most execrable character of the dogfish. His looks have nothing to say in his favor. This pest of the whole coast is perhaps two feet long, with a weight of three to five pounds, a rough, leathery skin, no scales, a long, pointed snout, and mouth underneath like a shark's, so that he turns upon his back to bite. It is not simply that he chases other species—for all the finny tribes have their animosities and victims—but he is omnipresent, his skin excoriates the hands if it be touched, he finds means to drive deep in and draw blood with a cruel thorn which is said to be poisonous, and he is good for nothing himself. Such, at least, is the contemporaneous estimate of his value; "but those eccentric ancestors of ours," said Middleton, "must take it upon themselves to think otherwise. It is not strange they should have differed from us in their ideas of religion, government, and

political economy when we find them having such unaccountable stomachs as this;" and he quoted to incredulous ears around him an early voyager who set down in his journal that with sassafras he had cured a surfeit of one of his men, which was brought on by "eating the bellies of dogfish, a very delicious meat."

The clear bottom about the fish-house and wharf, wherever he went, was paved with heads and small waste portions of the others, to be sluiced out by the tides; but the dogfish lay there at full length, of sharks as that of these same dogfish again. He was told a startling episode of two men who had gone down to Matinic Rock—a satellite of Matinicus—in the autumn for the popular diversion among the islanders of shooting wild fowl. Shortly after they landed, their dory went adrift, and they saw it a short distance off.

"Stay," said one of them, throwing down his gun; "I will swim out and bring it back." He had gone but twenty feet from the shore when he was seen to struggle violently, and throw up his hands

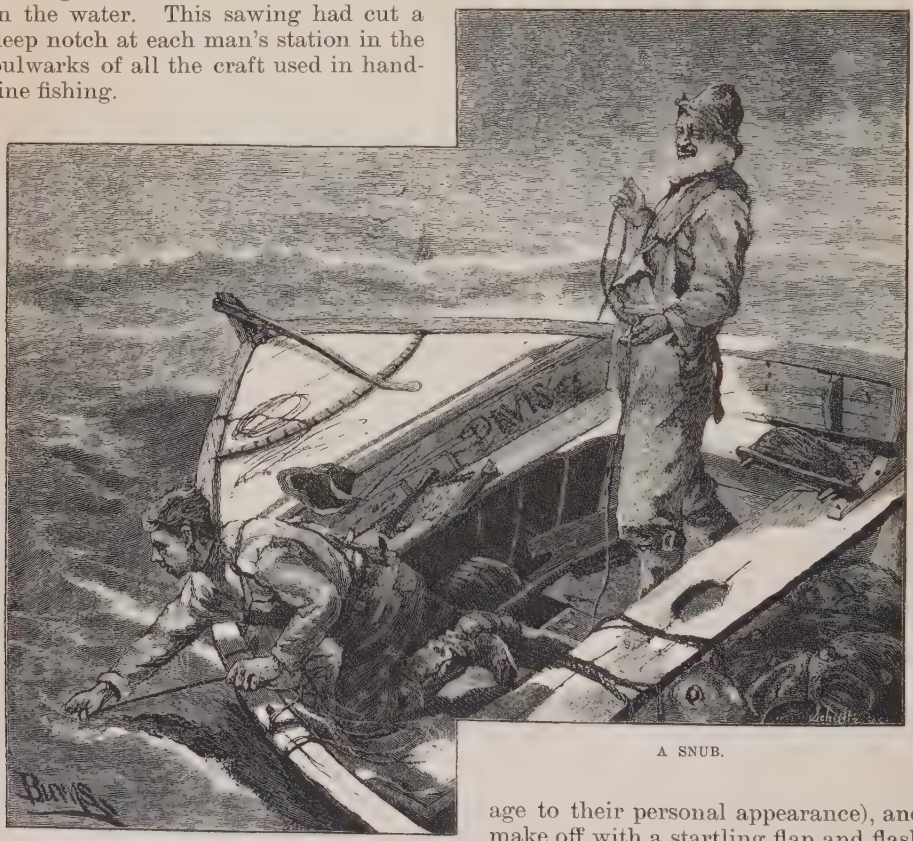
WILD FOWL SHOOTING IN THE BREAKERS.

with an ugly foiled-desperado air in death; and he felt his foot, as it were, above an arrant bully and rascal, as he looked down, and pronounced a mental *sic semper tyrannis* over him. The water on those coasts was excessively cold, so that it was rare that even the veteran fishermen could swim. One day, in a cruise in a specially chartered jigger, well out to sea toward Mount Desert Rock, though he knew the temperature of the water well, he would have jumped overboard for the refreshment of a hasty dip in it, but he was deterred, not so much by the usual bugbear with a wild despairing cry: "My God!" he said, "the dogfish! Shoot me, and don't let me suffer."

But they devoured him piecemeal, as the story went, and his companion could only look on in helpless horror at his fate.

So impressed was Middleton by this that he quite forgot to inquire into the fate of the survivor, left himself in a situation of no small interest, and re-adjusting his blue flannel yachting shirt, sat down with more contentment to the business of hand-lining for deep-water fish.

Most of his occupation of this kind was much subsequent to his stay at Orr's Island, but his impressions of it may as well be set down in this place as another. It was a sport of rare excitement, he thought, to the novice, who had been used to waiting for fish of insignificant size by the half day, but by some repetition it became as uninspiring as hauling up buckets of water out of a well. The line was of perhaps one-quarter the thickness of an ordinary clothes-line, and had a five-pound weight attached to it. There were two hooks, baited with bits of mackerel. Down it went till the sinker touched bottom. Then you must haul up a fathom, and begin to saw the line back and forth in the water. This sawing had cut a deep notch at each man's station in the bulwarks of all the craft used in hand-line fishing.

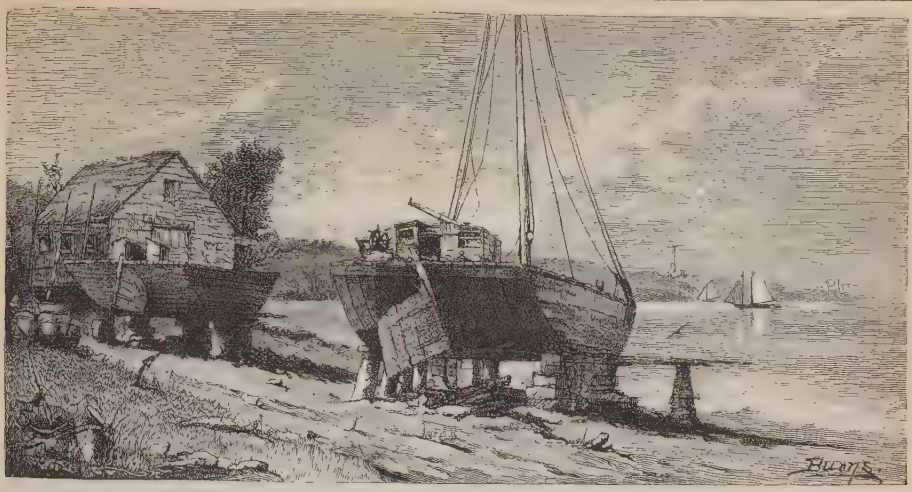


A SNUB.

Hardly was the bait down when it was taken. Haul in then with all speed to prevent the fish from working off the hook, or biting the line with his sharp teeth. If he jerked heavily, however, you must ease him a little. Haul in—haul in by liberal reaches. Twenty-eight fathoms is a long way down, and that is but a single line, while there is often fishing in water deep enough for three lines or more knotted end to end; and Middleton heard without envy of the Georges men who used five lines in thickness and nine-pound sinkers, lifting enormous halibut from a depth of even five hundred fathoms.

The victim ceased his resistance, and presently appeared near the surface, swimming in large gyrations through the clear water, nearly belly upward. If then he did not tear himself loose at the last moment (as the most delightfully monstrous ones had something of a sardonic habit of doing, taking no account of the damage to their personal appearance), and make off with a startling flap and flash of fins, he was secure, and taken aboard into a large tub prepared for his reception. The gaff, too, was at hand to provide against this provoking contingency.

This was the ordinary manner of it, but the pollock pursued a different course of conduct. Both fierce and wily, no other made so much difficulty about his arrest. He tangled the line; he darted upward with



HULKS ON ORR'S ISLAND.

greater celerity than it could be hauled in; then suddenly plunged downward, giving the operator a "snub," which sometimes cut in to the bone, and left a considerable piece of himself on the hook, with apparent equanimity. Without "snubs," and with mittens, which it was the custom to wear, the repeated sawing and lifting of the stout line, with its five-pound weight and ten-pound fish, blistered the hands of the novice severely—a feature to counsel moderation in the most enthusiastic.

Middleton was nearly as well pleased to sit by the tub of deposit and watch—with all proper sympathy, of course—the strange sea-creatures they had caught. They had, one and all, charming evanescent tints. They had reminiscences of stupid human expression. Their ungraceful mouths pouted, and their dull eyes stared, with a semblance more of sorrow than of anger for the most part, but decidedly more in anger than in sorrow to begin with. Each new arrival was the occasion of protest from those already domiciled. Some one of them at last, which had been puffing with the air of a stout old lady impertinently elbowed in a crowd, would arouse for a vigorous flap, or even a complete somersault, which said as plainly as it could be spoken, "There are enough here already, and I—won't have it."

Meanwhile the householder with whom Middleton put up at Orr's Island as a boarder would have charged him four dollars by the week for this accommodation, had he remained so long. That the price might not seem extravagant, however, it was explained that this would include some rowing and sailing. In some respects it *was* extravagant, and he derived an impression of an unhygienic style of diet among the islanders, which further experience did not altogether dissipate. The landlord went away with a hoe one evening, and was seen a dark figure afar on the mud flats of the cove in which lay the two ancient hulks, digging what he called "a mess o' clams." Whatever the regular and legal conforming to this standard may be, he returned with what he called "only half a mess." This, with heavy dough biscuits, tea without milk, three kinds of cake, stewed peaches, and stewed prunes, constituted the bill of fare for the next morning's breakfast.

Middleton, in falling naturally upon the topic of Mrs. Stowe's book, obtained a valuable insight into insular methods of criticism for the work of fiction. It did not appear that she had paid the population so acceptable a compliment as might be imagined. They were rather disposed to resent a willful misrepresentation of them. He gathered that they believed that the novel should confine itself strictly to a line of events which had actually happened.

"Yis," said one interlocutor, severely, "there's a good deal of novil about that. There never was no such folks, and no such talkin' folks. There ain't no caves and no smugglers. My brother-'n-law's farm's been alongside o' Long's Cove for

fifty year, and he never sor 'em. They couldn't get in, what's more, smugglers couldn't; there ain't water to float 'em. There wa'n't no such wreck—at least the ship *Hanover* was lost some such way over to the mouth of the Kennebec; but she had to go 'n' plaster it onto us, and there ain't no sense in it. The cap'n's wife, she didn't die o' fright either, 'cause I seen her not over a year 'n' a half ago."

The young lady who made the inspired rag mats, in the same way had read the book, because she lived in the place; but she must say— And although she did not say, it was plain to be seen that if she had said, the judgment would not have been more favorable. A bluff old gentleman, on the other hand, a really venerable and picturesque figure, who was said by popular report to be the Cap'n Pennell of the narrative, though lamenting that people should come from the West, and even from "Canedy," and give themselves unnecessary trouble in hunting for caverns that never existed, and cut the bark off his fruit trees for mementos, delivered an opinion in rebuttal that had the roundness and completeness of an apothegm.

"You don't want to inquire too clost inter a good story, I tell 'em," he said; "it's cert'in to spile it."

Middleton took steamer for Rockland—an all-night's journey on a tossing sea. He met with no notable adventure there except the view of a couple of patent-medicine William Tells, who shot apples off each other's heads with genuine rifles only for the purpose of drawing the crowd around them. He embarked again from under its half-circle of rude stone and timber limekilns, faintly smoking, like a row of sacked barbaric fortresses of the time of the Merovingians, and was soon among the more important islands of the archipelago in Penobscot Bay. He saw quarries of the granite of which government custom-houses and post-offices are built at Dix Island and North Haven, and at Vinalhaven more quarries, where an enormous obelisk for a soldiers' monument was being chiselled out, and so came down to the outermost of the group, the Isle au Haut, better known locally as the Isle of Holt.

These islands were larger and bolder, and repeated in charming blue knolls all around the horizon the blue of the distant Camden Mountains and Blue Hills themselves on the shore, but they had a general character similar to those he had left. They were cut into interminable deep coves in the direction of their greatest length. Their prevailing trend was from the northeast to the southwest.

"I have half a mind to invent the legend," says our traveller, "that when the great Manitou of coast-lines was getting up this part of it, he drew his fingers through the mud with the idea of ending off with a graphic imitation of the fringe on his deer-skin hunting jacket; but finding it would not work, wriggled them about a little, and let them alone."

An occasional tide-mill, turned a few hours each by the ebb and flow, is stationed on these deep coves, and the grist from it is said to be of a better quality than from the steam-mills, as being less heated in the process. But they are much more turned to account as natural traps for fish. Weirs of sticks and brush with a single entrance are set across them, and the entrance closed at high tide, imprisoning whatever has passed in. The bottom is left almost bare at low water. Middleton heard of famous catches of mackerel, shad, and black-fish headed off and driven into them by a cordon of boats, and stranded on the mud when the tide had gone out. One of his informants had thus made fifty dollars in a day.

The principal channel among the islands was generally termed the Thoroughfare. And whatever had happened to justify it, the prefix "burnt" was very common. He came now on the Isle of Holt to Burnt Thoroughfare, and presently, on Deer Island, to Burnt Cove, and not far away was the small island of Burnt Coat. He crossed by a charming untravelled road, so faintly traced as to be more like a fading vision of a road, over the flank of a mountain, to the outer shore. On the mountain was a lake, giving ice of such clearness in the winter, according to the boast of a native, that you could see to read through twenty-two inches of it not only as well as, but better than, without it, since it had actual magnifying properties.

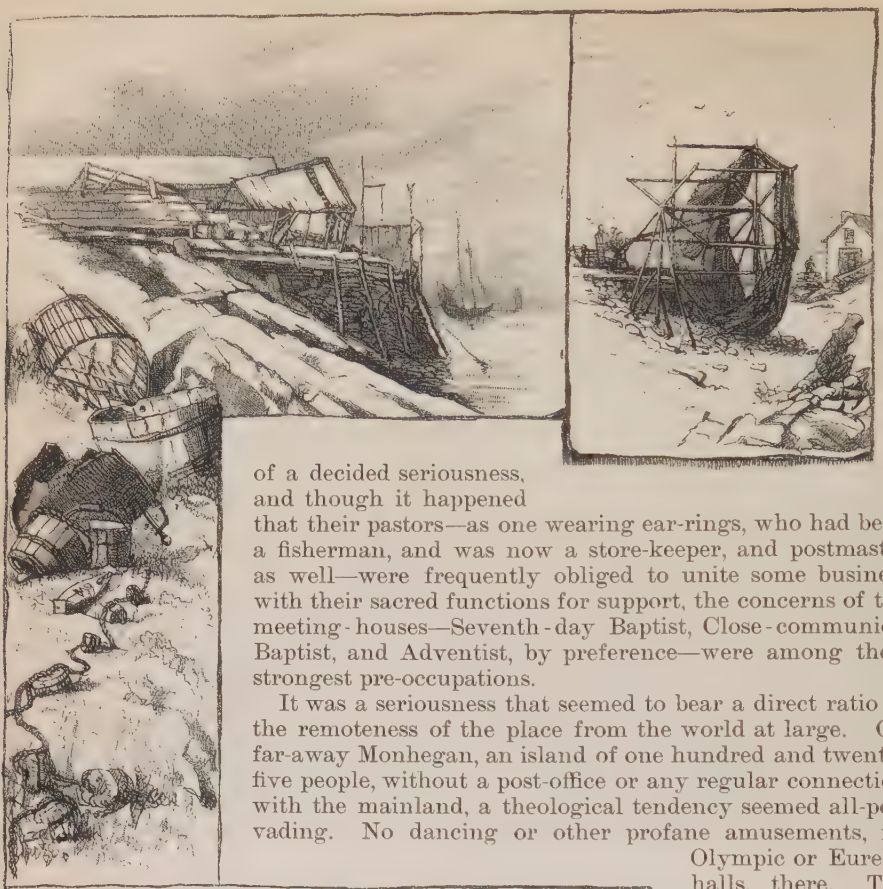
There was at the Isle au Haut a rude timber assembly hall, with an excellent dancing floor, however, erected in a spruce grove by the sparsely scattered inhabitants for social purposes. There were no horses, and when one of the few Isle au Haut cattle found itself by chance in company with them on the mainland, its state

"A SING" ON MONHEGAN ISLAND.

of agitation was described as something remarkable. Sheep were kept; the principal crops were turnips, hay, and wool. There was an enormous fish on the spire of the meeting-house, but the minister had just then strangely gone insane. It *did* appear a peculiarly uninteresting society, Middleton decided, in endeavoring to find a reason for this, and so he had himself set across in a cat-boat—a sail of six miles—to Green's Landing, on Deer Island.

Great bowlders occupied all the eligible building sites at Green's Landing, and the small houses took what remained. Here were small quarries, but they were bankrupt, and blocks of mortgaged granite; a rusted pair of wheels and a broken crane stood about with a melancholy air, which the signs of two rival amusement halls near together, "Green's Eureka" and "Eaton's Olympic," could not counterbalance. Miniature satellite islands, with a cedar or two on each, lay on the skirts of the settlement, out in the Thoroughfare, as they were apt to do almost everywhere. In mist effects, or at evening, they were like rakish craft come in to anchor. There were other reefs wholly bare, the round dark backs of which impressed one at night like those of some clumsy marine creatures. You could almost expect to hear them snore, and observe them roll over in their sleep.

It would not be fair, he found, to infer an excessive hilariousness on the part of the residents from the possession of the two halls in so small a place. However it might have been in more prosperous times, from which descended traditions of parties, and strolling panoramas, and an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company, bringing down their properties in their own sailing craft, they were rarely used for anything now more lively than religious meetings. The islanders were, in fact,



of a decided seriousness, and though it happened that their pastors—as one wearing ear-rings, who had been a fisherman, and was now a store-keeper, and postmaster as well—were frequently obliged to unite some business with their sacred functions for support, the concerns of the meeting-houses—Seventh-day Baptist, Close-communion Baptist, and Adventist, by preference—were among their strongest pre-occupations.

It was a seriousness that seemed to bear a direct ratio to the remoteness of the place from the world at large. On far-away Monhegan, an island of one hundred and twenty-five people, without a post-office or any regular connection with the mainland, a theological tendency seemed all-pervading. No dancing or other profane amusements, no Olympic or Eureka halls, there. The limit of social indulgence was the "Sing"—a rendering of Moody and Sankey's hymns by the women around a cabinet organ, while the men stood in the doorways as spectators; and Middleton observed the rugged men seated on the barrels of the store of an evening discussing the conditions of grace and the higher life, with the same animation as if it had been politics or the scandalous chronicles of a neighborhood.

VESTIGES OF PROSPERITY, BURNT COVE.

And yet there took place on Deer

A DEER ISLAND FARM-HOUSE.

Island an incident of quite an opposite bearing, which Middleton set down to a discouraged listlessness characteristic of a place in the very un-American condition of not looking forward immediately to being the greatest or only something or other of its kind. Deer Isle is one of the Maine towns which, instead of increasing, annually declines. Its population is some hundreds less even than in 1860. It formerly owned as many as three hundred sail of vessels; now it is much if it owns a score. Nobody bubbled with its story, as though it were a state of things not worth talking about; but after a while, from some store-keeper, with plenty of leisure on his hands, leaning in his doorway whittling a stick, or some veteran in the shadow of his deserted wharf and fish-houses, falling to pieces of their own weight, the story came out.

The profits of vessel fishing had declined year by year. The government first cut down the nominal rating of tonnage to English measure, and then took off the bounty of four dollars a ton it had been accustomed to pay in the way of encouragement. The old folks had got through, and the young folks did not want to go; it became difficult to get crews, and so the vessels were sold out.

Why did not the young folks want to go? The "pogy" business, the quarries, and the rise of lobstering, all held out more favorable inducements to remain on shore. Depression overtook these pursuits of the shore also. The "pogy" business was the catching of porgies and menhaden for their oil. Every resident along the shore had his press—not unlike a cider-press in general effect. Attracted by the profits of the trade, swift steamers were fitted out by Rhode Island capitalists to cruise for them with seines, and numerous regular factories put up, to such purpose that the porgy was presently all but annihilated, and this year came no more. The quarries "were bankrupt," as has been said—this was a purely local Deer Island matter, while the complaints about the fishing were of universal prevalence on the coast—and lobstering (for factories which can the lobster, chiefly for foreign markets), which had once paid a steady man four and five dollars a day, was reduced by competition to a matter of one dollar a day, and no more.

But to the incident. The insane minister of the Isle of Haut was stopping on the island, running at large, harmless enough, but full of pitiable wild projects. He was heard preaching to himself late at night in the lonesome woods; he was continually coming down to wash his iron-gray head, that yet bore traces of scholarly thought, in the edge of the water; and then he fancied that he must build a great hotel on Thurlow's Hill with all the mortgaged granite, and it was hurry, hurry, cruelly all day long, without a moment's intermission, from the upland to the shore.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Of a Sunday night he was given Green's Eureka Hall to hold a service in. His audience was made up of young fishermen, and hands from the lobster factory, and quarrymen, or ex-quarrymen, and girls in a kind of uniform of sailor hats and plaid shawls folded close around their shoulders, with some young children, who took the ceremonies seriously; and really their conduct was remarkably good. Their disturbance was confined to unnecessary stalking in and out completely from one end of the room to the other. The demented preacher affected indignation at this, but he was in reality well pleased with an audience, and an opportunity given him to imitate, with a hundred vagaries interspersed, the ceremonies with which he had been so familiar. Outside stood Isaacson—a travelling cheap-John who had opened a stock of second-hand garments for ladies and gentlemen in a disused fish-house on the wharf—and a travelling doctor, who made the round of the islands twice a year in his cat-boat to cure the complaints stored up for him since his last coming, exchanging anecdotes, and vastly amused.

Deer Island was eleven miles long, and next in size to Mount Desert, which was fourteen. It was cut into the most extraordinary shapes by its coves. There were peninsulas almost gone, and others, over Oceanville way, gone entirely, so that if you crossed to them at one tide, it was necessary to wait till the next to come back. There were bowlders in plenty at one end; good farming land, with a faint reflection in the buildings of the fashionable prosperity of its not very remote neighbor Mount Desert, at the other. Middleton thought the hamlet of Burnt Cove fairly typical of the kind among which he was making his transit. It consisted of a score of white houses thinly scattered around an inlet, a chilly white meeting-house on a hill without a wisp of shade near it, a few gray fish buildings along the water's edge, two wharves on one side of the inlet and one on the other, and three battered schooners lying at anchor. They were waiting for their crews, gone ashore for the haying. One was a "pink-stern" trading boat. It is a term which was once probably peak-stern, and has to do with a peculiar high-pooped

build which makes it the most picturesque of the various kinds of craft one encounters. She was fitting out with a miscellaneous stock of goods to cruise from island to island, of those having little connection with the mainland (often stopping where there was but a single individual or family), and thus pick up the threads of a small commerce reached in no other way.

There were some bits of almost unique ruin at the shore at Burnt Cove. A footway leaning against the sagging gable end of a fish-house, to which was affixed part of the beak of a ship, tottered to its fall. was another broken yawl, through the gaps of which grass and flowers had grown with a charming effect.

In the interior, along the roads from distance to distance, were weather-beaten school-houses, and by each school-house a few graves. The inscription "drowned" was frequent on the slabs, tantalizingly without further particulars. "It reminds me too much," said Middleton to the first who would hear him, "of the story of the inquisitive person with a new acquaintance whose thumb was missing. 'Do tell me how it came about?' said the inquisi-

CABIN OF A JIGGER.

Débris of the kind peculiar to such a settlement—old lobster-traps, broken yawls and dories, spars, a cast-off "pogy"-press, unhooped tubs and barrels—had been piled upon an old wharf, till, what with this and the sapping of the tides, its back was broken, and it was going down to decay among the black sea-weeds. Near by, a dismounted brass gun, brought back by some adventurous persons from a wreck among the Magdalen Islands, lay in the grass; and under the window of a cabin

tive one. 'On condition that you demand nothing further,' the new acquaintance replied. 'It was bit off.'"

The old-time well-sweep was common; there were pasturing sheep among the bowlders; on the top of granite apparently the most sterile grew mosses, filled with a hardy small cranberry; and Middleton accepted with a fine resignation, for their owners, the straitened circumstances which compelled many nice old farm-houses to be left in the landscapes in the

UNDERRUNNING THE TRAWL.

native artistic tints of weather-stained gray and battered red.

Within the houses the women yet drive the spinning-wheel, and a spinning match took place at one of the school-houses during his stay. It is the bold, large wool-wheel at which the figure stands, with so much more striking a pose than sitting Gretchen at the flax-wheel. He entered more than once, under cover of the convenient duplicity of a glass of milk, to watch such a figure spinning by a kitchen door, into which fell an angular bar of sunlight, and through which were visible blue hills and the sea.

It was the islander who was both farmer and fisherman, as a person uniting in himself the two most ancient and honorable professions, that aroused in Middleton the principal interest. Such a one could not take the trips of two to three weeks with the seiners of the coast fleet; still less could he go the long voyages of the bankers, to the bays of L'Escaut and Chaleurs, to Greenland, and even, as sometimes happens, to the coast of Iceland, for fresh halibut, where they join the fleets of Northern France, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavians. He must attend his lobster-traps; set weirs for herring, menhaden, alewives, and mackerel; keep drag-nets and trawls; perhaps, if favorably located, make a specialty of supplying bait to the fleet, which, now that it must be fresh and kept iced, is often in great straits for it. Between times he runs out to sea for a day or two in his cat-boat, his "Hampton boat," or his jigger. The cat-boat, it appeared, was the better sailer, since the more canvas in a single sail, the closer into the wind; but the Hampton boat—a modified pink-stern, with shoulder-of-mutton sails on its small masts—was the "abler," that is to say, better qualified to stand the exigencies of all sorts of weather. The jigger, however, a small schooner of perhaps forty feet long by ten feet beam, with a considerable hold, and a cabin with four bunks, a table, and a rusty sheet-iron stove forward, seemed the most available for general purposes, whether for taking a haul of fish, "smacking" a load of lobsters, wood, or ice, or hawking a load of apples at retail from port to port, where they were a rarity.

A professional "dragger" carried nearly a mile of nets. They were straight, and not very deep. The fish was meshed in them by the gills. Thus by the regulation of the size of mesh only picked

fish need be taken, while the great purse seines of the fleet take everything, destroy at every haul a value nearly equal to what is saved, and tend toward rapid extinction of the fish, as Middleton was told, besides having already reduced the average size.

The trawl was another engine of formidable havoc, against which there was equal complaint. It is the method in use among the bankers, except on George's, where the tide runs too swift for anything but lying to an anchor, and hand-lining over the side. The purse seine and the trawl are the two methods of taking fish *par excellence*, the former for the mackerel, the latter for all the others of greater size. When Middleton saw a trawl, he found that it was a long cord with hundreds of baited hooks fixed at intervals along it. It was sunk so as to rest on the bottom, buoyed at both ends, and left there. A trawler kept great numbers of these lines neatly coiled in tubs, and set them one after another. After a sufficient lapse of time, he went back to the first, and "underran" it, that is, drew up one end, passed it over his boat, taking off the fish, and baiting the hooks anew, and paid it out at one side as he took it in at the other. The method pursued by the bankers was to carry twelve or fourteen dories, which were put out when the fishing ground was arrived at, with two men in each, provided with tubs of trawls at discretion.

It was the sun-cured salt-fish that was the favorite article of diet in the islanders' households, while very little account was made of the fresh. The young people had some merry customs of their own with it. They represented that if a certain particularly salt strip in the centre, called the "dream line," were eaten before going to bed, the girl or the young man one was to marry would be indicated by appearing in a vision and handing him or her a glass of water.

The island farmer appeared to have certain advantages over him of the mainland in one way, while he was at a disadvantage in another. When the wind was to the eastward, the fog, generated out to sea where the Gulf Stream touches the polar current making down from Baffin Bay, was blown in thick upon him, while ten miles back from shore there was little trace of it. On the other hand, the "steam of the water," as he called it, melted the snow and mitigated the severity of his winters.

His ground froze up about the first of

BRINGING HOME THE SHEEP.

December, and thawed out for cultivation about the first of May. There was no winter sowing. The principal crop, as in the State of Maine in general, was hay. The Deer Island farmer thought it would be worth double all the others put together. Next in importance came potatoes and barley. He got from one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels of potatoes and thirty to forty of barley to the acre. He had corn and wheat as well; but warm sunshine to yellow his corn was often lacking, and though the yield of wheat was or could be made thirty-five to forty bushels an acre, with the most careful bolting it would hardly make white flour, and was not as good as cheap Western. He put on his lands a top-dressing of the refuse from the lobster factories, and also flats' mud, which he found excellent.

Two of his routine operations were especially novel to our visitor. He owned little outlying islands, which he devoted either to hay or the pasturage of sheep. In mild seasons the sheep ran at large there the year round, as untamed as the wild goats of Robinson Crusoe. At other times they must be brought off in the autumn, to be sheltered through the winter, and returned in the spring. These transfers, made in boats of moderate size, across straits of half a mile, a mile, and much more in width, and the bringing of the hay in the same way, piled high upon a deck around the mast, instead of in the familiar farm wain, had many odd and pleasing aspects.

On "a good bitin' day" the farmer was apt to be off to sea in hot haste, leaving things on shore to the old men and boys, and even to the girls. One day Middleton saw a slender young woman swinging a scythe in a grass lot under the tuition of a Nestor leaning on a crutch, who rather severely scolded her for swinging it uphill instead of downward with the slope of the ground.

The remark was common that in these times a living could not be got from either the land or the water alone. As far as his land operations were concerned, the islander esteemed that he conducted them in the usual way. He had the modern improvements; he attended the meetings of a farmers' club at Blue Hill, exhibited prize turnips at the county fair at Ellsworth, and would have promptly repudiated any idea of "manners and customs," of having habits different from those of people in general, which could be a source of curiosity and entertainment to anybody.

A GOOD BITING DAY.

IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

BY-PATHS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

II.

EARLY in June of the following year, Dr. Mulock, with his wife, began again their exploration of the Alleghany Mountains. The Doctor, who was a bilious, overworked little man, told all of his friends that their object was to find quiet, fine scenery and low rates of board. But Mrs. Mulock was careful to state that their motive in this eccentric course in summer was to avoid the crowd.

"Society," she said, "even that of the most cultured circles, grows commonplace, and palls on me. It is only nature which satisfies." She never said anything about cheap board.

They took Miss Davidger with them again. Mrs. Mulock, under her unpleasant external varnish, was a warm-heart-

ed woman, and very fond of the girl, who led but a dull, drudging life at home, being one of the seven children of a poor clergyman.

"It will brighten the whole year for the child," said the Doctor.

"Yes; and you know," added his wife, "I was her sponsor, George, and besides a brown alpaca dress once, I have never done a thing toward fulfilling my vows."

The Doctor, therefore, with the two ladies, took passage for Harrisburg. They were equipped for the mountains, with valises, short flannel dresses, water-proofs, a pound or two of good tea, and a tin pot. The Doctor carried gun, fishing-tackle, and a flask of Scotch whiskey, which was his one catholic remedy, in the woods, for cuts, fevers, colds, or rattlesnake bites.

At Harrisburg they took the Niagara express to Lock Haven, a cheerful little lumber town lying high among the hills, where they spent the night. Early in the morning the Doctor called Sarah to the window of the inn parlor.

"There is my old friend Hoeven with the spring wagon. I wrote for him to meet us. Hoeven is the cabinet-maker among the Nittany Mountains."

"I am afraid this is a civilized wilderness to which you are taking us, Doctor," said Sarah. "No cabinet-makers adorned our Virginia Canaan."

"Oh, the Pennsylvania spurs of the Alleghanies are tame compared with those of Virginia or the Carolinas. The very hills are levelled on top, you will observe, as if some ancient Dutch Gog or Magog had set his broad foot on every peak, flattening them down. Elk and McKean counties are tolerably savage, but even there the yellow farm-houses with green shutters and the big barn are beginning to show themselves. A few deer, bear, and foxes still hide up in the fastnesses of the hills to which we are going, but they are fast disappearing. There are no wolves nor panthers, such as we shall find in the higher ranges of the Appalachian Mountains in North Carolina and West Virginia. Every county in Pennsylvania is yoked down to civilization by a 'pike' and toll taxes."

"I'm very glad to hear it," exclaimed his wife. "And what society shall we find, George?"

"You will not have a chance to study any of the picturesque phases of human nature, of which you are fond, I'm afraid, my dear," said the Doctor, anxiously. "Plenty of half-savage bear-hunters and moonshiners in North Carolina. But the Dutch or Scotch-Irish farmer has taken possession of the most solitary recesses in the Pennsylvania mountains outside of the mining districts. His wife has her patent churn and wringer, her parlor with hair-cloth chairs, and photograph album on the table; his boy is at some cheap local college, and his daughter drapes her calico polonaise by the latest fashion in the *Bazar*."

"But what kind of society is there?" demanded his wife, impatiently.

"There is church twice a month, sewing bees, and apple-butter stirrings. The older women seldom leave their kitchens except to go to church. The wife of a 'near' Pennsylvania hill farmer is perhaps the hardest-worked living being in the United States. But as for the girls, schools and magazines, and a day or two at the Exposition in 1876, have leavened the young people. The girl does not make as good butter as her mother, but she works tidies and decorates pickle jars. She has her lover, of course. He does not bring her flowers or opera tickets, but a leg of mutton weekly from the sheep his folks have killed. But there is as fine an aroma of love in it as in the costliest bouquet."

"Don't talk such nonsense to Sarah," said Mrs. Mulock, sharply. "What did we come to these mountains for, I wonder? If only to study vulgar love-making and tawdry apings of fashion, we need not have left New York."

"We are going to study nature, and I am taking you to Centre and Clinton counties, my dear," said the Doctor, meekly, "because the mountains there, though lower than others in the range, are more precipitous and picturesque than any in the State. I can show you there in miniature the peculiar features of Californian scenery; the same effects of volcanic action on the hills, the great sand deposits, and the cañons."

Hoeven—a round squat figure, with a round red face on top of it—perched on the front seat of the spring wagon, drove them at a steady jog-trot across the hills, over a good country road. The day was sultry, but Hoeven wore a winter overcoat with two capes sunburned into different shades of yellow.

"He does not countenance any whims

of the seasons," said the Doctor, who was the most reticent of men at home; but the mountain air had loosened his tongue; he talked incessantly. "Hoeven does not countenance whims of any sort. He lives in the solid stone house that his grandfather built, and he will leave it to his oldest son. The law of primogeniture is followed to that extent in the greater part of this State. The younger boys are sent off to seek their fortune in the West; but in the farm at home the oldest boy succeeds, and work and thought and talk run on in the same little ruts generation after generation. Hoeven's grandfather voted for Andrew Jackson years after Old Hickory was dead. There is always some Old Hickory to rule Pennsylvania with an iron rod, simply because there are so many Hoevens in the hills who are glad to pay him with office to do their thinking for them. John Owen's Solon Shingle is a study from the life of some Hoeven up here."

The road ran southeast for a few miles through rich bottom-lands. Here and there a small, snug farm-house was set in a space absolutely bare of trees; an enormous red-roofed barn, corn-cribs, patent bee-hives, smoke-houses, and cider-presses huddled about it in a bare clayey yard. Outside were great orchards, dusky and cool in the hot noonlight, the gnarled trees soon to redden with old-fashioned Baldwins and Rambos and knotty golden quinces; beyond these the fields of Indian corn rolled over the low hills, the blades shining dark and green in the glare; or fields of oats, the wind sending gray ripples over them, or an ashy, feathery stretch of buckwheat, mounting up the hill-side. The farmer's wife, in her calico gown, her hair knotted in a little knob back from her sallow face, was usually in sight somewhere, and always at work. She was picking peas in the garden, or she was making soap in a huge smoking caldron hung over a fire near the well, or she was drawing great loaves of flaky bread from an oven in the yard, while innumerable pans of gingerbread or cherry pies waited their turn. There was the sluggish calm of physical luxury, of rude plenty, everywhere. The air was full of the odor of pig-pens and drying meat, mixed with new-mown hay and honeysuckles. Roses which were delicate nurslings with town florists ran riot in feverish crimson over the barns and henneries; the endless lines of hills which walled in every landscape were fawn-colored with the early chestnut blossoms.

"Tons of these nuts rot every year in this State alone," boasted the Doctor. "There are enough chestnuts wasted in our mountain ranges from the lakes to Georgia to feed all famishing India. This is the best-fed country in the world, and old Pennsylvania is the best-fed State in it."

Our travellers were offered boarding in the hill farm-houses at from three to five dollars per week. They found shelter in an old house which lay directly in a gorge between two mountains; the creek, which ran brawling down the gap, swept past on either side of it, and met again, leaving it on a little island, accessible only by stepping-stones, which were always covered by high water. In all of the seventy years in which its owner had lived in the house it had not occurred to him to make a bridge of a couple of planks.

"It is a place for a murder," declared Mrs. Mulock. The house was gray and the fences gnawed with age. Old Nittany, a ragged, stern mountain, inaccessible except to bears and rattlesnakes, frowned heavily down upon it; the stream was full of whispering voices; a cold wind blew perpetually down the gorge. But the Doctor and Sarah found as much delight and beauty in this cut of the hills as if it had been the Vale of Cashmere. They fished for trout, or went on law-defying hunts for woodcock; they rode up the nearly perpendicular wagon-trails left by the charcoal-burners; they made friends on the few half-tilled patches grouped about the yellow store and post-office, in which the feeble gossip of these lonely hill farms found universal tongue and ears, and where the proprietor dispensed letters, boots, calicoes, sugar, and spiritualistic doctrines to all comers.

Many of the great gorges near Nittany are simply clefts of the hills made by volcanic action: the bare, disjointed cliffs stand opposite, a valley or stream between, alike in every angle and break, as though waiting for some supreme word to join them again. The hills in Nittany Gap are perhaps the most remarkable in the State; they are heaps of millions of bowlders, from the size of an egg to a mass weighing many tons, piled upon each other skyward in wild confusion. Some of these hills are absolutely bare of vegeta-

tion; there is not a tree nor blade of grass upon them; nothing but the slimy moss will cling to the smooth bowlders. Bears and foxes find ready-made dens in the crevices of the larger rocks, and there is no pleasanter nursery and breeding-place for rattlesnakes in the States in summer than these heaps of hot bare stones.

Miss Davidger rode alone every day through the Nittany, Gray Eagle, and Muncy hills: many large tracts were uninhabited, but they lacked the atmosphere of isolation and remoteness of the southern ranges. The wood sounds told of the near neighborhood of man; they were half human with the hum of bees, the c-r-r-r of the locust, the busy calls and domestic talk of the smaller sociable songbirds. There was no mystery in these woods. Sarah had always the odd feeling that they were an outer suburb of the familiar parsonage garden.

Sometimes Victoria went with her. Victoria was the daughter of the house—an ugly, scrawny, soft-voiced girl of eighteen, her skin yellow and teeth black with steady diet of pork and strong coffee. She jogged along, perched on an enormous white mare, her sun-bonnet, dyed saffron with annotto, flapping about her face: she told to Sarah every day her one story of the journey she had once made to Bellefontaine, in the next county, and of the remarkable spring that was there, "the like of which she heard was not in Europe." It had been her one glimpse of the world. Pork and coffee had tainted her no deeper than the skin. At heart she was a pure, modest little woman.

"Quite too fine a nature," Sarah declared, "to be lost in the wilderness." She began to lay plans to rescue Victoria, and bring her out into the world. But the first Sunday evening appeared Hoeven, superb in a mulberry velveteen waistcoat and blue satin scarf.

"Mr. Hoeven," Victoria timidly stated to her new friends, "is a widderer, and keepin' company with me."

They took their places solemnly in front of the shining cold stove in the dining-room, and the door was closed upon them.

The Doctor followed Sarah to the porch, laughing at her disappointment, but she would not joke about it.

"There's something in the girl that has lived in spite of her ignorance and ugliness and solitude," she said; "but Hoeven will smother it."

"Hoeven is an excellent match for her—a well-to-do, shrewd fellow," said Mrs. Mulock. "I'll send them a wedding present when we go home—something useful."

The next day the two girls, mounted on the plough horse and mare, followed an old Indian trail across the ridge into the Muncy Mountains. The sky was filled all day with a spongy mist, through which the sun showed but a nebulous depth of watery light. They rode from height to height, the forests rolling in unbroken billows to the horizon, the nearer hills tinged pink with laurel. When they were about five miles from home, the mist thickened into a steady down-pour of rain, and horizon, hills, and rosy banks suddenly went out into a cold wet fog.

"What is the matter with you, Victoria?" said Sarah, crossly. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes, I am. These hills are full of deserted shafts left by the iron-miners. Look a-there!"—dragging back her mule from the edge of a pit a hundred feet deep, the mouth of which was hidden by blackberry bushes. "I don't know the way home either. If Mr. Hoeven was here, he'd tell us what to do."

"Hoeven, indeed!" muttered Sarah, who was gasping under the breathless dashes of rain. "Are there no human beings at all on this ridge?"

"Only the charcoal-burners. The men live alone, and they're counted no better than beasts," cried Victoria, with fresh alarm.

Sarah, pushing through the thicket, suddenly came to a clearing, in the middle of which were two smouldering hillocks of charcoal. A hut of logs was built under the trees. About fifty chickens were cooped at one side, and on the eaves of the hut and on the trunks of the trees were nailed boxes for the birds, of every shape and size.

"It's not a wild beast that lives here," she said, decisively, rapping on the door with her whip handle.

A man came out, dressed in rags; he was an erect, powerful fellow, with a clear, direct glance. After one stare of amazement, he jerked off his cap, took their bridles without a word, and led the horses under his poultry shed. "The roof here is better than that of the house," he said. "Don't be frightened, ma'am. The rain is nigh over." He stood hold-

VIEW ON THE SWANNANON.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

ing the horses until it ceased, then he led them down into the wagon-road. "I'll go with you a-past the old shafts: they're dangerous," he said, striding along beside Sarah, in his bare head.

"Put on your cap, I beg of you, sir. What are these strange funnel-shaped holes in the hills? No man could have made the sides so smooth."

"No, ma'am; they were left by the witches. There's a good deal of their work hereabouts. This is the road to Nittany, ma'am."

"You have been very kind to us." Sarah put her hand in her pocket, hesitating.

"No, no"—drawing back; "you have been very kind to *me*"—with a smile that showed all his teeth. "Why, I haven't seen a livin' bein' for weeks, and not a lady since last Aprile."

"You must be very lonely up here?"

"I find a deal of company in my chickens and the birds. Good-day, ma'am."

When they reached the foot of the hill, they saw him still watching them, his old cap in his hand.

Much to her surprise, Sarah met Mr. Morley half a mile from the house. He had arrived while she was gone, and had been searching for her anxiously.

"It is hardly fitting that you should wander about in this way, Miss Davidger," he said, impatiently, taking her bridle. "Alone, too," completely ignoring poor drenched Victoria. "It is high time that I came."

Sarah told her little adventure. She was still flushed and pleased. Mr. Morley listened with cold displeasure.

"Imagine a French girl," he said, dryly, "appealing to the protection of a charcoal-burner!"

Sarah colored hotly. "No, I can not imagine it," she said, quietly; "because her charcoal-burner would be French too. Mine is an American."

"She's right there, Morley," said the Doctor, who had joined them. "One needs to come into such by-ways as this to find out the real character of the American. No matter what his rank, he's the best-bred man of his class in any nation, just because his breeding, as far as women are concerned, is a matter of instinctive honor and self-respect."

Morley gave a shrug, lifted his eyebrows, and said nothing. He lingered beside Sarah, while the Doctor went in to find his wife.

"What on earth brought Mr. Morley here?" was her first salutation.

"I did, my dear. I promised last winter to let him know when we were ready to go to the Carolinas."

"It is the most incomprehensible whim, for a young man, wealthy and fashionable, to go wandering through the hills summer after summer with an old couple like you and me! If"—looking meditatively out at Sarah and Morley, as they came up the path together—"if he was not a married man, I should think—"

The Doctor shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other. "The fact is, Louisa—I forgot to mention it, but I discovered lately that we all were mistaken last summer. It was his widowed sister-in-law that we saw with Morley on the cars. He is not married at all."

"Not married?" Mrs. Mulock drew a long breath, and bent eagerly forward to look again at Sarah, her eyes kindling. "He *is* very wealthy, George?"

"I believe so. He is a good fellow, which is more to the purpose."

"Y-e-s, of course. But really Sarah's home is such a bare, crowded house—Well"—suddenly straightening herself—"I shall certainly tell her that he is single, at once, and put her on her guard. I don't want the poor child's affections to be entangled, and of course a man in that position will not think of a poor clergyman's daughter."

The next day Hoeven drove our travellers down to Lock Haven. They took the early train to Harrisburg, going directly on to Richmond. The capital of the Confederacy looked to their eyes, accustomed to Northern cities, like one or two country towns hinged together by lax disjointed streets. The big dingy factories along the muddy bed of "the Jeems," and the swarms of idle blacks, could not destroy the air of an overgrown village. They took passage by the Piedmont Air Line to Salisbury, North Carolina. Starting early in the morning, the hot, dusty ride lasted until dark. The hospitable State of Virginia turns but a dull, spiritless face to the traveller on this road. Mrs. Mulock threw herself back impatiently as it grew dusk.

"I hoped to catch a glimpse of some of the great plantations," she said, "as we were going through the very heart of the State. But there literally has not been a single comfortable house nor a well-tilled farm in sight from Richmond to Salisbury."

"You will appreciate the beauty of the bounteous comfort and order of old Pennsylvania better now," said the Doctor, complacently. "Here we are! This is Salisbury, Miss Davidger, and here is an old friend who has come to go trouting with me up in the hills."

Judge Hixley came hurriedly into the car as it stopped. The little man was heated and agitated; his clothes were ill-fitting as usual. He had a carriage in waiting to take them to the hotel, and a boy on the platform with ice-water and cherries, fans, etc.

"One would suppose that he had just bought the State of North Carolina, and was obliged to play the host for it," said Mr. Morley, irritably.

The Judge welcomed Mrs. Mulock eagerly, glancing anxiously over her shoulder. When, however, he saw Morley stationed beside Miss Davidger, his countenance suddenly quieted, and he bowed to them with a smile, but did not approach them.

"Salisbury is the first Southern town that I have ever seen," said Sarah, as they drove along to the hotel.

"It is hardly a typical one," said Mr. Morley, "though it has all the distinctive features." There were, as usual, the wide grass-grown streets, with the dilapidated wooden houses inclosed in marvellous hedges of roses. On the street, warming the hot air with his oaths as he went, was the ex-Confederate colonel, round, pudgy, and rank in flavor as a whiskey barrel; and that other colonel, just as typically Southern, though unknown in the North, lean, high-featured, reticent, and keen, with the perpetual fresh look about him

of having just left the bath; there, too, were their quondam slaves—masters and servants sauntering about as if the summer never would have an end, and were good-humored and idle all day long. On the street they met a few plainly dressed, thorough-bred gentlewomen, with that thin, deprecatory, falsetto voice which is never heard north of Virginia. In Salisbury the diet of fried chicken and hot biscuit began, which was to last during the whole summer; and here was first revealed to their astonished senses the incredible amount of filth which can be accumulated in a town by dint of bad drainage, or no drainage at all.

Sarah went out alone in the warm dusk to find the old prison. It had been razed to the ground, and the inclosure in which the horrors of starvation and death had raged was now a smooth pasture-field, yellow with dandelions.

The western sky warmed into a soft rose-color; a cool wind blew over the feathery grass; the plumy white dandelion seed floated over it and sank gently to the ground.

Miss Davidger turned, and saw Judge Hixley beside her.

"Come, Miss Davidger," he said, "there are pleasanter parts of the town toh study than this." He led her to the shady back streets. He showed her presently a gray quiet house hidden by pines, where, as he said, with swelling emphasis, "Christian Reid lived, the favorite daughter of the South-land."

The loyalty of the Judge, and of all other Southerners, to any "son" or "daughter" who had proved their claim to notice, amused and touched Sarah during the whole journey. It was a part of that quick, personal interest which it is the habit of these people to feel and to show. For example: the train on the little local railway (Western North Carolina) running up to the mountains was delayed for a couple of hours the next day. "The Governor is coming to town this mohn-

A MOUNTAINEER'S HUT.

in'," explained the conductor, "and I reckoned a' course all the passengers 'd want to see the Governor." The train stopped, too, on the road until a man got out and dug up some flower roots; stopped again for an hour because a child was sick; the conductor went for ice a mile or two across the fields, and nobody grumbled: it seemed natural that they should humor the whims of a botanist or a sick baby. An Episcopal bishop from a neighboring State was on board the train; he fell into conversation with the Doctor and Mr. Morley, asked for an introduction to the ladies, and brought his wife to call on them when they reached Morganton.

"I had the toothache last night," said Sarah to Mrs. Mulock; "the negro chamber-maid saw that my cheek was swollen, and came of her own good-will with poultices and laudanum." From the bishop to the negro the spirit is the same. In the North we are all parts of a smoothly moving machine, but here every man is human to every other man.

At Morganton, a quaint village caught on the shelving side of a hill, our explorers first saw the mountains' distant purple lines etched into the gray sky. Near at hand one or two massive domes rose distinct and abrupt.

SUGAR-CANE MILL IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

"We are now at the entrance of the huge mountain fastnesses of the eastern part of the continent," laboriously explained the Doctor. "The Appalachian range stretches like a bulwark along the Atlantic coast, but here it rises into its loftiest heights. This region is almost unknown to Americans, yet the Adirondacks, the White, and the Alleghanies in Virginia and Pennsylvania are only the lower distant ramparts thrown out from this mountain stronghold." He went on to explain how the Cumberland, Unika, Blue Ridge, and Great Black ranges run parallel, southwesterly, through Tennessee and North Carolina, being crossed at right angles by lines of towering hills—the Iron, Balsam, Cowee, and Nantehela. "There are points from which eighty peaks over six thousand feet high are in sight at once," he said. "Now we can enter this region either by Rutherfordton and Linville, through a wild gorge filled with bold cliffs and rushing water-falls, or by the Swannanon Gap, from which we can ascend Mount Mitchell."

The latter route was chosen. They jolted on upon the little family railway which had brought them to Morganton, until it suddenly broke off in a chasm between two precipices. This solitary mountain road is quite as lazy as the other natives. It only creeps forward a mile or two every year; whenever it stops, a huge papery structure of planks is thrown up, which serves for a hotel until another step is taken. Our friends spent a night in a windy edifice built but a few months ago. Mrs. Mulock and Sarah sat in the evening on an upper balcony looking down into the pass, filled with dark pines, through which the wind drove from time to time with angry shudders. In a moment half a dozen camp fires started into light, and the gorge swarmed with hundreds of wretched blacks in the striped yellow convict garb. After their supper was cooked and eaten, they were driven into a row of prison cars, where they were tightly boxed for the night, with no possible chance to obtain either air or light.

The fires smouldered dimly, the guards squatted asleep about them, their guns at half-cock; beyond the half-lighted pass the wooded heights rose darkly tier on tier to the steely blue dome where Arcturus burned like fire.

Mr. Morley stood behind Miss Davidger's chair.

"There certainly is a singular sense of liberty in the breath of the mountains—'of old, dwelt Freedom on the heights,'" he said. "Oh? those poor devils?" following her glance downward. "Don't be afraid of them. No criminals among

A CORN-CRACKER IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

them. Chicken thieves for the most part. Petit larceny is punished with virtuous rigor here now. One negro was sentenced for life in Georgia the other day for stealing a mackerel. Before the war he would have had a dozen lashes. But the South must have convict, if not slave labor, to finish her railways. Ham is still kept in his proper place in the tents by his brethren."

They breakfasted before day the next morning, and climbed to the top of a leather-hung stage-coach. The driver carried up a bag of stones to the box to fire at his eight horses now and then.

"We'll cross the Blue Ridge in two hours," he said, taking off his hat to the ladies. All the people in the hotel, white and black, crowded to the door, nodding and waving their caps. "Just like the Judge," said Morley. "Each man must personally welcome us to the Blue Ridge as if it belonged to him."

The horses dashed up the road which wound through the gorge, through rolling waves of cold pure mist; branches of the forest at either side shook showers of glittering dew on them; the banks were carpeted with fern, the trailing pink sweet-brier and a great white morning-glory draped every rock, and the rhododendrons massed their white and dulled

VIEW OF BLACK MOUNTAINS FROM GLASS'S HOUSE.

scarlet in the background. The prison cars had vanished, the world was all so bright and pure and splendid that Sarah began to think that cars and convicts had been only a malarious vapor of the night.

On the roof of the coach were a couple of red-cheeked college boys with assertant diamonds blazing in their shirts and a faint odor of brandy on their breath, and a sweet-faced woman with a child on her lap, who asked the driver anxiously every five minutes, "How far now, George?"

"Just a step or two, Mistress Lebar."

At a turn in the road a crowd came in sight, rushing wildly from the woods—young men and women, children, a baby, a thin, gray-haired man, and a horde of laughing, shouting blacks.

"Hyah she is!" "Welcome home, mother!" "Gor-a-mighty! Hyah's little missy!"

They swarmed about the coach, held the horses, climbed up on the wheels. "Give me Nelly!" "No, gib her to ole Maumie." "Gor bress de litty angel!" The smiling plump lady was helped down,

and husband, children, and servants all fell upon her with shouts, sobs, and laughter. The passengers leaned out of the window, laughing too, and much minded to give a cheer.

"It apparently never occurs to Southerners to be decorous, or to hide a tear or a smile," said Morley, with a sneer.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Mulock, as they drove on.

"That's Judge Lebar," said the driver, adding, proudly, "he's had twenty children, an' they're all thar. That's his second wife. They live back a mile or two, an' come down to meet her. She's ben in New York."

"For a long time, I suppose?"

"Nigh on three weeks."

"What a people!" laughed Morley.

Sarah laughed too, but the water stood in her eyes. "*I* like Ham's brethren, however they may treat him," she said, energetically.

The road to Asheville is rough but safe. Our party sent on their baggage, and stopped at a way-side farm-house, "Alexander's," about twelve miles from Asheville. Mr. Alexander, a hale, sprightly young man of eighty, who, like all other farmers in the mountains, "took in" travellers, gave them an excellent supper and comfortable beds, and sent them on the next day, on mules and a shackly old cart, up the steep trail to the house of the guide, William Glass, the last human habitation in the wilderness out of which rises Mount Mitchell, his head covered with a perpetual heavy shadow, like some black-cowled old monk keeping watch over the Atlantic coast. The road followed stolidly the windings of a pearly little river, the Swannanon, through dank snaky fens, through stately park-like forests, into deep creeks of chocolate-colored water rushing down from the pine regions above. It passed, during the first few miles, a few log-huts built in two rows, with an open passageway between wide enough to drive a wagon through. There the family life of the mountaineers goes on the year round, open to wind and weather; there hang the guns, harness, hams, and apples and onions; there is the spinning-wheel, and the loom, built out of huge timbers, on which the butternut clothes which the men wear are woven; there the men and women, with their finely moulded Huguenot faces, sit smoking corn-cob pipes in dirt, poverty, and good-humored content inconceivable to Northerners.

FIRE-PLACE AT GLASS'S.

The road to Glass's crosses several spurs of the Great Black range. This range takes its funereal color from the balsam with which its summits are cov-

VIEW OF CRAGGY PEAK FROM THE PATH TO MOUNT MITCHELL.

men and women of great native force, who have lived in absolute solitude, and have been educated by the mountains. I find them the best of good company. Towns breed none such. When I was here last, their father was living, a blind old hunter, his white hair floating down his shoulders, his voice as low and quiet as a woman's. The boys and their sister had a strange and terrible experience in the war, and bore themselves as their father's children would do."

"They were Confederates, of course?"

"No. Most of these mountaineers were stanch toh the Union," said the Virginian, with a shrug. "This is William Glass who is coming toh lead your horse. There is not a mile of this terrible Black Range which he and his brother do not know. They were hunted over it like wild beasts for five years because they were loyal to the flag. Oh yes, I was on the other side. But I know a man when I meet him."

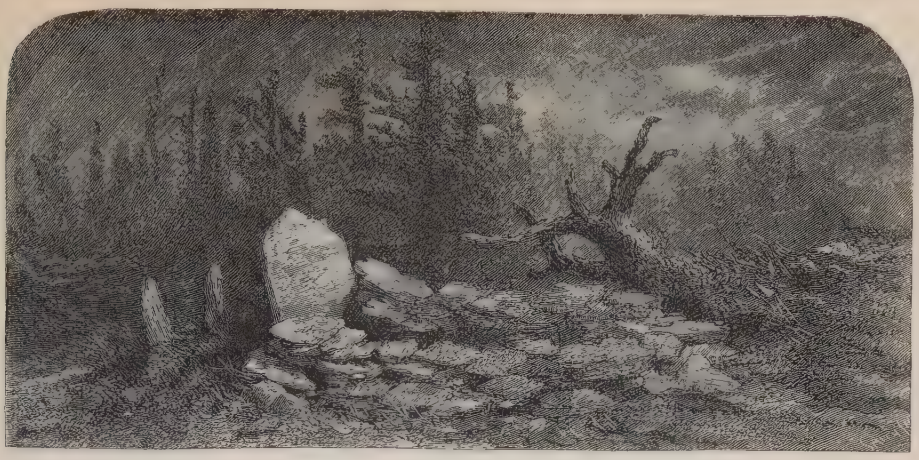
cred—a tree which will only grow above a height of four thousand feet. The range strikes across the mountain region of the Carolinas and Tennessee like an angry tremendous shadow. Upon the summit of the highest peak Professor Mitchell was killed by falling from a precipice, and was buried by the United States government, in an unusual freak of poetic justice, on the very summit. His name was given to the mountain. Such monument no man ever had.

The Doctor's party reached the guide's house at night-fall. The next morning, mounted on mules and sure-footed Canadian ponies, they began the ascent, led by William and Charley Glass.

"This family of Glass," said Judge Hixley, who walked by Sarah's stirrup, "have been hunters and guides on the old Black for three generations. They are

The trail traverses sixteen miles of unbroken wilderness, steep precipices, and angry torrents, sometimes only a foot or two wide; it crosses slippery cliffs which overhang murderous abysses. The wise little ponies test every step with their fore-feet before setting them down.

Half way up the mountain, they reached the spring of the Swannanon, and the ruins of a house. Below lay a sea of tossing clouds, with a thousand dark peaks piercing them reaching skyward. They pressed on, as it was growing late. The latter part of the ascent was made on foot. All the cheerful green deciduous woods were now left far behind, and even the funereal balsams refused to live on the summit, and stood on the peak a procession of ghastly dead trunks. Nothing but these gray wraiths of trees was visible when they reached the top, the



GRAVE OF PROFESSOR MITCHELL ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MITCHELL.

mountain being wrapped in fog. They made a fire, and camped all night on the peak. Sarah awoke before dawn. She started up, and hurried to the edge of the precipice. She was upon the highest point of land east of the Mississippi. She knew that the Atlantic coast and the valley of the Mississippi were stretched out below her, but the earth had sunk wholly out of sight; she stood alone in the sky. Beneath her, from one horizon to the other, rolled an ocean of liquid trembling hues. It was the very birth-place of color. She was above it, in pure ether. She turned at last, and found the Judge standing beside her. He was a homely, insignificant little man, but there was something in his presence not out of keeping with the place and the moment.

"This is Mitchell's grave," he said, presently, pointing to a wind-blown patch of grass upon the topmost height. "I should be glad to think that I too should so rest at last alone with God."

"Hillo!" said Morley, coming up, with a yawn. "Nice cloud effects here, eh? That is, for this side of the water. Come, let's go to breakfast."

They came down the mountain that day, but remained at Glass's for a week, fishing for trout in the Swannanon, which ran past the door, and hunting deer and small game with good success. The North Carolina mountains are infested with bear and wolves, but the impenetrable laurel thickets give them a safe hiding-place in summer. It is useless to hunt them until the leaves begin to fall in October.

They then went on to Asheville, which has been the end of the journey into these mountains with most explorers. The Doctor, however, made it only a head-quarters from which they penetrated into solitudes where the trade dollar, the artist, and the summer tourist are unknown.

Asheville lies upon a high plateau surrounded by the Balsam Range; the pure, dry air sifted through these trees has healing on its wings for all lung diseases. There is a sanitarium in the little town, which is becoming, like Aiken, and for the same reasons, a Mecca for consumptives. The doctor found an efficient helper in his plans in Mr. Weddon, a Southern man of enterprise, who has established lines of stages through many passes of the mountains hitherto almost impassable.

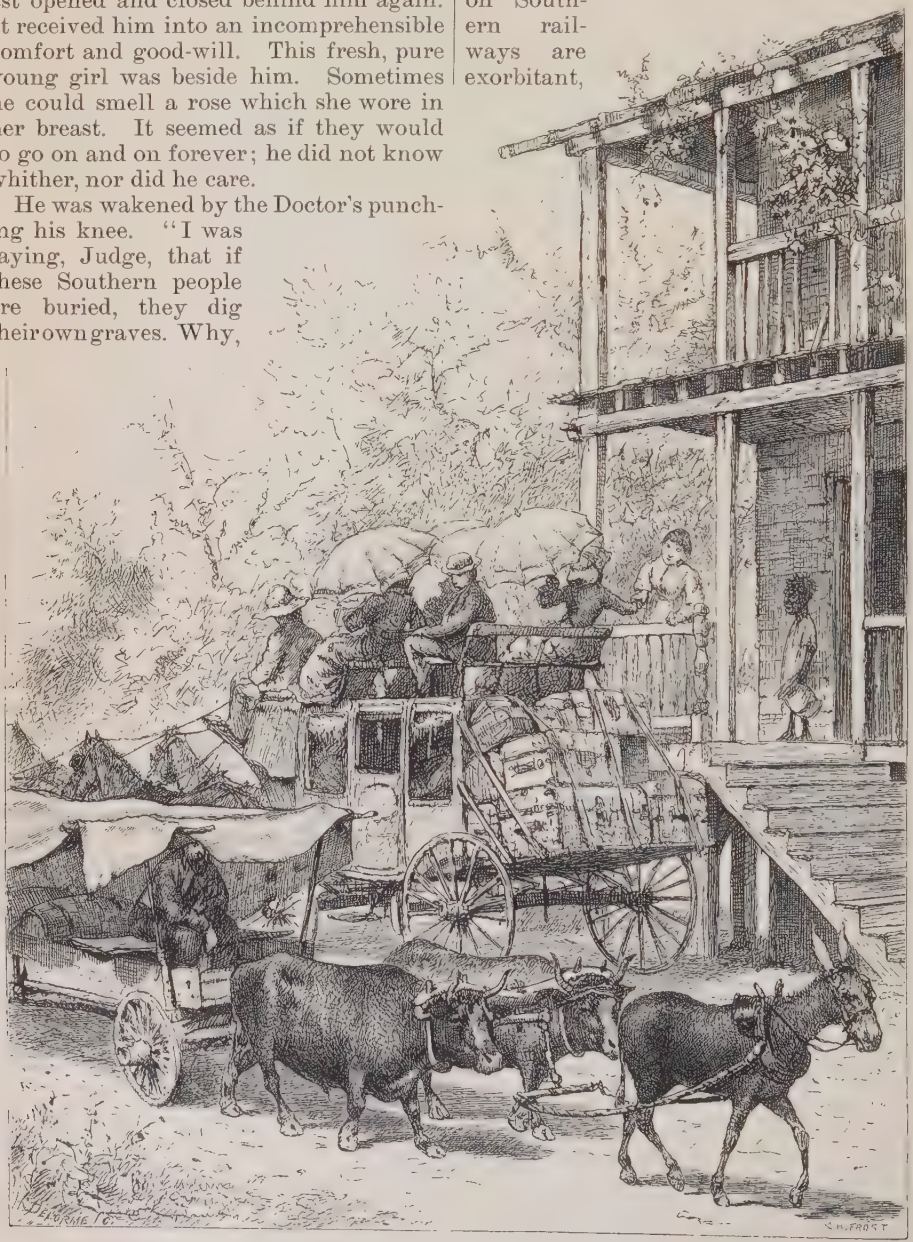
"If more of the Southern men," said Mrs. Mulock, "had the common-sense to know how to put their shoulders to the wheel, and energy to do it, the cart would have been out of the mire long ago."

"But they haven't," said her husband, snappishly, looking at the Judge. "They even thrust back the help that would take it out."

They were bowling along at the time in an open spring wagon, on a good road, which led up to the little hamlet of Waynesville. There was a dash of fine rain now and then, as a low cloud broke against a peak, followed by a sudden sparkle in the blue air and wet trees. There was a singular exhilaration in the breath of these cold highlands, in the endlessness and calm of the mountains. The Virgin-

ian had secured a seat by Sarah. He had not spoken since they started, but it seemed to him that he had been talking to her all the time—had been telling her passionately all the history of his life, from the idle fire-eating college days to the poverty, loneliness, and hard drudgery which he left behind him last week. As he was carried swiftly along, the great silent forest opened and closed behind him again. It received him into an incomprehensible comfort and good-will. This fresh, pure young girl was beside him. Sometimes he could smell a rose which she wore in her breast. It seemed as if they would so go on and on forever; he did not know whither, nor did he care.

He was wakened by the Doctor's punching his knee. "I was saying, Judge, that if these Southern people are buried, they dig their own graves. Why, this scenery, sir, ought to bring in droves of Northern tourists every summer, scattering money. And the timber and mineral resources! Look at the mica, and the coal, and iron, and copper, and corundum. Northern men would buy this waste land if they saw it, and presently, when times mended, open mines and railroads. But they shut the door in our faces. Rates on Southern railways are exorbitant,



ON THE ROAD TO ASHEVILLE.

and in the big hotels ditto. We paid as much for a surfeit of greasy fried chicken and pork, vilely served, at Salisbury, as for a meal at the best hotel in New York. They drive away the goose before it has time to lay a golden egg."

"The mountaineers will not overcharge you," said the Judge, gently. "If we should stop at one of these huts without windows, and bring the bahr-

STREET SCENE, WAYNESVILLE.

footed woman in from her ploughing toh cook us a dinner, she would give us the inevitable chicken, delicious corn-bread, milk, plenty of vegetables and honey, and either make no charge at all, or be satisfied with ten cents. At the mountain village inns, school-boys who go out toh hunt or fish are charged about six dollars a month, and their fathers, double."

"What do you think of that, George?" said Mrs. Mulock, triumphantly. "And there certainly is a flavor of hearty kindliness in even an inn welcome at the South which we Northerners know nothing of."

The Judge looked at Sarah thoughtfully, like a man suddenly wakened. Mr. Morley had ridden up to the other side, and was bending over her, twisting some of the white bells of the sour-wood tree around her hat. The young man's dark face was heated, and his eyes glowed. The two heads contrasted finely.

"Morley's is the age for foolish dreams,

ON THE PORCH AT MRS. BRIGHT'S.

and beauty, and flowers," thought the grizzled little man, shrugging his shoulders. "I left it behind me long ago. It is more my business now to tell the price of board."

The chilly sunshine was fading from the top of the mountains when they reached Waynesville—a crooked little street which creeps leisurely along a mountain summit, with a few gray houses dropped uncertainly at either side. The store had a shady porch in front, and there lounged a dozen men, the male population of the village, watching black Sam pick the banjo and dance Juba; an old hunter sat smoking on a roll of wolf-skins flung down on the grass, which he had brought all the way from the Indian country of Qualla; the clergyman and doctor were playing backgammon on a table set under a great elm in the middle of the street. The whole village looked up with a faint surprise when our party of travellers arrived, and then calmly returned to its game and gossip and banjo. The clean tiny inn (principally made up of porches bulging out under enormous trees) would not hold all of the travellers. Morley and the Judge found lodging over the store. But they all gathered presently in an upper porch to watch the night close down over the peaks which walled them in.

Mistress Bright, the landlady, appeared, with a pleasant face of welcome. "Supper's ready. Yon's a storm coming, too, and quick. Old Balsam's had his cap on all day," she said, pointing to a wisp of silvery mist about the head of a high hill which shadowed the hamlet.

Before they could leave the porch there was a fierce hissing rush; the earth and air seemed to rock, and they were wrapped in a total darkness. Then the cloud bore down on them in sheets of blinding rain; the thunder burst in the far horizon, while pale greenish electric flames revealed

range upon range of black fantastic heights unseen before.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Mulock. "Even I am too hungry and cold to commune with nature to-night." She led the way down to a savory little supper. Hardy, best of mountain cooks, carried in a great dish of crisp salmon-trout, "which one ob de gemmen ob de town sends wid he's complemens to de ladies."

Waynesville had received them. They found many such picturesque little villages as this hidden in these interminable ranges, perched on sunny peaks above the clouds, or nestling in gorges. The awful solitude of the forests is scarcely broken by them. Half of their unpainted, weather-beaten houses are always empty, the inmates having apparently died, or gone farther into these sleepy wildernesses and forgotten to come back. The roads leading to them are always over break-neck precipices and in scandalous disrepair, one generation putting off to another the mending of them. There is always a deserted mica mine on a neighboring height, shining like a fountain of silver gushing from the rock; there is always a stream which "would give a powerful yield of gold, only we folks don't count much on them oncertain ways of makin' a livin'."

There are always one or two families of educated, well-bred people. They have little money, but they feel the need of it less here than anywhere else in the States. They live in roomy wooden houses, the walls, ceilings, and floors frequently made of a purplish fine-grained poplar, which no Persian carpet or tapestry could rival in beauty; they buy no new books, but they have read the old ones until they are live friends; they never saw a Gérôme or a Fortuny, but their windows open on dusky valleys, delicate in beauty as a dream, on rushing water-falls, on rainbow veils of mist floating over dizzy heights; they dress in homespun, and sit on wooden benches, but knowing nothing of fashions or bric-à-brac, their souls sit at ease and are quiet, and they never feel the aching void of an empty pocket. Our travellers were welcomed to many a room where trunks, the spinning-wheel, and the cooking-stove filled one side, and the bed and a portrait of a Revolutionary ancestor the other, where flat-irons and silver goblets, Shakspeare and the blacking-brushes, amicably kept company on the mantel-shelf, but in which the fine quick wit and the grave courtesy of their hosts would have dwarfed the stateliest surroundings.

"We are half way now," said Judge Hixley, when they reached the little town of Webster. "There is a bridge hyah over the Tuckaseege, which I discovered five years ago, that I wish toh show you. It is built on square piers of logs, which have been filled in with earth. The wood has decayed, and out of the earth wild vines have grown; the red-leafed ivy, passion-flowers, pink sweet-brier, and feathery fern cover the piers and the bridge, and trail into the water. There are steep, quiet banks at either side, the river is crystal clear, and across it hangs this span of plumy leaves and flowers. It belongs toh fairy-land. You will see it at the next turn. Ah-h!"

Over the river stretched a tight, solid bridge of bare new pine planks.

"Lookin' at our improvement?" said a lank-jawed fellow sitting astride of the fence. "Neatest thing in Jackson County, that bridge, I reckon."

HENRY OF NAVARRE BEFORE PARIS.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Down upon the 'leaguered town
With forty thousand men he rode:
The fields were bare, the meadows brown,
The starving cattle faintly lowed.

But conquering hero he rode down—
As if to hawk and bells he rode—
While fields were bare and meadows brown
And starving cattle faintly lowed.

And just without the 'leaguered town
They pitched their tents along the road,
Or in the fields and meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed.

Day after day they stormed the town;
Day after day he laughing rode
Across the fields and meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed.

One day from out the 'leaguered town
There faltered forth along the road,
And by the fields and meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed,

A wretched throng. The 'leaguered town
Had cast aside its useless load,
And by the fields and meadows brown,
Where starving cattle faintly lowed,

They faltered up, they faltered down,
Half dazed with fear, along the road.
Then, by the fields and meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed,

The hero who had stormed the town
Day after day, and careless rode
Day after day by meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed,

With swift sharp strokes came riding down
Along the white and dusty road,
Unheeding still the meadows brown,
The starving cattle as they lowed.

His face was set beneath a frown;
His laughing eyes, that had bestowed
No glance upon the meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed,

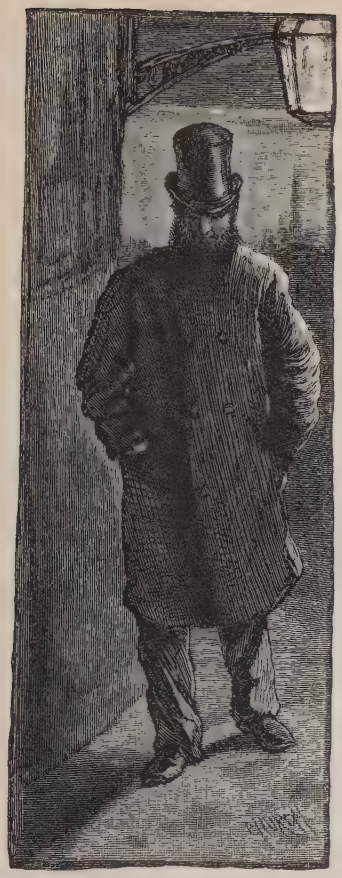
Now fierce yet soft looked shining down
Upon the groups that thronged the road.
Blind to the meadows bare and brown,
Deaf to the cattle as they lowed,

His great heart suddenly bore down
The conqueror's pride, and back he rode,
Past all the fields and meadows brown
Where starving cattle faintly lowed.

He fed the people of the town—
These famished groups that thronged the road—
And through the fields and meadows brown
He called the cattle as they lowed,

And fed them all. Then from the town
He turned away, and lightly rode
Past all the fields and meadows brown,
With face that shone and eyes that glowed.

"*Vive Dieu!*" he cried, "I'll take no town
By famine's scourge: a fairer road
Must Henry of Navarre ride down
To find his triumphs well bestowed."



MR. TOLMAN was a gentleman whose apparent age was of a varying character. At times, when deep in thought on business matters or other affairs, one might have thought him fifty-five or fifty seven, or even sixty. Ordinarily, however, when things were running along in a satisfactory and commonplace way, he appeared to be about fifty years old, while upon some extraordinary occasions, when the world assumed an unusually attractive aspect, his age seemed to run down to forty-five or less.

He was the head of a business firm; in fact, he was the only member of it. The firm was known as Pusey and Co.; but Pusey had long been dead, and the "Co.," of which Mr. Tolman had been a member, was dissolved. Our elderly hero having bought out the business, firm name and all, for many years had carried it on with success and profit. His counting-house was a small and quiet place, but a great deal of money had been made in it. Mr. Tolman was rich—very rich indeed.

And yet as he sat in his counting-room one winter evening he looked his oldest. He had on his hat and his overcoat, his gloves and his fur collar. Every one else in the establishment had gone home, and he, with the keys in his hand, was ready to lock up and leave also. He often staid later than any one else, and left the keys with Mr. Canterfield, the head clerk, as he passed his house on his way home.

Mr. Tolman seemed in no hurry to go. He simply sat and thought, and increased his apparent age. The truth was he did not want to go home. He was tired of going home. This was not because his home was not a pleasant one. No single gentleman in the city had a handsomer or more comfortable suite of rooms. It was not because he felt lonely, or regretted that a wife and children did not brighten and enliven his home. He was perfectly satisfied to be a bachelor. The conditions suited him exactly. But, in spite of all this, he was tired of going home.

"I wish," said Mr. Tolman to himself, "that I could feel some interest in going home;" and then he rose and took a turn or two up and down the room; but as that did not seem to give him any more interest in the matter, he sat down again. "I wish it were necessary for me to go home," said he; "but it isn't;" and then he fell again to thinking. "What I need," he said, after a while, "is to depend more upon myself—to feel that I am necessary to myself. Just now I'm not. I'll stop going home—at least in this way. Where's the sense in envying other men, when I can have all that they have, just as well as not? And I'll have it, too," said Mr. Tolman, as he went out and locked the doors. Once in the streets, and walking rapidly, his ideas shaped themselves easily and readily into a plan which, by the time he reached the house of his head clerk, was quite matured. Mr. Canterfield was just going down to dinner as his employer rang the bell, so he opened the door himself. "I will detain you but a minute or two," said Mr. Tolman, handing the keys to Mr. Canterfield. "Shall we step into the parlor?"

When his employer had gone, and Mr. Canterfield had joined his family at the dinner table, his wife immediately asked him what Mr. Tolman wanted.

"Only to say that he is going away to-morrow, and that I am to attend to the business, and send his personal letters to ——," naming a city not a hundred miles away.

"How long is he going to stay?"

"He didn't say," answered Mr. Canterfield.

"I'll tell you what he ought to do," said the lady. "He ought to make you a partner in the firm, and then he could go away and stay as long as he pleased."

"He can do that now," returned her husband. "He has made a good many trips since I have been with him, and things have gone on very much in the same way as when he was here. He knows that."

"But still you'd like to be a partner?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Canterfield.

"And common gratitude ought to prompt him to make you one," said his wife.

Mr. Tolman went home and wrote a will. He left all his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the richest and most powerful charitable organization in the country.

"People will think I'm crazy," said he to himself, "and if I should die while I am carrying out my plan, I'll leave the task of defending my sanity to people who are able to make a good fight for me." And before he went to bed he had his will signed and witnessed.

The next day he packed a trunk and left for the neighboring city. His apartments were to be kept in readiness for his return at any time. If you had seen him walking over to the railroad dépôt, you would have taken him for a man of forty-five.

When he arrived at his destination, Mr. Tolman established himself temporarily at a hotel, and spent the next three or four days in walking about the city looking for what he wanted. What he wanted was rather difficult to define, but the way in which he put the matter to himself was something like this:

"I'd like to find a snug little place where I can live and carry on some business which I can attend to myself, and which will bring me into contact with people of all sorts—people who will interest me. It must be a small business, because I don't want to have to work very hard, and it must be snug and comfortable, because I want to enjoy it. I would like a shop of some sort, because that brings a man face to face with his fellow-creatures."

The city in which he was walking about was one of the best places in the country in which to find the place of business he desired. It was full of independent little shops. But Mr. Tolman could not readily find one which resembled his ideal. A small dry-goods establishment seemed to presuppose a female proprietor. A grocery store would give him many interesting customers; but he did not know much about groceries, and the business did not appear to him to possess any æsthetic features. He was much pleased by a small shop belonging to a taxidermist. It was exceedingly cozy, and the business was probably not so great as to overwork any one. He might send the birds and beasts which were brought to be stuffed to some practical operator, and have him put them in proper condition for the customers. He might— But no; it would be very unsatisfactory to engage in a business of which he knew absolutely nothing. A taxidermist ought not to blush with ignorance when asked some simple question about a little dead bird or a defunct fish. And so he tore himself from the window of this fascinating place, where, he fancied, had his education been differently managed, he could in time have shown the world the spectacle of a cheerful and unblighted Mr. Venus.

The shop which at last appeared to suit him best was one which he had passed and looked at several times before it struck him favorably. It was in a small brick house in a side street, but not far from one of the main business avenues of the city. The shop seemed devoted to articles of stationery and small notions of various kinds not easy to be classified. He had stopped to look at three penknives fastened to a card, which was propped up in the little show-window, supported on one side by a chess-board with "History of Asia" in gilt letters on the back, and on the other by a small violin labelled "1 dollar;" and as he gazed past these articles into the interior of the shop, which was now lighted up, it gradually dawned upon him that it was something like his ideal of an attractive and interesting business place. At any rate

he would go in and look at it. He did not care for a violin even at the low price marked on the one in the window, but a new pocket-knife might be useful; so he walked in and asked to look at pocket-knives.

The shop was in charge of a very pleasant old lady of about sixty, who sat sewing behind the little counter. While she went to the window, and very carefully reached over the articles displayed therein to get the card of penknives, Mr. Tolman looked about him. The shop was quite small, but there seemed to be a good deal in it. There were shelves behind the counter, and there were shelves on the opposite wall, and they all seemed well filled with something or other. In the corner near the old lady's chair was a little coal stove with a bright fire in it, and at the back of the shop, at the top of two steps, was a glass door partly open, through which he saw a small room, with a red carpet on the floor, and a little table apparently set for a meal.

Mr. Tolman looked at the knives when the old lady showed them to him, and after a good deal of consideration he selected one which he thought would be a good knife to give to a boy. Then he looked over some things in the way of paper-cutters, whist-markers, and such small matters, which were in a glass case on the counter, and while he looked at them he talked to the old lady.

She was a friendly, sociable body, and very glad to have any one to talk to, and so it was not at all difficult for Mr. Tolman, by some general remarks, to draw from her a great many points about herself and her shop. She was a widow, with a son who, from her remarks, must have been forty years old. He was connected with a mercantile establishment, and they had lived here for a long time. While her son was a salesman, and came home every evening, this was very pleasant; but after he became a commercial traveller, and was away from the city for months at a time, she did not like it at all. It was very lonely for her.

Mr. Tolman's heart rose within him, but he did not interrupt her.

"If I could do it," said she, "I would give up this place, and go and live with my sister in the country. It would be better for both of us, and Henry could come there just as well as here when he gets back from his trips."

"Why don't you sell out?" asked Mr. Tolman, a little fearfully, for he began to think that all this was too easy sailing to be entirely safe.

"That would not be easy," said she, with a smile. "It might be a long time before we could find any one who would want to take the place. We have a fair trade in the store, but it isn't what it used to be when times were better, and the library is falling off too. Most of the books are getting pretty old, and it don't pay to spend much money for new ones now."

"The library!" said Mr. Tolman. "Have you a library?"

"Oh yes," replied the old lady. "I've had a circulating library here for nearly fifteen years. There it is on those two upper shelves behind you."

Mr. Tolman turned, and beheld two long rows of books, in brown paper covers, with a short step-ladder standing near the door of the inner room, by which these shelves might be reached. This pleased him greatly. He had had no idea that there was a library here.

"I declare!" said he. "It must be very pleasant to manage a circulating library—a small one like this, I mean. I shouldn't mind going into a business of the kind myself."

The old lady looked up, surprised. Did he wish to go into business? She had not supposed that, just from looking at him.

Mr. Tolman explained his views to her. He did not tell what he had been doing in the way of business, or what Mr. Canterfield was doing for him now. He merely stated his present wishes, and acknowledged to her that it was the attractiveness of her establishment that had led him to come in.

"Then you do not want the penknife?" she said, quickly.

"Oh yes, I do," said he; "and I really believe, if we can come to terms, that I would like the two other knives, together with the rest of your stock in trade."

The old lady laughed a little nervously. She hoped very much indeed that they could come to terms. She brought a chair from the back room, and Mr. Tolman sat down with her by the stove to talk it over. Few customers came in to interrupt them, and they talked the matter over very thoroughly. They both came to the conclusion that there would

be no difficulty about terms, nor about Mr. Tolman's ability to carry on the business after a very little instruction from the present proprietress. When Mr. Tolman left, it was with the understanding that he was to call again in a couple of days, when the son Henry would be at home, and matters could be definitely arranged.

When the three met, the bargain was soon struck. As each party was so desirous of making it, few difficulties were interposed. The old lady, indeed, was in favor of some delay in the transfer of the establishment, as she would like to clean and dust every shelf and corner and every article in the place; but Mr. Tolman was in a hurry to take possession; and as the son Henry would have to start off on another trip in a short time, he wanted to see his mother moved and settled before he left. There was not much to move but trunks and bandboxes, and some antiquated pieces of furniture of special value to the old lady, for Mr. Tolman insisted on buying everything in the house, just as it stood. The whole thing did not cost him, he said to himself, as much as some of his acquaintances would pay for a horse. The methodical son Henry took an account of stock, and Mr. Tolman took several lessons from the old lady, in which she explained to him how to find out the selling prices of the various articles from the marks on the little tags attached to them; and she particularly instructed him in the management of the circulating library. She informed him of the character of the books, and, as far as possible, of the character of the regular patrons. She told him whom he might trust to take out a book without paying for the one brought in, if they didn't happen to have the change with them, and she indicated with little crosses opposite their names those persons who should be required to pay cash down for what they had had, before receiving further benefits.

It was astonishing to see what interest Mr. Tolman took in all this. He was really anxious to meet some of the people about whom the old lady discoursed. He tried, too, to remember a few of the many things she told him of her methods of buying and selling, and the general management of her shop, and he probably did not forget more than three-fourths of what she told him.

Finally, everything was settled to the satisfaction of the two male parties to the bargain—although the old lady thought of a hundred things she would yet like to do—and one fine frosty afternoon a carload of furniture and baggage left the door, the old lady and her son took leave of the old place, and Mr. Tolman was left sitting behind the little counter, the sole manager and proprietor of a circulating library and a stationery and notion shop. He laughed when he thought of it, but he rubbed his hands and felt very well satisfied.

"There is nothing really crazy about it," he said to himself. "If there is a thing that I think I would like, and I can afford to have it, and there's no harm in it, why not have it?"

There was nobody there to say anything against this; so Mr. Tolman rubbed his hands again before the fire, and rose to walk up and down his shop, and wonder who would be his first customer.

In the course of twenty minutes a little boy opened the door and came in. Mr. Tolman hastened behind the counter to receive his commands. The little boy wanted two sheets of note-paper and an envelope.

"Any particular kind?" asked Mr. Tolman.

The boy didn't know of any particular variety being desired. He thought the same kind she always got would do, and he looked very hard at Mr. Tolman, evidently wondering at the change in the shop-keeper, but asking no questions.

"You are a regular customer, I suppose," said Mr. Tolman, opening several boxes of paper which he had taken down from the shelves. "I have just begun business here, and don't know what kind of paper you have been in the habit of buying. But I suppose this will do;" and he took out a couple of sheets of the best, with an envelope to match. These he carefully tied up in a piece of thin brown paper, and gave to the boy, who handed him three cents. Mr. Tolman took them, smiled, and then having made a rapid calculation, he called to the boy, who was just opening the door, and gave him back one cent.

"You have paid me too much," he said.

The boy took the cent, looked at Mr. Tolman, and then got out of the store as quickly as he could.

"Such profits as that are enormous," said Mr. Tolman; "but I suppose the

small sales balance them." This Mr. Tolman subsequently found to be the case.

One or two other customers came in in the course of the afternoon, and about dark the people who took out books began to arrive. These kept Mr. Tolman very busy. He not only had to do a good deal of entering and cancelling, but he had to answer a great many questions about the change in proprietorship, and the probability of his getting in some new books, with suggestions as to the quantity and character of these, mingled with a few dissatisfied remarks in regard to the volumes already on hand.

Every one seemed sorry that the old lady had gone away, but Mr. Tolman was so pleasant and anxious to please, and took such an interest in their selection of books, that only one of the subscribers appeared to take the change very much to heart. This was a young man who was forty-three cents in arrears. He was a long time selecting a book, and when at last he brought it to Mr. Tolman to be entered, he told him in a low voice that he hoped there would be no objection to letting his account run on for a little while longer. On the first of the month he would settle it, and then he hoped to be able to pay cash whenever he brought in a book.

Mr. Tolman looked for his name on the old lady's list, and finding no cross against it, told him that it was all right, and that the first of the month would do very well. The young man went away perfectly satisfied with the new librarian. Thus did Mr. Tolman begin to build up his popularity. As the evening grew on he found himself becoming very hungry, but he did not like to shut up the shop, for every now and then some one dropped in, sometimes to ask what time it was, and sometimes to make a little purchase, while there were still some library patrons coming in at intervals.

However, taking courage during a short rest from customers, he put up the shutters, locked the door, and hurried off to a hotel, where he partook of a meal such as few keepers of little shops ever think of indulging in.

The next morning Mr. Tolman got his own breakfast. This was delightful. He had seen how cozily the old lady had spread her table in the little back room, where there was a stove suitable for any cooking he might wish to indulge in, and he longed for such a cozy meal. There were plenty of stock provisions in the house, which he had purchased with the rest of the goods, and he went out and bought himself a fresh loaf of bread. Then he broiled a piece of ham, made some good strong tea, boiled some eggs, and had a breakfast on the little round table, which, though plain enough, he enjoyed more than any breakfast at his club which he could remember. He had opened the shop, and sat facing the glass door, hoping, almost, that there would be some interruption to his meal. It would seem so much more proper in that sort of business if he had to get up and go attend to a customer.

Before evening of that day Mr. Tolman became convinced that he would soon be obliged to employ a boy or some one to attend to the establishment during his absence. After breakfast, a woman recommended by the old lady came to make his bed and clean up generally, but when she had gone he was left alone with his shop. He determined not to allow this responsibility to injure his health, and so at one o'clock boldly locked the shop door and went out to his lunch. He hoped that no one would call during his absence, but when he returned he found a little girl with a pitcher standing at the door. She came to borrow half a pint of milk.

"Milk!" exclaimed Mr. Tolman, in surprise. "Why, my child, I have no milk. I don't even use it in my tea."

The little girl looked very much disappointed. "Is Mrs. Walker gone away for good?" said she.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tolman. "But I would be just as willing to lend you the milk as she would be, if I had any. Is there any place near here where you can buy milk?"

"Oh yes," said the girl; "you can get it round in the market-house."

"How much would half a pint cost?" he asked.

"Three cents," replied the girl.

"Well, then," said Mr. Tolman, "here are three cents. You can go and buy the milk for me, and then you can borrow it. Will that suit?"

The girl thought it would suit very well, and away she went.

Even this little incident pleased Mr. Tolman. It was so very novel. When he came back from his dinner in the

evening, he found two circulating library subscribers stamping their feet on the door-step, and he afterward heard that several others had called and gone away. It would certainly injure the library if he suspended business at meal-times. He could easily have his choice of a hundred boys if he chose to advertise for one, but he shrank from having a youngster in the place. It would interfere greatly with his coziness and his experiences. He might possibly find a boy who went to school, and who would be willing to come at noon and in the evening if he were paid enough. But it would have to be a very steady and responsible boy. He would think it over before taking any steps.

He thought it over for a day or two, but he did not spend his whole time in doing so. When he had no customers, he sauntered about in the little parlor over the shop, with its odd old furniture, its quaint prints on the walls, and its absurd ornaments on the mantel-piece. The other little rooms seemed almost as funny to him, and he was sorry when the bell on the shop door called him down from their contemplation. It was pleasant to him to think that he owned all these odd things. The ownership of the varied goods in the shop also gave him an agreeable feeling, which none of his other possessions had ever afforded him. It was all so odd and novel.

He liked much to look over the books in the library. Many of them were old novels, the names of which were familiar enough to him, but which he had never read. He determined to read some of them as soon as he felt fixed and settled.

In looking over the book in which the names and accounts of the subscribers were entered, he amused himself by wondering what sort of persons they were who had out certain books. Who, for instance, wanted to read *The Book of Cats;* and who could possibly care for *The Mysteries of Udolpho?* But the unknown person in regard to whom Mr. Tolman felt the greatest curiosity was the subscriber who now had in his possession a volume entitled *Dormstock's Logarithms of the Diapason.*

"How on earth," exclaimed Mr. Tolman, "did such a book get into this library; and where on earth did the person spring from who would want to take it out? And not only want to take it," he continued, as he examined the entry regarding the volume, "but come and have it renewed one, two, three, four—nine times! He has had that book for eighteen weeks!"

Without exactly making up his mind to do so, Mr. Tolman deferred taking steps toward getting an assistant until P. Glascow, the person in question, should make an appearance, and it was nearly time for the book to be brought in again.

"If I get a boy now," thought Mr. Tolman, "Glascow will be sure to come and bring the book while I am out."

In almost exactly two weeks from the date of the last renewal of the book, P. Glascow came in. It was the middle of the afternoon, and Mr. Tolman was alone. This investigator of musical philosophy was a quiet young man of about thirty, wearing a light brown cloak, and carrying under one arm a large book.

P. Glascow was surprised when he heard of the change in the proprietorship of the library. Still he hoped that there would be no objection to his renewing the book which he had with him, and which he had taken out some time ago.

"Oh no," said Mr. Tolman, "none in the world. In fact, I don't suppose there are any other subscribers who would want it. I have had the curiosity to look to see if it had ever been taken out before, and I find it has not."

The young man smiled quietly. "No," said he, "I suppose not. It is not every one who would care to study the higher mathematics of music, especially when treated as Dormstock treats the subject."

"He seems to go into it pretty deeply," remarked Mr. Tolman, who had taken up the book. "At least I should think so, judging from all these calculations, and problems, and squares, and cubes."

"Indeed he does," said Glascow; "and although I have had the book some months, and have more reading time at my disposal than most persons, I have only reached the fifty-sixth page, and doubt if I shall not have to review some of that before I can feel that I thoroughly understand it."

"And there are three hundred and forty pages in all," said Mr. Tolman, compassionately.

"Yes," replied the other; "but I am quite sure that the matter will grow easier as I proceed. I have found that out from what I have already done."

"You say you have a good deal of lei-

sure?" remarked Mr. Tolman. "Is the musical business dull at present?"

"Oh, I'm not in the musical business," said Glascow. "I have a great love for music, and wish to thoroughly understand it; but my business is quite different. I am a night druggist, and that is the reason I have so much leisure for reading."

"A night druggist?" repeated Mr. Tolman, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," said the other. "I am in a large down-town drug-store, which is kept open all night, and I go on duty after the day clerks leave."

"And does that give you more leisure?" asked Mr. Tolman.

"It seems to," answered Glascow. "I sleep until about noon, and then I have the rest of the day, until seven o'clock, to myself. I think that people who work at night can make a more satisfactory use of their own time than those who work in the daytime. In the summer I can take a trip on the river, or go somewhere out of town, every day, if I like."

"Daylight is more available for many things, that is true," said Mr. Tolman. "But is it not dreadfully lonely sitting in a drug-store all night? There can't be many people to come to buy medicine at night. I thought there was generally a night bell to drug-stores, by which a clerk could be awakened if anybody wanted anything."

"It's not very lonely in our store at night," said Glascow. "In fact, it's often more lively then than in the daytime. You see, we are right down among the newspaper offices, and there's always somebody coming in for soda-water, or cigars, or something or other. The store is a bright warm place for the night editors and reporters to meet together and talk and drink hot soda, and there's always a knot of 'em around the stove about the time the papers begin to go to press. And they're a lively set, I can tell you, sir. I've heard some of the best stories I ever heard in my life told in our place after three o'clock in the morning."

"A strange life!" said Mr. Tolman. "Do you know, I never thought that people amused themselves in that way. And night after night, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, night after night, Sundays and all."

The night druggist now took up his book.

"Going home to read?" asked Mr. Tolman.

"Well, no," said the other; "it's rather cold this afternoon to read. I think I'll take a brisk walk."

"Can't you leave your book until you return?" asked Mr. Tolman; "that is, if you will come back this way. It's an awkward book to carry about."

"Thank you, I will," said Glascow. "I shall come back this way."

When he had gone, Mr. Tolman took up the book, and began to look over it more carefully than he had done before. But his examination did not last long.

"How anybody of common-sense can take any interest in this stuff is beyond my comprehension," said Mr. Tolman, as he closed the book and put it on a little shelf behind the counter.

When Glascow came back, Mr. Tolman asked him to stay and warm himself; and then, after they had talked for a short time, Mr. Tolman began to feel hungry. He had his winter appetite, and had lunched early. So said he to the night druggist, who had opened his *Dormstock*, "How would you like to sit here and read awhile, while I go and get my dinner? I will light the gas, and you can be very comfortable here, if you are not in a hurry."

P. Glascow was in no hurry at all, and was very glad to have some quiet reading by a warm fire; and so Mr. Tolman left him, feeling perfectly confident that a man who had been allowed by the old lady to renew a book nine times must be perfectly trustworthy.

When Mr. Tolman returned, the two had some further conversation in the corner by the little stove.

"It must be rather annoying," said the night druggist, "not to be able to go out to your meals without shutting up your shop. If you like," said he, rather hesitatingly, "I will stop in about this time in the afternoon, and stay here while you go to dinner. I'll be glad to do this until you get an assistant. I can easily attend to most people who come in, and others can wait."

Mr. Tolman jumped at this proposition. It was exactly what he wanted.

So P. Glascow came every afternoon and read *Dormstock* while Mr. Tolman went to dinner; and before long he came at lunch-time also. It was just as convenient as not, he said. He had finish-

ed his breakfast, and would like to read awhile. Mr. Tolman fancied that the night druggist's lodgings were, perhaps, not very well warmed, which idea explained the desire to walk rather than read on a cold afternoon. Glascow's name was entered on the free list, and he always took away the *Dormstock* at night, because he might have a chance of looking into it at the store, when custom began to grow slack in the latter part of the early morning.

One afternoon there came into the shop a young lady, who brought back two books which she had had for more than a month. She made no excuses for keeping the books longer than the prescribed time, but simply handed them in and paid her fine. Mr. Tolman did not like to take this money, for it was the first of the kind he had received; but the young lady looked as if she was well able to afford the luxury of keeping books over their time, and business was business. So he gravely gave her her change. Then she said she would like to take out *Dormstock's Logarithms of the Diapason.*

Mr. Tolman stared at her. She was a bright, handsome young lady, and looked as if she had very good sense. He could not understand it. But he told her the book was out.

"Out!" she said. "Why, it's always out. It seems strange to me that there should be such a demand for that book. I have been trying to get it for ever so long."

"It *is* strange," said Mr. Tolman; "but it is certainly in demand. Did Mrs. Walker ever make you any promises about it?"

"No," said she; "but I thought my turn would come around some time. And I particularly want the book just now."

Mr. Tolman felt somewhat troubled. He knew that the night druggist ought not to monopolize the volume, and yet he did not wish to disoblige one who was so useful to him, and who took such an earnest interest in the book. And he could not temporize with the young lady, and say that he thought the book would soon be in. He knew it would not. There were three hundred and forty pages of it. So he merely remarked that he was sorry.

"So am I," said the young lady, "very sorry. It so happens that just now I have a peculiar opportunity for studying that book, which may not occur again."

There was something in Mr. Tolman's sympathetic face which seemed to invite her confidence, and she continued.

"I am a teacher," she said, "and on account of certain circumstances I have a holiday for a month, which I intended to give up almost entirely to the study of music, and I particularly wanted *Dormstock.* Do you think there is any chance of its early return, and will you reserve it for me?"

"Reserve it!" said Mr. Tolman. "Most certainly I will." And then he reflected a second or two. "If you will come here the day after to-morrow, I will be able to tell you something definite."

She said she would come.

Mr. Tolman was out a long time at lunch-time the next day. He went to all the leading book-stores to see if he could buy a copy of Dormstock's great work. But he was unsuccessful. The booksellers told him that there was no probability that he could get a copy in the country, unless, indeed, he found it in the stock of some second-hand dealer. There was no demand at all for it, and that if he even sent for it to England, where it was published, it was not likely he could get it, for it had been long out of print. The next day he went to several second-hand stores, but no *Dormstock* could he find.

When he came back he spoke to Glascow on the subject. He was sorry to do so, but thought that simple justice compelled him to mention the matter. The night druggist was thrown into a perturbed state of mind by the information that some one wanted his beloved book.

"A woman!" he exclaimed. "Why, she would not understand two pages out of the whole of it. It is too bad. I didn't suppose any one would want this book."

"Do not disturb yourself too much," said Mr. Tolman. "I am not sure that you ought to give it up."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Glascow. "I have no doubt it is only a passing fancy with her. I dare say she would really rather have a good new novel;" and then, having heard that the lady was expected that afternoon, he went out to walk, with the *Dormstock* under his arm.

When the young lady arrived, an hour or so later, she was not at all satisfied to take out a new novel, and was very sorry indeed not to find the *Logarithms of the*

Diapason waiting for her. Mr. Tolman told her that he had tried to buy another copy of the work, and for this she expressed herself gratefully. He also found himself compelled to say that the book was in the possession of a gentleman who had had it for some time—all the time it had been out, in fact—and had not yet finished it.

At this the young lady seemed somewhat nettled.

"Is it not against the rules for any person to keep one book out so long?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Tolman. "I have looked into that. Our rules are very simple, and merely say that a book may be renewed by the payment of a certain sum."

"Then I am never to have it?" remarked the young lady.

"Oh, I wouldn't despair about it," said Mr. Tolman. "He has not had time to reflect upon the matter. He is a reasonable young man, and I believe that he will be willing to give up his study of the book for a time and let you take it."

"No," said she, "I don't wish that. If he is studying, as you say he is, day and night, I do not wish to interrupt him. I should want the book at least a month, and that, I suppose, would upset his course of study entirely. But I do not think any one should begin in a circulating library to study a book that will take him a year to finish, for, from what you say, it will take this gentleman at least that time to finish Dormstock's book." And so she went her way.

When P. Glascow heard all this in the evening, he was very grave. He had evidently been reflecting.

"It is not fair," said he. "I ought not to keep the book so long. I now give it up for a while. You may let her have it when she comes." And he put the *Dormstock* on the counter, and went and sat down by the stove.

Mr. Tolman was grieved. He knew the night druggist had done right, but still he was sorry for him. "What will you do?" he asked. "Will you stop your studies?"

"Oh no," said Glascow, gazing solemnly into the stove. "I will take up some other books on the diapason which I have, and will so keep my ideas fresh on the subject until this lady is done with the book. I do not really believe she will study it very long." And then he added: "If it is all the same to you, I will come around here and read, as I have been doing, until you shall get a regular assistant."

Mr. Tolman would be delighted to have him come, he said. He had entirely given up the idea of getting an assistant; but this he did not say.

It was some time before the lady came back, and Mr. Tolman was afraid she was not coming at all. But she did come, and asked for Mrs. Burney's *Evelina*. She smiled when she named the book, and said that she believed she would have to take a novel after all, and she had always wanted to read that one.

"I wouldn't take a novel if I were you," said Mr. Tolman; and he triumphantly took down the *Dormstock* and laid it before her.

She was evidently much pleased, but when he told her of Mr. Glascow's gentlemanly conduct in the matter, her countenance instantly changed.

"Not at all," said she, laying down the book; "I will not break up his study. I will take the *Evelina*, if you please."

And as no persuasion from Mr. Tolman had any effect upon her, she went away with Mrs. Burney's novel in her muff.

"Now, then," said Mr. Tolman to Glascow, in the evening, "you may as well take the book along with you. She won't have it."

But Glascow would do nothing of the kind. "No," he remarked, as he sat looking into the stove; "when I said I would let her have it, I meant it. She'll take it when she sees that it continues to remain in the library."

Glascow was mistaken: she did not take it, having the idea that he would soon conclude that it would be wiser for him to read it than to let it stand idly on the shelf.

"It would serve them both right," said Mr. Tolman to himself, "if somebody else would come and take it." But there was no one else among his subscribers who would even think of such a thing.

One day, however, the young lady came in and asked to look at the book. "Don't think that I am going to take it out," she said, noticing Mr. Tolman's look of pleasure as he handed her the volume. "I only wish to see what he says on a certain subject which I am studying now;" and so she sat down by the stove, on the chair which Mr. Tolman placed for her, and opened *Dormstock*.

She sat earnestly poring over the book for half an hour or more, and then she looked up and said, "I really can not make out what this part means. Excuse my troubling you, but I would be very glad if you would explain the latter part of this passage."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Tolman; "why, my good madam — miss, I mean — I couldn't explain it to you if it were to save my life. But what page is it?" said he, looking at his watch.

the book, she concluded to sit a little longer and look into some other parts of the book.

The night druggist soon came in, and when Mr. Tolman introduced him to the lady, he readily agreed to explain the passage to her if he could. So Mr. Tolman got him a chair from the inner room, and he also sat down by the stove.

The explanation was difficult, but it was achieved at last, and then the young lady broached the subject of leaving the

"THE EXPLANATION WAS DIFFICULT, BUT IT WAS ACHIEVED AT LAST."

"Page twenty-four," answered the young lady.

"Oh, well, then," said he, "if you can wait ten or fifteen minutes, the gentleman who has had the book will be here, and I think he can explain anything in the first part of the work."

The young lady seemed to hesitate whether to wait or not; but as she had a certain curiosity to see what sort of a person he was who had been so absorbed in book unused. This was discussed for some time, but came to nothing, although Mr. Tolman put down his afternoon paper and joined in the argument, urging, among other points, that as the matter now stood he was deprived by the dead lock of all income from the book. But even this strong argument proved of no avail.

"Then I'll tell you what I wish you would do," said Mr. Tolman, as the young

lady rose to go: "come here and look at the book whenever you wish to do so. I'd like to make this more of a reading-room, anyway. It would give me more company."

After this the young lady looked into *Dormstock* when she came in; and as her holidays had been extended by the continued absence of the family in which she taught, she had plenty of time for study, and came quite frequently. She often met with Glascow in the shop, and on such occasions they generally consulted *Dormstock*, and sometimes had quite lengthy talks on musical matters. One afternoon they came in together, having met on their way to the library, and entered into a conversation on diapasonic logarithms, which continued during the lady's stay in the shop.

"The proper thing," thought Mr. Tolman, "would be for these two people to get married. Then they could take the book and study it to their hearts' content. And they would certainly suit each other, for they are both greatly attached to musical mathematics and philosophy, and neither of them either plays or sings, as they have told me. It would be an admirable match."

Mr. Tolman thought over this matter a good deal, and at last determined to mention it to Glascow. When he did so, the young man colored, and expressed the opinion that it would be of no use to think of such a thing. But it was evident from his manner and subsequent discourse that he had thought of it.

Mr. Tolman gradually became quite anxious on the subject, especially as the night druggist did not seem inclined to take any steps in the matter. The weather was now beginning to be warmer, and Mr. Tolman reflected that the little house and the little shop were probably much more cozy and comfortable in winter than in summer. There were higher buildings all about the house, and even now he began to feel that the circulation of air would be quite as agreeable as the circulation of books. He thought a good deal about his airy rooms in the neighboring city.

"Mr. Glascow," said he, one afternoon, "I have made up my mind to shortly sell out this business."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "Do you mean you will give it up and go away—leave the place altogether?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Tolman, "I shall give up the place entirely, and leave the city."

The night druggist was shocked. He had spent many happy hours in that shop, and his hours there were now becoming pleasanter than ever. If Mr. Tolman went away, all this must end. Nothing of the kind could be expected of any new proprietor.

"And considering this," continued Mr. Tolman, "I think it would be well for you to bring your love matters to a conclusion while I am here to help you."

"My love matters!" exclaimed Mr. Glascow, with a flush.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Tolman. "I have eyes, and I know all about it. Now let me tell you what I think. When a thing is to be done, it ought to be done the first time there is a good chance. That's the way I do business. Now you might as well come around here to-morrow afternoon, prepared to propose to Miss Edwards. She is due to-morrow, for she has been two days away. If she don't come, we'll postpone the matter until the next day. But you should be ready to-morrow. I don't believe you can see her much when you don't meet her here, for that family is expected back very soon, and from what I infer from her account of her employers, you won't care to visit her at their house."

The night druggist wanted to think about it.

"There is nothing to think," said Mr. Tolman. "We know all about the lady." (He spoke truly, for he had informed himself about both parties to the affair.) "Take my advice, and be here to-morrow afternoon—and come rather early."

The next morning Mr. Tolman went up to his parlor on the second floor, and brought down two blue stuffed chairs, the best he had, and put them in the little room back of the shop. He also brought down one or two knickknacks and put them on the mantel-piece, and he dusted and brightened up the room as well as he could. He even covered the table with a red cloth from the parlor.

When the young lady arrived, he invited her to walk into the back room to look over some new books he had just got in. If she had known he proposed to give up the business, she would have thought it rather strange that he should be buying new books. But she knew

nothing of his intentions. When she was seated at the table whereon the new books were spread, Mr. Tolman stepped outside of the shop door to watch for Glascow's approach. He soon appeared.

"Walk right in," said Mr. Tolman. "She's in the back room looking over books. I'll wait here and keep out customers as far as possible. It's pleasant, and I want a little fresh air. I'll give you twenty minutes."

Glascow was pale, but he went in without a word; and Mr. Tolman, with his hands under his coat tail, and his feet rather far apart, established a blockade on the door-step. He stood there for some time looking at the people outside, and wondering what the people inside were doing. The little girl who had borrowed the milk of him, and who had never returned it, was about to pass the door, but seeing him standing there, she crossed over to the other side of the street. But he did not notice her. He was wondering if it was time to go in. A boy came up to the door, and wanted to know if he kept Easter-eggs. Mr. Tolman was happy to say he did not. When he had allowed the night druggist a very liberal twenty minutes, he went in. As he entered the shop door, giving the bell a very decided ring as he did so, P. Glascow came down the two steps that led from the inner room. His face showed that it was all right with him.

A few days after this Mr. Tolman sold out his stock, good-will, and fixtures, together with the furniture and lease of the house. And who should he sell out to but to Mr. Glascow! This piece of business was one of the happiest points in the whole affair. There was no reason why the happy couple should not be married very soon, and the young lady was charmed to give up her position as teacher and governess in a family, and come and take charge of that delightful little store and that cunning little house, with almost everything in it that they wanted.

One thing in the establishment Mr. Tolman refused to sell. That was Dormstock's great work. He made the couple a present of the volume, and between two of the earlier pages he placed a bank-note, which in value was very much more than that of the ordinary wedding gift.

"And what are *you* going to do?" they asked of him, when all these things were settled. And then he told them how he was going back to his business in the neighboring city, and he told them what it was, and how he had come to manage a circulating library. They did not think him crazy. People who studied the logarithms of the diapason would not be apt to think a man crazy for such a little thing as that.

When Mr. Tolman returned to the establishment of Pusey and Co., he found everything going on very satisfactorily.

"You look ten years younger, sir," said Mr. Canterfield. "You must have had a very pleasant time. I did not think there was enough to interest you in —— for so long a time."

"Interest me!" exclaimed Mr. Tolman. "Why, objects of interest crowded on me. I never had a more enjoyable holiday in my life."

When he went home that evening (and he found himself quite willing to go), he tore up the will he had made. He now felt that there was no necessity for proving his sanity.

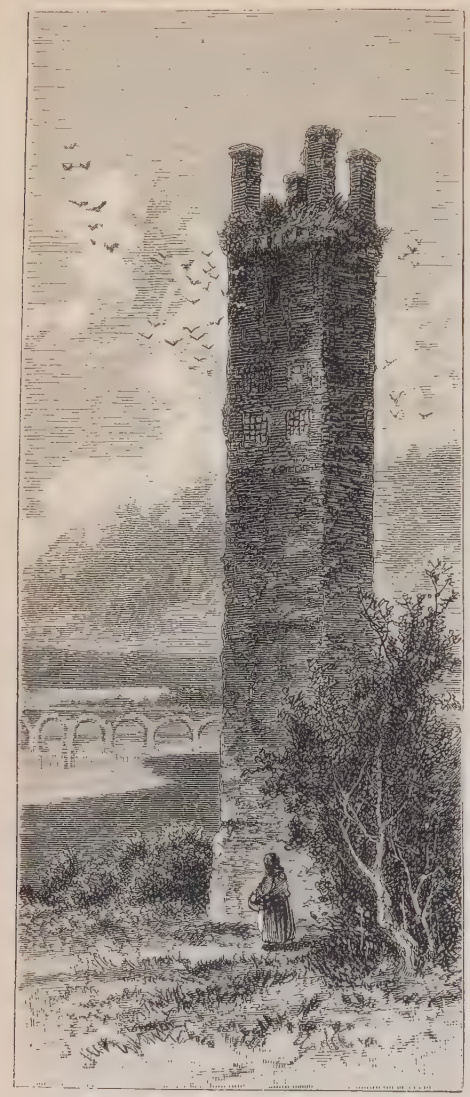
AND what is a Martin summer? It is what, dear reader, you would call an Indian summer. As that was said by the aboriginal American to be the smile of the Great Spirit, this was said by the original Christian of Touraine to be the smile of St. Martin.

One can not pass much time in this sweet mystical region without recognizing that in the course of its long history it has gradually and unconsciously evolved a hierarchy and a diabolarchy of its own. It goes without saying that neither their saints nor their demons ever really existed in their conventionalized forms. Neither Hugo, on the one hand, nor Martin, on the other, would recognize the portrait he has grown into could he re-appear. The Martin mythology, however, the most interesting in France, lies no doubt in the direction of the facts in the man's life—whoever he was.

It must have been a hard age when so much could have been made of Martin's dividing his cloak with a shivering beggar. It may, indeed, have been that few Christians then had any cloaks to divide. My impression is that the story rather hints at the conversion of the soldier into a saint, and his turning to the work of saving men the sword previously wielded for their destruction. As the legend of Hubert—on whom the stag he was hunting turned, and showed the crucifix between its antlers—means the conversion of the mediæval wild huntsmen, so this story of Martin, with the legends of his peacefulness, seem to bear us back to a period when the Church represented the trampled people, and had not yet unsheathed the sword nor gained the throne. Martin of Tours stood in the dawn of the Church's great victory over the North, but he stands white against a sanguinary background—the soldier of Constantine I. who last drew his sword to divide his cloak with a beggar, and then cast that sword away forever.

There have been significant transformations of names at Tours. One of the oldest churches was originally called Notre Dame de Pauvre, but it is now Notre Dame de Riche; and in it stands a figure of St. Martin wearing rich habiliments in place of those garments which were so poor that the ecclesiastics did not wish to elect him bishop because of them. Not far off is a church which was originally called S. Martinus de Bello, the Tourangeois having borne their saint's body with their army when they defeated the Normans on that spot in 843. In the course of time *de bello* was changed to *le bel*, and finally into *le beau*. This transformation of a Martin of War into a Martin the Beautiful may be connected with an earlier legend concerning the neighboring town of Amboise. This is to the effect that where Amboise castle stands on its high rock, Cæsar, returning from his conquest of Bourges, built a tower, and set upon it a statue of the war-god, Mars. The tower and statue remained there until St. Martin went to Amboise and converted its pagan inhabitants to Christianity. One of the first events by which they were said to have been converted was that Martin by his prayers called up a storm, which struck down the statue of Mars. May we not here detect some relation between the very names as well as the characters of *Mars* and *Martin*?

A few miles out of Tours there is a village called Cinq-Mars. The name has been made familiar to many readers by the romance of Alfred de Vigny, who was a native of Tours, and whose genius recognized the subject awaiting him at his door in the story of Henry Ruzé, or Cinq-Mars, who headed a conspiracy against Richelieu, and by that implacable man was pursued, and beheaded in his own castle, which was razed to its foundations by the cardinal's fury. Two great solemn towers remain as monuments of this tragedy. It was not these towers, however, nor even the quaint old church (eleventh century), which mainly fascinated me when I went there, but an ancient Roman monument called *La Pile de Saint-Mars*. The guide-books call this pillar, if it may be so designated, the "puzzle of antiquarians," and the Abbé Chevalier calls it "the despair of archæologists." It consists of a quadrangular brick pillar, over four yards to each side, thirty yards high, and with four smaller pillars at the top, about twenty feet high. One of these smaller pillars is at each corner, and there used to be one in the centre, which was blown down in 1751. This strange edifice is perfectly solid, has nothing in or around it which would indicate that it has ever been utilized. That it was not used for a



LA PILE DE SAINT-MARS.

watch-tower may be judged from the fact that it is not built on the highest part of the hill, but only half way up. That it was built by the Romans is attested by the character of the brick. There is some ornamental brick-work near the summit which reminded me of some of the ornamentation I have seen on ancient Roman altars, although there are no figures nor any letters which might break the silence of this Sphinx of pillars. Compelled to try speculation where there is no actual evidence, it has occurred to me that some hint may lie in the traditional name of the pillar, *Saint-Mars*, especially if we connect with it the name of the village *Cinq-Mars*, and also the tradition recorded by Sulpicius Severus, in the fifth century, that there stood on Amboise rock a pillar surmounted by a statue of the god Mars, thrown down by the prayers of Martin. If the Romans, who conquered this country, had put up such votive pillars to mark fields of victory, each would be dedicated *Sancto Marti.* In French this would turn to either *Cinq* or *Saint* Mars, the two words *cinq* and *saint* having the same pronunciation. But it is obvious that *Sancto Marti* comes very close to *Saint Martin.** I can not discover any evidence that the young soldier of Constantine I. bore this name before he came to Gaul. It would, indeed, be more in accordance with immemorial usage that he should reject his former name and receive another upon his conversion. And it appears to me probable that it was from these votive pillars to the god of war which Cæsar had left in Gaul (one of whose statues he is said to have overthrown, and the other he may have removed) that the famous Christian gained his name—the saintly Mars.

In the earlier time, as we have seen, everything opposed to violence was associated with him. This sweet season, the "Martin's summer," should have made his day earlier than it was ultimately fixed. The robin was sacred to him because it was believed to cover the bodies of the unburied dead in woods and mountains with leaves, in imitation of Martin's charity with his mantle. The martins also received their name from him. The swallows were supposed to migrate to the summer-land of Martin.

But the remorseless exigencies of the Church brought an evolution upon Martin. An age came when indulgent saints were not desired. St. Martin's Day was placed after his summer, November 11, when the storms come on. It was a rather sad fate for the converted Mars. So far as anything historical is known about him—and it is not much—he whom the Church reluctantly canonized under that name was pre-eminent for charity. Even heretics might claim Martin as their

* It is a curious fact that a "Saint Mars" appears in the calendar of the sixth century, of whom nothing is known. Could this have been Martin's earlier title, and this mysterious "S. Mars" his double?

VIEW OF TOURS.

patron saint. Fifteen centuries have not taken the human beauty and pathos out of that persistent effort of the old bishop to save Priscillian and his co-heretics. Theirs was not a mild case of heresy either; they were Manicheans, and Priscillian was perhaps the most eloquent and attractive man of his age. He was propagating his views throughout Gaul, and his party had gained the support of several high officials in various places. But a party of bishops, notably Itacius and Idacius, set themselves to hunt them down. They went to Rome and all the ecclesiastical high places; and by telling a good many wild stories about the "Priscillians," as they were called, secured orders forbidding them domicile in any Christian country. Priscillian was arrested at Treves, where the usurping patriarch Maximus had just arrived. Before him the accusers resolved to bring the Manichean. But the Bishop of Tours (Martin) happened to be there also, having come to ask clemency for other persons. He visited Itacius and Idacius, and "employed all his charity, his art, and his eloquence to persuade them to desist from a persecution which dishonored the episcopacy." Having failed to move the bishops, Martin presented himself before Maximus, and pleaded with such power that Itacius accused him of heresy. Martin did not reply to that, and it appears to have done his opponents no service. Martin was soon on his way to Tours, with the promise of Maximus that the lives of the heretics should be spared. But the huntsmen were not to be foiled: no sooner was Martin out of the way than they summoned two other bishops to their assistance, Magnus and Rufus, and they induced him to give up the whole case to the decision of the prefect Evodius. Evodius was a small personage judging a large case. Astounded to hear that Priscillian had held nocturnal assemblies, he suspected something demonic, without reflecting whether they might not have required the protection of darkness; scandalized to learn that women of doubtful character had been found listening to Priscillian, without studying his Testament to see whether that was really a bad sign; the climax was reached when he heard that Priscillian loved to pray without his clothes! This last little custom, which Priscillian had caught from the hermits of his native Southern clime, probably sealed his fate. Priscillian suffered death with four of his friends. Martin of Tours was cut to the heart when he heard of this, and from that moment refused to have anything whatever to do with the bishops Itacius and Idacius. This refusal of all communication proved to be a heavier revenge than either they or Martin supposed at first. It was found that Martin had already a great reputation for sanctity, and his example was followed by others, notably by Ambrose of Milan. This excited much attention, and the accusers now found themselves the accused. Some other Priscillians having been condemned, Martin petitioned that they should be spared, and Maximus consented on con-

dition that he would become reconciled to Itacius and Idacius. In order to save the heretics, Martin agreed, very reluctantly, to recognize the two persecutors. But he could not save these from the odium which fell on them in those anomalous times; for though persecution of the Priscillians went on with increasing vigor, the two prelates who had begun it were deposed from their sees, disgraced, and one of them died in exile.

There is a pleasant legend of St. Patrick having once journeyed from Ireland to visit Martin. He walked all the way from the sea-shore, and arriving near Tours late at night (Christmas-eve), too weary to proceed farther, he lay down to rest under the branches of a thorn-tree; and by morning this tree had covered itself with fragrant blossoms in honor of the holy man. A few leagues from this is the small village called Saint-Patrice, and there, it has always been alleged, the ancient thorn-tree still stands and flowers every Christmas in memory of this sacred incident. It is a part of the legend that slips from this thorn can not be made to bear winter blossoms in any other spot than that consecrated by the sleep of St. Patrick.

Although summer is an unfortunate season to explore a legend claiming to authenticate itself every Christmas, I have at least been able to explore it psychologically, so to say. Entering the region of this marvel at Langeais; pausing there in a quaint church, said to have been built by St. Martin, and consequently the oldest in France, whose gray front is to-day appended to a brand-new gay edifice; pausing to rest in the beautiful gardens of the beautiful château in which Charles the Eighth was married to Anne de Bretagne the year before Columbus discovered America, and where the splendors and histories of a thousand years have passed to a widow lady without family; pausing on an eagle-crowned summit in that wondrous garden to look upon the statues—a bronze woman-like Christ, on the pedestal Samson pulling down the temple in juxtaposition with Herakles slaying the Hydra, both symbolical; a nymph here, a Madonna there; now an angel, next a Cupid;—then turning to look upon the great valley of the Loire, sown with shining châteaux and villages—we travel on, my friend and I, to seek the flowering thorn. My friend owns a garden at Netley Abbey, in England, where, a good many years ago, he grafted a slip of the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which has long been said to put forth blossoms at Christmas. My friend is a skeptic in such matters, but he assures me that the thorn in his garden does put forth, if the winter is warm, a few feeble blossoms. He believes it to be a foreign species. The blossoms do not follow the calendar with precision, but they come near enough to Christmas to be connected with its sanctity. The blossoms are sparse and feeble compared with those put forth by the same thorn in May.

Arrived at Saint-Patrice village, we addressed ourselves to some of the upper tradesmen, and they told us that the tree was in the grounds of the Marquis de Castellani. Having repaired thither, namely, to the Château Rochecotte, the servants told us that it was in another direction altogether. Having noted this difference in knowledge of the subject between the well-to-do tradesmen and the servants, we visited another château outside the village, and there found a woman of the estate, who was glad to guide us to "l'épine." It was several hundred yards distant, and on the way she told us that it flowered every year, exactly at Christmas, and that she had herself seen it annually for many years. She called it, as everybody does, "l'épine." Our astonishment, therefore, may be imagined when we found, first, that there is no tree at all; second, that the bush to which we were pointed is not a thorn at all, but a prunellier, a sloe. I gathered some sloes from it, and have them before me as I write. Beside these few sloes (there is no thorn at all in the neighborhood) a little arched shelter has been erected, on the top of which is a conventionalized St. Patrick in his robes. I asked the woman what had become of the tree. She replied that the visitors who had come there for ages had cut pieces of it, till they had cut it all away, but these bushes were its descendants, and flowered annually like the parent tree. A particularly intelligent head-servant at Rochecotte, who guided us through that charming château, replete with souvenirs of the Talleyrands, Castellanis, and other grand families, told us that he also had seen "the thorn" flowering at Christmas, but appeared amazed when we showed him the prunelles we had gathered from it. He said that efforts had been made to

CHÂTEAU DE LANGEAIS.

make it bear Christmas blossoms a hundred yards off from its present locality, but in vain. Others also said this, but none of them impressed me as witnesses who realized how many years of patient work and observation such an experiment would require.

Once upon a time, Tours being invaded, the body of St. Martin was carried away to Auxerre for security; but when the peril had passed, Auxerre refused to return the precious treasure. After a protracted dispute, however, that town was compelled to surrender it, and the body of St. Martin was borne in a triumphal way back to Tours (884). The legend says that wherever the body passed, the trees and shrubs burst into flower. This is a constant sign of holy beings in India: the sudden flowering of the earth attended, it was said, the birth of Buddha upon it; but it is not a Christian idea, and it probably came to Tours and Martin along with the Seven Sleepers, and hence passed to Glastonbury with its saintly sleeper and supernaturally flowering tree.

A little way beyond Saint-Patrice we come upon another legend about Martin, which has a good deal of human nature in it. It appears that the patron saint of beggars did not encourage mendicancy, and the virtue in him which covered the naked survived in his bones to cure the ailments which led to beggary. Now when, as has been hereinbefore related, the body of the saint was being brought from Auxerre to Tours, there were two cripples who heard of its healing powers; but they had so long enjoyed a comfortable subsistence on the way-side from the charity of wayfarers that they did not wish to be healed. They hobbled off to try and get out of Touraine, where the potency was abroad, but the virtue overtook them; they were healed despite themselves. On the spot where these beggars thus lost their whole stock in trade a chapel was built; and I observed near it an iron sign announcing that "Mendicity is interdicted in the Indre and Loire."

I must add that I should not have guessed that this prohibition existed had I not read it on this official sign-board. The practical custom is for Tours to empty its beggars on the extra-municipal highways, mendicancy in the city being restricted to Jesuit novitiates. Every youth who intends becoming a Jesuit priest must first go around the city and beg his bread. He may accept in charity

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH THE BEGGAR.

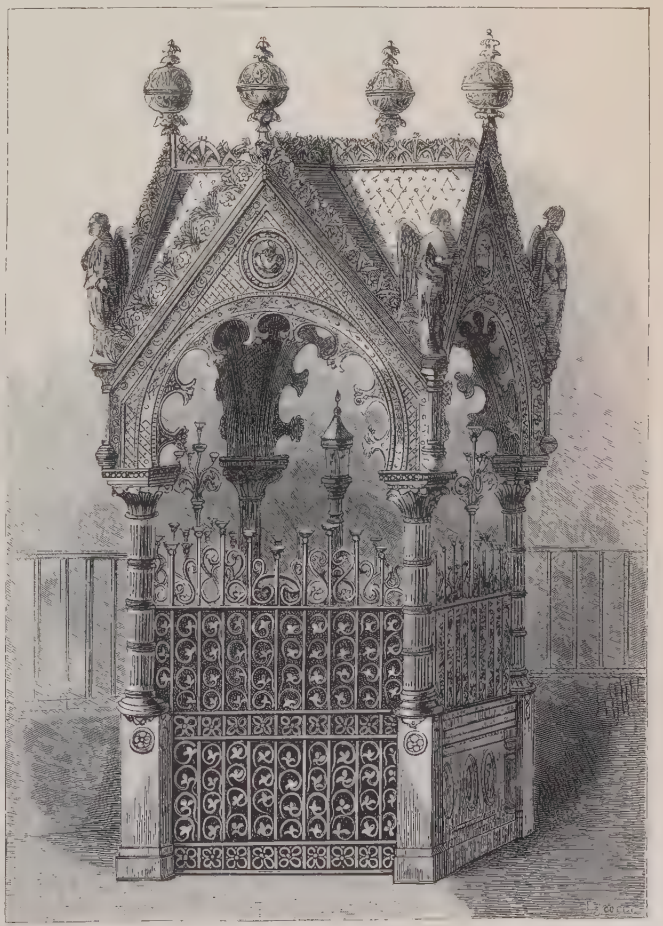
as much money as a penny, but no more, and if anything to eat beyond bread is given him, he must refuse it. The son of an old and wealthy family in Tours recently went around begging. He took care to limit himself to his connections, but refused the luncheons set out for him. This consecration of mendicancy appears to be more carefully observed at Tours than in other Catholic communities, whether because of Martin and the beggar, or as part of the general Orientalism of its traditions, I can not say.

In the centre of an ancient Roman work near Chinon there is something resembling a foot-print, and it is said to be the footstep of St. Martin. There is something significant in this association of the old man with the last traces of pagan dominion in this region. Martin is the only man recognized by the Church as a "confessor" who did not suffer martyrdom. No doubt there were fair reasons why he never suffered at the hands of the pagans. It is probable that the protector of the Priscillian heretics was also sufficiently tender toward the religious feelings of the "heathen" as to have awakened their love. It is related that he was so lowly that he could only be made a bishop by stratagem. He was living at Poitiers, and a gentleman named Ruriclus got him to visit Tours by pretending that his wife was ill. When Martin entered the city he was surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, who bore him to the church, where a bishop was to be chosen. The selection made by the crowd was opposed because of Martin's homely looks, his coarse dress, his ignorance of the world; but when presently there was read from the Psalter, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger," the Latin word *defensorem* seemed to point to the official Defensor who opposed Martin, and the service was interrupted by the clamors of the crowd, to which the ecclesiastics then yielded.

It is said that an unseemly quarrel took place between Poitiers and Tours for the body of this most peaceful man. The bishop, when over eighty, had gone away to Candes to settle some dispute in that parish, when, as he was about to return, he died of a fever. The people of Poitiers, whose first abbot he had been, and those of Tours, whose bishop he had died, both claimed his body. Both towns had sent strong parties to Candes, and the entire day after Martin's death was passed in fierce dispute. The controversy was adjourned until the next day, and during the night the Poitiers party mounted guard at the door of the chamber where the corpse lay. But the Touranians entered by a window overlooking the river Vienne, the body was let down into a boat, which was soon on the Loire, and thus the body arrived at Tours on the third day after the death of the saint.

Only one man in those ages seems to have been stronger than St. Martin while he was living, and that one was St. Martin dead. But, alas! the two saints were very different, for the dead Martin was for a long time a god of war. When Clovis invaded Tours on his way to fight Alaric II., he forbade his soldiers all the rights of war in "the sacred city of St. Martin," and even punished a soldier with death who exacted some small fine from a peasant, saying, "How can we hope for victory if we offend St. Martin?" Clovis decorated the good Martin's tomb with this human blood, which the saint would have abhorred, and with rich presents, which he would have despised. Nevertheless, the saint's influence always preserved some of that which had belonged to the living man. It is a characteristic incident that Clotilde—queen of Clovis, to whose God that king swore to transfer his allegiance if victorious at Cologne—went to the shrine of St. Martin to implore his aid to make peace between her sons Childebert and Clotaire, who had stirred up the land to civil war, and were then approaching each other for a tremendous conflict. Just before the signal for battle a series of thunder-strokes fell upon the two armies, stunning many, frightening all. Both armies were demoralized. When, presently, the angry brothers discovered that this storm had been observed nowhere except in their respective camps, they concluded it was a divine interference; they embraced each other, and went to see their mother, whom they found kneeling at the shrine of St. Martin.

Through the fears and consequent pat-



TOMB OF ST. MARTIN.

ronage of these baptized barbarians, St. Martin became a formidable Mars, and the priests did not fail to use him with great effect in establishing their power over princes. Thus when King Clotaire, in a time of public need, convened the bishops, and asked contributions from their revenues, the prelate Injuriosus cried: "If you take that which is God's, God will soon take your kingdom. How can you, who should nourish the poor, have conceived the scheme of appropriating their subsistence?" The bishop having rushed out angrily, Clotaire was much frightened, because Injuriosus was the successor of St. Martin, and he sent messengers to load the prelate with gifts, and engage him to pray St. Martin to protect him (the king). When this Bishop Injuriosus, who talked so warmly about "the poor," presently died, he was found to have accumulated a fortune which would now equal a million and a quarter of dollars. This incident happened in the year 529, and it is the first instance in history where any one ever dared propose appropriating Church revenues to needs of the secular state. The episcopal rogue who resisted this first suggestion, and pleaded poverty while he had a pile of gold, thus variously utilized the cloak which Martin meant for the beggar, if not the mantle of his sanctity.

The doctrine of Injuriosus was regarded as so vital that for some centuries the priesthood appear to have summed up the decalogue of royalty in one command: "Thou shalt not touch a sou of Church money."

Cognate with this sacerdotal selfishness which sheltered itself under Martin's sanctity, there was a happier aspect of ecclesiastical immunity, namely, the right of asylum. The humanity of Martin made his church at Tours the most holy sanctuary and refuge known in France. Among the many romantic stories which I have picked out or pieced out concerning the saint and his church, one relates to this right of asylum. It relates also to that same Chilperic who gave M. Hervé the theme of his sparkling opera. This king was very zealous for the virtue of other people, and his zeal amounted even to ferocity against his own son Merovius, when this youth married his aunt. The prince saw the girlish widow of his uncle Sigebert, fair Brunehaut, loved and was beloved, and the two made arrangements to meet in the cathedral at Rouen, where they were married by the bishop. Chilperic, who had dispatched his son on military duty, got wind of his furlough, tracked him to Rouen, and got there soon after the benediction. He raged so—the marriage being with the widow of a brother who had subdued him—he foamed with such pious horror of marriage with one's aunt, that the two young people had to be hurried off to a St. Martin's church near Rouen. Chilperic was almost mad enough to violate the sanctuary, but it so happened that, shortly before, one of his generals (Roccolène) had attempted to enter St. Martin's at Tours to arrest another object of Chilperic's chronic choler, Gontran Boson, and it was rumored that the violator had been struck with horror, and hastily retreated, and was unable to eat all day. Some years after it appeared that Roccolène had not captured Gontran because of a sudden freshet in the Loire. But the rumor was terrifying at the time, and Chilperic inherited a wholesome fear of St. Martin. So he affected graciousness, promised not to be severe, and even to recognize the marriage provided it should be proved legitimate. On these promises the young people left their asylum. I have said the king affected kindliness; but possibly he had really softened, for it appears to have required a mother-in-law to make him break his promise. This was Frédégonde, who wished to have Merovius, son by a former wife, out of the way. The young wife Brunehaut had been separated from her husband, and sent off to Austrasia, where Sigebert's son Childebert reigned. But one of Childebert's friends, leading Gontran's army, defeated Chilperic's army; and when the king was thus in a bad humor, Frédégonde persuaded him that his son Merovius was cognizant of the enemy's movements. It was determined that young Merovius should be made a monk; his head was shaven, and in a friar's dress he was sent off with guards for Calais. But as he was starting a little note was put into his hand; and a result was that Merovius was not astonished when presently a small party of horsemen seized him, and, before the guards could make any resistance, bore him away to the basilica of St. Martin in Tours.

The note which Merovius had received when setting out for the conventual prison was from Gontran. This Gontran was

King of Burgundy, but now a refugee, living in St. Martin's at Tours. Here, by device of his friends, Merovius also gained asylum. But Frédégonde, enraged at the escape of her prey, played deeper. She set herself to the task of suborning Gontran, and succeeded. One bright day when the two were looking forth from their asylum and prison upon the beautiful country around Tours, Gontran treacherously proposed to Merovius that they should secretly sally forth for a hunt. Finding the way clear (Frédégonde had seen to that), Merovius consented, and the young men were soon on horseback in the depths of a forest. In a secluded spot they were surrounded by the royal emissaries; but Merovius clapped spurs to his horse, and after a wild chase succeeded in reaching St. Martin's again. As time went on, it became plain that the pursued Merovius was resolved not to venture from his asy-

CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

lum again. And now a touch of comedy appears on the tragical situation. Chilperic was simple enough to resolve on making a direct appeal to St. Martin (dead one hundred and eighty years) to grant him leave to violate his sanctuary in this one case. The king wrote a respectful letter to St. Martin, and intrusted it to a deacon named Badduin to be deposited on the saint's tomb, with a sheet of paper to receive the answer. Badduin prayed two days beside the tomb; but when, on the third, he took up the paper, lo! it was still blank. Chilperic was much mortified at this silence on the part of St. Martin.

Merovius had never suspected the treachery of Gontran in the matter of the hunt. Gontran himself found that he had gained nothing by betraying his friend, and he soon had to come back to the asylum. After some time the two refugees resolved to escape, if possible, to Austrasia, where Brunehaut was longing for her husband.

But before making this attempt they desired to foresee their destiny. For this purpose they sent for a medium—a woman who had the reputation of having predicted the very moment of the death of King Charibert. The medium came into the church, and predicted that Chilperic would die in a year; that Merovius, after the death of his brothers, would gain the succession of his father's throne; that Gontran would be his Prime Minister for five years, after which he would become bishop of a city on the Loire, and live long. Merovius had no faith in the medium, and resolved to seek knowledge of his destiny in the respectable fashion of the time. He placed on the tomb of St. Martin the Book of Kings, the Psalms, and the four Gospels, and prayed three days and nights to the saint to enlighten him as to the future. But when, on the third day, Merovius consulted the sacred books according to the rules, he received only mournful presages.

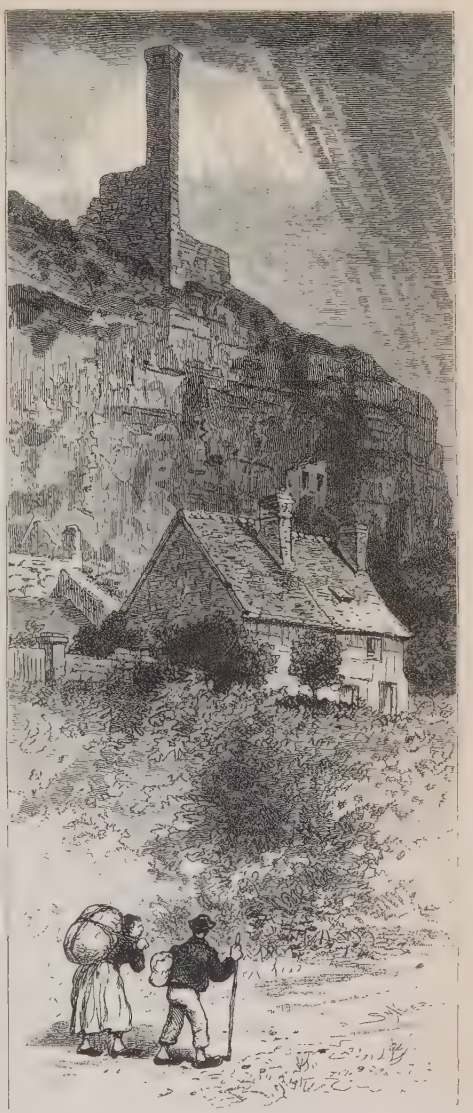
The destinies thus prognosticated now become very obscure. The two men escaped to Austrasia, and all I can make out from the obscure and confused accounts is that they had around their wills and energies fast coiled the predictions they were to fulfill. Merovius, from being brave, became timid, yielded to obstacles which seemed fatal, was betrayed by those around him, and perished miserably by the hand of an agent of his father. Gontran did not reach the position of a bishop, which had been predicted for him; but regarding himself now as a "man of destiny," he killed people, betrayed his friends (including Merovius again), and finally became a king, if not a bishop, on the banks of the Loire. As for Chilperic, he did not die within a year, as the medium promised, but continued to fill the country with his misrule, until one day he took a notion to set up as a theologian. He wrote a treatise on the Trinity, in which he maintained that there was no distinction of Persons therein. He read this to Gregory of Tours, the great bishop. Gregory told him, "Princes should not dogmatize." Chilperic, piqued by this criticism, went to St. Salvy, and read his treatise to him; but this prelate said, "If your manuscript were in my hands, I would destroy it under your eyes." Frédégonde, who had committed so many crimes to advance her own offspring above her stepson Merovius, saw them both die at an early age, then herself died, seeing her hated rival Brunehaut still a queen. And thus, one by one, all the actors in this Touraine drama passed away, leaving the stage clear for the tremendous scene of the Saracens and Charles Martel, followed by the mighty career of Charlemagne, amid which they and their little quarrels were forgotten.

As one passes out of Tours to walk up the right bank of the Loire, there is one object pretty sure to attract his eye. This is a high tower, something like a chimney, built upon an already towering rock. It makes one almost dizzy even to look at it from beneath, and it seems wonderful that it should not fall down the precipice on the exact edge of which it stands. But there it has stood for near seven centuries, where it was built by Robert des Roches, lord of Rochecorbon, and it is called the Lantern of Rochecorbon. From its summit flamed the watch-fires which signaled to the surrounding country any approach of peril. This strange relic of a troublous time, so often as I pass it, seems like the memorial of now one and now another of certain great souls who hardly maintained their foot-hold amid the wild moral precipices of an untamed time, yet raised their heads aloft, and sent clear beams through the darkness around them. Among these, how pure shines the lantern of Alcuin! The present age may catch a ray of him in a quatrain of Emerson's, marked "From Alcuin":

"The sea is the road of the bold,
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,
The pit where the streams are rolled,
And fountain of the rains."

It required all the brave heart so matched with the forces of inanimate nature to grapple as Alcuin did with the more cruel powers of animate nature. It was the greatest victory that Charlemagne ever won when he won the heart of Alcuin, when he met the travelling scholar at Parma, and carried him off in triumph to Tours. York has never realized from 781, when he left, to 1879, what a son she lost in that charming thinker and poet. But France recognized the treasure Charlemagne had brought so well that the manuscript of one of his books, presented by the Bishop of Laon to his cathedral, under injunctions never to let it leave the same under pain of divine wrath, and even Mary's displeasure, seems to have been concealed for centuries, for fear it might escape. The eighth century shows no other scene so pleasing as Alcuin setting up his schools in Europe. He begins by turning the palace into a school, in which Charlemagne is only head boy. At school the great man is called David, but one can not help thinking of him as Charley. All the members of the emperor's household and his counsellors gathered to be taught by the accomplished scholar. Nay, the great bishops came from afar to listen to him. Alcuin gave them to taste of the fountains of classic Greece; he taught them the elements of science, rhetoric, and dialectics. It would have saved thousands from massacres and martyrdoms if the previous bishops and princes could only have learned from such a man the art of saying things—enforcement by gentleness. Two hundred and thirty-two letters from Alcuin to Charlemagne are extant. In them the scholar reasons against all intolerance and compulsion in matters of religion. So true an abbot had St. Martin found for his abbey by the year 800!

The ancient Abbey of Cormery, of which Alcuin was abbé, was said to have been originally the cell of a monk who escaped a judgment which fell upon his brethren in Tours. The monks became so loose in St. Martin's Abbey that the saint became a thunder-god once more, and the only monk that escaped was one who was reading about the Virgin. He ran off and became a devotee to the *Cor-Mary*, or Heart



LANTERN OF ROCHECORBON.

of Mary, which had saved him, and so named his cell. By the favor of Charlemagne to the monks who gathered in this pleasant retreat, the cell expanded to a noble abbey. The abbot's little home is very pretty, with graceful arched ceiling, and the colors with which the capitals were picked out are still discernible after nearly eleven hundred years. It is now a granary. I climbed into it by a ladder, and there, amid the new-mown corn, felt a thrill of delight in being in the same room where Alcuin distributed a more sa-

cred bread to the hungry minds around him. When age forbade his coming out here any more, his heart was full of sorrow. "O my dear cellule," he wrote, "sweet home that I have always loved, adieu. Trees shade thee with their foliage,

CORMERY ABBEY.

and groves always crowned with blossoms. The fields around thee are enamelled with flowers and healing plants which the physician gathers. A river with its capricious meanderings amid banks green and flowery surrounds thee with its waves, where the fisherman never casts his line in vain. The orchards and the gardens, the lilies and the roses, fill the cloister with their sweet perfume. And there troops of birds together pour their melodious matins of the morning, and vie in celebrating the praises of God their Creator." Somehow the legend of the origin of the abbey, and the sweet solitude of it, and Alcuin's love of it, all together impressed me with a feeling and belief that it was originally the retreat of some monk—or perhaps of several monks—who found themselves unable to sympathize with the conventionalism of the church in Tours, and seceded from their ambitious sacerdotal schemes to pursue here purer aims and scholarly studies.

Returning from Cormery, I stopped to visit the ruins of the ancient castle of Montbazon, built by Foulques Nerra, who ruled all this region, with the exception of Tours. The only interest of the place to me was in connection with a mournful romance and a curious myth that grew out of it. In the early part of the seventeenth century this castle was owned by a woman who had the reputation of being the most beautiful in France. She was that Duchess de Montbazon of whom Cardinal De Retz said, "I have never seen any one who had shown in vice so little respect for virtue." But whatever may have been her vices in a cardinal's eyes, this duchess adopted and brought up as one of her own children an orphan named Rancé, and secured for him a high position. He became the Abbé Rancé; but that did not imply any pious tendencies, and Rancé was a young man of the world. He fell passionately in love with his foster-mother, the Duchess de Montbazon, who was fifteen years his senior. This passion received a fearful blow in the sudden death of the duchess, at the age of forty-five. The abbé fled into solitude, repeated hourly to himself and all, "We must die!" and is now known as the founder of the Trappist order. But fable has added a more sensational scene to this tragedy. It has been told for two hundred years that Rancé, on returning, after some months' absence, to Montbazon, entered and saw the beautiful head of the duchess cut off, and lying in a silver dish. The coffin be-

ing too small, the undertaker had cut off the head, which only awaited some further disposition. The shock was so great that Rancé rushed off into the forest, and never returned. Despite the intrinsic improbability of this invention, and despite Rancé's own public denial of it while living, it remains the popular story of Montbazon.

The most striking feature of this castle at present is a colossal statue of the Virgin and Child, which has been raised to its already towering summit, and is a landmark for many miles around. It must be at least thirty feet high, and is probably the largest statue of the Virgin—if not, indeed, the largest piece of bronze—in Europe. Some years ago an individual appeared and requested permission to erect a statue of the Virgin in this place. It was accorded, and he at length brought this huge image, which must have cost him a fortune. I observed that there is a lightning-rod with three prongs rising above the head of the Virgin, showing that the gentleman in question did not quite trust to the sanctity of the image for its protection. This association of Ben Franklin with the Virgin Mary is unique, and makes the statue a sign of the times.

It is a long perspective this that stretches back from the Virgin protected by science to Martin evoking storms. I regret to say that the dear old saint has for some little time been losing his popularity among the poor, in favor of others far less worthy of remembrance, and all because of his compulsory connection with the storms. As it was stated by a Catholic to one of my friends, "St. Martin is now irritable; if one prays to him now and then only, he does not like it; he wants them to go on all the time, or he gets angry." The lightning-rod has cast a doubt on Martin's supremacy over storms; and it is now discovered, alas! that the kindly old heart has been so buried in a mythology of the weather that there is next to nothing left of the man at all. His name may be resolved into that of the Roman war-god, and his miracles into a meteoric mythology; and the only legend about him which has any certain historic foundation, that of his protecting the Priscillians, is one which the Church that persecuted him does not care to preserve.

THE CRUISING CANOE AND ITS OUTFIT.

WHEN John Macgregor, of the Inner Temple, published his entertaining account of the *Rob Roy's* thousand-mile voyage on the lakes and rivers of Europe, he established canoeing as a summer pastime. The idea was not new; it was older than authentic history; but he gave it an overhauling and brushing up that brought it out in a form that was wonderfully attractive. The *Rob Roy* was so diminutive that her captain was able to transport her on horseback, but what she accomplished made her quite as famous as any ship of her Majesty's navy. The English canoe fleet was soon numbered by hundreds. The crank *Rob Roy* was super-

seded, as a sailing canoe, by the *Nautilus*, and many voyages, under an endless variety of conditions, have since been accomplished. Canoe clubs were organized, and in an incredibly brief time canoeing became in Great Britain a national pastime.

The introduction of canoeing in the United States may be said to have taken place in 1870, when the New York Canoe Club was founded by William L. Alden. The Indian birch and dug-out, it is true, belong to the canoe group, but they are, at best, rude craft, unfit for general cruising, and had long before gone into disuse, and come to be valued only as relics of an uncivilized condition. Americans have enthusiastically adopted the pastime, and it is only a question of time when canoes will be as frequently seen on our bays, lakes, and rivers as sail and row boats. Besides our long coast-line, we have an immense system of inland waters, a great part of which is as yet unexplored, and can not for years be explored by any other craft than the light and easily portaged canoe. There is no one of the States in which long cruises may not be made.

It has been stated, upon authority, that summer cruises may be made upon the waters of Wisconsin alone for thirty years without retracing or exhausting the territory. In the northern portion of the State there are almost numberless unexplored lakes, some of large size, that are connected by rivers and smaller streams. A canoe may, for instance, be launched upon Pewaukee Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about twenty miles west of Milwaukee, and then follow a winding course through a delightful country, through lake to rivulet, and from rivulet to lake, the lakes varying in length from three to eight miles, and in width from one to four miles. Leaving the lakes, the canoe may follow Rock River, and passing many beautiful towns and villages, strike the Mississippi at Rock Island, Illinois. Many of the Western (notably Minnesota and Michigan), Eastern, and Middle States offer equally attractive fields for summer cruising. Canada is as yet almost unmapped. Twenty-five miles to the northward of Quebec the exploring canoeist is beyond the bounds of civilization, and at the entrance to a region of picturesque lakes, that, with their connecting streams, form a chain almost unbroken, save by rapids and falls, to either the Hudson Bay country or the Saguenay, and the little-known territory still to the northward.

Long cruises have been made by Americans. The *Kleine Fritz* (A. H. Siegfried) has followed the course of the Mississippi from the extreme head-waters to Rock Island, Illinois; the *Maria Theresa* (N. H. Bishop) has cruised by inland waters from Lansingburg, New York, to the mouth of the Suwannee River; the *Bubble* (Charles E. Chase) in 1878 cruised from New York to Quebec by connecting waterways, thence by portage, through the valley of the Chaudière, to the head-waters of and down the Connecticut River, to and through Long Island Sound, to New York. Mr. C. H. Farnham has recently completed a Canadian voyage embracing the Saguenay, its tributaries, and other watercourses. In 1879 Mr. Frank Zihler made a cruise of about 1200 miles, from Racine, Wisconsin, to New Orleans. Many less extended cruises have been made, and clubs have been organized in the larger cities.

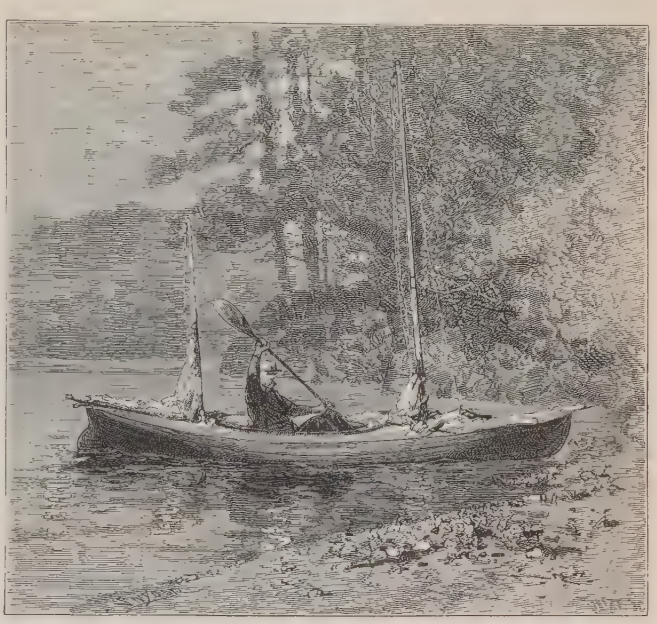
"A canoe," according to a recent official and technical definition, "is a boat sharp at both ends, not more than thirty-six inches beam, and which can be effectively propelled by a double-bladed paddle; but a canoe may be propelled either by a double or single bladed paddle, or by one or more sails. No other means of propulsion shall be used."

This is the single modern cruising canoe. She is a unique craft, a boat unlike, and yet having the distinctive qualities of, all the others.

The best of her qualities is that she is manageable. In calms she is easily propelled by the single or double bladed paddle, and in a favoring breeze she fills away, under one or more sails, and logs from three to eight miles an hour. Properly constructed, she weighs no more than seventy-five pounds, and may therefore be carried on the canoeist's head and shoulders from stream to stream, and around dams and rapids. The paddle, although it affords somewhat less speed for short distances, is much more serviceable than oars, as it admits of quicker action, enables the canoeist to face in the direction of his progress, and to keep an easy lookout for dangers. The canoe is sufficiently capacious to carry a month's supply of luggage and provisions without trespassing upon the space amidships, that may, if need be, be converted into sleeping quar-

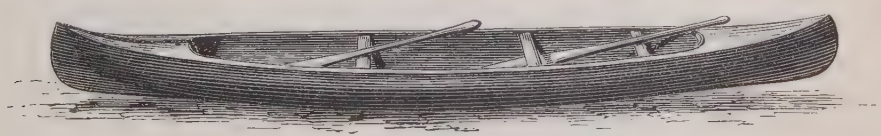
ters. She is a craft in which a man of nautical tastes may comfortably cruise in inland waters at a per diem expense of less than one dollar. This light, stanch, and roomy little craft is as unlike the Indian birch—the typical canoe of the United States—as she can well be.

Within the last ten years many different models have been produced, and a variety of materials used in the construction. The Herald and English canoes are reflections of the birch; the *Nautilus*, of the whale-boat; the *Rob Roy*, of the racing shell; and the *Shadow*, the combination of all. Canoes are always cruising craft, although they may be built, as ships are, with reference to the work they are to perform. The canoe that is to run down a river that is frequently broken by rapids and dams must be light, that she may be easily portaged. If the camping outfit is dispensed with, the beam may be greatly diminished, and greater speed attained. Technically there are but two classes of canoes, the sailing and the paddling, the former being the canoe for general cruising. Lightness in a canoe that is always to cruise upon deep water may be sacrificed to sailing qualities, but it is indispensable to the canoe that is to be used for general cruising. American as well as English builders, however, too often sacrifice lightness to strength—a grievous fault, the canoeist finds, after he has tugged the heavy craft over a few portages. The canoes built by Rushton (Canton, New York) are models in this respect, their average weight being about fifty-five pounds, and that without sacrifice of the essential element—strength. The carvel-built or smooth-side canoe is lighter as well as speedier than the clinker-built, but both British and American builders, with the conservative pig-headedness of their craft, give preference to the latter. The Rice Lake canoes built by Herald, of Gore's Landing, Ontario, and by English, of Peterborough, Ontario, are of the former class, and are not only light and immensely strong, but, under certain conditions, very speedy.



"SHADOW" CANOE.

The Racine Boat Company, of Racine, Wisconsin, has produced a canoe that is a revelation in the art of boat-building. The sides are composed of three sheets of birch, cherry, or cedar, cemented together, the grain of the inner sheet crossing the outer. This veneer, while the wood is green, is pressed into the desired form. The sides are one-eighth of an inch thick, perfectly smooth, without a seam except at the ends, which are neatly sheathed with



CANADIAN CANOE.

brass. There are no brad, screw, or rivet holes that are not covered by the keel or wale along the edge of the deck. This canoe, with the paddle, apron, and rigging, weighs eighty-five pounds.

The streaks of the clinker-built canoe rarely check, the wood being generally well seasoned; but unless the ribs are very close to each other—not more than three inches apart—and snugly fitted, they will warp into most tantalizing shapes.

Another and distinct class of canoes has been produced in this country. Canoeing

THE RACINE CANOE.

embraces not only the hour's sailing and paddling after business, and the long and short cruises, but also amateur mechanics. The canoeist, very early in his career, learns that he must rely upon himself in everything relating to his boat. He must be captain, rigger, carpenter, cook, and cabin-boy. A rudder eye snaps off—as they will if he is verdant enough to allow his builder to use them—and he must drill out and put in another, or submit to a tedious delay. The canoe dashes against a snag or sunken rock in a rapid, and gets ashore, miles from any builder's shop, with an ugly hole at the bow. The canoeist must have the strip of cedar, the marine glue, and the nails at hand, and repair the damage, or tow his water-logged craft to the builder. There are scores of odd jobs that he must attend to, to the pleasures of which the unhappy mortal who navigates only a shell is a stranger.

The canoeist begins with a jackknife, and works up to jack-plane, square and compasses, and ultimately to the carpenter's whole kit. He drafts a model, and turns out a fair canoe, to say nothing of supplying from his own shop many of his camp fittings. The speediest sailing canoe in England, and paddling canoe in the United States, is of amateur build. Amateur builders have constructed very creditable wooden canoes, but, as yet, few have attempted anything but the canvas craft—a pretty and most serviceable boat, the frame of which consists of stem and stern posts, keel, keelson, lateral strips, ribs, bulk-heads, and deck timbers. The coracle, one of the earliest craft of Great Britain, the Esquimau kayak, and the Indian birch embody the idea—a frame covered with a tough skin. A very ordinary degree of mechanical skill suffices for the production of a fair canvas canoe. The practiced hand, however, may work out the subtleties of the boat-builder's art in canvas and spruce strips as deftly as in white and Spanish cedar.

The four inside canoes shown in the sketch on the opposite page are of canvas. The material used in the construction of each cost about ten dollars. The amateur should not essay the building of a paper canoe. Fine linen paper is an excellent material, but the highest degree of skill is requisite in preparing it. The building of these boats, besides requiring costly models or moulds, involves a process of water-proofing with which the amateur must be familiar, or submit to the inconvenience of floating and foundering in a craft of pulp.

The cruising outfit must be determined

by the voyage that is to be undertaken. An extra woollen shirt and pair of stockings, with a few toilet articles, may be all that will be required on one cruise, while upon another an outfit as elaborate in its way as that of a *Polaris* or *Jeannette* may no more than suffice.

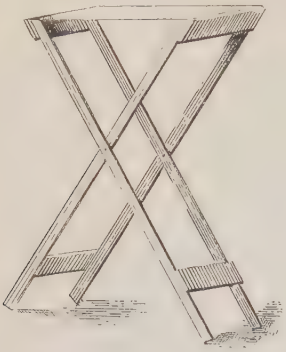
Camping cruises are most commonly made in the United States and Canada.

The first and most important item is that of clothing. It is a rule of almost universal application, approved by all experienced canoeists, that, no matter what the weather, the clothing should not be light. Two suits of gray flannel underwear, a blue flannel yachting shirt, four pairs of socks, a coat of substantial stuff, are almost indispensable for a two weeks' cruise. The yachting shirt need not be worn during work in the heat of the day, but it is required, and the coat also, at night. The best head-covering is the pith helmet. The sun's rays do not penetrate it, and it is light. The naval cap is serviceable, particularly in camp. A pair of stout shoes should be provided for shore work; canvas shoes with rubber soles should be used in the canoe. A poncho and havelock cap comprise the rubber clothing outfit. Leggings are rarely necessary, and, after many hundred miles of cruising in all weathers, we conclude that they are not worth storage room.

CANVAS CANOES—LAKE GEORGE CAMP.

A CANOE CAMP.

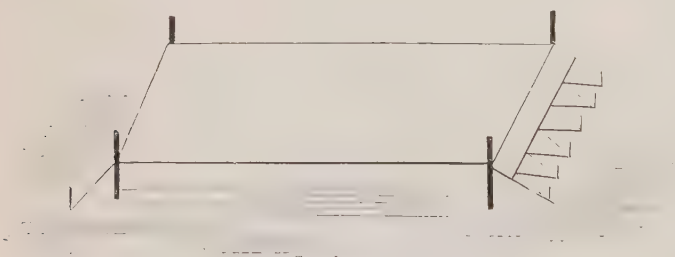
The camp kit, it is evident, must be compact as well as light. A man may sleep as undisturbedly in a canoe as in any other space of the same dimensions, but a tent



CAMP-STOOL, OR TABLE.

of stout white drilling affords more desirable quarters. If the material is close and hard, no water-proofing is necessary. The tent may be pitched over one or more canoes. Two camp-stools serve as chair and table.

A bed is quickly made of blankets in the canoe or on the ground. A hammock

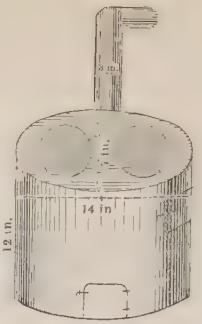


CAMP-COT.

swung between trees may serve on occasions, but the canvas cot is better.

This is the simplest, lightest, and most compact of all devices, and may be used wherever tent pegs can be driven. With the addition of the rubber air pillow it is a bed that very nearly approaches perfection. It is composed of legs that are driven into the ground, end pieces, and the canvas, the ends of which are securely pegged down. A folding frame is easily constructed, and dispenses with peg-driving—an important advantage on rocky ground. Two woollen blankets of stout gray stuff and one rubber blanket should be provided.

Primitive camp cookery requires the romance of the camp fire, but the canoeist who has seen his dinner overturned by the burning away of a forestick or back-log, his kettles burned, blackened, and melted, parts company with sentiment, and seeks a stove. The *Rob Roy* cuisine, designed by Mr. Macgregor, contains a Russian lamp, spirit flask, tea-strainer, salt and match boxes, spoons, drinking horn, a boiler, frying-pan, water-proof provision bag, and a covering bag. The lamp affords an alcohol flame that lasts about ten minutes. The cuisine costs in London from £2 18*s.* to £3 11*s.* 6*d.* It is very serviceable at times, but can not be relied upon for all the cooking on a cruise. Oil stoves are objectionable, because of the unpleasant odor of the fuel. The best oil is nearly odorless, but it can not be obtained outside of the large cities. Wood is the most reliable and available of fuels. A small sheet-iron stove answers the purpose admirably.



CAMP-STOVE.

The stove has no bottom, as the fire should be built upon the ground. The pipe should be easily unjointed, and may be stowed with a nest of camp kettles and frying-pan inside the stove. The whole should be stowed in a canvas bag. This stove may be used in the tent by lengthening the stove-pipe. Water may be boiled in the canoe with a small Russian lamp. If the canoe is purchased complete, the outfit should consist of masts, paddle, sails, rubber cushion, apron, and painter. The outfit of every canoe should include a circular rubber cushion, and a rubber apron for covering the cockpit, to keep out the rain and seas. A limited stock of repair materials should be provided: extra cordage, strips of wood, copper shell nails, canvas, needles and thread, white lead, varnish or paint. A hatchet will serve as camp axe and hammer.

The cruising canoe is not a crank craft,

but, like yachts and ships, she sometimes comes to grief through the inexperience, recklessness, or misfortune of her captain. A flaw that comes down between the hills, or a snag in a rapid, sometimes produces inversions that the right-minded canoeist remembers with proud complacency—after he has safely landed. Life-belts should be worn in squally weather and in running rapids. The circular rubber belt is

LIFE-PRESERVER.

serviceable and compact. The Racine Boat Company manufacture an article that serves the triple purpose of a life-belt, cushion, and mattress.

The rubber cushion or the air-pillow will sustain the head above water, but neither is easily adjusted.

The best charts are those published by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. The coast pilots contain the charts upon smaller scale, with valuable notes. The price of the charts and coast pilots is nominal.

In stowing a canoe it is of the first importance to so dispose the luggage that the craft shall trim properly. The clothing, camp kit, provisions, and the rest of the cargo become ballast, and should add to the stiffness of the canoe. Everything should have its place, and should be at hand when required.

Cooked food may be carried in a rubber haversack in the forward water-tight compartment, with the canned goods. The stove should be just aft of the mainmast; the clothing, toilet case, and other articles of that class, in a stout rubber or canvas bag in the cuddy—the space just aft of the canoeist's seat, between the sliding and the after bulk-head. The tent, blankets, and air-pillow should be stowed in the after water-tight compartment. The smaller articles that must always be within easy reach may be stowed in rubber pockets suspended at the canoeist's hand under the deck.

Under ordinary conditions, it is far more enjoyable to cruise leisurely than to make distance the principal consideration. From twenty to thirty miles per day may be comfortably made under paddle. The canoe, as constructed in this country, sails well before the wind, but, being flat on the bottom, as she must be to run rapids, does not work close to windward. Lee-boards are rarely used. False keels, or rockers, from five to ten feet in length, have been tried upon deep-water cruises and in races, and have been adopted by many canoeists. Centre-board canoes are a novelty in the United States. In England the best sailing canoes are provided with centre-boards of one-eighth inch plate iron, weighing from thirty to eighty pounds. The weight of the centre-board enables the canoe to carry about three times the ordinary spread of sail, or from sixty to one hundred and sixty square feet. The notable Hendon sailing races are almost exclusively between canoes of this class. Centre-board canoes, however, are not adapted to general cruising.

Two men, one at either end, can carry a heavily laden canoe. An ingenious device—an arrangement of spruce sticks and

PORTAGE DEVICE FOR TWO CARRIERS.

leather straps—by a member of the New York Canoe Club, renders the work easier on a smooth road.

If the voyager is alone, however, he must portage the canoe, and return for the

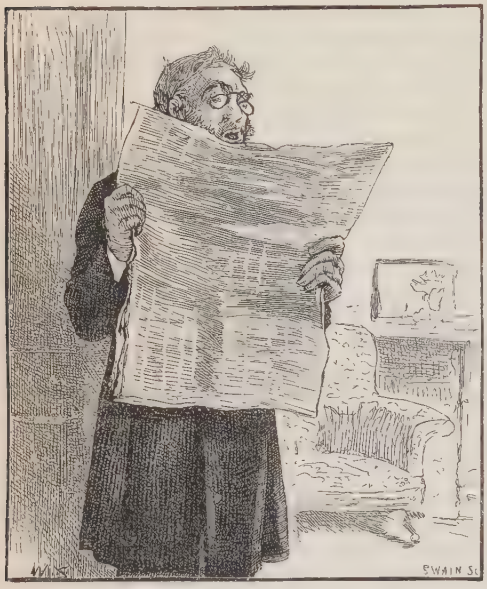
PORTAGE YOKE.

cargo. With a yoke resting in braces on deck at a point nearly midships, the canoe may be carried with comparative ease.

Running rapids is one of the many delights of canoeing. It requires a sharp look-out, a quick eye, a little nerve, and prompt action. At the head of nearly every rapid is a triangle of smooth water. As a rule, the canoeist should steer for the apex. The deepest water is on the concave shore, but rocks, stumps, and snags of various sorts are distributed without any apparent attempt at systematic grouping. Luck and skill combine attractively to render the passage of a rapid easy.

It is an error to assume that canoeing involves great hazard or hardship. It is a free, vigorous, healthful, out-of-door life. The canoeist may court danger, but ordinary caution will avoid serious mishaps. He *may* subsist on penitential bread and water, but he may also provide himself, from the canoe stores, with a dinner that would be relishable at home. An American lady, who has made several tenting cruises with her husband, carries into camp her household art; she has braved all sorts of weather on the lakes, has tented and cooked in field and forest, and now declares canoeing to be what is claimed for it by its American sponsor—"the most perfect of all possible out-of-door sports."

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PARABLE.

NOW we had not been five minutes within the walls of Castle Osprey when great shouts of laughter were heard in the direction of the library; and presently the Laird came quickly into the room where the two women were standing at the open window. He was flourishing a newspaper in his hand; delight, sarcasm, and desperate humor shone in his face. He would not notice that Queen Titania looked very much inclined to cry, as she gazed out on the forlorn remains of what had once been a rose garden; he would pay no heed to Mary Avon's wan cheek and pensive eyes.

"Just listen to this, ma'am, just listen to this," he called out, briskly; and all the atmosphere of the room seemed to wake up into cheerfulness and life. "Have I not told ye often about that extraordinary body, Johnny Guthrie? Now just listen."

It appeared that the Laird, without even bestowing a glance on the pile of letters lying waiting for him, had at once dived into the mass of newspapers, and had succeeded in fishing out the report of the last meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners. With a solemnity that scarcely veiled his suppressed mirth, he said:

"Just listen, ma'am: 'The fortnightly meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners was held on Monday, Provost McKendrick in the chair. Mr. Robert Johnstone said he had much pleasure in congratulating the chairman and the other gentlemen assembled on the signal and able manner in which the fire-brigade had done their duty on the previous Saturday at the great conflagration in Coulter-side buildings; and he referred especially to the immense assistance given by the new fire-engine recently purchased by the Commissioners. (Hear! hear!) He could assure the meeting that but for the zealous and patriotic ardor of the brigade—aided, no doubt, by the efficient working of the steam-engine—a most valuable property would have been devoted *holus bolus* to the flames.'"

The Laird frowned at this phrase.

"Does the crayture think he is talking Latin?" he asked, apparently of himself.

However, he continued his reading of the report.

"'Provost McKendrick, replying to these observations, observed that it was certainly a matter for congratulation that the fire-brigade should have proved their efficiency in so distinct a manner, considering the outlay that had been incurred; and that now the inhabitants of the Burgh would perceive the necessity of having

more plugs. So far all the money had been well spent. Mr. J. Guthrie—'" But here the Laird could not contain his laughter any longer.

"That's Johnny, ma'am," he cried, in explanation, "that's the Johnny Guthrie I was telling ye about—the poor, yaumering, pernickity, querulous crayture! 'Mr. J. Guthrie begged to say he could not join in these general felicitations. They were making a great deal of noise about nothing. The fire was no fire at all; a servant-girl could have put it out with a pail. He had come from Glasgow by the eleven-o'clock 'bus, and there was then not a trace of a fire to be seen. The real damage done to the property was not done by the fire, but by the dirty water drawn by the fire-brigade from the Coulter burn, which dirty water had entirely destroyed Mrs. MacInnes's best bedroom furniture.'"

The Laird flourished the newspaper, and laughed aloud in his joy; the mere reading of the extract had so thoroughly discomfited his enemy.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that body?" he cried. "A snarlin', quarlin', gruntin', growlin', fashious crayture! He thinks there could not be any fire, just because he was not in time to see it. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, I'm just fair ashamed o' ye."

But at this point the Laird seemed to become aware that he had given way too much to his love of pure and pithy English. He immediately said, in a more formal manner:

"I am glad to perceive, ma'am, that the meeting paid no heed to these strictures, but went on to consider whether the insurance companies should not share the expense of maintaining the fire-brigade. That was most proper—most judeecious. I'm thinking that after dinner I could not do better than express my views upon that subject, in a letter addressed to the Provost. It would be in time to be read at the monthly sederunt."

"Come along, then, Mary, and let us get through our letters," said his hostess, turning away with a sigh from the dilapidated rose garden.

As she passed the piano she opened it.

"How strange it will sound!" she said.

She played a few bars of Mary Avon's favorite song; somehow the chords seemed singularly rich and full and beautiful after our long listening to the monotonous rush of the sea. Then she put her hand within the girl's arm and gently led her away, and said to her, as they passed through the hall,

> "'Oh, little did my mither think,
> When first she cradled me,'

that ever I should have come back to such a picture of desolation. But we must put a brave face on it. If the autumn kills the garden, it glorifies the hills. You will want all your color-tubes when we show you Loch Hourn."

"That was the place the doctor was anxious to veesit," said the Laird, who was immediately behind them. "Ay. Oh yes, we will show Miss Mary Loch Hourn; she will get some material for sketches there, depend on't. Just the finest loch in the whole of the Highlands. When I can get Tom Galbraith first of all persuaded to see Bunessan—"

But we heard no more about Tom Galbraith. Queen Titania had uttered a slight exclamation as she glanced over the addresses of the letters directed to her.

"From Angus!" she said, as she hurriedly opened one of the envelopes, and ran her eye over the contents.

Then her face grew grave, and inadvertently she turned to the Laird.

"In three days," she said, "he was to start for Italy."

She looked at the date.

"He must have left London already!" said she, and then she examined the letter further. "And he does not say where he is going."

The Laird looked grave too—for a second. But he was an excellent actor. He began whistling the air that his hostess had been playing. He turned over his letters and papers carelessly. At length he said, with an air of fine indifference,

"The grand thing of being away at sea is to teach ye the comparateevely trifling importance of anything that can happen on land."

He tossed the unopened letters about, only regarding the addresses.

"What care I what the people may have been saying about me in my absence?—the real thing is that we got food to eat, and were not swept into Corrievrechan. Come, Miss Mary, I will just ask ye to go for a stroll through the garden wi' me, until dinner-time; our good friends will not ask us to dress on an evening like this, just before we have got everything on shore. Twenty-five mee-

nutes, ma'am? Very well. If anybody has been abusing me in my absence, we'll listen to the poor fellow after dinner, when we can get the laugh made general, and so make some good out of him; but just now we'll have the quiet of the sunset to ourselves. Dear, dear me! we used to have the sunset after dinner when we were away up about Canna and Uist."

Mary Avon seemed to hesitate.

"What! not a single letter for ye? That shows very bad taste on the pairt of the young men about England. But I never thought much o' them. From what I hear, they are mostly given over to riding horses, and shooting pheasants, and what not. But never mind. I want ye to come out for a stroll wi' me, my lass; ye'll see some fine color about the Morven hills presently, or I'm mistaken."

"Very well, sir," said she, obediently; and together they went out into the garden.

Now it was not until some minutes after the dinner gong had sounded that we again saw these two, and then there was nothing in the manner of either of them to suggest to any one that anything had happened. It was not until many days afterward that we obtained, bit by bit, an account of what had occurred, and even then it was but a stammering and disjointed and shy account. However, such as it was, it had better appear here, if only to keep the narrative straight.

The Laird, walking up and down the gravel-path with his companion, said that he did not so much regret the disappearance of the roses, for there were plenty of other flowers to take their place. Then he thought he and she might go and sit on a seat which was placed under a drooping ash in the centre of the lawn, for from this point they commanded a fine view of the western seas and hills. They had just sat down there when he said:

"My girl, I am going to take the privilege of an old man, and speak frankly to ye. I have been watching ye, as it were —and your mind is not at ease."

Miss Avon hastily assured him that it was quite, and begged to draw his attention to the yacht in the bay, where the men were just lowering the ensign, at sunset.

The Laird returned to the subject; entreated her not to take it ill that he should interfere; and then reminded her of a certain night on Loch Leven, and of a promise he had then made her. Would he be fulfilling that solemn undertaking if he did not, at some risk of vexing her, and of being considered a prying, foolish person, endeavor to help her if she was in trouble?

Miss Avon said how grateful she was to him for all his kindness to her, and how his promise had already been amply fulfilled. She was not in trouble. She hoped no one thought that. Everything that had happened was for the best. And here—as was afterward admitted—she burst into a fit of crying, and was very much mortified, and ashamed of herself.

But at this point the Laird would appear to have taken matters into his own hand. First of all, he began to speak of his nephew—of his bright good-nature, and so forth—of his professed esteem for her—of certain possibilities that he, the Laird, had been dreaming about with the fond fancy of an old man. And rather timidly he asked her—if it were true that she thought everything had happened for the best—whether, after all, his nephew Howard might not speak to her? It had been the dream of his old age to see these two together at Denny-mains, or on board that steam-yacht he would buy for them on the Clyde. Was that not possible?

Here, at least, the girl was honest and earnest enough—even anxiously earnest. She assured him that that was quite impossible. It was hopeless. The Laird remained silent for some minutes, holding her hand.

"Then," said he, rather sadly, but with an affectation of grave humor, "I am going to tell you a story. It is about a young lass who was very proud, and who kept her thoughts very much to herself, and would not give her friends a chance of helping her. And she was very fond of a —a young Prince, we will call him—who wanted to go away to the wars, and make a great name for himself. No one was prouder of the Prince than the girl, mind ye, and she encouraged him in everything, and they were great friends, and she was to give him all her diamonds, and pearls, and necklaces—she would throw them into his treasury, like a Roman matron—just that he might go away and conquer, and come back and marry her. But, lo and behold! one night all her jewels and bracelets were stolen! Then what does she do? Would ye believe it? She goes and quarrels with that young Prince, and tells him

to go away and fight his battles for himself, and never to come back and see her any more—just as if any one could fight a battle wi' a sore heart. Oh, she was a wicked, wicked lass, to be so proud as that, when she had many friends that would willingly have helped her. . . . Sit down, my girl, sit down, my girl; never mind the dinner; they can wait for us. . . . Well, ye see, the story goes on that there was an old man—a foolish old man—they used to laugh at him because of his fine fishing-tackle, and the very few fish he caught wi' the tackle—and this doited old body was always intermeddling in other people's business. And what do you think he does but go and say to the young lass: 'Ha, have I found ye out? Is it left for an old man like me—and me a bachelor, too, who should know but little of the quips and cranks of a young lass's ways—is it left for an old man like me to find out that fine secret o' yours?' She could not say a word. She was dumfounded. She had not the face to deny it. He *had* found out what that wicked girl, with all her pride, and her martyrdom, and her sprained ankles, had been about. And what do you think he did then? Why, as sure as sure can be, he had got all the young lass's property in his pocket; and before she could say Jack Robinson, he tells her that he is going to send straight off for the Prince—this very night—a telegram to London—"

The girl had been trembling, and struggling with the hand that held hers. At last she sprang to her feet, with a cry of entreaty.

"Oh, no, no, no, sir! You will not do that! You will not degrade me!"

And then—this is her own account, mind—the Laird rose too, and still held her by the hand, and spoke sternly to her.

"Degrade you?" said he. "Foolish lass! Come in to your dinner."

When these two did come in to dinner—nearly a quarter of an hour late—their hostess looked anxiously from one to the other. But what could she perceive? Mary Avon was somewhat pale, and she was silent; but that had been her way of late. As for the Laird, he came in whistling the tune of the Queen's Maries, which was a strange grace before meat, and he looked airily around him at the walls.

"I would just like to know," said he, lightly, "whether there is a single house in all Scotland where ye will not find an engraving of one or other of Mr. Thomas Faed's pictures in some one of the rooms?"

And he preserved this careless and indifferent demeanor during dinner. After dinner he strolled into the library. He would venture upon a small cigar. His sole companion was the person whose humble duty in this household is to look after financial matters, so that other folks may enjoy themselves in idleness.

The Laird lay back in an easy-chair, stretched out his legs, lit his cigar, and held it at arm's-length, as if it were something that ought to be looked at at a distance.

"You had something to do with the purchase of Miss Mary's American stock, eh?" said he, pretending to be concerned about the end of the cigar.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Funded Five per Cent."

"What would be about the value of it now?"

"Just now? Oh, perhaps 106 or 107."

"No, no, no. I mean, if the bonds that that ill-faured scoondrel carried away with him were to be sold the now, what money, what English money, would they fetch?"

But this required some calculation.

"Probably about £7300."

"I was asking," said the Laird, "because I was wondering whether there was any chance of tracing them."

"Not the least. They are like bank-notes—more useful, indeed, to a swindler than even bank-notes."

"Ay, is that so?" said the Laird; and he seemed to be so charmed with his whistling of the air of the Queen's Maries that he returned to that performance. Oddly enough, however, he never ventured beyond the first line: perhaps he was afraid of missing the tune.

"Seven thousand three hundred," said he, meditatively. "Man, that's a strong cigar—little, and black, and strong, like a Hielander. Seven thousand three hundred. Girls are strange craytures. I remember what that young doctor was saying once about weemen being better able to bear pain than men, and not so much afraid of it either—"

And here the Queen's Maries came in again.

"It would be a strange thing," said the Laird, with a sort of rueful laugh, "if I were to have a steam-yacht all to myself, and cruise about in search of company, eh? No, no; that will not do. My neigh-

bors in Strathgovan will never say that I deserted them, just when great improvements and serious work have to be looked forward to. I will not have it said that I ran away, just to pleasure myself. Howard, my lad, I doubt but ye'll have to whistle for that steam-yacht."

The Laird rose.

"I think I will smoke in the garden now: it is a fine evening."

He turned at the door, and seemed suddenly to perceive a pair of stag's horns over the chimney-piece.

"That's a grand set o' horns," said he; and then he added, carelessly, "What bank did ye say they American bonds were in?"

"The London and Westminster."

"They're just a noble pair o' horns," said he, emphatically. "I wonder ye do not take them with ye to London." And then he left.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A RELEASE.

We had a long spell ashore at this time, for we were meditating a protracted voyage, and everything had to be left shipshape behind us. The Laird was busy from morning till night; but it would appear that all his attention was not wholly given to the affairs of Strathgovan. Occasionally he surprised his hostess by questions which had not the least reference to asphalt pavements or gymnasium chains. He kept his own counsel, nevertheless.

By-and-by his mysterious silence so piqued and provoked her that she seized a favorable opportunity for asking him point-blank whether he had not spoken to Mary Avon. They were in the garden at the time, he seated on an iron seat, with a bundle of papers beside him, she standing on the gravel-path, with some freshly cut flowers in her hand. There was a little color in her face, for she feared that the question might be deemed impertinent; yet, after all, it was no idle curiosity that prompted her to ask it. Was she not as much interested in the girl's happiness as any one could be?

"I have," said he, looking up at her calmly.

Well, she knew that. Was this all the answer she was to get?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, after a second, "if I seem to be making a mystery where there is no mystery. I hate all foolishness like that. I do not myself believe there is anything of the kind; but I will just ask ye to wait for a day or two before speaking to the lass herself. After that, I will leave it all in your hands. I trust ye will consider that I have done my part."

"Oh, I am sure of that, sir," said she; though how could she be sure?

"There is not much I would not do for that lass," said he, somewhat absently. "She has a wonderful way of getting a grip of one's heart, as it were. And if I could have wished that things had turned out otherwise—"

The Laird did not finish the sentence. He seemed to rouse himself.

"Toots! toots!" said he, frowning. "When we are become men, we have to put away childish things. What is the use of crying for the moon? There, ma'am, is something serious and practical to consider—something better worth considering than childish dreams and fancies."

And then, with much lucidity, and with a most dispassionate parade of arguments on both sides, he put before her this knotty question: Whether it was a fit and proper thing for a body like the Strathgovan Commissioners to own public-house property? That was the general question. The immediate question was whether the "William Wallace" public-house, situated in the Netherbiggins road, should be relet or summarily closed. On the one hand, it was contended that the closing of the "William Wallace" would only produce a greater run on the other licensed houses; on the other hand, it was urged that a body like the Commissioners should set an example, and refuse to encourage a mischievous traffic. Now the Laird's own view of the liquor question—which he always put forward modestly, as subject to the opinion of those who had had a wider legislative and administrative experience than himself—was that the total suppression of the liquor traffic was a chimera, and that a practical man should turn to see what could be done in the way of stringent police regulations. He was proceeding to expound these points, when he suddenly caught sight of the Youth, who had appeared at the gate, with two long fishing-rods over his shoulder. He dropped his voice.

"That just reminds me, ma'am," said he. "I am greatly obliged to ye—my nephew equally so—for your great kind-

ness to him. I think it will not be necessary for him to trespass on your forbearance any longer."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I think I will let him go back to his own pursuits now," said the Laird.

"Oh no," she said. "By all means let him come with us to Stornoway. He has been very good in not grumbling over any inconvenience. You would not send him away just as we are going to start on our longest cruise?"

She could not say anything further at the moment, for the Youth came up the gravel-path, and threw the two huge rods on to the lawn.

"Look there, uncle!" he cried. "I don't care what size of lithe you get on the line, I'll bet those rods won't break, anyway. Sutherland used to be lamenting over the big fish you lost up in the north: try them with those things."

Here their hostess passed on and into the house with her flowers. Uncle and nephew were left by themselves.

"Howard, lad," said the elder of the two men, "bring that chair over, and sit opposite me. I do not want my papers to be disturbed. There are one or two matters of business I would like to put before ye."

The Youth did as he was bid. The Laird paused for a second or two; then he began:

"When I asked ye to come to the Highlands," said he, slowly, "I put an alternative before ye, with certain consequences. There were two things, one of which I wanted ye to do. Ye have done neither."

Howard Smith looked somewhat alarmed: his hostess was not there to put a jocular air over that bargain.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I—I could not do what was impossible. I—I have done my best."

"Nevertheless," said the Laird, in a matter-of-fact way, "neither has been done. I will not say it has been altogether your fault. So far as I have seen, ye have been on very good terms with the young leddy; and—and—yes, paid her what attention was expected of ye; and—"

"Well, you see, uncle," he interposed, eagerly, "what was the use of my proposing to the girl only to be snubbed? Don't I know she cares no more about me than about the man in the moon? Why, anybody could see that. Of course, you know, if you insist on it—if you drive me to it—if you want me to go in and get snubbed—I'll do it. I'll take my chance. But I don't think it's fair. I mean," he added, hastily, "I don't think it is necessary."

"I do not wish to drive ye to anything," said the Laird—on any other occasion he might have laughed at the Youth's ingenuousness, but now he had serious business on hand. "I am content to take things as they are. Neither of the objects I had in view has been accomplished; perhaps both were impossible; who can tell what lies in store for any of us, when we begin to plan and scheme? However, I am not disposed to regard it as your fault. I will impose no fine or punishment, as if we were playing at theatre-acting. I have neither kith nor kin of my own; and it is my wish that, at my death, Denny-mains should go to you."

The Youth's face turned red; yet he did not know how to express his gratitude. It did not quite seem a time for sentiment; the Laird was talking in such a matter-of-fact way.

"Subject to certain conditions," he continued. "First of all, I spoke some time ago of spending a sum of £3000 on a steam-yacht. Dismiss that from your mind. I can not afford it; neither will you be able."

The young man stared at this. For although he cared very little about the steam-yacht—having a less liking for the sea than some of us—he was surprised to hear that a sum like £3000 was even a matter for consideration to a reputedly rich man like his uncle.

"Oh, certainly, sir," said he. "I don't at all want a steam-yacht."

"Very well, we will now proceed."

The Laird took up one of the documents beside him, and began to draw certain lines on the back of it.

"Ye will remember," said he, pointing with his pencil, "that where the estate proper of Denny-mains runs out to the Coulter-burn road, there is a piece of land belonging to me, on which are two tenements, yielding together, I should say, about £300 a year. By-and-by, if a road should be cut so—across to the Netherbiggins road—that land will be more valuable; many a one will be wanting to feu that piece then, mark my words. However, let that stand by. In the mean time I have occasion for a sum of ten thousand three hundred pounds—"

The Youth looked still more alarmed: had his uncle been speculating?

"—and I have considered it my duty to ask you, as the future proprietor of Denny-mains in all human probability, whether ye would rather have these two tenements sold, with as much of the adjoining land as would make up that sum, or whether ye would have the sum made a charge on the estate generally, and take your chance of that land rising in value? What say ye?"

The Laird had been prepared for all this; but the Youth was not. He looked rather frightened.

"I should be sorry to hear, sir," he stammered, "that—that you were pressed for money."

"Pressed for money?" said the Laird, severely. "I am not pressed for money. There is not a square yard of Denny-mains with a farthing of mortgage on it. Come, let's hear what ye have to say."

"Then," said the young man, collecting his wits, "my opinion is that a man should do what he likes with his own."

"That's well said," returned the Laird, much mollified. "And I'm no sure but that if we were to roup* that land, that quarrelsome body Johnny Guthrie might not be trying to buy it; and I would not have him for a neighbor on any consideration. Well, I will write to Todd and Buchanan about it at once."

The Laird rose and began to bundle his papers together. The Youth laid hold of the fishing-rods, and was about to carry them off somewhere, when he was suddenly called back.

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "my memory's going. There was another thing I was going to put before ye, lad. Our good friends here have been very kind in asking ye to remain so long. I'm thinking ye might offer to give up your stateroom before they start on this long trip. Is there any business or occupation ye would like to be after in the south?"

The flash of light that leaped to the young man's face!

"Why, uncle," he exclaimed, eagerly, diving his hand into his pocket, "I have twice been asked by old Barnes to go to his place—the best partridge-shooting in Bedfordshire—"

But the Youth recollected himself.

"I mean," said he, seriously, "Barnes, the swell solicitor, don't you know—Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes. It would be an uncommonly good thing for me to stand well with them. They are just the making of a young fellow at the bar when they take him up. Old Barnes's son was at Cambridge with me; but he doesn't do anything—an idle fellow—cares for nothing but shooting and billiards. I really ought to cultivate old Barnes."

The Laird eyed him askance.

"Off ye go to your partridge-shooting, and make no more pretense," said he; and then he added: "And look here, my lad—when ye leave this house I hope ye will express in a proper form your thanks for the kindness ye have received. No, no; I do not like the way of you English in that respect. Ye take no notice of anything. Ye receive a man's hospitality for a week, a fortnight, a month; and then ye shake hands with him at the door, and walk out—as if nothing had happened! These may be good manners in England; they are not here."

"I can't make a speech, uncle," said the Youth, slyly. "They don't teach us those things at the English public schools."

"Ye gowk," said the Laird, severely, "do you think I want ye to make a speech like Norval on the Grampian Hills? I want ye to express in proper language your thankfulness for the attention and kindness that have been bestowed on ye. What are ye afraid of? Have ye not got a mouth? From all that I can hear, the English have a wonderful fluency of speech, when there is no occasion for it at all: bletherin away like twenty steam-engines, and not a grain of wheat to be found when a' the stour is laid."

* To *roup*, to sell by public auction.

CHAPTER XL.

"WHILE THE RIPPLES FOLD UPON SANDS OF GOLD."

THE days passed, and still the Laird professed to be profoundly busy; and our departure for the north was further and further postponed. The Youth had at first expressed his intention of waiting to see us off; which was very kind on his part, considering how anxious he was to cultivate the acquaintance of that important solicitor. His patience, however, at last gave out, and he begged to be allowed to start on a certain morning. The evening before we walked down to the shore with him, and got pulled out to the

yacht, and sat on deck while he went below to pack such things as had been left in his state-room.

"It will be a strange thing," said our gentle Admiral-in-chief, "for us to have a cabin empty. That has never happened to us in the Highlands all the time we have been here. It will be a sort of ghost's room; we shall not dare to look into it for fear of seeing something to awaken old memories."

She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out some small object.

"Look," said she, quite sentimentally.

It was only a bit of pencil: if it had been the skull of Socrates, she could not have regarded it with a greater interest.

"It is the pencil Angus used to mark our games with. I found it in the saloon the day before yesterday;" and then she added, almost to herself, "I wonder where he is now?"

The answer to this question startled us.

"In Paris," said the Laird.

But no sooner had he uttered the words than he seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"That is, I believe so," he said, hastily. "I am not in correspondence with him. I do not know for certain. I have heard—it has been stated to me—that he might perhaps remain until the end of this week in Paris before going on to Naples."

He appeared rather anxious to avoid being further questioned. He began to discourse upon certain poems of Burns, whom he had once or twice somewhat slightingly treated. He was now bent on making ample amends. In especial, he asked whether his hostess did not remember the beautiful verse in "Mary Morison," which describes the lover looking on at the dancing of a number of young people, and conscious only that his own sweetheart is not there.

"Do ye remember it, ma'am?" said he; and he proceeded to repeat it for her:

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing;
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

"Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said, amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'"

—Beautiful, beautiful, is it not? And that is an extraordinary business—and as old as the hills, too—of one young person waling* out another as the object of all the hopes of his or her life; and nothing will do but that one. Ye may show them people who are better to look at, richer, cleverer; ye may reason and argue; ye may make plans, and what not: it is all of no use. And people who have grown up, and who forget what they themselves were at twenty or twenty-five, may say what they like about the foolishness of a piece of sentiment; and they may prove to the young folks that this madness will not last, and that they should marry for more substantial reasons; but ye are jist talking to the wind! Madness or not madness, it is human nature; and ye might jist as well try to fight against the tides. I will say this, too," continued the Laird, and as he warmed to his subject he rose, and began to pace up and down the deck, "if a young man were to come and tell me that he was ready to throw up a love match for the sake of prudence and worldly advantage, I would say to him: 'Man, ye are a poor crayture. Ye have not got the backbone of a mouse in ye.' I have no respect for a young man who has prudence beyond his years; not one bit. If it is human nature for a man at fifty years to laugh at sentiment and romance, it is human nature for a man at twenty-five to believe in it; and he who does not believe in it then, I say is a poor crayture. He will never come to anything. He may make money; but he will be a poor stupid ass all his days, just without those experiences that make life a beautiful thing to look back on."

He came and sat down by Mary Avon.

"Perhaps a sad thing too," said he, as he took her hand in his; "but even that is better than a dull causeway, with an animal trudging along, and sorely burdened with the world's wealth. And now, my lass, have ye got everything tight and trim for the grand voyage?"

"She has been at it again, sir," said his hostess, interposing. "She wants to set out for the south to-morrow morning."

"It would be a convenient chance for me," said the girl, simply. "Mr. Smith might be good enough to see me as far as Greenock—though, indeed, I don't at all mind travelling by myself. I must stop at Kendal—is that where the junction is?—for I promised the poor old woman who died in Edinburgh that I would call and see some relations of hers who live near Windermere."

"They can wait, surely?" said the

* *Waling*—choosing.

Laird, with frowning eyebrows, as if the poor people at Windermere had attempted to do him some deadly injury.

"Oh, there is no hurry for them," said she. "They do not even know that I am coming. But this chance of Mr. Smith going by the steamer to-morrow would be convenient."

"Put that fancy out of your head," said he, with decision. "Ye are going to no Greenock, and to no Kendal, at the present time. Ye are going away with us to the North, to see such things as ye never saw before in your life. And if ye are anxious to get on with your work, I'll tell ye what I'll do. There's our Provost McKendrick has been many a time telling me of the fine salmon-fishing he got at the west side of Lewis—I think he said at a place called Gometra—"

"Grimersta," is here suggested.

"The very place. Ye shall paint a picture of Grimersta, my lass, on commission for the Provost. I authorize ye: if he will not take it, I will take it myself. Never mind what the place is like—the Provost has no more imagination than a boiled lobster; but he knows when he has good friends, and good fishing, and a good glass of whiskey; and, depend on it, he'll be proud to have a picture of the place, on your own terms. I tell ye I authorize ye."

Here the Youth came on deck, saying he was now ready to go ashore.

"Do you know, sir," said his hostess, rising, "what Mary has been trying to get me to believe?—that she is afraid of the equinoctials!"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"That *is* a good one—that *is* a good one!" he cried. "I never heard a better story about Homesh."

"I know the gales are very wild here when they begin," said Miss Avon, seriously. "Every one says so."

But the Laird only laughs the more, and is still chuckling to himself as he gets down into the gig: the notion of Mary Avon being afraid of anything—of fifteen dozen of equinoctial gales, for example—was to him simply ludicrous.

But a marked and unusual change came over the Laird's manner when we got back to Castle Osprey. During all the time he had been with us, although he had had occasionally to administer rebukes, with more or less of solemnity, he had never once lost his temper. We should have imagined it impossible for anything to have disturbed his serene dignity or demeanor. But now—when he discovered that there was no letter awaiting any one of us—his impatience seemed dangerously akin to vexation and anger. He would have the servants summoned and cross-examined. Then he would not believe them; but must needs search the various rooms for himself. The afternoon post had really brought nothing but a newspaper—addressed to the Laird—and that he testily threw into the waste-paper basket, without opening it. We had never seen him give way like this before.

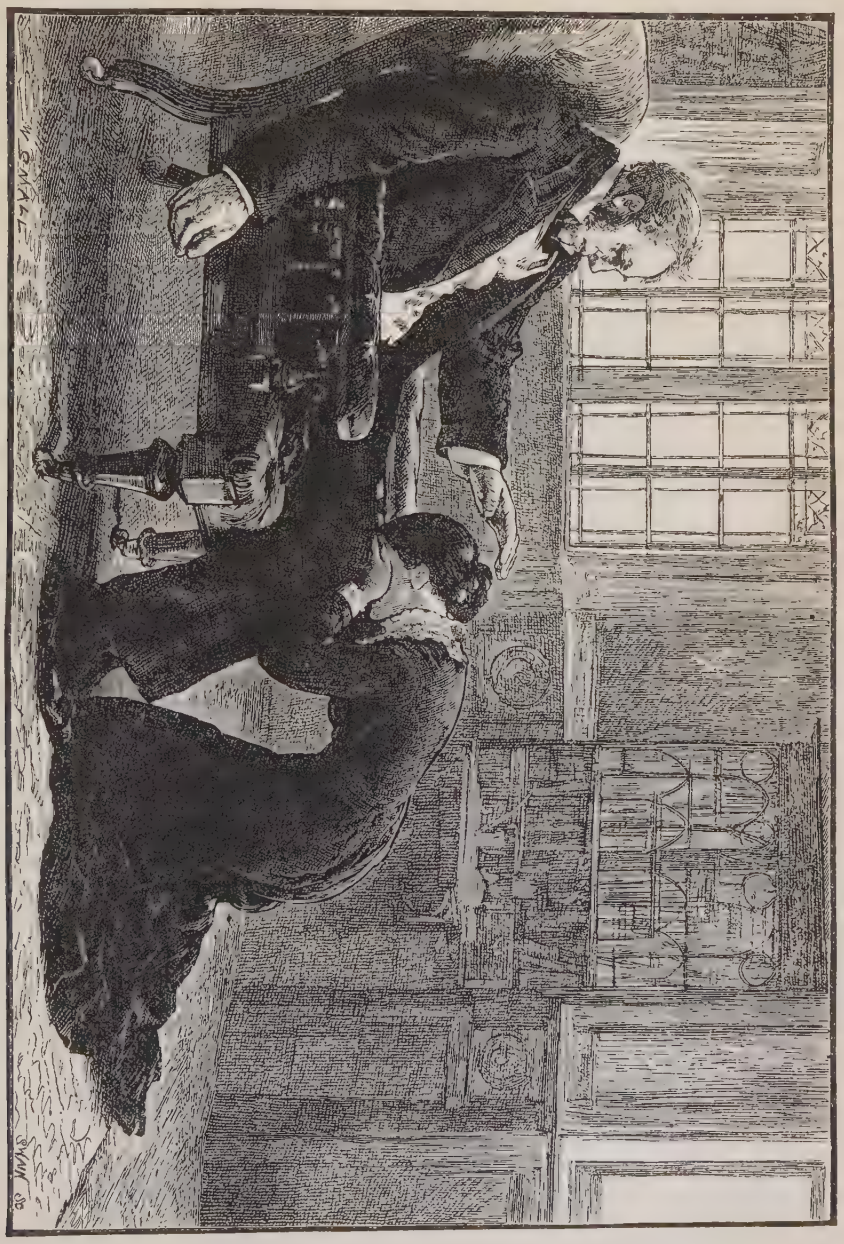
At dinner, too, his temper was no better. He began to deride the business habits of the English people—which was barely civil. He said that the English feared the Scotch and the Germans just as the Americans feared the Chinese—because the latter were the more indefatigable workers. He declared that if the London men had less Amontillado sherry and cigarettes in their private office-rooms, their business would be conducted with much greater accuracy and dispatch. Then another thought struck him: were the servants prepared to swear that no registered letter had been presented in the afternoon, and taken away again because there was no one in the house to sign the receipt? Inquiry being made, it was found that no such letter had been presented. But finally, when the turmoil about this wretched thing was at its height, the Laird was pressed to say from which part of the country the missive was expected. From London, he said. It was then pointed out to him that the London letters were usually sent along in the evening—sometimes as late as eight or nine o'clock. He went on with his dinner, grumbling.

Sure enough, before he had finished dinner, a footstep was heard on the gravel outside. The Laird, without any apology, jumped up and went to the window.

"There's the postman," said he, as he resumed his seat. "Ye might give him a shilling, ma'am: it is a long climb up the hill."

It was the postman, no doubt; and he had brought a letter, but it was not for the Laird. We were all apprehensive of a violent storm when the servant passed on and handed this letter to Mary Avon. But the Laird said nothing. Miss Avon, like a properly conducted school-girl, put the letter in her pocket.

There was no storm. On the contrary, the Laird got quite cheerful. When his hostess hoped that no serious inconvenience would result from the non-arrival of the letter, he said, "Not the least." He began and told us the story of the old lady who endeavored to engage the practical Homesh—while he was collecting tickets—in a disquisition on the beauties of Highland scenery, and who was abruptly bidden to "mind her own pussness." We had heard the story not more than thirty-eight times, perhaps, from various natives of Scotland.



"MY FATHER!"

But the letter about which the Laird had been anxious had—as some of us suspected—actually arrived, and was then in Mary Avon's pocket. After dinner the

two women went into the drawing-room. Miss Avon sat down to the piano, and began to play, idly enough, the air called "Heimweh." Of what home was she thinking, then—this waif and stray among the winds of the world?"

Tea was brought in. At last the curiosity of the elder woman could no longer be restrained.

"Mary," said she, "are you not going to read that letter?"

"Dear me!" said the girl, plunging into her pocket. "I had forgotten I had a letter to read."

She took it out and opened it, and began to read. Her face looked puzzled at first, then alarmed. She turned to her friend.

"What is it? What can it mean?" she said, in blank dismay; and the trembling fingers handed her the letter.

Her friend had less difficulty in understanding; although, to be sure, before she had finished this perfectly plain and matter-of-fact communication there were tears in her eyes. It was merely a letter from the manager of a bank in London, begging to inform Miss Avon that he had just received, through Messrs. Todd and Buchanan, of Glasgow, a sum of £10,300 to be placed to her credit. He was also desired to say that this sum was entirely at her own free disposal; but the donor would prefer—if she had no objection—that it should be invested in some home security, either in a good mortgage, or in the Metropolitan Board of Works Stock. It was a plain and simple letter.

"Oh, Mary, don't you understand—don't you understand?" said she. "He meant to have given you a steam-yacht if—if you married Howard Smith. He has given you all the money you lost, and the steam-yacht too. And there is not a word of regret about all his plans and schemes being destroyed. And this is the man we have all been making fun of!"

In her conscious self-abasement she did not perceive how bewildered—how absolutely frightened—this girl was. Mary Avon took back the letter mechanically; she stood silent for a second or two; then she said, almost in a whisper:

"Giving me all that money! Oh, I can not take it—I can not take it! I should not have staid here. I should not have told him anything. I—I wish to go away."

But the common-sense of the elder woman came to her rescue. She took the girl's hand firmly, and said:

"You shall not go away. And when it is your good fortune to meet with such a friend as that, you shall not wound him and insult him by refusing what he has given to you. No; but you will go at once and thank him."

"I can not—I can not," she said, with both her hands trembling. "What shall I say? How can I thank him? If he were my own father or brother, how could I thank him?"

Her friend left the room for a second, and returned.

"He is in the library alone," said she. "Go to him. And do not be so ungrateful as to even speak of refusing."

The girl had no time to compose any speech. She walked to the library door, timidly tapped at it, and entered. The Laird was seated in an easy-chair, reading.

When he saw her come in—he had been expecting a servant with coffee, probably—he instantly put aside his book.

"Well, Miss Mary?" said he, cheerfully.

She hesitated. She could not speak; her throat was choking. And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she sank down before him, and put her head and her hands on his knees, and burst out crying and sobbing. And all that he could hear of any speech-making, or of any gratitude or thanks, was only two words—

"*My father!*"

He put his hand gently on the soft black hair.

"Child," said he, "it is nothing. I have kept my word."

BOAT SONG.

Ho! brave little boat,
In the harbor afloat,
Spread out your white wings to the sunshiny weather!
The wind we love best
Blows out of the west.
We'll sail o'er the bonny blue water together.

Like jewels of light,
The spray flashes bright;
The waves to the sweet summer breezes are calling.
Glide on till the day
Dies softly away,
And fold your white wings when the twilight is falling.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

VII.

HE was, however, by no means so much in earnest as this might seem to indicate; and, indeed, he was more than anything else amused with the whole situation. He was not in the least in a state of tension or of vigilance with regard to Catherine's prospects; he was even on his guard against the ridicule that might attach itself to the spectacle of a house thrown into agitation by its daughter and heiress receiving attentions unprecedented in its annals. More than this, he went so far as to promise himself some entertainment from the little drama—if drama it was—of which Mrs. Penniman desired to represent the ingenious Mr. Townsend as the hero. He had no intention, as yet, of regulating the *dénouement*. He was perfectly willing, as Elizabeth had suggested, to give the young man the benefit of every doubt. There was no great danger in it; for Catherine, at the age of twenty-two was, after all, a rather mature blossom, such as could be plucked from the stem only by a vigorous jerk. The fact that Morris Townsend was poor was not of necessity against him; the Doctor had never made up his mind that his daughter should marry a rich man. The fortune she would inherit struck him as a very sufficient provision for two reasonable persons, and if a penniless swain who could give a good account of himself should enter the lists, he should be judged quite upon his personal merits. There were other things besides. The Doctor thought it very vulgar to be precipitate in accusing people of mercenary motives, inasmuch as his door had as yet not been in the least besieged by fortune-hunters; and lastly, he was very curious to see whether Catherine might really be loved for her moral worth. He smiled as he reflected that poor Mr. Townsend had been only twice to the house, and he said to Mrs. Penniman that the next time he should come she must ask him to dinner.

He came very soon again, and Mrs. Penniman had of course great pleasure in executing this mission. Morris Townsend accepted her invitation with equal good grace, and the dinner took place a few days later. The Doctor had said to himself, justly enough, that they must not have the young man alone; this would partake too much of the nature of encouragement. So two or three other persons were invited; but Morris Townsend, though he was by no means the ostensible, was the real, occasion of the feast. There is every reason to suppose that he desired to make a good impression; and if he fell short of this result, it was not for want of a good deal of intelligent effort. The Doctor talked to him very little during dinner; but he observed him attentively, and after the ladies had gone out he pushed him the wine and asked him several questions. Morris was not a young man who needed to be pressed, and he found quite enough encouragement in the superior quality of the claret. The Doctor's wine was admirable, and it may be communicated to the reader that while he sipped it, Morris reflected that a cellarful of good liquor—there was evidently a cellarful here—would be a most attractive idiosyncrasy in a father-in-law. The Doctor was struck with his appreciative guest; he saw that he was not a commonplace young man. "He has ability," said Catherine's father—"decided ability; he has a very good head, if he chooses to use it. And he is uncommonly well turned out; quite the sort of figure that pleases the ladies. But I don't think I like him." The Doctor, however, kept his reflections to himself, and talked to his visitors about foreign lands, concerning which Morris offered him more information than he was ready, as he mentally phrased it, to swallow. Doctor Sloper had travelled but little, and he took the liberty of not believing everything that his talkative guest narrated. He prided himself on being something of a physiognomist, and while the young man, chatting with easy assurance, puffed his cigar and filled his glass again, the Doctor sat with his eyes quietly fixed on his bright, expressive face. "He has the assurance of the devil himself," said Morris's host; "I don't think I ever saw such assurance. And his powers of invention are most remarkable. He is very knowing; they were not so knowing as that in my time. And a good head, did I say? I should think so—after a bottle of Madeira, and a bottle and a half of claret!"

After dinner Morris Townsend went

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and stood before Catherine, who was standing before the fire in her red satin gown.

"He doesn't like me—he doesn't like me at all!" said the young man.

"Who doesn't like you?" asked Catherine.

"Your father—extraordinary man!"

"I don't see how you know," said Catherine, blushing.

"I feel; I am very quick to feel."

"Perhaps you are mistaken."

"Ah, well, you ask him, and you will see."

"I would rather not ask him, if there is any danger of his saying what you think."

Morris looked at her with an air of mock melancholy.

"It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?"

"I never contradict him," said Catherine.

"Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defense?"

"My father won't abuse you. He doesn't know you enough."

Morris Townsend gave a loud laugh, and Catherine began to blush again.

"I shall never mention you," she said, to take refuge from her confusion.

"That is very well; but it is not quite what I should have liked you to say. I should have liked you to say, 'If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?'"

"Ah, but it would matter; I couldn't say that!" the girl exclaimed.

He looked at her for a moment, smiling a little; and the Doctor, if he had been watching him just then, would have seen a gleam of fine impatience in the sociable softness of his eye. But there was no impatience in his rejoinder—none, at least, save what was expressed in a little appealing sigh. "Ah, well, then, I must not give up the hope of bringing him round."

He expressed it more frankly to Mrs. Penniman, later in the evening. But before that he sang two or three songs at Catherine's timid request; not that he flattered himself that this would help to bring her father round. He had a sweet, light tenor voice, and when he had finished, every one made some exclamation—every one, that is, save Catherine, who remained intensely silent. Mrs. Penniman declared that his manner of singing was "most artistic," and Dr. Sloper said it was "very taking—very taking indeed," speaking loudly and distinctly, but with a certain dryness.

"He doesn't like me—he doesn't like me at all," said Morris Townsend, addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece. "He thinks I am all wrong."

Unlike her niece, Mrs. Penniman asked for no explanation. She only smiled very sweetly, as if she understood everything; and, unlike Catherine too, she made no attempt to contradict him. "Pray what does it matter?" she murmured, softly.

"Ah, you say the right thing," said Morris, greatly to the gratification of Mrs. Penniman, who prided herself on always saying the right thing.

The Doctor, the next time he saw his sister Elizabeth, let her know that he had made the acquaintance of Lavinia's *protégé*.

"Physically," he said, "he's uncommonly well set up. As an anatomist, it is really a pleasure to me to see such a beautiful structure; although, if people were all like him, I suppose there would be very little need for doctors."

"Don't you see anything in people but their bones?" Mrs. Almond rejoined. "What do you think of him as a father?"

"As a father? Thank Heaven I am not his father!"

"No, but you are Catherine's. Lavinia tells me she is in love."

"She must get over it. He is not a gentleman."

"Ah, take care. Remember that he is a branch of the Townsends."

"He is not what I call a gentleman. He has not the soul of one. He is extremely insinuating; but it's a vulgar nature. I saw through it in a minute. He is altogether too familiar—I hate familiarity. He is a plausible coxcomb."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Almond, "if you make up your mind so easily, it's a great advantage."

"I don't make up my mind easily. What I tell you is the result of thirty years of observation; and in order to be able to form that judgment in a single evening, I have had to spend a lifetime in study."

"Very possibly you are right. But the thing is for Catherine to see it."

"I will present her with a pair of spectacles!" said the Doctor.

VIII.

If it were true that she was in love, she was certainly very quiet about it; but the Doctor was of course prepared to admit that her quietness might mean volumes. She had told Morris Townsend that she would not mention him to her father, and she saw no reason to retract this vow of discretion. It was no more than decently civil, of course, that after having dined in Washington Square, Morris should call there again; and it was no more than natural that, having been kindly received on this occasion, he should continue to present himself. He had had plenty of leisure on his hands; and thirty years ago, in New York, a young man of leisure had reason to be thankful for aids to self-oblivion. Catherine said nothing to her father about these visits, though they had rapidly become the most important, the most absorbing, thing in her life. The girl was very happy. She knew not as yet what would come of it; but the present had suddenly grown rich and solemn. If she had been told she was in love, she would have been a good deal surprised, for she had an idea that love was an eager and exacting passion, and her own heart was filled in these days with the impulse of self-effacement and sacrifice. Whenever Morris Townsend had left the house, her imagination projected itself, with all its strength, into the idea of his soon coming back; but if she had been told at such a moment that he would not return for a year, or even that he would never return, she would not have complained nor rebelled, but would have humbly accepted the decree, and sought for consolation in thinking over the times she had already seen him, the words he had spoken, the sound of his voice, of his tread, the expression of his face. Love demands certain things as a right; but Catherine had no sense of her rights; she had only a consciousness of immense and unexpected favors. Her very gratitude for these things had hushed itself, for it seemed to her that there would be something of impudence in making a festival of her secret. Her father suspected Morris Townsend's visits, and noted her reserve. She seemed to beg pardon for it; she looked at him constantly in silence, as if she meant to say that she said nothing because she was afraid of irritating him. But the poor girl's dumb eloquence irritated him more than anything else would have done, and he caught himself murmuring more than once that it was a grievous pity his only child was a simpleton. His murmurs, however, were inaudible; and for a while he said nothing to any one. He would have liked to know exactly how often young Townsend came; but he had determined to ask no questions of the girl herself—to say nothing more to her that would show that he watched her. The Doctor had a great idea of being largely just: he wished to leave his daughter her liberty, and interfere only when the danger should be proved. It was not in his manners to obtain information by indirect methods, and it never even occurred to him to question the servants. As for Lavinia, he hated to talk to her about the matter; she annoyed him with her mock romanticism. But he had to come to this. Mrs. Penniman's convictions as regards the relations of her niece and the clever young visitor who saved appearances by coming ostensibly for both the ladies—Mrs. Penniman's convictions had passed into a riper and richer phase. There was to be no crudity in Mrs. Penniman's treatment of the situation; she had become as uncommunicative as Catherine herself. She was tasting of the sweets of concealment; she had taken up the line of mystery. "She would be enchanted to be able to prove to herself that she is persecuted," said the Doctor; and when at last he questioned her, he was sure she would contrive to extract from his words a pretext for this belief.

"Be so good as to let me know what is going on in the house," he said to her, in a tone which, under the circumstances, he himself deemed genial.

"Going on, Austin?" Mrs. Penniman exclaimed. "Why, I am sure I don't know! I believe that last night the old gray cat had kittens."

"At her age?" said the Doctor. "The idea is startling—almost shocking. Be so good as to see that they are all drowned. But what else has happened?"

"Ah, the dear little kittens!" cried Mrs. Penniman. "I wouldn't have them drowned for the world."

Her brother puffed his cigar a few moments in silence. "Your sympathy with kittens, Lavinia," he presently resumed, "arises from a feline element in your own character."

"Cats are very graceful, and very clean," said Mrs. Penniman, smiling.

"And very stealthy. You are the embodiment both of grace and of neatness; but you are wanting in frankness."

"You certainly are not, dear brother."

"I don't pretend to be graceful, though I try to be neat. Why haven't you let me know that Mr. Morris Townsend is coming to the house four times a week?"

Mrs. Penniman lifted her eyebrows. "Four times a week?"

"Three times, then, or five times, if you prefer it. I am away all day, and I see nothing. But when such things happen, you should let me know."

Mrs. Penniman, with her eyebrows still raised, reflected intently. "Dear Austin," she said at last, "I am incapable of betraying a confidence. I would rather suffer anything."

"Never fear; you shall not suffer. To whose confidence is it you allude? Has Catherine made you take a vow of eternal secrecy?"

"By no means. Catherine has not told me as much as she might. She has not been very trustful."

"It is the young man, then, who has made you his confidante? Allow me to say that it is extremely indiscreet of you to form secret alliances with young men. You don't know where they may lead you."

"I don't know what you mean by an alliance," said Mrs. Penniman. "I take a great interest in Mr. Townsend; I won't conceal that. But that's all."

"Under the circumstances, that is quite enough. What is the source of your interest in Mr. Townsend?"

"Why," said Mrs. Penniman, musing, and then breaking into her smile, "that he is so interesting!"

The Doctor felt that he had need of his patience. "And what makes him interesting?—his good looks?"

"His misfortunes, Austin."

"Ah, he has had misfortunes? That, of course, is always interesting. Are you at liberty to mention a few of Mr. Townsend's?"

"I don't know that he would like it," said Mrs. Penniman. "He has told me a great deal about himself—he has told me, in fact, his whole history. But I don't think I ought to repeat those things. He would tell them to you, I am sure, if he thought you would listen to him kindly. With kindness you may do anything with him."

The Doctor gave a laugh. "I shall request him very kindly, then, to leave Catherine alone."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Penniman, shaking her forefinger at her brother, with her little finger turned out, "Catherine has probably said something to him kinder than that."

"Said that she loved him? Do you mean that?"

Mrs. Penniman fixed her eyes on the floor. "As I tell you, Austin, she doesn't confide in me."

"You have an opinion, I suppose, all the same. It is that I ask you for; though I don't conceal from you that I shall not regard it as conclusive."

Mrs. Penniman's gaze continued to rest on the carpet; but at last she lifted it, and then her brother thought it very expressive. "I think Catherine is very happy; that is all I can say."

"Townsend is trying to marry her—is that what you mean?"

"He is greatly interested in her."

"He finds her such an attractive girl?"

"Catherine has a lovely nature, Austin," said Mrs. Penniman, "and Mr. Townsend has had the intelligence to discover that."

"With a little help from you, I suppose. My dear Lavinia," cried the Doctor, "you are an admirable aunt."

"So Mr. Townsend says," observed Lavinia, smiling.

"Do you think he is sincere?" asked her brother.

"In saying that?"

"No; that's of course. But in his admiration for Catherine?"

"Deeply sincere. He has said to me the most appreciative, the most charming, things about her. He would say them to you if he were sure you would listen to him—gently."

"I doubt whether I can undertake it. He appears to require a great deal of gentleness."

"He is a sympathetic, sensitive nature," said Mrs. Penniman.

Her brother puffed his cigar again in silence. "These delicate qualities have survived his vicissitudes, eh? All this while you haven't told me about his misfortunes."

"It is a long story," said Mrs. Penniman, "and I regard it as a sacred trust. But I suppose there is no objection to my saying that he has been wild—he frankly confesses that. But he has paid for it."

"That's what has impoverished him, eh?"

"I don't mean simply in money. He is very much alone in the world."

"Do you mean that he has behaved so badly that his friends have given him up?"

"He has had false friends, who have deceived and betrayed him."

"He seems to have some good ones too. He has a devoted sister, and half a dozen nephews and nieces."

Mrs. Penniman was silent a minute. "The nephews and nieces are children, and the sister is not a very attractive person."

"I hope he doesn't abuse her to you," said the Doctor; "for I am told he lives upon her."

"Lives upon her?"

"Lives with her, and does nothing for himself; it is about the same thing."

"He is looking for a position—most earnestly," said Mrs. Penniman. "He hopes every day to find one."

"Precisely. He is looking for it here—over there in the front parlor. The position of husband of a weak-minded woman with a large fortune would suit him to perfection."

Mrs. Penniman was truly amiable, but she now gave signs of temper. She rose with much animation, and stood for a moment looking at her brother. "My dear Austin," she remarked, "if you regard Catherine as a weak-minded woman, you are particularly mistaken." And with this she moved majestically away.

IX.

It was a regular custom with the family in Washington Square to go and spend Sunday evening at Mrs. Almond's. On the Sunday after the conversation I have just narrated this custom was not intermitted; and on this occasion, toward the middle of the evening, Doctor Sloper found reason to withdraw to the library, with his brother-in-law, to talk over a matter of business. He was absent some twenty minutes, and when he came back into the circle, which was enlivened by the presence of several friends of the family, he saw that Morris Townsend had come in, and had lost as little time as possible in seating himself on a small sofa beside Catherine. In the large room, where several different groups had been formed, and the hum of voices and of laughter was loud, these two young persons might confabulate, as the Doctor phrased it to himself, without attracting attention. He saw in a moment, however, that his daughter was painfully conscious of his own observation. She sat motionless, with her eyes bent down, staring at her open fan, deeply flushed, shrinking together, as if to minimize the indiscretion of which she confessed herself guilty.

The Doctor almost pitied her. Poor Catherine was not defiant; she had no genius for bravado, and as she felt that her father viewed her companion's attentions with an unsympathizing eye, there was nothing but discomfort for her in the accident of seeming to challenge him. The Doctor felt, indeed, so sorry for her that he turned away, to spare her the sense of being watched; and he was so intelligent a man that, in his thoughts, he rendered a sort of poetic justice to her situation.

"It must be deucedly pleasant for a plain, inanimate girl like that to have a beautiful young fellow come and sit down beside her, and whisper to her that he is her slave—if that is what this one whispers. No wonder she likes it, and that she thinks me a cruel tyrant, which of course she does, though she is afraid—she hasn't the animation necessary—to admit it to herself. Poor old Catherine!" mused the Doctor; "I verily believe she is capable of defending me when Townsend abuses me."

And the force of this reflection, for the moment, was such, in making him feel the natural opposition between his point of view and that of an infatuated child, that he said to himself that he was perhaps, after all, taking things too hard, and crying out before he was hurt. He must not condemn Morris Townsend unheard. He had a great aversion to taking things too hard; he thought that half the discomfort and many of the disappointments of life come from it; and for an instant he asked himself whether, possibly, he did not appear ridiculous to this intelligent young man, whose private perception of incongruities he suspected of being keen. At the end of a quarter of an hour Catherine had got rid of him, and Townsend was now standing before the fire-place in conversation with Mrs. Almond.

"We will try him again," said the Doctor. And he crossed the room and joined his sister and her companion, making her a sign that she should leave the young man to him. She presently did so, while

Morris looked at him, smiling, without a sign of evasiveness in his affable eye.

"He's amazingly conceited," thought the Doctor. And then he said, aloud, "I am told you are looking out for a position."

"Oh, a position is more than I should presume to call it," Morris Townsend answered. "That sounds so fine. I should like some quiet work—something to turn an honest penny."

"What sort of thing should you prefer?"

"Do you mean what am I fit for? Very little, I am afraid. I have nothing but my good right arm, as they say in the melodramas."

"You are too modest," said the Doctor. "In addition to your good right arm, you have your subtle brain. I know nothing of you but what I see; but I see by your physiognomy that you are extremely intelligent."

"Ah," Townsend murmured, "I don't know what to answer when you say that. You advise me, then, not to despair?"

And he looked at his interlocutor as if the question might have a double meaning. The Doctor caught the look, and weighed it a moment before he replied. "I should be very sorry to admit that a robust and well-disposed young man need ever despair. If he doesn't succeed in one thing, he can try another. Only, I should add, he should choose his line with discretion."

"Ah, yes, with discretion," Morris Townsend repeated, sympathetically. "Well, I have been indiscreet formerly, but I think I have got over it. I am very steady now." And he stood a moment, looking down at his remarkably neat shoes. Then at last, "Were you kindly intending to propose something for my advantage?" he inquired, looking up and smiling.

"Confound his impudence!" the Doctor exclaimed, privately. But in a moment he reflected that he himself had, after all, touched first upon this delicate point, and that his words might have been construed as an offer of assistance. "I have no particular proposal to make," he presently said; "but it occurred to me to let you know that I have you in my mind. Sometimes one hears of opportunities. For instance, should you object to leaving New York—to going to a distance?"

"I am afraid I shouldn't be able to manage that. I must seek my fortune here or nowhere. You see," added Morris Townsend, "I have ties—I have responsibilities here. I have a sister, a widow, from whom I have been separated for a long time, and to whom I am almost everything. I shouldn't like to say to her that I must leave her. She rather depends upon me, you see."

"Ah, that's very proper; family feeling is very proper," said Doctor Sloper. "I often think there is not enough of it in our city. I think I have heard of your sister."

"It is possible, but I rather doubt it; she lives so very quietly."

"As quietly, you mean," the Doctor went on, with a short laugh, "as a lady may do who has several young children."

"Ah, my little nephews and nieces—that's the very point. I am helping to bring them up," said Morris Townsend. "I am a kind of amateur tutor; I give them lessons."

"That's very proper, as I say; but it is hardly a career."

"It won't make my fortune," the young man confessed.

"You must not be too much bent on a fortune," said the Doctor. "But I assure you I will keep you in mind; I won't lose sight of you."

"If my situation becomes desperate, I shall perhaps take the liberty of reminding you," Morris rejoined, raising his voice a little, with a brighter smile, as his interlocutor turned away.

Before he left the house the Doctor had a few words with Mrs. Almond.

"I should like to see his sister," he said. "What do you call her?—Mrs. Montgomery. I should like to have a little talk with her."

"I will try and manage it," Mrs. Almond responded. "I will take the first opportunity of inviting her, and you shall come and meet her. Unless, indeed," Mrs. Almond added, "she first takes it into her head to be sick, and to send for you."

"Ah, no, not that; she must have trouble enough without that. But it would have its advantages, for then I should see the children. I should like very much to see the children."

"You are very thorough. Do you want to catechise them about their uncle?"

"Precisely. Their uncle tells me he has charge of their education; that he saves their mother the expense of school bills. I should like to ask them a few questions in the commoner branches."

"He certainly has not the cut of a school-master," Mrs. Almond said to herself, a short time afterward, as she saw Morris Townsend in a corner bending over her niece, who was seated.

And there was, indeed, nothing in the young man's discourse at this moment that savored of the pedagogue.

"Will you meet me somewhere to-morrow or next day?" he said, in a low tone, to Catherine.

"Meet you?" she asked, lifting her frightened eyes.

"I have something particular to say to you—very particular."

"Can't you come to the house? Can't you say it there?"

Townsend shook his head gloomily. "I can't enter your doors again."

"Oh, Mr. Townsend," murmured Catherine. She trembled as she wondered what had happened, whether her father had forbidden it.

"I can't, in self-respect," said the young man. "Your father has insulted me."

"Insulted you?"

"He has taunted me with my poverty."

"Oh, you are mistaken—you misunderstood him!" Catherine spoke with energy, getting up from her chair.

"Perhaps I am too proud—too sensitive. But would you have me otherwise?" he asked, tenderly.

"Where my father is concerned, you must not be sure. He is full of goodness," said Catherine.

"He laughed at me for having no position. I took it quietly; but only because he belongs to you."

"I don't know," said Catherine—"I don't know what he thinks. I am sure he means to be kind. You must not be too proud."

"I will be proud only of you," Morris answered. "Will you meet me in the Square in the afternoon?"

A great blush on Catherine's part had been the answer to the declaration I have just quoted. She turned away, heedless of his question.

"Will you meet me?" he repeated. "It is very quiet there; no one need see us—toward dusk?"

"It is you who are unkind, it is you who laugh, when you say such things as that."

"My dear girl!" the young man murmured.

"You know how little there is in me to be proud of. I am ugly and stupid."

Morris greeted this remark with an ardent murmur, in which she recognized nothing articulate but an assurance that she was his own dearest.

But she went on. "I am not even—I am not even—" And she paused a moment.

"You are not what?"

"I am not even brave."

"Ah, then, if you are afraid, what shall we do?"

She hesitated awhile; then, at last, "You must come to the house," she said; "I am not afraid of that."

"I would rather it were in the Square," the young man urged. "You know how empty it is, often. No one will see us."

"I don't care who sees us! But leave me now."

He left her resignedly; he had got what he wanted. Fortunately he was ignorant that half an hour later, going home with her father and feeling him near, the poor girl, in spite of her sudden declaration of courage, began to tremble again. Her father said nothing; but she had an idea his eyes were fixed upon her in the darkness. Mrs. Penniman also was silent; Morris Townsend had told her that her niece preferred, unromantically, an interview in a chintz-covered parlor to a sentimental tryst beside a fountain sheeted with dead leaves, and she was lost in wonderment at the oddity—almost the perversity—of the choice.

X.

Catherine received the young man the next day on the ground she had chosen—amid the chaste upholstery of a New York drawing-room furnished in the fashion of fifty years ago. Morris had swallowed his pride and made the effort necessary to cross the threshold of her too derisive parent—an act of magnanimity which could not fail to render him doubly interesting.

"We must settle something—we must take a line," he declared, passing his hand through his hair and giving a glance at the long narrow mirror which adorned the space between the two windows, and which had at its base a little gilded bracket covered by a thin slab of white marble, supporting in its turn a backgammon board folded together in the shape of two volumes—two shining folios inscribed in greenish gilt letters, *History of England.* If Morris had been pleased to describe the master of the house as a heartless scoffer,

it is because he thought him too much on his guard, and this was the easiest way to express his own dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction which he had made a point of concealing from the Doctor. It will probably seem to the reader, however, that the Doctor's vigilance was by no means excessive, and that these two young people had an open field. Their intimacy was now considerable, and it may appear that, for a shrinking and retiring person, our heroine had been liberal of her favors. The young man, within a few days, had made her listen to things for which she had not supposed that she was prepared; having a lively foreboding of difficulties, he proceeded to gain as much ground as possible in the present. He remembered that fortune favors the brave, and even if he had forgotten it, Mrs. Penniman would have remembered it for him. Mrs. Penniman delighted of all things in a drama, and she flattered herself that a drama would now be enacted. Combining as she did the zeal of the prompter with the impatience of the spectator, she had long since done her utmost to pull up the curtain. She, too, expected to figure in the performance—to be the confidante, the Chorus, to speak the epilogue. It may even be said that there were times when she lost sight altogether of the modest heroine of the play, in the contemplation of certain great scenes which would naturally occur between the hero and herself.

What Morris had told Catherine at last was simply that he loved her, or rather adored her. Virtually, he had made known as much already—his visits had been a series of eloquent intimations of it. But now he had affirmed it in lover's vows, and, as a memorable sign of it, he had passed his arm round the girl's waist and taken a kiss. This happy certitude had come sooner than Catherine expected, and she had regarded it, very naturally, as a priceless treasure. It may even be doubted whether she had ever definitely expected to possess it; she had not been waiting for it, and she had never said to herself that at a given moment it must come. As I have tried to explain, she was not eager and exacting; she took what was given her from day to day; and if the delightful custom of her lover's visits, which yielded her a happiness in which confidence and timidity were strangely blended, had suddenly come to an end, she would not only not have spoken of herself as one of the forsaken, but she would not have thought of herself as one of the disappointed. After Morris had kissed her, the last time he was with her, as a ripe assurance of his devotion, she begged him to go away, to leave her alone, to let her think. Morris went away, taking another kiss first. But Catherine's meditations had lacked a certain coherence. She felt his kisses on her lips and on her cheeks for a long time afterward; the sensation was rather an obstacle than an aid to reflection. She would have liked to see her situation all clearly before her, to make up her mind what she should do if, as she feared, her father should tell her that he disapproved of Morris Townsend. But all that she could see with any vividness was that it was terribly strange that any one should disapprove of him; that there must in that case be some mistake, some mystery, which in a little while would be set at rest. She put off deciding and choosing; before the vision of a conflict with her father she dropped her eyes and sat motionless, holding her breath and waiting. It made her heart beat; it was intensely painful. When Morris kissed her and said these things—that also made her heart beat; but this was worse, and it frightened her. Nevertheless, to-day, when the young man spoke of settling something, taking a line, she felt that it was the truth, and she answered very simply and without hesitating.

"We must do our duty," she said; "we must speak to my father. I will do it to-night; you must do it to-morrow."

"It is very good of you to do it first," Morris answered. "The young man—the happy lover—generally does that. But just as you please."

It pleased Catherine to think that she should be brave for his sake, and in her satisfaction she even gave a little smile. "Women have more tact," she said; "they ought to do it first. They are more conciliating; they can persuade better."

"You will need all your powers of persuasion. But, after all," Morris added, "you are irresistible."

"Please don't speak that way—and promise me this. To-morrow, when you talk with father, you will be very gentle and respectful."

"As much so as possible," Morris promised. "It won't be much use, but I shall try. I certainly would rather have you easily than have to fight for you."

"Don't talk about fighting; we shall not fight."

"Ah, we must be prepared," Morris rejoined; "you especially, because for you it must come hardest. Do you know the first thing your father will say to you?"

"No, Morris; please tell me."

"He will tell you I am mercenary."

"Mercenary?"

"It's a big word, but it means a low thing. It means that I am after your money."

"Oh!" murmured Catherine, softly.

The exclamation was so deprecating and touching that Morris indulged in another little demonstration of affection. "But he will be sure to say it," he added.

"It will be easy to be prepared for that," Catherine said. "I shall simply say that he is mistaken—that other men may be that way, but that you are not."

"You must make a great point of that, for it will be his own great point."

Catherine looked at her lover a minute, and then she said, "I shall persuade him. But I am glad we shall be rich," she added.

Morris turned away, looking into the crown of his hat. "No; it's a misfortune," he said at last. "It is from that our difficulty will come."

"Well, if it is the worst misfortune, we are not so unhappy. Many people would not think it so bad. I will persuade him, and after that we shall be very glad we have money."

Morris Townsend listened to this robust logic in silence. "I will leave my defense to you; it's a charge that a man has to stoop to defend himself from."

Catherine on her side was silent for a while; she was looking at him, while he looked, with a good deal of fixedness, out of the window. "Morris," she said, abruptly, "are you very sure you love me?"

He turned round, and in a moment he was bending over her. "My own dearest, can you doubt it?"

"I have only known it five days," she said; "but now it seems to me as if I could never do without it."

"You will never be called upon to try!" And he gave a little tender, re-assuring laugh. Then, in a moment, he added, "There is something you must tell me, too." She had closed her eyes after the last words she uttered, and kept them closed; and at this she nodded her head, without opening them. "You must tell me," he went on, "that if your father is dead against me, if he absolutely forbids our marriage, you will still be faithful."

Catherine opened her eyes, gazing at him, and she could give no better promise than what he read there.

"You will cleave to me?" said Morris. "You know you are your own mistress—you are of age."

"Ah, Morris!" she murmured, for all answer. Or rather not for all, for she put her hand into his own. He kept it awhile, and presently he kissed her again. This is all that need be recorded of their conversation; but Mrs. Penniman, if she had been present, would probably have admitted that it was as well it had not taken place beside the fountain in Washington Square.

XI.

Catherine listened for her father when he came in that evening, and she heard him go to his study. She sat quiet, though her heart was beating fast, for nearly half an hour; then she went and knocked at his door—a ceremony without which she never crossed the threshold of this apartment. On entering it now she found him in his chair beside the fire, entertaining himself with a cigar and the evening paper.

"I have something to say to you," she began, very gently; and she sat down in the first place that offered.

"I shall be very happy to hear it, my dear," said her father. He waited—waited, looking at her, while she stared, in a long silence, at the fire. He was curious and impatient, for he was sure she was going to speak of Morris Townsend; but he let her take her own time, for he was determined to be very mild.

"I am engaged to be married!" Catherine announced at last, still staring at the fire.

The Doctor was startled; the accomplished fact was more than he had expected. But he betrayed no surprise. "You do right to tell me," he simply said. "And who is the happy mortal whom you have honored with your choice?"

"Mr. Morris Townsend." And as she pronounced her lover's name, Catherine looked at him. What she saw was her father's still gray eye, and his clear-cut, definite smile. She contemplated these objects for a moment, and then she looked back at the fire; it was much warmer.

"When was this arrangement made?" the Doctor asked.

"This afternoon—two hours ago."

"Was Mr. Townsend here?"

"Yes, father; in the front parlor." She was very glad that she was not obliged to tell him that the ceremony of their betrothal had taken place out there under the bare ailantus-trees.

"Is it serious?" said the Doctor.

"Very serious, father."

Her father was silent a moment. "Mr. Townsend ought to have told me."

"He means to tell you to-morrow."

"After I know all about it from you? He ought to have told me before. Does he think I didn't care—because I left you so much liberty?"

"Oh no," said Catherine; "he knew you would care. And we have been so much obliged to you for—for the liberty."

The Doctor gave a short laugh. "You might have made a better use of it, Catherine."

"Please don't say that, father," the girl urged, softly, fixing her dull and gentle eyes upon him.

He puffed his cigar awhile meditatively. "You have gone very fast," he said at last.

"Yes," Catherine answered, simply; "I think we have."

Her father glanced at her an instant, removing his eyes from the fire. "I don't wonder Mr. Townsend likes you. You are so simple and so good."

"I don't know why it is—but he *does* like me. I am sure of that."

"And are you very fond of Mr. Townsend?"

"I like him very much, of course, or I shouldn't consent to marry him."

"But you have known him a very short time, my dear."

"Oh," said Catherine, with some eagerness, "it doesn't take long to like a person—when once you begin."

"You must have begun very quickly. Was it the first time you saw him—that night at your aunt's party?"

"I don't know, father," the girl answered. "I can't tell you about that."

"Of course; that's your own affair. You will have observed that I have acted on that principle. I have not interfered; I have left you your liberty; I have remembered that you are no longer a little girl—that you have arrived at years of discretion."

"I feel very old—and very wise," said Catherine, smiling faintly.

"I am afraid that before long you will feel older and wiser yet. I don't like your engagement."

"Ah!" Catherine exclaimed, softly, getting up from her chair.

"No, my dear. I am sorry to give you pain; but I don't like it. You should have consulted me before you settled it. I have been too easy with you, and I feel as if you had taken advantage of my indulgence. Most decidedly, you should have spoken to me first."

Catherine hesitated a moment, and then—"It was because I was afraid you wouldn't like it," she confessed.

"Ah, there it is! You had a bad conscience."

"No, I have not a bad conscience, father," the girl cried out, with considerable energy. "Please don't accuse me of anything so dreadful." These words, in fact, represented to her imagination something very terrible indeed, something base and cruel, which she associated with malefactors and prisoners. "It was because I was afraid—afraid—" she went on.

"If you were afraid, it was because you had been foolish."

"I was afraid you didn't like Mr. Townsend."

"You were quite right. I don't like him."

"Dear father, you don't know him," said Catherine, in a voice so timidly argumentative that it might have touched him.

"Very true; I don't know him intimately. But I know him enough. I have my impression of him. You don't know him either."

She stood before the fire, with her hands lightly clasped in front of her; and her father, leaning back in his chair and looking up at her, made this remark with a placidity that might have been irritating.

I doubt, however, whether Catherine was irritated, though she broke into a vehement protest. "I don't know him?" she cried. "Why, I know him—better than I have ever known any one."

"You know a part of him—what he has chosen to show you. But you don't know the rest."

"The rest? What is the rest?"

"Whatever it may be. There is sure to be plenty of it."

"I know what you mean," said Catherine, remembering how Morris had forewarned her. "You mean that he is mercenary."

Her father looked up at her still, with his cold, quiet, reasonable eye. "If I meant it, my dear, I should say it. But there is an error I wish particularly to avoid—that of rendering Mr. Townsend more interesting to you by saying hard things about him."

"I won't think them hard, if they are true," said Catherine.

"If you don't, you will be a remarkably sensible young woman."

"They will be your reasons, at any rate, and you will want me to hear your reasons."

The Doctor smiled a little. "Very true. You have a perfect right to ask for them." And he puffed his cigar a few moments. "Very well, then, without accusing Mr. Townsend of being in love only with your fortune—and with the fortune that you justly expect—I will say that there is every reason to suppose that these good things have entered into his calculations more largely than a tender solicitude for your happiness strictly requires. There is of course nothing impossible in an intelligent young man entertaining a disinterested affection for you. You are an honest, amiable girl, and an intelligent young man might easily find it out. But the principal thing that we know about this young man—who is, indeed, very intelligent—leads us to suppose that, however much he may value your personal merits, he values your money more. The principal thing we know about him is that he has led a life of dissipation, and has spent a fortune of his own in doing so. That is enough for me, my dear. I wish you to marry a young man with other antecedents—a young man who could give positive guarantees. If Morris Townsend has spent his own fortune in amusing himself, there is every reason to believe that he would spend yours."

The Doctor delivered himself of these remarks slowly, deliberately, with occasional pauses and prolongations of accent which made no great allowance for poor Catherine's suspense as to his conclusion. She sat down at last, with her head bent and her eyes still fixed upon him; and strangely enough—I hardly know how to tell it—even while she felt that what he said went so terribly against her, she admired his neatness and nobleness of expression. There was something hopeless and oppressive in having to argue with her father; but she too, on her side, must try to be clear. He was so quiet; he was not at all angry; and she too must be quiet. But her very effort to be quiet made her tremble.

"That is not the principal thing we know about him," she said; and there was a touch of her tremor in her voice. "There are other things—many other things. He has very high abilities—he wants so much to do something. He is kind, and generous, and true," said poor Catherine, who had not suspected hitherto the resources of her eloquence. "And his fortune—his fortune that he spent—was very small!"

"All the more reason he shouldn't have spent it," cried the Doctor, getting up with a laugh. Then, as Catherine, who had also risen to her feet again, stood there in her rather angular earnestness, wishing so much and expressing so little, he drew her toward him and kissed her. "You won't think me cruel?" he said, holding her a moment.

This question was not re-assuring; it seemed to Catherine, on the contrary, to suggest possibilities which made her feel sick. But she answered coherently enough—"No, dear father; because if you knew how I feel—and you must know, you know everything—you would be so kind, so gentle."

"Yes, I think I know how you feel," the Doctor said. "I will be very kind—be sure of that. And I will see Mr. Townsend to-morrow. Meanwhile, and for the present, be so good as to mention to no one that you are engaged."

XII.

On the morrow, in the afternoon, he staid at home, awaiting Mr. Townsend's call—a proceeding by which it appeared to him (justly, perhaps, for he was a very busy man) that he paid Catherine's suitor great honor, and gave both these young people so much the less to complain of. Morris presented himself with a countenance sufficiently serene; he appeared to have forgotten the "insult" for which he had solicited Catherine's sympathy two evenings before, and Doctor Sloper lost no time in letting him know that he had been prepared for his visit.

"Catherine told me yesterday what has been going on between you," he said. "You must allow me to say that it would have been becoming of you to give me notice of your intentions before they had gone so far."

"I should have done so," Morris answered, "if you had not had so much the appearance of leaving your daughter at liberty. She seems to me quite her own mistress."

"Literally, she is. But she has not emancipated herself morally quite so far, I trust, as to choose a husband without consulting me. I have left her at liberty, but I have not been in the least indifferent. The truth is that your little affair has come to a head with a rapidity that surprises me. It was only the other day that Catherine made your acquaintance."

"It was not long ago, certainly," said Morris, with great gravity. "I admit that we have not been slow to—to arrive at an understanding. But that was very natural, from the moment we were sure of ourselves—and of each other. My interest in Miss Sloper began the first time I saw her."

"Did it not by chance precede your first meeting?" the Doctor asked.

Morris looked at him an instant. "I certainly had already heard that she was a charming girl."

"A charming girl—that's what you think her?"

"Assuredly. Otherwise I should not be sitting here."

The Doctor meditated a moment. "My dear young man," he said at last, "you must be very susceptible. As Catherine's father, I have, I trust, a just and tender appreciation of her many good qualities; but I don't mind telling you that I have never thought of her as a charming girl, and never expected any one else to do so."

Morris Townsend received this statement with a smile that was not wholly devoid of deference. "I don't know what I might think of her if I were her father. I can't put myself in that place. I speak from my own point of view."

"You speak very well," said the Doctor; "but that is not all that is necessary. I told Catherine yesterday that I disapproved of her engagement."

"She let me know as much, and I was very sorry to hear it. I am greatly disappointed." And Morris sat in silence awhile, looking at the floor.

"Did you really expect I would say I was delighted, and throw my daughter into your arms?"

"Oh no, I had an idea you didn't like me."

"What gave you the idea?"

"The fact that I am poor."

"That has a harsh sound," said the Doctor, "but it is about the truth—speaking of you strictly as a son-in-law. Your absence of means, of a profession, of visible resources or prospects, places you in a category from which it would be imprudent for me to select a husband for my daughter, who is a weak young woman with a large fortune. In any other capacity I am perfectly prepared to like you. As a son-in-law, I abominate you."

Morris Townsend listened respectfully. "I don't think Miss Sloper is a weak woman," he presently said.

"Of course you must defend her—it's the least you can do. But I have known my child twenty years, and you have known her six weeks. Even if she were not weak, however, you would still be a penniless man."

"Ah, yes; that is *my* weakness. And therefore, you mean, I am mercenary—I only want your daughter's money."

"I don't say that. I am not obliged to say it, and to say it, save under stress of compulsion, would be very bad taste. I say simply that you belong to the wrong category."

"But your daughter doesn't marry a category," Townsend urged, with his handsome smile. "She marries an individual—an individual whom she is so good as to say she loves."

"An individual who offers so little in return."

"Is it possible to offer more than the most tender affection and a life-long devotion?" the young man demanded.

"It depends how we take it. It is possible to offer a few other things besides, and not only it is possible, but it is the custom. A life-long devotion is measured after the fact; and meanwhile it is usual in these cases to give a few material securities. What are yours? A very handsome face and figure, and a very good manner. They are excellent as far as they go, but they don't go far enough."

"There is one thing you should add to them," said Morris: "the word of a gentleman."

"The word of a gentleman that you will always love Catherine? You must be a very fine gentleman to be sure of that."

"The word of a gentleman that I am not mercenary; that my affection for Miss Sloper is as pure and disinterested a sen-

timent as was ever lodged in a human breast. I care no more for her fortune than for the ashes in that grate."

"I take note—I take note," said the Doctor. "But having done so, I turn to our category again. Even with that solemn vow on your lips, you take your place in it. There is nothing against you but an accident, if you will; but with my thirty years' medical practice, I have seen that accidents may have far-reaching consequences."

Morris smoothed his hat—it was already remarkably glossy—and continued to display a self-control which, as the Doctor was obliged to admit, was extremely creditable to him. But his disappointment was evidently keen.

"Is there nothing I can do to make you believe in me?"

"If there were, I should be sorry to suggest it, for—don't you see?—I don't want to believe in you," said the Doctor, smiling.

"I would go and dig in the fields."

"That would be foolish."

"I will take the first work that offers, to-morrow."

"Do so by all means—but for your own sake, not for mine."

"I see; you think I am an idler," Morris exclaimed, a little too much in the tone of a man who has made a discovery. But he saw his error immediately and blushed.

"It doesn't matter what I think, when once I have told you I don't think of you as a son-in-law."

But Morris persisted. "You think I would squander her money?"

The Doctor smiled. "It doesn't matter, as I say; but I plead guilty to that."

"That's because I spent my own, I suppose," said Morris. "I frankly confess that. I have been wild. I have been foolish. I will tell you every crazy thing I ever did, if you like. There were some great follies among the number—I have never concealed that. But I have sown my wild oats. Isn't there some proverb about a reformed rake? I was not a rake, but I assure you I have reformed. It is better to have amused one's self for a while, and have done with it. Your daughter would never care for a milksop; and I will take the liberty of saying that you would like one quite as little. Besides, between my money and hers there is a great difference. I spent my own; it was because it was my own that I spent it. And I made no debts; when it was gone, I stopped. I don't owe a penny in the world."

"Allow me to inquire what you are living on now—though I admit," the Doctor added, "that the question, on my part, is inconsistent."

"I am living on the remnants of my property," said Morris Townsend.

"Thank you," the Doctor gravely replied.

Yes, certainly, Morris's self-control was laudable. "Even admitting I attach an undue importance to Miss Sloper's fortune," he went on, "would not that be in itself an assurance that I would take good care of it?"

"That you should take too much care would be quite as bad as that you should take too little. Catherine might suffer as much by your economy as by your extravagance."

"I think you are very unjust." The young man made this declaration decently, civilly, without violence.

"It is your privilege to think so, and I surrender my reputation to you. I certainly don't flatter myself I gratify you."

"Don't you care a little to gratify your daughter? Do you enjoy the idea of making her miserable?"

"I am perfectly resigned to her thinking me a tyrant for a twelvemonth."

"For a twelvemonth!" exclaimed Morris, with a laugh.

"For a lifetime, then! She may as well be miserable in that way as in the other."

Here at last Morris lost his temper. "Ah, you are not polite, sir!" he cried.

"You push me to it—you argue too much."

"I have a great deal at stake."

"Well, whatever it is," said the Doctor, "you have lost it."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Morris; "are you sure your daughter will give me up?"

"I mean, of course, you have lost it as far as I am concerned. As for Catherine's giving you up—no, I am not sure of it. But as I shall strongly recommend it, as I have a great fund of respect and affection in my daughter's mind to draw upon, and as she has the sentiment of duty developed in a very high degree, I think it extremely possible."

Morris Townsend began to smooth his hat again. "I, too, have a fund of affection to draw upon," he observed at last.

The Doctor at this point showed his own first symptoms of irritation. "Do you mean to defy me?"

"Call it what you please, sir. I mean not to give your daughter up."

The Doctor shook his head. "I haven't the least fear of your pining away your life. You are made to enjoy it."

Morris gave a laugh. "Your opposition to my marriage is all the more cruel, then. Do you intend to forbid your daughter to see me again?"

"She is past the age at which people are forbidden, and I am not a father in an old-fashioned novel. But I shall strongly urge her to break with you."

"I don't think she will," said Morris Townsend.

"Perhaps not. But I shall have done what I could."

"She has gone too far," Morris went on.

"To retreat? Then let her stop where she is."

"Too far to stop, I mean."

The Doctor looked at him a moment; Morris had his hand on the door. "There is a great deal of impertinence in your saying it."

"I will say no more, sir," Morris answered; and making his bow, he left the room.

A BOATING ADVENTURE.

I.

MR. PERCY WARING was going out to spend the evening, and having completed his toilet, was standing in front of his mirror admiring himself. The face was rather a pleasant one—broad forehead, brown hair parted nearly in the middle, straight nose, and a smiling mouth under a delicate mustache. Mr. Waring contemplated the mustache with an expression of satisfaction, but looking more intently, observed two undeniably gray hairs in it, and went and lit a cigar, and sat down in an easy-chair, and sighed.

It was hard for Mr. Waring to face the melancholy fact that he was no longer a young fellow. Nobody had told him so, it was true, and he was still one of the brightest stars of society, he reflected; but there were the two gray hairs, and the sight of them was depressing. He had recently had other sources of mental depression. He had lost heavily at the races, where he had backed the wrong horses, and had been compelled to part with a considerable slice out of his bank stock. This had caused Mr. Waring to fall into reflection. He wanted money, and the question was becoming serious how to supply the deficit. After mature consideration, he thought that to marry an heiress would be the best thing. He had selected the person in question, made gratifying progress, and now, just as he was going to spend the evening with her, he had caught sight of those two unlucky gray hairs, which reminded him of the terrible fact that he was forty.

It was really depressing. He *was* a young fellow still, as fresh in feeling as he had ever been; but other people might not consider him young. Would the prospective Mrs. Waring? The question was a nervous one, and Mr. Waring knit his brows and gnawed his cigar slightly. But gradually the brows relaxed, and the cigar was left in quiet. Had Mr. Waring come to the conclusion that the gray hairs would not be observed, or, if observed, that his young friend would not consider them a fatal obstacle? He smiled with the air of a soldier going into action, and determined to risk his fate; had another look at the mirror, and went to see his inamorata, who resided on one of the upper avenues of the city.

He came out about eleven, in company with a young friend who had also spent the evening there. This was Charley Walton, aged twenty-three, and a cousin of the young lady.

"Have a pleasant evening, Count?" said Mr. Walton, smiling, and using the designation of Mr. Waring in the bosom of his bachelor family.

"Quite so, my dear Charles," returned Mr. Waring, with a paternal air. He was not certain that his young friend was not his rival. "Your cousin is really charming."

"Yes, but she's aggravating."

"Aggravating?"

"She looks on me as only a young one, though I'm quite as old as she is. Every man under thirty is a baby in her eyes, and I believe she thinks a fellow doesn't attain his majority till he's forty."

Mr. Waring smiled. The young lady's views did not displease him.

"I'd try in that direction, except I knew she would only laugh at me," said Mr. Charley Walton.

"Why not hunt easier game, Charles?" his friend said, with an elderly air. "If

twenty-three—your cousin's age, you tell me—is so difficult to please, try a 'sweet sixteener.' I regret to use slang, but it expresses the idea. I don't fancy that age myself, but then, you know, Charles, I'm an old fellow."

Mr. Waring paused, anxious to be contradicted, and as his young friend exclaimed, "Oh no, Count," he proceeded.

"They are easy to please, I'm told—succumb without difficulty. You've only to talk a moderate amount of moonshine, and then hold out your arms, and the affair is arranged."

"Are you certain, Count?"

"I am told that is the ordinary result. You might try, you know, and find, Charles."

"I think I will," said Mr. Walton, with an air of resolution. "And now I must go home. I'm off to the Chesapeake tomorrow on a duck hunt."

"Well, Charles, look up a young duck of about sixteen, and make love to her," said Mr. Waring, paternally. "You'll not find it a hard task to bring her down, my boy."

Mr. Waring reached his lodgings, and sat down, and fell into reflection. He had spent a most agreeable evening beside a very handsome woman, the frou-frou of whose rich silk had suggestions of a heavy bank account about it. Then the eyes belonging to the owner of the silk had beamed brightly as they conversed in a corner—it was a veritable *tête-à-tête*, and remembering everything, Mr. Waring was in high spirits. There might not be millions in it, but there was at least two hundred thousand; and falling into a reverie, Mr. Waring indulged in rosy dreams of the amount of satisfaction to be derived from gradually spending that sum. The prospect of things was charming. Miss Two Hundred Thousand appeared to have made up her mind. He would go and see her again on the next day, and on all the days after that, and—

His eyes fell on two letters lying on his table, which his servant had brought from the post-office. He opened the first, which was in a man's handwriting, and read:

"THE REEDS, *October* 10, 187–.

"MY DEAR PERCY,—That pestiferous executorial business will require your presence here next week. You are one of the parties to the deed, and the matter may as well be concluded. I shall have the satisfaction at least of talking politics with you, and abusing everybody; so come without fail.

"Your affectionate

"CARTER ALLEYN."

That was annoying. His cousin, Judge Alleyn, was a man of business, who never summoned people unless it was necessary, and he must go. But he would return in three days, and resume his matrimonial campaign with vigor. Then he opened the second letter, which was dated on the day after the first. It was in a girl's hand, and said:

"I think you might come and see *me*, as well as to sign papa's law papers. Please come; I am *pining* for you, and looking out *all day long* for the boat. I hope you haven't forgotten

"Your (*fond*) JEAN."

Having perused this epistle once, Mr. Waring perused it a second time, with an elderly smile. So Miss Jean Alleyn, only a baby yesterday, was writing notes, was she, and notes to gentlemen? It was true, he was her cousin, and had made a great pet of her in her childhood on his visits to The Reeds. For many years now he had not seen her, but they had kept up a sort of correspondence. When a story or a poem in a periodical amused him, he sent her the periodical, having no doubt that she was old enough to read now; and this Jean reciprocated by dispatching in return such journals as contained comic or sentimental verse. Thus their intimacy had remained unbroken, and Mr. Waring reflected with a certain pleasure that he would see his child-favorite again. She must be somewhat more than a child now, as she wrote so easily: her age must be—ten? Perhaps a little more, even as much as fifteen. Well, at all events, he would soon know; she would run to him and kiss him and perch herself in his lap, and tell him all her secrets, and he would have an amusing time at The Reeds, which would be rather slow otherwise. It was interesting to watch the unfolding minds of these feminine humming-birds. "Little Jean" would make him laugh, at least, and he would come back in good spirits to his city friend.

So, two days afterward—he had held another delightful interview with the city friend—Mr. Waring packed his valise, and

embarked on the Chesapeake boat which touched at the wharf near The Reeds.

II.

Percy Waring had not enjoyed anything so much for a long time as the walk through the brilliant October woods to the house. He had not written that he was coming on this morning, and there was no one at the wharf to meet him; but it was not far to The Reeds—an old hip-roofed establishment embowered in autumn foliage—and he reached it and went up the steps.

Some one was playing the piano in the drawing-room on the right of the entrance, and this some one was singing a little song with a constantly recurring burden, as in the poems of William Morris and Gabriel Rossetti. There was an exquisite sadness and sweetness in the music and the voice of the singer; and Mr. Waring found himself asking whether it could be Jean. In order to satisfy himself upon this point, he went quietly to the door of the drawing-room, and saw seated at the piano a tall young beauty of about sixteen, with dark brown hair braided behind the neck, a slender figure, and bare arms encircled by bracelets. She was singing as a bird sings—for herself and no one else—and was so absorbed that Mr. Percy Waring came up behind her and put both his hands over her eyes before she was aware of his presence in the room.

"Who is it, Jean?" he said, laughing.

"Oh, it is you, cousin! I am so glad!" exclaimed Miss Jean Alleyn, turning round and rising quickly.

Mr. Waring bestowed a cousinly kiss on the maiden, but he felt a little abashed. She was a beauty; and he took the small hands, and held her at arm's-length, and looked at her. Was this his "little Jean?" The thing was incredible. There were the very same eyes, it is true, full of mischief and audacious sweetness, the same rose-bud of a mouth, and the same air of frolic. But Miss Jean Alleyn was not "little Jean." She was a young woman, and a beauty too, if she *was* only sixteen.

"I am *so* glad you have come."

"Well, Jean, I am as glad as you are."

"Are you really?"

The brown head moved a little to one side, and the wicked eyes looked affectionate.

"Indeed I am. How beautiful you are!"

Was it the voice of Mr. Percy Waring that uttered these words? It sounded like the voice of a boy. He was still holding her hands, and looking into her eyes, when a voice behind him exclaimed,

"Welcome, Percy, my boy!" and old Judge Alleyn, with his long gray hair and jovial smile, grasped his hand. "You ought to have written to say that you were coming—think of no one at the wharf to meet you! But here you are, Percy, and Jean's as glad to see you as I am. Did you ever see a finer boy, Jean—for an *old* boy?"

"Cousin Percy's not old—he's in his bloom," said Miss Jean, with a wicked glance at him.

"Take care, Jean, how you flatter grandpa," said Mr. Waring. "He'll fall in love with you."

Miss Jean cast down her eyes. "It would be a great gift," she murmured.

That was the beginning; and when a writer alludes to a beginning, he always means that there is going to be an ending, and the end came with Mr. Percy Waring very soon. Incredible as the statement may appear, just one week after their first meeting, Mr. Waring had fallen in love with Miss Jean Alleyn.

It seemed a very unlucky circumstance. Such proceedings are serious. When a man of forty falls in love, his sentiment is different from boy-love. In the latter case the stream dances along asking every flower it meets to bend and mirror itself in it. In the former, the waters, long obstructed, break through with a sudden rush. Or change the figure, and say that the light breeze is not the storm-wind—one makes ripples on the surface that subside as rapidly as they come; the other lifts the foaming surges, which do not go down at once. One is comedy, the other is tragedy—and all these beautiful similes are intended to describe the state of mind of the unfortunate Mr. Percy Waring. He had come to The Reeds in a tranquil condition; for his views in reference to his city friend, we regret to say, were purely financial. Now his condition was not tranquil—it was a very long way from that. It was ludicrous. Had he not bestowed his elderly advice on the youthful Charley Walton to "try a sweet sixteener," as that age was easy to please? He had added, if he remembered correctly, that he did not fancy that age himself;

and now a representative of this unfledged age had captured *him*.

It was a fearful state of things, and it was plain that Miss Jean realized it. He had looked at her one day in a manner which all women understand, and from that moment a chill fell over the landscape. It was not a killing frost, but there was the silver glimmer of it on Miss Jean's roses. What was the matter? Mr. Percy Waring asked himself. Had she noticed the unlucky gray hairs, and did she regard him as her grandpapa? Or, finding that her sentiments were not in sympathy with the views of Mr. Waring, had she determined to spare him pain by nipping his young romance in the bud? It seemed so—since there was the frost.

Thence melancholy on Mr. Waring's part. He determined to go away at once, and as duly did not go away. He conducted himself very much like other male human beings in his state of mind. If Jean smiled, and said something which meant nothing, his pulse throbbed: and so affairs continued until the last days of October—Mr. Percy Waring having resolved to go away at least ten times, and having remained. This was very unprofitable indeed. There was a certain enjoyment in it, but then it was unsatisfactory. The best thing to do would be to tell Jean that he was dying for her, and have the matter end in some way—and Mr. Waring was laboriously composing a little impromptu speech for the occasion, when an unexpected addition was made to the family circle at The Reeds.

This was Mr. Charles Walton, duck-hunter and friend of the family. He had made one or two visits to The Reeds before—was a distant connection, indeed—and now, finding himself in the vicinity on his hunting expedition, anchored his little sail-boat in a cove near the house, and "brought his traps," as he observed, with a cheerful smile, "to spend a week."

Mr. Waring groaned in spirit. Was there ever such luck? His last paternal suggestions to the youthful Charles had been in reference to maidens of sixteen; he had alluded to them in an elderly manner as unopened rose-buds, unfledged ducks whom it was *so* easy to capture; he himself preferred another description—and here was the sequel. He, the paternal adviser, was hopelessly attempting to make an impression on one of these inexperienced beings—and the young Charley Walton would be there to look on and laugh at him.

For Mr. Percy Waring was not making any impression. Having maturely considered the matter, he decided that he might as well make up his mind on that subject. If he was making any impression at all, it was one of the wrong description. Miss Jean grew steadily cooler toward him, and constantly warmer toward Mr. Charley Walton. They were together nearly all the time now, and Miss Jean was evidently delighted with the youth's society. She beamed on him with her brightest smiles, and was the soul of mirth. She distinguished him in a hundred ways, and Mr. Percy Waring in as many, only the ways were not the same. In the society of the young admirer she was all sunshine, and the skies were brilliant; in the society of the elder, the sun seemed to have gone under a cloud, and the sky was gray. It was quite unmistakable, Mr. Waring informed himself, and thereupon he acted like a man of courage. He retired with Charles Walton to a seat in the grounds, and offering his cigar case, said,

"Charley, my boy, did you ever meditate on the subject of preachers?"

"On preachers, Count?" said Mr. Walton, with a puzzled smile.

"On the fact, I meant to say, that they don't always practice what they preach. It is a fact, Charles—you behold a melancholy illustration. I laughed at you once; now the laugh's all on your side, and Percy Waring means to hold down his head and bear it. He advised you to fall in love with 'a sweet sixteener,' and he has gone and done so himself. Miserable man! he has not found the game so easy to capture as he supposed. He has not achieved a complete victory. In fact, he has been crushed—he is going away on the morrow—and he solicited this interview in order to say that he would be prepared on that solemn occasion to extend his paternal arms about two young people, and say, in a choked voice, 'Bless you, my children!'"

"Don't do it, Count," exclaimed Charley Walton, laughing heartily.

But Mr. Waring shook his head in a mournful manner. "It's better to retreat than stay and be cut to pieces, my son. You'd have to gather together my remains, you see, and that would be painful."

"Stay a week, and then go back with me. I want you for my 'best man.'"

"Your 'best man,' Charles?"

"Didn't I mention that I am going to be married?"

"Married?"

"To my cousin, your friend on the Avenue, where we spent that last evening. I put off my duck hunt, as *you* were going away, and—I made expenses."

Mr. Percy Waring elevated his eyebrows, and the hand holding his cigar.

"Now you won't hurry off in such a sudden way, will you?" said Charley Walton, laughing.

"Yes; I've made up my mind. I'll go and wait for you, and be your 'best man' too."

"You're a good fellow, Count, if there ever was one. I wish I could—"

"I know you do, my son; but you can't. So I'm going to fall back."

"Don't go, Count. Or, if you are resolved, take a last sail with me in my sail-boat. Miss Jean's going."

Mr. Waring laughed in a tragic manner. "An inducement; but I believe I won't intrude, my son."

"Take your valise with you, and hail the steamer. I'll put you on board."

Mr. Waring reflected. "Well, that will do," he said. "And now, Charles, a last word of advice."

"Of advice?"

"Don't court a sweet sixteener. It don't pay, Charles."

III.

It was a very fine October morning, and Miss Jean accompanied her two friends down to Mr. Charley Walton's little sail-boat, which lay in a cove near The Reeds. A servant bore Mr. Waring's valise, and put it in the boat; and Mr. Walton spread his sail, whereat the craft began to move.

It was a little fishing-smack with one triangular sail, and accommodated just three persons. Miss Jean sat in the stern beside Mr. Charley Walton, who managed the helm, and Mr. Percy Waring, in a depressed condition of mind, sat on the seat in the middle.

Miss Jean Alleyn was uncommonly gay. During the whole remainder of his life Mr. Waring gave this gay mood of the young lady the benefit of his profoundest meditation, and could never understand in the remotest degree why she was so unfeeling. It was certainly unfeeling. He was a friend, if he was no more, and his departure seemed to elate the maiden. Was his collapsed condition too much for any well-regulated female mind? He was certainly in a collapsed condition, and even his mustache seemed to droop. When he sighed, it was sufficient to move a heart of stone; but instead of exciting sentiment in the tender heart of Miss Jean, this performance seemed to arouse in her the wildest mirth.

Meantime Mr. Waring was reflecting upon a business matter. Miss Jean Alleyn wore a ring of his. He had given it to her one day, telling her to wear it "until she was tired of him"; then, as soon as "she did not wish to have him love her any more," she could return it. That would make it unnecessary to have a scene.

"It would be better if she returned it," muttered Mr. Waring, in extreme collapse.

"Turn her!" a voice exclaimed. "You never sailed a boat, Count. The wind would keel her over in ten seconds."

It was the voice of Charley Walton, and looking at him, Mr. Waring saw that he was laughing. So was Miss Jean Alleyn, for that matter; but then she had been laughing ever since she left The Reeds.

"Don't you see we are going to have a stunner, Count? Look out, or you'll be blown into the water."

In fact, a sudden squall had struck them, and the small sail-boat was running before the wind like a race-horse. There was a little island just in front of them, at the mouth of the cove, and Charley Walton was trying to avoid it by bearing down hard on the helm. As to Miss Jean, she was delighted. She leaned over the boat's side, and dipped her hands in the foam, and seemed trying to make up her mind whether she could throw some at Mr. Waring without impropriety.

"I never thought there would be a squall," exclaimed Charley Walton; "and suppose we all go the bottom, Count? I'm at the helm, so *you'll* have to take Miss Jean in your arms and swim to shore with her."

"I will do so with pleasure," said Mr. Waring, with a look of mournful devotion.

He then leaned over to Miss Jean Alleyn, and said, *sotto voce*, "That is a hand-

some ring you wear." The ring was on a finger of the small hand resting on the side of the boat. Mr. Waring took the hand, and drew the ring half from the maiden's finger. Then he stopped, and looked her straight in the eyes. "Shall I?" he said, drawing the ring a little further.

It was a very curious expression which came to the face of the maiden. Did she blush and hesitate? Perhaps the wind brought the sudden color to her face. Certainly it was the cause of the burst of laughter which suddenly escaped from Miss Jean's lips. A furious gust had blown off her chip hat, and carried it dancing over the foam crests. And so quick had been the clutch of the ungallant wind-fingers that they tore down her hair too. The brown curls fell on her shoulders, and made a frame for the rosy cheeks; and looking straight into the face which was not more than two feet from him, Mr. Waring uttered a sigh which would have melted tigers.

He was still holding the hand, and making pretense to draw off the ring—that small circle of gold which she was to "return when she was tired of him, and did not wish to have him love her any more"—when suddenly the maiden frowned, and drew her hand away abruptly.

"Please let my property alone, sir," she said. But Mr. Percy Waring still held the hand, and did not release the ring. It was injudicious, for Miss Jean suddenly colored. "If you insist, there it is, sir," she said, her eyes flashing through quick tears.

But Mr. Percy Waring was lucky that day. He did not suffer from his blunder. What Charley Walton predicted in jest, took place in earnest.

"Look out, Count!" he now exclaimed. "The wind has shifted. Take care, Miss Jean!"

It was too late to take care. The sail-boat was struck by a furious squall, and turned over. When Jean rose to the surface of the water, she found herself in the close embrace of Mr. Percy Waring, who swam fifty yards with her; then he touched ground, and carried her bodily to the little island.

Charles Walton landed near them, and seeing that the danger was over, began to laugh.

"Was ever such luck!" he cried; "but at at all events the Count has rescued *you*, Miss Jean. I wish I could do the same for my poor sail-boat."

A little fishing-canoe was tethered to a tree near, and he ran and unloosed it.

"Take care of yourself, Count," he cried, laughing. "I'm going to tug in my craft."

The canoe shot from the bank, and Mr. Waring turned toward his companion. Her dress was streaming with water, and clung close to her person. Two small feet emerged from the skirt, and Mr. Waring contemplated them.

Suddenly a long shrill note came on the wind from The Reeds landing. The steamboat, which had stopped there, was about to resume her way, and would pass near the island. At the same moment a loud halloo came from Charley Walton, who was tugging in his sail-boat.

"I must go," said Mr. Percy Waring. "Charley will be here in a moment, and will take charge of you."

Jean looked up at him, and laughed and blushed.

"You are so beautful!" said Mr. Percy Waring.

"I'm *such* a fright! and the water is trickling down my nose."

"Don't mind it. Good-by, Jean. There is the boat," said Mr. Waring. He took her hand and was drawing off the ring, when she closed her finger on it.

"Don't play with me, Jean—I love you so! whether the water is trickling down your nose or not," said Mr. Waring.

He drew his white handkerchief and said:

"There is Charley. Here goes for the signal. The steamer will send a boat for me."

Suddenly Jean raised her hand and caught the arm which was just making the signal. It was done so quickly and with such energy that an accident happened to Miss Jean Alleyn. Her boots were muddy, and she slipped. The consequence was that if Mr. Percy Waring had not caught her, she would have fallen. He did so with great promptness, and held her close to his breast—in which graceful attitude they were found by Mr. Charles Walton. A burst of laughter announced his vicinity, and he always said afterward that he heard something. It was not much, but it meant a good deal, it seemed. It was, "No, don't go!" uttered in a whisper; and the whisper came from Miss Jean Alleyn.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

CLIFFS snow-mantled, and storm-ploughed sands, and dark gray billows frilled with white, rolling and roaring to the shrill east wind, made the bay of Bridlington a very different sight from the smooth fair scene of August. Scarcely could the staggering colliers, anchored under Flamborough Head (which they gladly would have rounded if they could), hold their own against wind and sea, although the outer spit of sand tempered as yet the full violence of waves.

But if everything looked cold and dreary, rough, and hard, and bare of beauty, the cottage of the late lieutenant, standing on the shallow bluff, beaten by the wind, and blinded of its windows from within, of all things looked the most forlorn, most desolate, and freezing. The windward side was piled with snow, on the crest of which foam pellets lay, looking yellow by comparison, and melting small holes with their brine. At the door no foot-mark broke the drift; and against the vaporous sky no warmer vapor tufted the chimney-pots.

"I am pretty nearly frozen again," said Mordacks; "but that place sends another shiver down my back. All the poor little devils must be icicles at least."

After peeping through a blind, he turned pale betwixt his blueness, and galloped to the public-house abutting on the quay. Here he marched into the parlor, and stamped about, till a merry-looking landlord came to him. "Have a glass of hot, sir; how blue your nose is!" the genial master said to him. The reply of the factor can not be written down in these days of noble language. Enough that it was a terse malediction of the landlord, the glass of hot, and even his own nose. Boniface was no Yorkshireman, else would he have given as much as he got, at least in lingual currency. As it was, he considered it no affair of his if a guest expressed his nationality. "You must have better orders than that to give, I hope, sir."

"Yes, sir, I have. And you have got the better of me; which has happened to me three times this day already, because of the freezing of my wits, young man. Now you go in to your best locker, and bring me your very best bottle of Cognac—none of your government stuff, you know, but a sample of your finest bit of smuggling. Why did I swear at a glass of hot? Why, because you are all such a set of scoundrels. I want a glass of hot as much as man ever did. But how can I drink it, when women and children are dying—perhaps dead, for all I know—for want of warmth and victuals? Your next-door neighbors almost, and a woman, whose husband has just been murdered! And here you are swizzling, and rattling your coppers. Good God, sir! The Almighty from heaven would send orders to have His own commandment broken."

Mr. Mordacks was excited, and the landlord saw no cause for it. "What makes you carry on like this?" he said; "it was only last night we was talking in the tap-room of getting a subscription up, downright liberal. I said I was good for a crown, and take it out of the tick they owes me. And when you come to think of these hard times—"

"Take that, and then tell me if you find them softer." Suiting the action to the word, the universal factor did something omitted on his card in the list of his comprehensive functions. As the fat host turned away, to rub his hands, with a phosphoric feeling of his future generosity, a set of highly energetic toes, prefixed with the toughest York leather, and tingling for exercise, made him their example. The landlord flew up among his own pots and glasses, his head struck the ceiling, which declined too long a taste of him, and anon a silvery ring announced his return to his own timbers.

"Accept that neighborly subscription, my dear friend, and acknowledge its promptitude," said Mr. Mordacks; "and now be quick about your orders, peradventure a second flight might be less agreeable. Now don't show any airs; you have been well treated, and should be thankful for the facilities you have to offer. I know a poor man without any legs at all, who would be only too glad if he could do what you have done."

"Then his taste must be a queer one," the landlord replied, as he illustrated sadly the discovery reserved for a riper age—that human fingers have attained their present flexibility, form, and skill by habit of assuaging, for some millions of ages, the woes of the human body.

"Now don't waste my time like that," cried Mordacks; and seeing him draw near again, his host became right active. "Benevolence must be inculcated," continued the factor, following strictly in pursuit. "I have done you a world of good, my dear friend; and reflection will compel you to heap every blessing on me."

"I don't know about that," replied the landlord. It is certain, however, that this exhibition of philanthropic vigor had a fine effect. In five minutes all the resources of the house were at the disposal of this rapid agent, who gave his orders right and left, clapped down a bag of cash, and took it up again, and said, "Now just you mind my horse, twice as well as you mind your fellow-creatures. Take a leg of mutton out, and set it roasting. Have your biggest bed hot for a lot of frozen children. By the Lord, if you don't look alive, I'll have you up for murder." As he spoke, a stout fish-woman came in from the quay; and he beckoned to her, and took her with him.

"You can't come in," said a little weak voice, when Mr. Mordacks, having knocked in vain, began to prise open the cottage door. "Mother is so poorly; and you mustn't think of coming in. Oh, whatever shall I do, if you won't stop when I tell you?"

"Where are all the rest of you? Oh, in the kitch-

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—*The publishers of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *in presenting the concluding chapters of* MARY ANERLEY, *beg the indulgence of their readers for publishing them after the issue of the story in book form, and for printing them in smaller type. The English publishers of the novel, contrary to* MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS' *agreement with them, issued it in book form when only three-fourths of the story had appeared in this Magazine, and before the final chapters had been received in New York. Under these circumstances, the publishers of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *in order—as far as is possible—to keep good faith with their readers, have increased the size of this number, and have printed the concluding chapters of* MARY ANERLEY *in smaller type, thereby maintaining the usual variety of reading matter.*

en, are they? You poor little atomy, how many of you are dead?"

"None of us dead, sir; without it is the baby;" here Geraldine burst into a wailing storm of tears. "I gave them every bit," she sobbed—"every bit, sir, but the rush-lights; and them they wouldn't eat, sir, or I never would have touched them. But mother is gone off her head, and baby wouldn't eat it."

"You are a little heroine," said Mordacks, looking at her—the pinched face, and the hollow eyes, and the tottering blue legs of her. "You are greater than a queen. No queen forgets herself in that way."

"Please, sir, no; I ate almost a box of rush-lights, and they were only done last night. Oh, if baby would have took to them!"

"Hot bread and milk in this bottle; pour it out; feed her first, Molly," Mr. Mordacks ordered. "The world can't spare such girls as this. Oh, you won't eat first! Very well; then the others shall not have a morsel till your mouth is full. And they seem to want it bad enough. Where is the dead baby?"

In the kitchen, where now they stood, not a spark of fire was lingering, but some wood-ash still retained a feeble memory of warmth; and three little children (blest with small advance from babyhood) were huddling around, with hands, and faces, and sharp grimy knees poking in for lukewarm corners; while two rather senior young Carroways were lying fast asleep, with a jack-towel over them. But Tommy was not there; that gallant Tommy, who had ridden all the way to Filey after dark, and brought his poor father to the fatal place.

Mordacks, with his short, bitter-sweet smile, considered all these little ones. They were not beautiful, nor even pretty; one of them was too literally a chip of the old block, for he had reproduced his dear father's scar; and every one of them wanted a "wash and brush up," as well as a warming and sound victualling. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* These children had always been so highly scrubbed, that the great molecular author of existence, dirt, resumed parental sway, with tenfold power of attachment and protection, the moment soap and flannel ceased their wicked usurpation.

"Please, sir, I couldn't keep them clean, I couldn't," cried Geraldine, choking, both with bread and milk, and tears. "I had Tommy to feed through the coal-cellar door; and all the bits of victuals in the house to hunt up; and it did get so dark, and it was so cold. I am frightened to think of what mother will say for my burning up all of her brushes, and the baskets. But please, sir, little Cissy was a-freezing at the nose."

The three little children at the grate were peeping back over the pits in their shoulders, half frightened at the tall, strange man, and half ready to toddle to him for protection; while the two on the floor sat up and stared, and opened their mouths for their sister's bread and milk. Then Jerry flew to them, and squatted on the stones, and very nearly choked them with her spoon and basin.

"Molly, take two in your apron, and be off," said the factor to the stout fish-woman—who was simply full of staring, and of crying out "Oh lor!"—"pop them into the hot bed at once; they want warmth first, and victuals by-and-by. Our wonderful little maid wants food most. I will come after you with the other three. But I must see my little queen fill her own stomach first."

"But, please, sir, won't you let our Tommy out first?" cried Jerry, as the strong woman lapped up the two youngest in her woolsey apron and ran off with them. "He has been so good, and he was too proud to cry so soon as ever he found out that mother couldn't hear him. And I gave him the most to eat of anybody else, because of him being the biggest, sir. It was all as black as ink, going under the door; but Tommy never minded."

"Wonderful merit! While you were eating tallow! Show me the coal-cellar, and out he comes. But why don't you speak of your poor mother, child?"

The child, who had been so brave, and clever, self-denying, laborious, and noble, avoided his eyes, and began to lick her spoon, as if she had had enough, starving though she was. She glanced up at the ceiling, and then suddenly withdrew her eyes, and the blue lids trembled over them. Mordacks saw that it was childhood's dread of death. "Show me where little Tommy is," he said; "we must not be too hard upon you, my dear. But what made your mother lock you up, and carry on so?"

"I don't know at all, sir," said Geraldine.

"Now don't tell a story," answered Mr. Mordacks. "You were not meant for lies; and you know all about it. I shall just go away if you tell stories."

"Then all I know is this," cried Jerry, running up to him, and desperately clutching at his riding coat; "the very night dear father was put into the pit-hole—oh, hoo, oh, hoo, oh, hoo!"

"Now we can't stop for that," said the general factor, as he took her up and kissed her, and the tears, which had vainly tried to stop, ran out of young eyes upon well-seasoned cheeks; "you have been a wonder; I am like a father to you. You must tell me quickly, or else how can I cure it? We will let Tommy out then, and try to save your mother."

"Mother was sitting in the window, sir," said the child, trying strongly to command herself, "and I was to one side of her, and Tommy to the other, and none of us was saying anything. And then there came a bad, wicked face against the window, and the man said, 'What was it you said to-day, ma'am?' And mother stood up—she was quite right then—and she opened the window, and she looked right at him, and she said, 'I spoke the truth, John Cadman. Between you and your God it rests.' And the man said, 'You shut your black mouth up, or you and your brats shall all go the same way. Mind one thing—you've had your warning.' Then mother fell away, for she was just worn out; and she lay upon the floor, and she kept on moaning, 'There is no God! there is no God!' after all she have taught us to say our prayers to. And there was nothing for baby to draw ever since."

For once in his life Mr. Mordacks held his tongue; and his face, which was generally fiercer than his mind, was now far behind it in ferocity. He thought within himself, "Well, I am come to something, to have let such things be going on in a matter which pertains to my office—pigeon-hole 100! This comes of false delicacy, my stumbling-block perpetually! No more of that. Now for action."

Geraldine looked up at him, and said, "Oh, please, sir." And then she ran off, to show the way toward little Tommy.

The coal-cellar flew open before the foot of Mordacks; but no Tommy appeared, till his sister ran in. The poor little fellow was quite dazzled with the light; and the grime on his cheeks made the inrush of fresh air come like wasps to him. "Now, Tommy, you be good," said Geraldine; "trouble enough has been made about you."

The boy put out his under lip, and blinked with great amazement. After such a quantity of dark-

ness and starvation, to be told to be good was a little too bad. His sense of right and wrong became fluid with confusion; he saw no sign of anything to eat; and the loud howl of an injured heart began to issue from the coaly rampart of neglected teeth.

"Quite right, my boy," Mr. Mordacks said. "You have had a bad time, and are entitled to lament. Wipe your nose on your sleeve, and have at it again."

"Dirty, dirty things I hear. Who is come into my house like this? My house and my baby belong to me. Go away all of you. How can I bear this noise?"

Mrs. Carroway stood in the passage behind them, looking only fit to die. One of her husband's watch-coats hung around her, falling nearly to her feet; and the long clothes of her dead baby, which she carried, hung over it, shaking like a white dog's tail. She was standing with her bare feet well apart, and that swing of hip and heel alternate which mothers for a thousand generations have supposed to lull their babies into sweet sleep.

For once in his life the general factor had not the least idea of the proper thing to do. Not only did he not find it, but he did not even seek for it, standing aside rather out of the way, and trying to look like a calm spectator. But this availed him to no account whatever. He was the only man there, and the woman naturally fixed upon him.

"You are the man," she said, in a quiet and reasonable voice, and coming up to Mordacks with the manner of a lady; "you are the gentleman, I mean, who promised to bring back my husband. Where is he? Have you fulfilled your promise?"

"My dear madam, my dear madam, consider your children, and how cold you are. Allow me to conduct you to a warmer place. You scarcely seem to enter into the situation."

"Oh yes, I do, sir; thoroughly, thoroughly. My husband is in his grave; my children are going after him; and the best place for them. But they shall not be murdered. I will lock them up, so that they never shall be murdered."

"My dear lady, I agree with you entirely. You do the very wisest thing in these bad times. But you know me well. I have had the honor of making your acquaintance in a pleasant manner. I feel for your children, quite as if I was—I mean, ma'am, a very fine old gentleman's affection. Geraldine, come and kiss me, my darling. Tommy, you may have the other side; never mind the coal, my boy; there is a coal-wharf quite close to my windows at home."

These children, who had been hiding behind Mr. Mordacks and Molly (who was now come back), immediately did as he ordered them; or rather Jerry led the way, and made Tommy come as well, by a signal which he never durst gainsay. But while they saluted the general factor (who sat down upon a box to accommodate them), from the corners of their eyes they kept a timid, trembling, melancholy watch upon their own mother.

Poor Mrs. Carroway was capable of wondering. Her power of judgment was not so far lost as it is in a dream—where we wonder at nothing, but cast off skeptic misery—and for the moment she seemed to be brought home from the distance of roving delusion, by looking at two of her children kissing a man who was hunting in his pocket for his card.

"Circumstances, madam," said Mr. Mordacks, "have deprived me of the pleasure of producing my address. It should be in two of my pockets; but it seems to have strangely escaped from both of them. However, I will write it down, if required. Geraldine dear, where is your school slate? Go and look for it, and take Tommy with you."

This surprised Mrs. Carroway, and began to make her think. These were her children—she was nearly sure of that—her own poor children, who were threatened from all sides with the likelihood of being done away with. Yet here was a man who made much of them, and kissed them; and they kissed him without asking her permission!

"I scarcely know what it is about," she said; "and my husband is not here to help me."

"You have hit the very point, ma'am. You must take it on yourself. How wonderfully clever the ladies always are! Your family is waiting for a government supply; everybody knows that everybody in the world may starve before government thinks of supplying supply. I do not belong to the government—although if I had my deserts I should have done so—but fully understanding them, I step in to anticipate their action. I see that the children of a very noble officer, and his admirable wife, have been neglected, through the rigor of the weather and condition of the roads. I am a very large factor in the neighborhood, who make a good thing out of all such cases. I step in; circumstances favor me; I discover a good stroke of business; my very high character, though much obscured by diffidence, secures me universal confidence. The little dears take to me, and I to them. They feel themselves safe under my protection from their most villainous enemies. They are pleased to kiss a man of strength and spirit, who represents the government."

Mrs. Carroway scarcely understood a jot of this. Such a rush of words made her weak brain go round, and she looked about vainly for her children, who had gladly escaped upon the chance afforded. But she came to the conclusion she was meant to come to—that this gentleman before her was the government.

"I will do whatever I am told," she said, looking miserably round, as if for anything to care about; "only I must count my children first, or the government might say there was not the proper number."

"Of all points that is the very one that I would urge," Mordacks answered, without dismay. "Molly, conduct this good lady to her room. Light a good fire, as the Commissioners have ordered; warm the soup sent from the arsenal last night, but be sure that you put no pepper in it. The lady will go with you, and follow our directions. She sees the importance of having all her faculties perfectly clear when we make our schedule, as we shall do in a few hours' time, of all the children; every one, with the date of their birth, and their Christian names, which nobody knows so well as their own dear mother. Ah, how very sweet it is to have so many of them; and to know the pride, the pleasure, the delight, which the nation feels in providing for the welfare of every little darling!"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE THING IS JUST.

"Was there ever such a man?" said Mr. Mordacks to himself, as he rode back to Flamborough against the bitter wind, after "fettling" the affairs of the poor Carroways, as well as might be for the present. "As if I had not got my hands too full already, now I am in for another plaguesome busi-

ness, which will cost a lot of money, instead of bringing money in. How many people have I now to look after? In the first place, two vile wretches—Rickon Goold, the ship-scuttler, and John Cadman, the murderer—supposing that Dr. Upandown and Mrs. Carroway are right. Then two drunken tars, with one leg between them, who may get scared of the law, and cut and run. Then an outlawed smuggler, who has cut and run already; and a gentleman from India, who will be wild with disappointment through the things that have happened since I saw him last. After that a lawyer, who will fight tooth and nail of course, because it brings grist to his mill. That makes seven; and now to all these I have added number eight, and that the worst of all—not only a woman, but a downright mad one, as well as seven starving children. Charity is a thing that pays so slowly! That this poor creature should lose her head just now is most unfortunate. I have nothing whatever to lay before Sir Duncan, when I tell him of this vile catastrophe, except the boy's own assertion, and the opinion of Dr. Upandown. Well, well, 'faint heart,' etc. I must nurse the people round; without me they would all have been dead. Virtue is its own reward. I hope the old lady has not burned my hare to death."

The factor might well say that without his aid that large family must have perished. Their neighbors were not to be blamed for this, being locked out of the house, and having no knowledge of the frost and famine that prevailed within. Perhaps, when the little ones began to die, Geraldine might have escaped from a window, and got help in time to save some of them, if she herself had any strength remaining; but as it was, she preferred to sacrifice herself, and obey her mother. "Father always told me," she had said to Mr. Mordacks, when he asked her how so sharp a child could let things come to such a pitch, "that when he was out of the way, the first thing I was to mind always was to do what mother told me; and now he can't come back no more, to let me off from doing it."

By this time the "Cod with the Hook in his Gills" was as much at the mercy of Mr. Mordacks as if he had landed and were crimping him. Widow Precious was a very tough lady to get over, and she liked to think the worst she could of everybody—which proves in the end the most charitable course, because of the good-will produced by explanation—and for some time she had stood in the Flamburian attitude of doubt toward the factor. But even a Flamburian may at last be pierced; and then (as with other pachydermatous animals) the hole, once made, is almost certain to grow larger. So by dint of good offices here and there, kind interest, and great industry among a very simple and grateful race, he became the St. Oswald of that ancient shrine (as already has been hinted), and might do as he liked, even on the Sabbath-day. And as one of the first things he always liked to do was to enter into everybody's business, he got into an intricacy of little knowledge too manifold even for his many-fibred brain. But some of this ran into and strengthened his main clew, leading into the story he was laboring to explore, and laying before him, as bright as a diamond, even the mystery of ear-rings.

"My highly valued hostess and admirable cook," he said to Widow Precious, after making noble dinner, which his long snowy ride and work at Bridlington had earned, "in your knowledge of the annals of this interesting town, happen you to be able to recall the name of a certain man, John Cadman?"

"Ah, that ah deah," Widow Tapsy answered, with a heavy sigh, which rattled all the dishes on the waiter; "and sma' gude o' un, sma' gude, whativer. Geroot wi' un!"

The landlady shut her firm lips with a smack, which Mordacks well knew by this time though seldom foreclosed by it now, as he had been before he became a Danish citizen. He was sure that she had some good reason for her silence; and the next day he found that the girl who had left her home, through Cadman's villainy, was akin by her mother's side to Mistress Precious. But he had another matter to discuss with her now, which caused him some misgivings, yet had better be faced manfully. In the safe philosophical distance of York from this strong landlady he had (for good reasons of his own) appointed the place of meeting with Sir Duncan Yordas at the rival hostelry, the inn of Thornwick. Widow Precious had a mind of uncommonly large type, so lofty and pure of all petty emotions, that if any one spoke of the Thornwick Inn, even upon her back premises, her dignity stepped in and said, "I can't abide the stinkin' naam o' un."

Of this persistently noble regard of a lower institution Mr. Mordacks was well aware; and it gave him pause, in his deep anxiety to spare a tender heart, and maintain the high standard of his breakfast kidneys. "Madam," he began, and then he rubbed his mouth with the cross-cut out of the jack-towel by the sink, newly set on table, to satisfy him for a dinner napkin—"madam, will you listen, while I make an explanation?"

The landlady looked at him with dark suspicions gathering.

"Joost spak' oot," she said, "whativer's woorkin' i' thah mahnd."

"I am bound to meet a gentleman near Flamborough to-morrow," Mr. Mordacks continued, with the effrontery of guilt, "who will come from the sea. And as it would not suit him to walk far inland, he has arranged for the interview at a poor little place called the Thorny Wick, or the Stubby Wick, or something of that sort. I thought it was due to you, madam, to explain the reason of my entering, even for a moment—"

"Ah dawn't care. Sitha—they mah fettle thee there, if thow's fondhead enew."

Without another word she left the room, clattering her heavy shoes at the door; and Mordacks foresaw a sad encounter on the morrow, without a good breakfast to "fettle" him for it. It was not in his nature to dread anything much, and he could not see where he had been at all to blame; but gladly would he have taken ten per cent. off his old contract, than meet Sir Duncan Yordas with the news he had to tell him.

One cause of the righteous indignation felt by the good mother Tapsy, was her knowledge that nobody could land just now in any cove under the Thornwick Hotel. With the turbulent snow-wind bringing in the sea, as now it had been doing for several days, even the fishermen's cobles could not take the beach, much less any stranger craft. Mr. Mordacks was sharp; but an inland factor is apt to overlook such little facts marine.

Upon the following day he stood in the best room of the Thornwick Inn—which even then was a very decent place to any eyes uncast with envy—and he saw the long billows of the ocean rolling before the steady blowing of the salt-tongued wind, and the broad white valleys that between them lay, and the vaporous generation of great waves. They seemed

to have little gift of power for themselves, and no sign of any heed of purport; only to keep at proper distance from each other, and threaten to break over long before they meant to do it. But to see what they did at the first opposition of reef, or crag, or headland bluff, was a cure for any delusion about them, or faith in their liquid benevolence. For spouts of wild fury dashed up into the clouds; and the shore, wherever any sight of it was left, weltered in a sadly frothsome state, like the chin of a Titan with a lather-brush at work.

"Why, bless my heart!" cried the keen-eyed Mordacks; "this is a check I never thought of. Nobody could land in such a surf as that, even if he had conquered all India. Landlord, do you mean to tell me any one could land? And if not, what's the use of your inn standing here?"

"Naw, sir, nawbody cud laun' joost neaw. Lee-ast waas, nut to ca' fur naw yell to dry hissen."

The landlord was pleased with his own wit—perhaps by reason of its scarcity—and went out to tell it in the tap-room while fresh; and Mordacks had made up his mind to call for something—for the good of the house and himself—and return with a sense of escape to his own inn, when the rough frozen road rang with vehement iron, and a horse was pulled up, and a man strode in. The landlord having told his own joke three times, came out with the taste of it upon his lips; but the stern dark eyes looking down into his turned his smile into a frightened stare. He had so much to think of that he could not speak—which happens not only at Flamborough—but his visitor did not wait for the solution of his mental stutter. Without any rudeness he passed the mooning host, and walked into the parlor, where he hoped to find two persons.

Instead of two, he found one only, and that one standing with his back to the door, and by the snow-flecked window, intent upon the drizzly distance of the wind-struck sea. The attitude and fixed regard were so unlike the usual vivacity of Mordacks, that the visitor thought there must be some mistake, till the other turned round and looked at him.

"You see a defeated but not a beaten man," said the factor, to get through the worst of it. "Thank you, Sir Duncan, I will not shake hands. My ambition was to do so, and to put into yours another hand, more near and dear to it. Sir, I have failed. It is open to you to call me by any hard name that may occur to you. That will do you good, be a hearty relief, and restore me rapidly to self-respect, by arousing my anxiety to vindicate myself."

"It is no time for joking; I came here to meet my son. Have you found him, or have you not?"

Sir Duncan sat down and gazed steadfastly at Mordacks. His self-command had borne many hard trials; but the prime of his life was over now; and strong as he looked, and thought himself, the searching wind had sought and found weak places in a sun-beaten frame. But no man would be of noble aspect by dwelling at all upon himself.

The quick intelligence of Mordacks—who was of smaller though admirable type—entered into these things at a flash. And throughout their interview he thought less of himself and more of another than was at all habitual with him, or conducive to good work.

"You must bear with a very heavy blow," he said; "and it goes to my heart to have to deal it."

Sir Duncan Yordas bowed, and said, "The sooner the better, my good friend."

"I have found your son, as I promised you I would," replied Mordacks, speaking rapidly; "healthy, active, uncommonly clever; a very fine sailor, and as brave as Nelson; of gallant appearance—as might be expected; enterprising, steadfast, respected, and admired; benevolent in private life, and a public benefactor. A youth of whom the most distinguished father might be proud. But—but—"

"Will you never finish?"

"But by the force of circumstances, over which he had no control, he became in early days a smuggler, and rose to an eminent rank in that profession."

"I do not care two pice for that; though I should have been sorry if he had not risen."

"He rose to such eminence as to become the High Admiral of smugglers on this coast, and attain the honors of outlawry."

"I look upon that as a pity. But still we may be able to rescind it. Is there anything more against my son?"

"Unluckily there is. A commander of the Coast-guard has been killed in discharge of his duty; and Robin Lyth has left the country to escape a warrant."

"What have we to do with Robin Lyth? I have heard of him everywhere—a villain and a murderer."

"God forbid that you should say so! Robin Lyth is your only son."

The man whose word was law to myriads rose without a word for his own case; he looked at his agent with a stern, calm gaze, and not a sign of trembling in his tall broad frame, unless, perhaps, his under lip gave a little soft vibration to the grizzled beard grown to meet the change of climate.

"Unhappily so it is," said Mordacks, firmly meeting Sir Duncan's eyes. "I have proved the matter beyond dispute; and I wish I had better news for you."

"I thank you, sir. You could not well have worse. I believe it upon your word alone. No Yordas ever yet had pleasure of a son. The thing is quite just. I will order my horse."

"Sir Duncan, allow me a few minutes first. You are a man of large judicial mind. Do you ever condemn any stranger upon rumor? And will you, upon that, condemn your son?"

"Certainly not. I proceed upon my knowledge of the fate between father and son in our race."

"That generally has been the father's fault. In this case, you are the father."

Sir Duncan turned back, being struck with this remark. Then he sat down again; which his ancestors had always refused to do, and had rued it. He spoke very gently, with a sad faint smile.

"I scarcely see how, in the present case, the fault can be upon the father's side."

"Not as yet, I grant you. But it would be so if the father refused to hear out the matter, and joined in the general outcry against his son, without even having seen him, or afforded him a chance of self-defense."

"I am not so unjust or unnatural as that, sir. I have heard much about this—sad occurrence in the cave. There can be no question that the smugglers slew the officer. That—that very unfortunate young man may not have done it himself—I trust in God that he did not even mean it. Nevertheless, in the eye of the law, if he were present, he is as guilty as if his own hand did it. Can you contend that he was not present?"

"Unhappily I can not. He himself admits it; and if he did not, it could be proved most clearly."

"Then all that I can do," said Sir Duncan, rising

with a heavy sigh, and a violent shiver caused by the chill of his long bleak ride, "is first to require your proofs, Mr. Mordacks, as to the indentity of my child who sailed from India with this—this unfortunate youth; then to give you a check for £5000, and thank you for skillful offices, and great confidence in my honor. Then I shall leave with you what sum you may think needful for the defense, if he is ever brought to trial. And probably after that—well, I shall even go back to end my life in India."

"My proofs are not arranged yet, but they will satisfy you. I shall take no £5000 from you, Sir Duncan, though strictly speaking I have earned it. But I will take one thousand to cover past and future outlay, including the possibility of a trial. The balance I shall live to claim yet, I do believe, and you to discharge it with great pleasure. For that will not be until I bring you a son, not only acquitted, but also guiltless; as I have good reason for believing him to be. But you do not look well; let me call for something."

"No, thank you. It is nothing. I am quite well, but not quite seasoned to my native climate yet. Tell me your reasons for believing that."

"I can not do that in a moment. You know what evidence is a hundred times as well as I do. And in this cold room you must not stop. Sir Duncan, I am not a coddler any more than you are. And I do not presume to dictate to you. But I am as resolute a man as yourself. And I refuse to go further with this subject, until you are thoroughly warmed and refreshed."

"Mordacks, you shall have your way," said his visitor, after a heavy frown, which produced no effect upon the factor. "You are as kind-hearted as you are shrewd. Tell me once more what your conviction is; and I will wait for your reasons, till—till you are ready."

"Then, sir, my settled conviction is that your son is purely innocent of this crime, and that we shall be able to establish that."

"God bless you for thinking so, my dear friend. I can bear a great deal; and I would do my duty. But I did love that boy's mother so."

The general factor always understood his business; and he knew that no part of it compelled him now to keep watch upon the eyes of a stern, proud man.

"Sir, I am your agent, and I magnify mine office," he said, as he took up his hat to go forth. "One branch of my duty is to fettle your horse; and in Flamborough they fettle them on stale fish." Mr. Mordacks strode with a military tramp, and a loud shout for the landlord, who had finished his joke by this time, and was paying the penalties of reaction. "Gil Beilby, thoo'st nobbut a fondhead," he was saying to himself. "Thoo mun hev thy lahtel jawk, thof it crack'th thy own pure back." For he thought that he was driving two great customers away, by the flashing independence of too brilliant a mind; and many clever people of his native place had told him so. "Make a roaring fire in that room," said Mordacks.

CHAPTER XLVI.

STUMPED OUT.

"I THINK, my dear, that you never should allow mysterious things to be doing in your parish, and everybody full of curiosity about them, while the only proper person to explain their meaning is allowed to remain without any more knowledge than a man locked up in York Castle might have. In spite of all the weather, and the noise the sea makes, I feel quite certain that important things, which never have any right to happen in our parish, are going on here, and you never interfere; which on the part of the rector, and the magistrate of the neighborhood, to my mind is not a proper course of action. I am sure that I have not the very smallest curiosity; I feel very often that I should have asked questions, when it has become too late to do so, and when anybody else would have put them at the moment, and not had to be sorry afterward."

"I understand that feeling," Dr. Upround answered, looking at his wife for the third cup of coffee to wind up his breakfast as usual, "and without hesitation I reply that it naturally arises in superior natures. Janetta, you have eaten up that bit of broiled hake that I was keeping for your dear mother!"

"Now really, papa, you are too crafty. You put my mother off with a wretched generality, because you don't choose to tell her anything; and to stop me from coming to the rescue, you attack me with a miserable little personality. I perceive by your face, papa, every trick that rises; and without hesitation I reply that they naturally arise in inferior natures."

"Janetta, you never express yourself well." Mrs. Upround insisted upon filial respect. "When I say 'well,' I mean— Well, well, well, you know quite well what I mean, Janetta."

"To be sure, mamma, I always do. You always mean the very best meaning in the world; but you are not up to half of papa's tricks yet."

"This is too bad!" cried the father, with a smile.

"A great deal too bad!" said the mother, with a frown. "I am sure I would never have asked a word of anything, if I could ever have imagined such behavior. Go away, Janetta, this very moment; your dear father evidently wants to tell me something. Now, my dear, you were too sleepy last night; but your peace of mind requires you to unburden itself at once of all these very mysterious goings on."

"Well, perhaps I shall have no peace of mind unless I do," said the rector, with a slight sarcasm, which missed her altogether; "only it might save trouble, my dear, if you would first specify the points which oppress your—or rather I should say, perhaps, my mind so much."

"In the first place, then," began Mrs. Upround, drawing nearer to the doctor, "who is that highly distinguished stranger who can not get away from the Thornwick Inn? What made him come to such a place in dreadful weather; and if he is ill, why not send for Dr. Stirbacks? Dr. Stirbacks will think it most unkind of you; and after all he did for dear Janetta. And then, again, what did the milkman from Sewerby mean by the way he shook his head this morning, about something in the family at Anerley Farm? And what did that most unaccountable man, who calls himself Mr. Mordacks—though I don't believe that is his name at all—"

"Yes, it is, my dear; you never should say such things. He is well known at York, and for miles around; and I entertain very high respect for him."

"So you may, Dr. Upround. You do that too freely; but Janetta quite agrees with me about him. A man with a sword, that goes slashing about, and kills a rat, that was none of his business! A more straightforward creature than himself, I do believe, though he struts like a soldier with a ramrod. And what did he mean, in such horrible weather, by dragging you out to take a deposition in a place even

colder than Flamborough itself—that vile rabbit-warren on the other side of Bempton? Deposition of a man who had drunk himself to death—and a Methodist too, as you could not help saying."

"I said it, I know; and I am ashamed of saying it. I was miserably cold, and much annoyed about my coat."

"You never say anything to be ashamed of. It is when you do not say things that you should rather blame yourself. For instance, I feel no curiosity whatever, but a kind-hearted interest, in the doings of my neighbors. We very seldom get any sort of excitement; and when exciting things come all together, quite within the hearing of our stable bell, to be left to guess them out, and perhaps be contradicted, destroys one's finest feelings, and produces downright fidgets."

"My dear, my dear, you really should endeavor to emancipate yourself from such small ideas."

"Large words shall never divert me from my duty. My path of duty is distinctly traced; and if a thwarting hand withdraws me from it, it must end in a bilious headache."

This was a terrible menace to the household, which was always thrown out of its course for three days when the lady became thus afflicted.

"My first duty is to my wife," said the rector. "If people come into my parish with secrets, which come to my knowledge without my desire, and without official obligation, and the faithful and admirable partner of my life threatens to be quite unwell—"

"Ill, dear, very ill—is what would happen to me."

"—then I consider that my duty is to impart to her everything that can not lead to mischief."

"How could you have any doubt of it, my dear? And as to the mischief, I am the proper judge of that."

Dr. Uproud laughed in his quiet inner way; and then, as a matter of form, he said, "My dear, you must promise most faithfully to keep whatever I tell you as the very strictest secret."

Mrs. Uproud looked shocked at the mere idea of her ever doing otherwise; which indeed, as she said, was impossible. Her husband very nearly looked as if he quite believed her; and then they went into his snug sitting-room, while the maid took away the breakfast things.

"Now don't keep me waiting," said the lady.

"Well, then, my dear," the rector began, after crossing stout legs stoutly, "you must do your utmost not to interrupt me, and, in short—to put it courteously—you must try to hold your tongue, and suffer much astonishment in silence. We have a most distinguished visitor in Flamborough setting up his staff at the Thornwick Hotel."

"Lord Nelson! I knew it must be. Janetta is so quick at things."

"Janetta is too quick at things; and she is utterly crazy about Nelson. No; it is the famous Sir Duncan Yordas."

"Sir Duncan Yordas! Why, I never heard of him."

"You will find that you have heard of him when you come to think, my dear. Our Harry is full of his wonderful doings. He is one of the foremost men in India, though perhaps little heard of in this country yet. He belongs to an ancient Yorkshire family, and is, I believe, the head of it. He came here looking for his son, but has caught a most terrible chill, instead of him; and I think we ought to send him some of your rare soup."

"How sensible you are! It will be the very thing. But first of all, what character does he bear? They do such things in India."

"His character is spotless; I might say too romantic. He is a man of magnificent appearance, large mind, and lots of money."

"My dear, my dear, he must never stay there. I shudder to think of it, this weather. A chill is a thing upon the kidneys always. You know my electuary; and if we bring him round, it is high time for Janetta to begin to think of settling."

"My dear!" said Dr. Uproud; "well, how suddenly you jump! I must put on my spectacles to look at you. This gentleman must be getting on for fifty!"

"Janetta should have a man of some discretion, somebody she would not dare to snap at. Her expressions are so reckless, that a young man would not suit her. She ought to have some one to look up to; and you know how she raves about fame, and celebrity, and that. She really seems to care for very little else."

"Then she ought to have fallen in love with Robin Lyth, the most famous man in all this neighborhood."

"Dr. Uproud, you say things on purpose to provoke me when my remarks are unanswerable. Robin Lyth indeed! A sailor, a smuggler, a common working-man! And under that terrible accusation!"

"An objectionable party altogether; not even desirable as a grandson. Therefore say nothing more of Janetta and Sir Duncan."

"Sometimes, my dear, the chief object of your existence seems to be to irritate me. What can poor Robin have to do with Sir Duncan Yordas?"

"Simply this. He is his only son. The proofs were completed, and deposited with me for safe custody, last night, by that very active man of business, Geoffrey Mordacks, of York city."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Uproud, with both hands lifted, and a high color flowing into her unwrinkled cheeks; "from this day forth I shall never have any confidence in you again. How long—if I may dare to put any sort of question—have you been getting into all this very secret knowledge? And why have I never heard a word of it till now? And not even now, I do believe, through any proper urgency of conscience on your part, but only because I insisted upon knowing. Oh, Dr. Uproud, for shame! for shame!"

"My dear, you have no one but yourself to blame," her husband replied, with a sweet and placid smile. "Three times I have told you things that were to go no further, and all three of them went twenty miles within three days. I do not complain of it; far less of you. You may have felt it quite as much your duty to spread knowledge as I felt it mine to restrict it. And I never should have let you get all this out of me now, if it had been at all incumbent upon me to keep it quiet."

"That means that I have never got it out of you at all. I have taken all this trouble for nothing."

"No, my dear, not at all. You have worked well, and have promised not to say a word about it. You might not have known it for a week at least, except for my confidence in you."

"Much of it I thank you for. But don't be cross, my dear, because you have behaved so atrociously. You have not answered half of my questions yet."

"Well, there were so many, that I scarcely can remember them. Let me see: I have told you who the great man is, and the reason that brought him to Flamborough. Then about the dangerous chill he has taken; it came through a bitter ride from

Scarborough; and if Dr. Stirbacks came, he would probably make it still more dangerous. At least so Mordacks says; and the patient is in his hands, and out of mine; so that Stirbacks can not be aggrieved with us. On the other hand, as to the milkman from Sewerby, I really do not know why he shook his head. Perhaps he found the big pump frozen. He is not of my parish, and may shake his head without asking my permission. Now I think that I have answered nearly all your questions."

"Not at all; I have not had time to ask them yet, because I feel so much above them. But if the milkman meant nothing, because of his not belonging to our parish, the butcher does, and he can have no excuse. He says that Mr. Mordacks takes all the best meanings of a mutton-sheep every other day to Burlington."

"I know he does. And it ought to put us to the blush that a stranger should have to do so. Mordacks is finding clothes, food, and firing for all the little creatures poor Carroway left, and even for his widow, who has got a wandering mind. Without him there would not have been one left. The poor mother locked in all her little ones, and starved them, to save them from some quite imaginary foe. The neighbors began to think of interfering, and might have begun to do it when it was all over. Happily, Mordacks arrived just in time. His promptitude, skill, and generosity saved them. Never say a word against that man again."

"My dear, I will not," Mrs. Upround answered, with tears coming into her kindly eyes. "I never heard of anything more pitiful. I had no idea Mr. Mordacks was so good. He looks more like an evil spirit. I always regarded him as an evil spirit; and his name sounds like it, and he jumps about so. But he ought to have gone to the rector of the parish."

"It is a happy thing that he can jump about. The rector of the parish can not do so, as you know; and he lives two miles away from them, and had never even heard of it. People always talk about the rector of a parish as if he could be everywhere and see to everything. And few of them come near him in their prosperous times. Have you any other questions to put to me, my dear?"

"Yes, a quantity of things which I can not think of now. How it was that little boy—I remember it like yesterday—came ashore here, and turned out to be Robin Lyth; or at least to be no Robin Lyth at all, but the son of Sir Duncan Yordas. And what happened to the poor man in Bempton Warren."

"The poor man died a most miserable death, but I trust sincerely penitent. He had led a sad, ungodly life, and he died at last of wooden legs. He was hunted to his grave, he told us, by these wooden legs; and he recognized in them Divine retribution, for the sin of his life was committed in timber. No sooner did any of those legs appear—and the poor fellow said they were always coming—than his heart began to patter, and his own legs failed him, and he tried to stop his ears, but his conscience would not let him."

"Now there!" cried Mrs. Upround; "what the power of conscience is! He had stolen choice timber, perhaps ready-made legs."

"A great deal worse than that, my dear; he had knocked out a knot as large as my shovel-hat from the side of a ship home bound from India, because he was going to be tried for mutiny upon their arrival at Leith, it was, I think. He and his partners had been in irons, but unluckily they were just released. The weather was magnificent, a lovely summer's night, soft fair breeze, and every one rejoicing in the certainty of home within a few short hours. And they found home that night, but it was in a better world."

"You have made me creep all over. And you mean to say that a wretch like that has any hope of heaven! How did he get away himself?"

"Very easily. A little boat was towing at the side. There were only three men upon deck, through the beauty of the weather, and two of those were asleep. They bound and gagged the waking one, lashed the wheel, and made off in the boat wholly unperceived. There was Rickon Goold, the ringleader, and four others, and they brought away a little boy who was lying fast asleep, because one of them had been in the service of his father, and because of the value of his Indian clothes, which his ayah made him wear now in his little cot for warmth. The scoundrels took good care that none should get away to tell the tale. They saw the poor *Golconda* sink with every soul on board, including the captain's wife and babies; then they made for land, and in the morning fog were carried by the tide toward our North Landing. One of them knew the coast as well as need be; but they durst not land until their story was concocted, and everything fitted in to suit it. The sight of the rising sun, scattering the fog, frightened them, as it well might do; and they pulled into the cave, from which I always said, as you may now remember, Robin must have come—the cave which already bears his name.

"Here they remained all day, considering a plausible tale to account for themselves, without making mention of any lost ship, and trying to remove every trace of identity from the boat they had stolen. They had brought with them food enough to last three days, and an anker of rum from the steward's stores; and as they grew weary of their long confinement, they indulged more freely than wisely in the consumption of that cordial. In a word, they became so tipsy that they frightened the little helpless boy; and when they began to fight about his gold buttons, which were claimed by the fellow who had saved his life, he scrambled from the side of the boat upon the rock, and got along a narrow ledge, where none of them could follow him. They tried to coax him back; but he stamped his feet, and swore at them, being sadly taught bad language by the native servants, I dare say. Rickon Goold wanted to shoot him, for they had got a gun with them, and he feared to leave him there. But Sir Duncan's former boatman would not allow it; and at dark they went away and left him there. And the poor little fellow, in his dark despair, must have been led by the hand of the Lord through crannies too narrow for a man to pass. There is a well-known land passage out of that cave; but he must have crawled out by a smaller one, unknown even to our fishermen, slanting up the hill, and having outlet in the thicket near the place where the boats draw up. And so he was found by Robin Cockscroft in the morning. They had fed the child with biscuit soaked in rum, which accounts for his heavy sleep and wonderful exertions, and may have predisposed him for a contraband career."

"And perhaps for the very bad language which he used," said Mrs. Upround, thoughtfully. "It is an extraordinary tale, my dear. But I suppose there can be no doubt of it. But such a clever child should have known his own name. Why did he call himself 'Izunsabe'?"

"That is another link in the certainty of proof. On board that unfortunate ship, and perhaps even before he left India, he was always called the 'Young

Sahib,' and he used, having proud little ways of his own, to shout, if anybody durst provoke him, 'I'se young Sahib, I'se young Sahib;' which we rendered into 'Izunsabe.' But his true name is Wilton Bart Yordas, I believe, and the initials can be made out upon his gold beads, Mr. Mordacks tells me, among heathen texts."

"That seems rather shocking to good principles, my dear. I trust that Sir Duncan is a Christian at least; or he shall never set foot in this house."

"My dear, I can not tell. How should I know? He may have lapsed, of course, as a good many of them do, from the heat of the climate, and bad surroundings. But that happens mostly from their marrying native women. And this gentleman never has done that, I do believe."

"They tell me that he is a very handsome man, and of most commanding aspect—the very thing Janetta likes so much. But what became of those unhappy sadly tipsy sailors?"

"Well, they managed very cleverly, and made success of tipsiness. As soon as it was dark that night, and before the child had crawled away, they pushed out of the cave, and let the flood-tide take them round the Head. They meant to have landed at Bridlington Quay, with a tale of escape from a Frenchman; but they found no necessity for going so far. A short-handed collier was lying in the roads; and the skipper, perceiving that they were in liquor, thought it a fine chance, and took some trouble to secure them. They told him that they had been trying to run goods, and were chased by a revenue boat, and so on. He was only too glad to be enabled to make sail, and by dawn they were under way for the Thames; and that was the end of the *Golconda*."

"What an awful crime! But you never mean to tell me that the Lord let those men live and prosper?"

"That subject is beyond our view, my dear. There were five of them, and Rickon Goold believed himself the last of them. But being very penitent, he might have exaggerated. He said that one was swallowed by a shark, at least his head was, and one was hanged for stealing sheep, and one for a bad sixpence; but the fate of the other (too terrible to tell you) brought this man down here, to be looking at the place, and to divide his time between fasting, and drinking, and poaching, and discoursing to the thoughtless. The women flocked to hear him preach, when the passion was upon him; and he used to hint at awful sins of his own, which made him earnest. I hope that he was so, and I do believe it. But the wooden-legged sailors, old Joe and his son, who seem to have been employed by Mordacks, took him at his own word for a 'miserable sinner'—which, as they told their master, no respectable man would call himself—and in the most business-like manner they set to to remove him to a better world; and now they have succeeded."

"Poor man! After all, one must be rather sorry for him. If old Joe came stumping after me for half an hour, I should have no interest in this life left."

"My dear, they stumped after him the whole day long, and at night they danced a hornpipe outside his hut. He became convinced that the Prince of Evil was come, in that naval style, to fetch him; and he drank everything he could lay hands on, to fortify him for the contest. The end, as you know, was extremely sad for him, but highly satisfactory to them, I fear. They have signified their resolution to attend his funeral; and Mordacks has said, with unbecoming levity, that if they never were drunk before—which seems to me an almost romantic supposition—that night they shall be drunk, and no mistake."

"All these things, my dear," replied Mrs. Upround, who was gifted with a fine vein of moral reflection, "are not as we might wish if we ordered them ourselves. But still there is this to be said in their favor, that they have a large tendency toward righteousness."

CHAPTER XLVII.

A TANGLE OF VEINS.

HUMAN resolution, energy, experience, and reason in its loftiest form may fight against the doctor; but he beats them all, maintains at least his own vitality, and asserts his guineas. Two more resolute men than Mr. Mordacks and Sir Duncan Yordas could scarcely be found in those resolute times. They sternly resolved to have no sort of doctor; and yet within three days they did have one; and, more than that, the very one they had positively vowed to abstain from.

Dr. Stirbacks let everybody know that he never cared two flips of his thumb for anybody. If anybody wanted him, they must come and seek him, and be thankful if he could find time to hear their nonsense. For he understood not the system only, but also the nature of mankind. The people at the Thornwick did not want him. Very good, so much the better for him and for them; because the more they wanted him, the less would he go near them. Tut! tut! tut! he said; what did he want with crack-brained patients?

All this compelled him, with a very strong reluctance, to be dragged into that very place the very same day; and he saw that he was not come an hour too soon. Sir Duncan was lying in a bitterly cold room, with the fire gone out, and the spark of his life not very far from following it. Mr. Mordacks was gone for the day upon business, after leaving strict orders that a good fire must be kept, and many other things attended to. But the chimney took to smoking, and the patient to coughing, and the landlady opened the window wide, and the fire took flight into the upper air. Sir Duncan hated nothing more than any fuss about himself. He had sent a man to Scarborough for a little chest of clothes, for his saddle-kit was exhausted; and having promised Mordacks that he would not quit the house, he had nothing to do except to meditate and shiver.

Gil Beilby's wife Nell, coming up to take orders for dinner, "got a dreadful turn" from what she saw, and ran down exclaiming that the very best customer that ever drew their latch was dead. Without waiting to think, the landlord sent a most urgent message for Dr. Stirbacks. That learned man happened to be round the corner, although he lived at Bempton; he met the messenger, cast to the winds all sense of wrong, and rushed to the succor of humanity.

That night, when the general factor returned, with the hunger excited by feeding the hungry, he was met at the door by Dr. Stirbacks, saying, "Hush, my good sir," before he had time to think of speaking. "You!" cried Mr. Mordacks, having met this gentleman when Rickon Goold was near his last. "You! Then it must be bad indeed!"

"It is bad, and it must have been all over, sir, but for my being providentially at the cheese shop. I say nothing to wound any gentleman's feelings who

thinks that he understands everything; but our poor patient, with the very best meaning, no doubt, has been all but murdered."

"Dr. Stirbacks, you have got him now, and of course you will make the best of him. Don't let him slip through your fingers, doctor; he is much too good for that."

"He shall not slip through my fingers," said the little doctor, with a twinkle of self-preservation. "I have got him, sir, and I shall keep him, sir; and you ought to have put him in my hands long ago."

The sequel of this needs no detail. Dr. Stirbacks came three times a day; and without any disrespect to the profession, it must be admitted that he earned his fees. For Sir Duncan's case was a very strange one, and beyond the best wisdom of the laity. If that chill had struck upon him when his spirit was as usual, he might have cast it off, and gone on upon his business. But coming as it did, when the temperature of his heart was lowered by nip of disappointment, it went into him, as water on a duck's back is not cast away when his rump gland is out of order.

"A warm room, good victuals, and cheerful society—these three are indispensable," said Dr. Stirbacks to Mr. Mordacks, over whom he began to try to tyrannize; "and admirable as you are, my good sir, I fear that your society is depressing. You are always in a fume to be doing something—a stew, I might say, without exaggeration—a wonderful pattern of an active mind. But in a case of illness we require the passive voice. Everything suggestive of rapid motion must be removed, and never spoken of. You are rapid motion itself, my dear sir. We get a relapse every time you come in."

"You want me out of the way. Very well. Let me know when you have killed my friend. I suppose your office ends with that. I will come down and see to his funeral."

"Mr. Mordacks, you may be premature in such prevision. Your own may come first, sir. Look well at your eyes the next time you shave, and I fear you will descry those radiant fibres in the iris which always co-exist with heart-disease. I can tell you fifty cases, if you have time to listen."

"D—n your prognostics, sir!" exclaimed the factor, rudely; but he seldom lathered himself thenceforth without a little sigh of self-regard. "Now, Dr. Stirbacks," he continued, with a rally, "you may find my society depressing, but it is generally considered to be elevating; and that, sir, by judges of the highest order, and men of independent income. The head of your profession in the northern half of England, who takes a hundred guineas for every one you take, rejoices, sir—rejoices is not too strong a word to use—in my very humble society. Of course he may be wrong; but when he hears that Mr. Stirbacks, of Little Under-Bempton—is that the right address, sir?—speaks of my society as depressing—"

"Mr. Mordacks, you misunderstood my meaning. I spoke with no reference to you whatever, but of all male society as enervating—if you dislike the word 'depressing'—relaxing, emollient, emasculating, from want of contradictory element; while I was proceeding to describe the need of strictly female society. The rector offers this; he was here just now. His admiration for you is unbounded. He desires to receive our distinguished patient, with the vast advantage of ladies' society, double-thick walls, and a southern aspect, if you should consider it advisable."

"Undoubtedly I do. If the moving can be done without danger; and of that you are the proper judge, of course."

Thus they composed their little disagreement, with mutual respect, and some approaches to good-will; and Sir Duncan Yordas, being skillfully removed, spent his Christmas (without knowing much about it) in the best and warmest bedroom in the rectory. But Mordacks returned, as an honest man should do, to put the laurel and the mistletoe on his proper household gods. And where can this be better done than in that grand old city, York? But before leaving Flamborough, he settled the claims of business and charity, so far as he could see them, and so far as the state of things permitted.

Foiled as he was in his main object by the murder of the revenue officer, and the consequent flight of Robin Lyth, he had thoroughly accomplished one part of his task, the discovery of the *Golconda's* fate, and the history of Sir Duncan's child. Moreover, his trusty agents, Joe of the Monument, and Bob his son, had relieved him of one thorny care, by the zeal and skill with which they worked. It was to them a sweet instruction to watch, encounter, and drink down a rogue who had scuttled a ship, and even defeated them at their own weapons, and made a text of them to teach mankind. Dr. Upround had not exaggerated the ardor with which they discharged their duty.

But Mordacks still had one rogue on hand, and a deeper one than Rickon Goold. In the course of his visits to Bridlington Quay, he had managed to meet John Cadman, preferring, as he always did, his own impressions to almost any other evidence. And his own impressions had entirely borne out the conviction of Widow Carroway. But he saw at once that this man could not be plied with coarse weapons, like the other worn-out villain. He reserved him as a choice bit for his own skill, and was careful not to alarm him yet. Only two things concerned him, as immediate in the matter—to provide against Cadman's departure from the scene, and to learn all the widow had to tell about him.

The widow had a great deal to say about that man; but had not said it yet, from want of power so to do. Mordacks himself had often stopped her, when she could scarcely stop herself; for until her health should be set up again, any stir of the mind would be dangerous. But now, with the many things provided for her, good nursing, and company, and the kindness of the neighbors (who jealously rushed in as soon as a stranger led the way), and the sickening of Tommy with the measles—which he had caught in the coal-cellar—she began to be started in a different plane of life; to contemplate the past as a golden age (enshrining a diamond statue of a revenue officer in full uniform), and to look upon the present as a period of steel, when a keen edge must be kept against the world, for a defense of all the little seed of diamonds.

Now the weather was milder, as it generally is at Christmas time, and the snow all gone, and the wind blowing off the land again, to the great satisfaction of both cod and conger. The cottage, which had looked such a den of cold and famine, with the blinds drawn down, and the snow piled up against the door, and not a single child-nose against the glass, was now quite warm again, and almost as lively as if Lieutenant Carroway were coming home to dinner. The heart of Mr. Mordacks glowed with pride as he said to himself that he had done all this; and the glow was reflected on the cheeks of Geraldine, as she ran out to kiss him, and then jumped upon his

shoulder. For, in spite of his rigid aspect and stern nose, the little lass had taken kindly to him; while he admired her for eating candles.

"If you please, you can come in here," said Jerry. "Oh, don't knock my head against the door."

Mrs. Carroway knew what he was come for; and although she had tried to prepare herself for it, she could not help trembling a little. The factor had begged her to have some friend present, to encourage and help her in so grievous an affair; but she would not hear of it, and said she had no friend.

Mr. Mordacks sat down, as he was told to do, in the little room sacred to the poor lieutenant, and faithful even yet to the pious memory of his pipe. When the children were shut out, he began to look around, that the lady might have time to cry. But she only found occasion for a little dry sob.

"It is horrible, very, very horrible," she murmured, with a shudder, as her eyes were following his; "but for his sake I endure it."

"A most sad and bitter trial, ma'am, as ever I have heard of. But you are bound to bear in mind that he is looking down on you."

"I could not put up with it, without the sense of that, sir. But I say to myself how much he loved it; and that makes me put up with it."

"I am quite at a loss to understand you, madam. We seem to be at cross-purposes. I was speaking of—of a thing it pains me to mention; and you say how much he loved—"

"Dirt, sir, dirt. It was his only weakness. Oh, my darling Charles, my blessed, blessed Charley! Sometimes I used to drive him almost to his end about it; but I never thought his end would come; I assure you I never did, sir. But now I shall leave everything as he would like to see it—every table and every chair, that he could write his name on it. And his favorite pipe with the bottom in it. That is what he must love to see, if the Lord allows him to look down. Only the children mustn't see it, for the sake of bad example."

"Mrs. Carroway, I agree with you most strictly. Children must be taught clean ways, even while they revere their father. You should see my daughter Arabella, ma'am. She regards me with perfect devotion. Why? Because I never let her do the things that I myself do. It is the only true principle of government for a nation, a parish, a household. How beautifully you have trained pretty Geraldine! I fear that you scarcely could spare her for a month, in the spring, and perhaps Tommy after his measles; but a visit to York would do them good, and establish their expanding minds, ma'am."

"Mr. Mordacks, I know not where we may be then. But anything that you desire is a law to us."

"Well said! Beautifully said! But I trust, my dear madam, that you will be here. Indeed, it would never do for you to go away. Or rather, I should put it thus—for the purposes of justice, and for other reasons also, it is most important that you should not leave this place. At least you will promise me that, I hope? Unless, of course, unless you find the memories too painful. And even so, you might find comfort in some inland house, not far."

"Many people might not like to stop," the widow answered, simply; "but to me it would be a worse pain to go away. I sit, in the evening, by the window here. Whenever there is light enough to show the sea, and the beach is fit for landing on, it seems to my eyes that I can see the boat, with my husband standing up in it. He had a majestic way of standing, with one leg more up than the other, sir, through one of his daring exploits; and whenever I see him, he is just like that; and the little children in the kitchen peep and say, 'Here's daddy coming at last; we can tell by mammy's eyes;' and the bigger ones say, 'Hush! You might know better.' And I look again, wondering which of them is right; and then there is nothing but the clouds and sea. Still, when it is over, and I have cried about it, it does me a little good every time. I seem to be nearer to Charley, as my heart falls quietly into the will of the Lord."

"No doubt of it whatever. I can thoroughly understand it, although there is not a bit of resignation in me. I felt that sort of thing, to some extent, when I lost my angelic wife, ma'am, though naturally departed to a sphere more suited for her. And I often seem to think that still I hear her voice when a coal comes to table in a well-dish. Life, Mrs. Carroway, is no joke to bandy back, but trouble to be shared. And none share it fairly but the husband and the wife, ma'am."

"You make it very hard for me to get my words," she said, without minding that her tears ran down, so long as she spoke clearly. "I am not of the lofty sort, and understand no laws of things; though my husband was remarkable for doing so. He took all the trouble of the taxes off, though my part was to pay for them. And in every other way he was a wonder, sir; not at all because now he is gone above. That would be my last motive."

"He was a wonder, a genuine wonder," Mordacks replied, without irony. "He did his duty, ma'am, with zeal and ardor; a shining example upon very little pay. I fear that it was his integrity and zeal, truly British character and striking sense of discipline, that have so sadly brought him to—to the condition of an example."

"Yes, Mr. Mordacks, it was all that. He never could put up with a lazy man, as anybody, to live, must have to do. He kept all his men, as I used to do our children, to word of command, and no answer. Honest men like it; but wicked men fly out. And all along we had a very wicked man here."

"So I have heard from other good authority—a deceiver of women, a skulk, a dog. I have met with many villains; and I am not hot. But my tendency is to take that fellow by the throat with both hands, and throttle him. Having thoroughly accomplished that, I should prepare to sift the evidence. Unscientific, illogical, brutal, are such desires, as you need not tell me. And yet, madam, they are manly. I hate slow justice; I like it quick—quick, or none at all, I say, so long as it is justice. Creeping justice is, to my mind, little better than slow revenge. My opinions are not orthodox, but I hope they do not frighten you."

"They do indeed, sir; or at least your face does; though I know how quick and just you are. He is a bad man—too well I know it—but, as my dear husband used to say, he has a large lot of children."

"Well, Mrs. Carroway, I admire you the more, for considering what he has not considered. Let us put aside that. The question is—guilty or not guilty? If he is guilty, shall he get off, and innocent men be hanged for him? Six men are in jail at this present moment for the deed which we believe he did. Have they no wives, no fathers and mothers, no children—not to speak of their own lives? The case is one in which the Constitution of the realm must be asserted. Six innocent men must die unless the crime is brought home to the guilty one. Even that is not all as regards yourself. You may

not care for your own life, but you are bound to treasure it seven times over for the sake of your seven children. While John Cadman is at large, and nobody hanged instead of him, your life is in peril, ma'am. He knows that you know him, and have denounced him. He has tried to scare you into silence; and the fright caused your sad illness. I have reason to believe that he, by scattering crafty rumors, concealed from the neighbors your sad plight, and that of your dear children. If so, he is worse than the devil himself. Do you see your duty now, and your interest also?"

Mrs. Carroway nodded gently. Her strength of mind was not come back yet, after so much illness. The baby lay now on its father's breast, and the mother's had been wild for it.

"I am sorry to have used harsh words," resumed Mordacks; "but I always have to do so. They seem to put things clearer; and without that, where would business be? Now I will not tire you if I can help it, nor ask a needless question. What provocation had this man? What fanciful cause for spite, I mean?"

"Oh, none, Mr. Mordacks, none whatever. My husband rebuked him for being worthless, and a liar, and a traitor; and he threatened to get him removed from the force; and he gave him a little throw down from the cliff—but what little was done was done entirely for his good."

"Yes, I see. And, after that, was Cadman ever heard to threaten him?"

"Many times, in a most malicious way, when he thought that he was not heeded. The other men may fear to bear witness. But my Geraldine has heard him."

"There could be no better witness. A child, especially a pretty little girl, tells wonderfully with a jury. But we must have a great deal more than that. Thousands of men threaten, and do nothing, according to the proverb. A still more important point is—how did the muskets in the boat come home? They were all returned to the station, I presume. Were they all returned with their charges in them?"

"I am sure I can not say how that was. There was nobody to attend to that. But one of them had been lost altogether."

"One of the guns never came back at all!" Mordacks almost shouted. "Whose gun was it that did not come back?"

"How can we say? There was such confusion. My husband would never let them nick the guns, as they do at some of the stations, for every man to know his own. But in spite of that, each man had his own, I believe. Cadman declares that he brought home his; and nobody contradicted him. But if I saw the guns, I should know whether Cadman's is among them."

"How can you possibly pretend to know that, ma'am? English ladies can do almost anything. But surely you never served out the guns?"

"No, Mr. Mordacks. But I have cleaned them. Not the inside, of course; that I know nothing of; and nobody sees that, to be offended. But several times I have observed, at the station, a disgraceful quantity of dust upon the guns—dust and rust and miserable blotches, such as bad girls leave in the top of a fish-kettle; and I made Charley bring them down, and be sure to have them empty; because they were so unlike what I have seen on board of the ship where he won his glory, and took the bullet in his nineteenth rib."

"My dear madam, what a frame he must have had! But this is most instructive. No wonder Geraldine is brave. What a worthy wife for a naval hero! A lady who could handle guns!"

"I knew, sir, quite from early years, having lived near a very large arsenal, that nothing can make a gun go off unless there is something in it. And I could trust my husband to see to that; and before I touched one of them I made him put a brimstone match to the touch-hole. And I found it so pleasant to polish them, from having such wicked things quite at my mercy. The wood was what I noticed most, because of understanding chairs. One of them had a very curious tangle of veins on the left cheek behind the trigger; and I just had been doing for the children's tea what they call 'crinkly-crankly'—treacle trickled (like a maze) upon the bread; and Tommy said, 'Look here! it is the very same upon this gun.' And so it was; just the same pattern on the wood! And while I was doing it Cadman came up, in his low surly way, and said, 'I want my gun, missus; I never shoot with no other gun than that. Captain says I may shoot a sea-pye, for the little ones.' And so I always called it 'Cadman's gun.' I have not been able to think much yet. But if that gun is lost, I shall know who it was that lost a gun that dreadful night."

"All this is most strictly to the purpose," answered Mordacks, "and may prove most important. We could never hope to get those six men off, without throwing most grave suspicion elsewhere; and unless we can get those six men off, their captain will come and surrender himself, and be hanged, to a dead certainty. I doubted his carrying the sense of right so far, until I reflected upon his birth, dear madam. He belongs, as I may tell you now, to a very ancient family, a race that would run their heads into a noose out of pure obstinacy, rather than skulk off. I am of very ancient race myself, though I never take pride in the matter, because I have seen more harm than good of it. I always learned Latin at school so quickly through being a grammatical example of descent. According to our pedigree, Caius Calpurnius Mordax Naso was the Governor of Britain under Pertinax. My name means 'biting'; and bite I can, whether my dinner is before me, or my enemy. In the present case I shall not bite yet, but prepare myself for doing so. I watch the proceedings of the government, who are sure to be slow, as well as blundering. There has been no appointment to this command as yet, because of so many people wanting it. This patched-up peace, which may last about six months (even if it is ever signed), is producing confusion everywhere. You have an old fool put in charge of this station till a proper successor is appointed."

"He is not like Captain Carroway, sir. But that concerns me little now. But I do wish, for my children's sake, that they would send a little money."

"On no account think twice of that. That question is in my hands, and affords me one of the few pleasures I derive from business. You are under no sort of obligation about it. I am acting under authority. A man of exalted position and high office—but never mind that till the proper time comes; only keep your mind in perfect rest, and attend to your children and yourself. I am obliged to proceed very warily, but you shall not be annoyed by that scoundrel. I will provide for that before I leave; also I will see the guns still in store, without letting anybody guess my motive. I have picked up a very sharp fellow here, whose heart is in the business

thoroughly; for one of the prisoners is his twin brother, and he lost his poor sweetheart through Cadman's villainy—a young lass who used to pick mussels, or something. He will see that the rogue does not give us the slip, and I have looked out for that in other ways as well. I am greatly afraid of tiring you, my dear madam; but have you any other thing to tell me of this Cadman?"

"No, Mr. Mordacks, except a whole quantity of little things that tell a great deal to me, but to anybody else would have no sense. For instance, of his looks, and turns, and habits, and tricks of seeming neither the one thing nor the other, and jumping all the morning, when the last man was hanged—"

"Did he do that, madam? Are you quite sure?"

"I had it on the authority of his own wife. He beats her, but still she can not understand him. You may remember that the man to be suspended was brought to the place where—where—"

"Where he earned his doom. It is quite right. Things of that sort should be done upon a far more liberal scale. Example is better than a thousand precepts. Let us be thankful that we live in such a country. I have brought some medicine for brave Tommy from our Dr. Stirbacks. Be sure that you stroke his throat when he takes it. Boys are such rogues—"

"Well, Mr. Mordacks, I really hope that I know how to make my little boy take medicine!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SHORT SIGHS, AND LONG ONES.

Now it came to pass that for several months this neighborhood, which had begun to regard Mr. Mordacks as its tutelary genius—so great is the power of bold energy—lost him altogether; and with brief lamentation began to do very well without him. So fugitive is vivacious stir, and so well content is the general world to jog along in its old ruts. The Flamborough butcher once more subsided into a piscitarian; the postman, who had been driven off his legs, had time to nurse his grain again; Widow Tapsy relapsed into the very worst of taps, having none to demand good beverage; and a new rat, sevenfold worse than the mighty net-devourer (whom Mordacks slew; but the chronicle has been cut out, for the sake of brevity), took possession of his galleries, and made them pay. All Flamborough yearned for the "gentleman as did things," itself being rather of the contemplative vein, which flows from immemorial converse with the sea. But the man of dry hand-and-heel activity came not, and the lanes forgot the echo of his Roman march.

The postman (with a wicked endeavor of hope to beget faith from sweet laziness) propagated a loose report that Death had claimed the general factor, through fear of any rival in activity. The postman did not put it so, because his education was too good for long words to enter into it; but he put his meaning in a shorter form than a smattering of distant tongues leaves to us. The butcher (having doubt of death, unless by man administered) kicked the postman out of his expiring shop, where large hooks now had no sheep for bait; and Widow Tapsy, filled with softer liquid form of memory, was so upset by the letter-man's tale that she let off a man who owed four gallons, for beating him as flat as his own bag. To tell of these things may take time, but time is thoroughly well spent if it contributes a trifle toward some tendency, on anybody's part, to hope that there used to be, even in this century, such a thing as gratitude.

But why did Mr. Mordacks thus desert his favorite quest and quarters, and the folk in whom he took most delight—because so long inaccessible? The reason was as sound as need be: important business of his own had called him away into Derbyshire. Like every true son of stone and crag, he required an annual scratch against them, and hoped to rest among them when the itch of life was over. But now he had hopes of even more than that—of owning a good house and fair estate, and henceforth exerting his remarkable powers of agency on his own behalf. For his cousin, Calpurnius Mordacks, the head of the family, was badly ailing, and having lost his only son in the West Indies, had sent for this kinsman to settle matters with him. His offer was generous and noble; to wit, that Geoffrey should take, not the property alone, but also his second cousin, fair Calpurnia, though not without her full consent. Without the lady, he was not to have the land, and the lady's consent must be secured before her father ceased to be a sound testator.

Now if Calpurnia had been kept in ignorance of this arrangement, a man possessing the figure, decision, stature, self-confidence, and other high attributes of our Mordacks, must have triumphed in a week at latest. But with that candor which appears to have been so strictly entailed in the family, Colonel Calpurnius called them in; and there (in the presence of the testator and of each other) they were fully apprised of this rather urgent call upon their best and most delicate emotions. And the worst of it was (from the gentleman's point of view), that the contest was unequal. The golden apples were not his to cast, but Atalanta's. The lady was to have the land, even without accepting love. Moreover, he was fifty per cent. beyond her in age, and Hymen would make her a mamma without invocation of Lucina. But highest and deepest woe of all, most mountainous of obstacles, was the lofty skyline of his nose, inherited from the Roman. If the lady's corresponding feature had not corresponded—in other words, if her nose had been chubby, snub, or even Greek—his bold bridge must have served him well, and even shortened access to rosy lips and tender heart. But, alas! the fair one's nose was also of the fine imperial type, truly admirable in itself, but (under one of nature's strictest laws) coy of contact with its own male expression. Love, whose joy and fierce prank is to buckle to the plated pole ill-matched forms and incongruous spirits, did not fail of her impartial freaks. Mr. Mordacks had to cope with his own kin, and found the conflict so severe that not a breath of time was left him for anybody's business but his own.

If luck was against him in that quarter (although he would not own it yet), at York and Flamborough it was not so. No crisis arose to demand his presence; no business went amiss because of his having to work so hard at love. There came, as there sometimes does in matters pressing, tangled, and exasperating, a quiet period, a gentle lull, a halcyon time when the jaded brain reposes, and the heart may hatch her own mares'-nests. Underneath that tranquil spell lay fond Joe and Bob (with their cash to spend), Widow Precious (with her beer laid in), and Widow Carroway, with a dole at last extorted from the government; while Anerley Farm was content to hearken the creak of wagon and the ring of

flail, and the rector of Flamborough once more rejoiced in the bloodless war that breeds good-will.

For Sir Duncan Yordas was a fine chess-player, as many Indian officers of that time were; and now that he was coming to his proper temperature (after three months of barbed stab of cold, and the breach of the seal of the seventy-seventh phial of Dr. Stirbacks), in gratitude for that miraculous escape, he did his very best to please everybody. To Dr. Upround he was an agreeable and penetrative companion; to Mrs. Upround, a gallant guest, with a story for every slice of bread and butter; to Janetta, a deity combining the perfections of Jupiter, Phœbus, Mars, and Neptune (because of his yacht), without any of their drawbacks; and to Flamborough, more largely speaking, a downright good sort of gentleman, combining a smoke with a chaw—so they understood cigars—and not above standing still sometimes for a man to say some sense to him.

But before Mr. Mordacks left his client under Dr. Upround's care, he had done his best to provide that mischief should not come of gossip; and the only way to prevent that issue is to preclude the gossip. Sir Duncan Yordas, having lived so long in a large commanding way, among people who might say what they pleased of him, desired no concealment here, and accepted it unwillingly. But his agent was better skilled in English life, and rightly foresaw a mighty buzz of nuisance—without any honey to be brought home—from the knowledge of the public that the Indian hero had begotten the better-known apostle of free trade. Yet it might have been hard to persuade Sir Duncan to keep that great fact to himself, if his son had been only a smuggler, or only a fugitive from a false charge of murder. But that which struck him in the face, as soon as he was able to consider things, was the fact that his son had fled and vanished, leaving his underlings to meet their fate. "The smuggling is a trifle," exclaimed the sick man; "our family never was law-abiding, and used to be large cattle-lifters; even the slaying of a man in hot combat is no more than I myself have done, and never felt the worse for it. But to run away, and leave men to be hanged, after bringing them into the scrape himself, is not the right sort of dishonor for a Yordas. If the boy surrenders, I shall be proud to own him. But until he does that, I agree with you, Mordacks, that he does not deserve to know who he is."

This view of the case was harsh, perhaps, and showed some ignorance of free-trade questions, and of English justice. If Robin Lyth had been driven, by the heroic view of circumstances, to rush into embrace constabular, would that have restored the other six men to family sinuosities? Not a chance of it. Rather would it treble the pangs of jail—where they enjoyed themselves—to feel that anxiety about their pledges to fortune from which the free Robin relieved them. Money was lodged and paid as punctual as the bank for the benefit of all their belongings. There were times when the sailors grumbled a little because they had no ropes to climb; but of any unfriendly rope impending they were too wise to have much fear. They knew that they had not done the deed, and they felt assured that twelve good men would never turn round in their box to believe it.

Their captain took the same view of the case. He had very little doubt of their acquittal if they were defended properly; and of that a far wealthier man than himself, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of free trade, Master Rideout of Malton, would take good care, if the money left with Dr. Upround failed. The surrender of Robin would simply hurt them, unless they were convicted, and in that case he would yield himself. Sir Duncan did not understand these points, and condemned his son unjustly. And Mordacks was no longer there to explain such questions in his sharp clear way.

Being in this sadly disappointed state, and not thoroughly delivered from that renal chill (which the northeast wind, coming over the leather of his valise, had inflicted), this gentleman, like a long-pendulous grape with the ventilators open, was exposed to the delicate insidious billing of little birds that love something good. It might be wrong—indeed, it must be wrong, and a foul slur upon fair sweet love—to insinuate that Indian gold, or rank, or renown, or vague romance, contributed toward what came to pass. Miss Janetta Upround, up to this time of her life, had laughed at all the wanton tricks of Cupid; and whenever the married women told her that her time would be safe to come, and then she might understand their behavior, they had always been ordered to go home and do their washing. And this made it harder for her to be mangled by the very tribulation she had laughed at.

Short little sighs were her first symptom, and a quiet way of going up the stairs—which used to be a noisy process with her—and then a desire to know something of history, and a sudden turn of mind toward soup. Sir Duncan had a basin every day at twelve o'clock, and Janetta had orders to see him do it, by strict institution of Stirbacks. Those orders she carried out with such zeal that she even went so far as to blow upon the spoon; and she did look nice while doing it. In a word—as there is no time for many—being stricken, she did her best to strike, as the manner of sweet women is.

Sir Duncan Yordas received it well. Being far on toward her futurity in years, and beyond her whole existence in experience and size, he smiled at her ardor and short vehemence to please him, and liked to see her go about, because she turned so lightly. Then the pleasant agility of thought began to make him turn to answer it; and whenever she had the best of him in words, her bright eyes fell, as if she had the worst. "She doesn't even know that she is clever," said the patient to himself, "and she is the first person I have met with yet who knows which side of the line Calcutta is."

The manner of those benighted times was to keep from young ladies important secrets which seemed to be no concern of theirs. Miss Upround had never been told what brought this visitor to Flamborough, and although she had plenty of proper curiosity, she never got any reward for it. Only four Flamburians knew that Sir Duncan was Robin Lyth's papa—or, as they would put it (having faster hold of the end of the stick next to them), that Robin Lyth was the son of Sir Duncan. And those four were, by force of circumstance, Robin Cockscroft and Joan his wife, the rector and the rectoress. Even Dr. Stirbacks (organically inquisitive as he was, and ill content to sniff at any bottle with the cork tied down), by mastery of Mordacks and calm dignity of rector, was able to suspect a lot of things, but to be sure of none of them; and suspicion, according to its usual manner, never came near the truth at all. Miss Upround, therefore, had no idea that if she became Lady Yordas, which she very sincerely longed to be, she would, by that event, be made the step-mother of a widely celebrated smuggler; while her Indian hero, having no idea of her flattering regard as yet, was not bound to enlighten her upon that point.

At Anerley Farm the like ignorance prevailed; except that Mistress Anerley, having a quick turn for romance, and liking to get her predictions confirmed, recalled to her mind (and recited to her husband in far stronger language) what she had said, in the clover-blossom time, to the bravest man that ever lived, the lamented Captain Carroway. Captain Carroway's dauntless end, so thoroughly befitting his extraordinary exploits, for which she even had his own authority, made it the clearest thing in all the world that every word she said to him must turn out Bible-true. And she had begged him—and one might be certain that he had told it, as a good man must, to his poor dear widow—not to shoot at Robin Lyth; because he would get a thousand pounds, instead of a hundred for doing it. She never could have dreamed to find her words come true so suddenly; but here was an Indian Prince come home, who employed the most pleasant-spoken gentleman; and he might know who it was he had to thank that even in the cave the captain did not like to shoot that long-lost heir; and from this time out there was no excuse for Stephen if he ever laughed at anything that his wife said. Only on no account must Mary ever hear of it; for a bird in the hand was worth fifty in the bush; and the other gone abroad, and under accusation, and very likely born of a red Indian mother. Whereas Harry Tanfield's father, George, had been as fair as a foal, poor fellow; and perhaps if the church books had been as he desired, he might have kept out of the church-yard to this day.

"And me in it," the farmer answered, with a laugh —"dead for love of my wife, Sophy; as wouldn't 'a been my wife, nor drawn nigh upon fi' pounds this very week for feathers, fur, and ribbon stuff. Well, well, George would 'a come again, to think of it. How many times have I seen him go with a sixpence in the palm of 's hand, and think better of the king upon it, and worser of the poor chap as were worn out, like the tail of it! Then back go the sixpence into George's breeches; and out comes my shilling to the starving chap, on the sly, and never mentioned. But for all that, I think, like enow, old George mought 'a managed to get up to heaven."

"Stephen, I wish to hear nothing of that. The question concerns his family, not ours, as Providence has seen fit to arrange. Now what is your desire to have done with Mary? William has made his great discovery at last; and if we should get the £10,000, nobody need look down on us."

"I should like to see any one look down on me," Master Anerley said, with his back set straight; "a' mought do so once, but a' would be sorry afterward. Not that I would hinder him of 's own way; only that he better keep out of mine. Sometimes, when you go thinking of your own ideas, you never seem to bear in mind what my considerations be."

"Because you can not follow out the quickness of the way I think. You always acknowledge that, my dear."

"Well, well. Quick churn spoileth butter. Like Willie with his perpetual motion. What good to come of it, if he hath found out? And a' might, if ever a body did, from the way he goeth jumping about forever, and never hold fast to anything. A nice thing 'twould be for the fools to say, perpetual motion come from Anerley Farm!"

"You never will think any good of him, Stephen, because his mind comes from my side. But wait till you see the £10,000."

"That I will; and thank the Lord to live so long. But, to come to common-sense—how was Mary and Harry a-carrying on this afternoon?"

"Not so very bad, father; and nothing good to speak of. He kept on very well from the corners of his eyes; but she never corresponded, so to speak —same as—you know."

"The same as you used to do when you was young. Well, manners may be higher stylish now. Did he ask her about the hay-rick?"

"That he did. Three or four times over; exactly as you said it to him. He knew that was how you got the upper hand of me, according to your memory, but not mine; and he tried to do it the very same way; but the Lord makes a lot of change in thirty years of time. Mary quite turned her nose up at any such riddle, and he pulled his spotted handkerchief out of that new hat of his, and the fagot never saw fit to heed even the color of his poor red cheeks. Stephen, you would have marched off for a week if I had behaved to you so."

"And the right way too; I shall put him up to that. Long sighs only leads to turn-up noses. He plays too knuckle-down at it. You should go on with your sweetheart very mild at first; just a-feeling for her finger-tips; and emboldening of her to believe that you are frightened, and bringing her to peep at you as if you was a blackbird, ready to pop out of sight. That makes 'em wonderful curious and eager, and sticks you into 'em, like prickly spinach. But you mustn't stop too long like that. You must come out large, as a bull runs up to gate; and let them see that you could smash it if you liked, but feel a goodness in your heart that keeps you out of mischief. And then they comes up, and they says, 'poor fellow!'"

"Stephen, I do not approve of such expressions, or any such low opinions. You may know how you went on. Such things may have answered once; because of your being—yourself, you know. But Mary, although she may not have my sense, must have her own opinions. And the more you talk of what we used to do—though I never remember your trotting up, like a great bull roaring, to any kind of gate—the less I feel inclined to force her. And who is Harry Tanfield, after all?"

"We know all about him," the farmer answered; "and that is something to begin with. His land is worth fifteen shillings an acre less than ours, and full of kid-bine. But, for all that, he can keep a family, and is a good home-dweller. However, like the rest of us, in the way of women, he must bide his bolt, and bode it."

"Father," the mistress of the house replied, "I shall never go one step out of my way to encourage a young man who makes you speak so lightly of those you owe so much to. Harry Tanfield may take his chance for me."

"So a' may for me, mother—so a' may for me. If a' was to have our Mary, his father George would be coming up between us, out of his peace in church-yard, more than he doth a'ready; and a' comes too much a'ready.—Why, poppet, we were talking of you—fie, fie, listening!"

"No, now, father," Mary Anerley answered, with a smile at such a low idea; "you never had that to find fault with me, I think. And if you are plotting against me for my good—as mother loves to put it—it would be the best way to shut me out before you begin to do it."

"Why, bless my heart and soul," exclaimed the farmer, with a most crafty laugh—for he meant to kill two birds with one stone—"if the lass hathn't

got her own dear mother's tongue, and the very same way of turning things! There never hath been such a time as this here. The childer tell us what to do, and their mothers tell us what not to do. Better take the business off my hands, and sell all they turnips as is rotting. Women is cheats, and would warrant 'em sound, with the best to the top of the bury. But mind you one thing—if I retires from business, like Brother Popplewell, I shall expect to be supported; cheap, but very substantial."

"Mary, you are wicked to say such things," Mistress Anerley began, as he went out, "when you know that your dear father is such a substantial silent man."

CHAPTER XLIX.

A BOLD ANGLER.

As if in vexation at being thwarted by one branch of the family, Cupid began to work harder at the other, among the moors and mountains. Not that either my lady Philippa or gentle Mistress Carnaby fell back into the snares of youth, but rather that youth, contemptuous of age, leaped up, and defied everybody but itself, and cried tush to its own welfare.

For as soon as the trance of snow was gone, and the world, emboldened to behold itself again, smiled up from genial places; and the timid step of peeping spring awoke a sudden flutter in the breast of buds; and streams (having sent their broken anger to the sea) were pleased to be murmuring clearly again, and enjoyed their own flexibility; and even stern mountains and menacing crags allowed soft light to play with them—at such a time prudence found very narrow house-room in the breast of young Lancelot, otherwise "Pet."

"If Prudence be present, no Divinity is absent," according to high authority; but the author of the proverb must have first excluded Love from the list of Divinities. Pet's breast, or at any rate his chest, had grown under the expansive enormity of love; his liver, moreover (which, according to poets, both Latin and Greek, is the especial throne of love), had quickened its proceedings, from the exercise he took; from the same cause, his calves increased so largely that even Jordas could not pull the agate buttons of his gaiters through their holes. In a word, he gained flesh, muscle, bone, and digestion, and other great bodily blessings, from the power believed by the poets to upset and annihilate every one of them. However, this proves nothing anti-poetical, for the essence of that youth was to contradict experience.

Jordas had never, in all his born days, not even in the thick of the snow-drift, found himself more in a puzzle than now; and he could not even fly for advice in this matter to Lawyer Jellicorse. The first great gift of nature, expelled by education, is gratitude. A child is full of gratitude, or at least has got the room for it; but no full-grown mortal, after good education, has been known to keep the rudiments of thankfulness. But Jordas had a stock of it—as much as can remain to any one superior to the making of a cross.

Now the difficulty of it was that Jordas called to mind, every morning when he saw snow, and afterward when he saw anything white, that he must have required a grave, and not got it (in time to be any good to him), without the hard labor, strong endurance, and brotherly tendance of the people of the gill. Even the three grand fairy gifts of Lawyer Jellicorse himself might scarcely have saved him, although they were no less than as follows, in virtue: the tip of a tongue that had never told a lie (because it belonged to a bullock slain young), a flask of old Scotch whiskey, and a horn comfit-box of Irish snuff. All these three had stood him in good stead, especially the last, which kept him wide-awake, and enabled him to sneeze a yellow hole in the drift, whenever it threatened to ingulf his beard. Without those three he could never have got on; but, with all the three, he could never have got out, if Bat and Maunder of the gill had not come to his succor in the very nick of time. Not only did they work hard for hours under the guidance of Saracen (who was ready to fly at them if they left off), but when at length they came on Jordas, in his last exhaustion, with the good horse rubbing up his chin to make him warmer, they did a sight of things, which the good Samaritan, having finer climate, was enabled to dispense with. And when they had set him on his legs again, finding that he could not use them yet, they hoisted him on the back of Maunder, who was strong; and the whole of that expedition ended at the little cottage in the gill. But the kindness of the inhabitants was only just beginning; for when Jordas came to himself he found that his off-foot—as Marmaduke would have called it—the one which had ridden with a northeast aspect, was frozen as hard as a hammer, and as blue as a pistol barrel. Mrs. Bart happened to have seen such cases in her native country, and by her skillful treatment and never-wearying care, the poor fellow's foot was saved and cured, though at one time he despaired of it. Marmaduke also was restored, and sent home to his stable some days before his rider was in a condition to mount him.

In return for all these benefits, how could the dogman, without being worse than a dog, go and say to his ladies that mischief was breeding between their heir and a poor girl who lived in a corner of their land? If he had been ungrateful, or in any way a sneak, he might have found no trouble in this thing; but being, as he was, an honest, noble-hearted fellow, he battled severely in his mind to set up the standard of the proper side to take. For such matters Pet cared not one jot. Crafty as he was, he could never understand that Jordas and Welldrum were not the same man, one half working out-of-doors, and the other in. For him it was enough that Jordas would not tell, probably because he was afraid to do so, and Pet resolved to make him useful. For Lancelot Carnaby was very sharp indeed in espying what suited his purpose. His set purpose was to marry Insie Bart, in whom he had sense enough to perceive his better, in every respect but money and birth, in which two he was before her, or at any rate supposed so. He was proud, as need be, of his station in life; but he reasoned—if the process of his mind was reason—that being so exalted, he might please himself; that his wife would rise to his rank, instead of lowering him; that her father was a man of education and a gentleman, although he worked with his own hands; and that Insie was a lady, though she went to fill a pitcher.

For one happy fact the youth deserved some credit, or rather, perhaps, his youth deserved it for him. He was madly in love with Insie, and his passion could not be of very high spiritual order; but the idea of obtaining her dishonorably never occurred to his mind for one moment. He knew her to be better, purer, and nobler than himself in every way; and he felt, though he did not want to feel it, that

her nature gave a lift to his. Insie, on the other hand, began to like him better, and to despise him less and less; his reckless devotion to her made its way; and in spite of all her common-sense, his beauty and his lordly style had attractions for her young romance. And at last her heart began to bound, like his, when they were together. "With all thy faults, I love thee still," was the loose condition of her youthful mind

Into every combination, however steep and deep be the gill of its quiet incubation, a number of people and of things peep in, and will enter, like the cuckoo, at the glimpse of a white feather, or even without it, unless beak and claw are shown. And now the intruder into Pet's love nest had the right to look in, and to pull him out, neck and crop, unless he sat there legally. Whether birds discharge fraternal duty is a question for *Notes and Queries* even in the present most positive age. Sophocles says that the clever birds feed their parents and their benefactors, and men ascribe piety to them in fables, as a needful ensample to one another.

Be that as it may, this Maunder Bart, when his rather slow attention was once aroused, kept a sharp watch upon his young landlord's works. It was lucky for Pet that he meant no harm, and that Maunder had contemptuous faith in him; otherwise Insie's brother would have shortly taken him up by his gaiters, and softly beaten his head in against a rock. For Mr. Bart's son was of bitter, morose, and almost savage nature, silent, moody, and as resolute as death. He resented and darkly repined at the loss of position and property of which he had heard, and he scorned the fine sentiments which had led to nothing at all substantial. It was not in his power to despise his father, for his mind felt the presence of the larger one; but he did not love him as a son should do; neither did he speak out his thoughts to anybody beyond a few mutters to his mother. But he loved his gentle sister, and found in her a goodness which warmed him up to think about getting some upon his own account.

Such thoughts, however, were fugitive, and Maunder's more general subject of brooding was the wrong he had suffered through his father. He was living and working like a peasant or a miner, instead of having horses, and dogs, and men, and the right to kick out inferior people—as that baby Lancelot Carnaby had—for no other reason, that he could find, than the magnitude of his father's mind. He had gone into the subject with his father long ago—for Mr. Bart felt a noble pride in his convictions—and the son lamented with all his heart the extent of his own father's mind. In his lonely walks, heavy hours, and hard work—which last he never grudged, for his strength required outlet—he pondered continually upon one thing, and now he seemed to see a chance of doing it. The first step in his upward course would be Insie's marriage with Lancelot.

Pet, who had no fear of any one but Maunder, tried crafty little tricks to please him; but instead of earning many thanks, got none at all, which made him endeavor to improve himself. Mr. Bart's opinion of him now began to follow the course of John Smithies's, and Smithies looked at it in one light only (ever since Pet so assaulted him, and then trusted his good-will across the dark moors), and that light was that "when you come to think of him, you mustn't be too hard upon him, after all." And one great excellence of this youth was that he cared not a doit for general opinion, so long as he got his own special desire.

His desire was, not to let a day go by without sight and touch of Insie. These were not to be had at a moment's notice, nor even by much care; and five times out of six he failed of so much as a glimpse or a word of her. For the weather and the time of year have much to say concerning the course of the very truest love, and worse than the weather itself too often is the cloudy caprice of maiden mind.

Insie's father must have known what attraction drew this youth to such a cold unfurnished spot, and if he had been like other men, he would either have nipped in the bud this passion, or, for selfish reasons, fostered it. But being of large theoretical mind, he found his due outlet in giving advice.

It is plain at a glance that in such a case the mother is the proper one to give advice, and the father the one to act strenuously. But now Mrs. Bart, who was a very good lady, and had gone through a world of trouble from the want of money—the which she had cast away for sake of something better—came to the forefront of this pretty little business, as Insie's mother, vigorously.

"Christophare," she said to her husband, "not often do I speak, between us, of the affairs it is wise to let alone. But now of our dear child Inesa it is just that I should insist something. Mandaro, which you call English Maunder, already is destroyed for life by the magnitude of your good mind. It is just that his sister should find the occasion of reversion to her proper grade of life. For you, Christophare, I have abandoned all, and have the good right to claim something from you. And the only thing that I demand is one—let Inesa return to the lady."

"Well," said Mr. Bart, who had that sense of humor without which no man can give his property away, "I hope that she never has departed from it. But, my dear, as you make such a point of it, I will promise not to interfere, unless there is any attempt to do wrong, and intrap a poor boy who does not know his own mind. Insie is his equal by birth and education, and perhaps his superior in that which comes foremost nowadays—the money. Dream not that he is a great catch, my dear; I know more of that matter than you do. It is possible that he may stand at the altar with little to settle upon his bride except his bright waistcoat and gaiters."

"Tush, Christophare! You are, to my mind, always an enigma."

"That is as it should be, and keeps me interesting still. But this is a mere boy and girl romance. If it meant anything, my only concern would be to know whether the boy was good. If not, I should promptly kick him back to his own door."

"From my observation, he is very good—to attend to his rights, and make the utmost of them."

Mr. Bart laughed, for he knew that a little hit at himself was intended; and very often now, as his joints began to stiffen, he wished that his youth had been wiser. He stuck to his theories still; but his practice would have been more of the practical kind, if it had come back to be done again. But his children and his wife had no claim to bring up anything, because everything was gone before he undertook their business. However, he obtained reproach—as always seems to happen—for those doings of his early days which led to their existence. Still, he liked to make the best of things, and laughed, instead of arguing.

For a short time, therefore, Lancelot Carnaby seemed to have his own way in this matter, as well as in so many others. As soon as spring weather unbound the streams, and enlarged both the spots

and the appetite of trout (which mainly thrive together), Pet became seized, by his own account, with insatiable love of angling. The beck of the gill, running into the Lune, was alive, in those unpoaching days, with sweet little trout of a very high breed, playful, mischievous, and indulging (while they provoked) good hunger. These were trout who disdained to feed basely on the ground when they could feed upward, ennobling almost every gulp with a glimpse of the upper creation. Mrs. Carnaby loved these "graceful creatures," as she always called them, when fried well; and she thought it so good and so clever of her son to tempt her poor appetite with them.

"Philippa, he knows—perhaps your mind is absent," she said, as she put the fifth trout on her plate at breakfast one fine morning—"he feels that these little creatures do me good, and to me it becomes a sacred duty to endeavor to eat them."

"You seem to succeed very well, Eliza."

"Yes, dear, I manage to get on a little, from a sort of sporting feeling that appeals to me. Before I begin to lift the skins of any of these little darlings, I can see my dear boy standing over the torrent, with his wonderful boldness, and bright eagle eyes—"

"To pull out a fish of an ounce and a half. Without any disrespect to Pet, whose fishing apparel has cost £20, I believe that Jordas catches every one of them."

Sad to say, this was even so; Lancelot tried once or twice, for some five minutes at a time, throwing the fly as he threw a skittle-ball; but finding no fish at once respond to his precipitance, down he cast the rod, and left the rest of it to Jordas. But inasmuch as he brought back fish whenever he went out fishing, and looked as brilliant and picturesque as a salmon-fly, in his new costume, his mother was delighted, and his aunt, being full of fresh troubles, paid small heed to him.

For as soon as the roads became safe again, and an honest attorney could enter "horse hire" in his bill without being too chivalrous, and the ink that had clotted in the good-will time began to form black blood again, Mr. Jellicorse himself resolved legitimately to set forth upon a legal enterprise. The winter had shaken him slightly—for even a solicitor's body is vulnerable; and well for the clerk of the weather it is that no action lies against him—and his good wife told him to be very careful, although he looked as young as ever. She had no great opinion of the people he was going to, and was sure that they would be too high and mighty even to see that his bed was aired. For her part, she hoped that the reports were true which were now getting into every honest person's mouth; and if he would listen to a woman's common-sense, and at once go over to the other side, it would serve them quite right, and be the better for his family, and give a good lift to his profession. But his honesty was stout, and vanquished even his pride in his profession.

CHAPTER L.

PRINCELY TREATMENT.

"THIS, then, is what you have to say," cried my lady Philippa, in a tone of little gratitude, and perhaps not purely free from wrath; "this is what has happened, while you did nothing?"

"Madam, I assure you," Mr. Jellicorse replied, "that no one point has been neglected. And truly I am bold enough—though you may not perceive it—to take a little credit to myself for the skill and activity of my proceedings. I have a most conceited man against me; no member at all of our honored profession; but rather inclined to make light of us. A gentleman—if one may so describe him—of the name of Mordacks, who lives in a den below a bridge in York, and has very long harassed the law by a sort of cheap-jack, slap-dash, low-minded style of doing things. 'Jobbing,' I may call it—cheap and nasty jobbing—not at all the proper thing, from a correct point of view. 'A catch-penny fellow,' that's the proper name for him—I was trying to think of it half the way from Middleton."

"And now, in your eloquence, you have hit upon it. I can easily understand that such a style of business would not meet with your approbation. But, Mr. Jellicorse, he seems to me to have proved himself considerably more active in his way—however objectionable that may be—than you, as our agent, have shown yourself."

The cheerful, expressive, and innocent face of Mr. Jellicorse protested now. By nature he was almost as honest as Geoffrey Mordacks himself could be; and in spite of a very long professional career, the original element was there, and must be charged for.

"I can not recall to my memory," he said, "any instance of neglect on my part. But if that impression is upon your mind, it would be better for you to change your legal advisers at an early opportunity. Such has been the frequent practice, madam, of your family. And but for that, none of this trouble could exist. I must beg you either to withdraw the charge of negligence, which I understand you to have brought, or else to appoint some gentleman of greater activity to conduct your business."

With the haughtiness of her headstrong race, Miss Yordas had failed as yet to comprehend that a lawyer could be a gentleman. And even now that idea scarcely broke upon her, until she looked hard at Mr. Jellicorse. But he, having cast aside all deference for the moment, met her stern gaze with such courteous indifference and poise of self-composure that she suddenly remembered that his grandfather had been the master of a pack of fox-hounds.

"I have made no charge of negligence; you are hasty, and misunderstand me," she answered, after waiting for him to begin again, as if he were a rash aggressor. "It is possible that you desire to abandon our case, and conceive affront where none is meant whatever."

"God forbid!" Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed, with his legal state of mind returning. "A finer case never came into any court of law. There is a coarse axiom, not without some truth, that possession is nine points of the law. We have possession. What is even more important, we have the hostile instrument in our possession."

"You mean that unfortunate and unjust deed, of a by-gone time, that was so wickedly concealed? Dishonest transaction from first to last!"

"Madam, the law is not to blame for that, nor even the lawyers; but the clients, who kept changing them. But for that, your admirable father must have known that the will he dictated to me was waste paper. At least as regards the main part of these demesnes."

"What monstrous injustice! A positive premium upon filial depravity. You regard things professionally, I suppose. But surely it must have struck you as a flagrant dishonesty, a base and wicked

crime, that a document so vile should be allowed even to exist."

Miss Yordas had spoken with unusual heat; and the lawyer looked at her with an air of mild inquiry. Was it possible that she suggested to him the destruction of the wicked instrument? Ladies had done queer things, within his knowledge; but this lady showed herself too cautious for that.

"I know what my father would have done in such a case," she continued, with her tranquil smile recovered: "he would just have ridden up to his solicitor's office, demanded the implement of robbery, brought it home, and set it upon the hall fire, in the presence of the whole of his family and household. But now we live in such a strictly lawful age that no crime can be stopped, if only perpetrated legally. And you say that Mr. More—something, 'More-sharp,' I think it was, knows of that iniquitous production?"

"Madam, we can not be certain; but I have reason to suspect that Mr. Mordacks has got wind of that unfortunate deed of appointment."

"Supposing that he has, and that he means to use his knowledge, he can not force the document from your possession, can he?"

"Not without an order. But by filing affidavit, after issue of writ in ejectment, they may compel us to produce, and allow attested copy to be taken."

"Then the law is disgraceful to the last degree, and it is useless to own anything. That deed is in your charge, as our attorney, I suppose, sir?"

"By no other right, madam: we have twelve chestfuls, any one or all of which I am bound to render up to your order."

"Our confidence in you is unshaken. But without shaking it we might order home any particular chest for inspection?"

"Most certainly, madam, by giving us receipt for it. For antiquarian uses, and others, such a thing is by no means irregular. And the oldest of all the deeds are in that box—charters from the crown, grants from corporations, records of assay by arms—warrants that even I can not decipher."

"A very learned gentleman is likely soon to visit us—a man of modern family, who spends his whole time in seeking out the stories of the older ones. No family in Yorkshire is comparable to ours in the interest of its annals."

"That is a truth beyond all denial, madam. The character of your ancient race has always been a marked one."

"And always honorable, Mr. Jellicorse. Undeviating principle has distinguished all my ancestors. Nothing has ever been allowed to stand between them and their view of right."

"You could not have put it more clearly, Mistress Yordas. Their own view of right has been their guiding star throughout. And they never have failed to act accordingly."

"Alas! of how very few others can we say it! But being of a very good old family yourself, you are able to appreciate such conduct. You would like me, perhaps, to sign the order for that box of ancient—cartularies—is not that the proper word for them? And it might be as well to state why they happen to be wanted—for purposes of family history."

"Madam, I will at once prepare a memorandum for your signature and your sister's."

The mind of Mr. Jellicorse was much relieved, although the relief was not untempered with misgivings. He sat down immediately at an ancient writing-table, and prepared a short order for delivery, to their trusty servant Jordas, of a certain box, with the letter C upon it, and containing title-deeds of Scargate Hall estate.

"I think it might be simpler not to put it so precisely," my lady Philippa suggested, "but merely to say a box containing the oldest of the title-deeds, as required for an impending antiquarian research."

Mr. Jellicorse made the amendment; and then, with the prudence of long practice, added, "The order should be in your handwriting, madam; will it give you too much trouble just to copy it?" "How can it signify, if it bears our signatures?" his client asked, with a smile at such a trifle; however, she sat down, and copied it upon another sheet of paper. Then Mr. Jellicorse, beautifully bowing, drew near to take possession of his own handwriting; but the lady, with a bow of even greater elegance, lifted the cover of the standing desk, and therein placed both manuscripts; and the lawyer perceived that he could say nothing.

"How delightful it is to be quit of business!" The hostess now looked hospitable. "We need not recur to this matter, I do hope. That paper, whatever it is, will be signed by both of us, and handed over to you, in your legal head-quarters, to-morrow. We must have the pleasure of sending you home in the morning, Mr. Jellicorse. We have bought a very wonderful vehicle, invented for such roads as ours, and to supersede the jumping-car. It is warranted to traverse any place a horse can travel, with luxurious ease to the passengers, and safety of no common description. Jordas will drive you; your horse can trot behind; and you can send back by it whatever there may be."

Mr. Jellicorse detested new inventions, and objected most strongly to any experiment made in his own body. However, he would rather die than plead his time of life in bar, and his faith in the dogman was unlimited. And now the gentle Mrs. Carnaby, who had gracefully taken flight from "horrid business," returned in an evening dress and with a sweetly smiling countenance, and very nearly turned the Jellicorsian head, snowy as it was, with soft attentions and delicious deference.

"I was treated like a prince," he said next day, when delivered safe at home, and resting among his rather dingy household gods. "There never could have been a more absurd idea than that notion of yours about my being put into wet sheets, Diana. Why, I even had my night-cap warmed; and a young woman came, with a blush upon her face, and a question whether I would be pleased to sleep in a gross of Naples stockings! Ah, to my mind, after all, it proves what I have always said—that there is nothing like old blood."

"Nothing like old blood for being made a fool of," his wife replied, with a coarseness which made him shiver, after Mrs. Carnaby. "They know what they are about, I'll lay a penny. Some roguery, no doubt, that they seek to lead you into. That is what their night-caps and stockings mean. How low it is to make a foreground of them!"

"Hush, my dear! I can not bear such want of charity. And what is even worse, you expose me to an action at law, with heavy damages."

The lawyer had sundry little qualms of conscience, which were deepened by his wife's sagacious words; and suddenly it struck him that the new-fangled vehicle which had brought him home so quietly from Scargate had shown a strange inability to stand still for more than two minutes at his side door. So

much had he been hurried by the apparent straits of his charioteer that he ran out with box C without ever stopping to make an inventory of its contents—as he intended to do—or even looking whether the all-important deed was there. In fact, he had scarcely time to seal up the key in a separate package, hand it to Jordas, and take the order (now become a receipt) from the horny fist of the dogman, before Marmaduke, rendered more dashing by snow-drift, was away like a thunder-bolt—if such a thing there be, and if it has four legs.

"How could I have helped doing as I have done?" he whispered to himself, uncomfortably. "Here are two ladies of high position, and they send a joint order for their property. By-the-bye, I will just have a look at that order, now that there is no horse to jump over me." Upon going to the day file, he found the order right, transcribed from his own amended copy, and bearing two signatures, as it should do. But it struck him that the words "Eliza Carnaby" were written too boldly for that lady's hand; and the more he looked at them, the more he was convinced of it. That was no concern of his, for it was not his duty, under the circumstances of the case, to verify her signature. But this conviction drove him to an uncomfortable conclusion—"Miss Yordas intends to destroy that deed without her sister's knowledge. She knows that her sister's nerve is weaker, and she does not like to involve her in the job. A very brave, sisterly feeling, no doubt, and much the wiser course, if she means to do it. It is a bold stroke, and well worthy of a Yordas. But I hope, with all my heart, that she never can have thought of it. And she kept that order in my handwriting to make it look as if the suggestion came from me! And I am as innocent as any lamb is of the frauds that shall come to be written on his skin. The duty of attorney toward client prevents me from opening my lips upon the matter. But she is a deep woman, and a bold one too. May the Lord direct things aright! I shall retire, and let Robert have the practice, as soon as Brown's bankruptcy has worn out captious creditors. It is the Lord alone that doeth all things well."

Mr. Jellicorse knew that he had done his best; and though doubtful of the turn which things had taken, with some exclusion of his agency, he felt (though his conscience told him not to feel it) that here was one true source of joy. That impudent, dashing, unprofessional man, who was always poking his vile unarticled nose into legal business, that fellow of the name of Mordacks, now would have no *locus standi* left. At least a hundred and fifty firms, of good standing in the county, detested that man, and even a judge would import a *scintillula juris* into any measure which relieved the country of him. Meditating thus, he heard a knock.

CHAPTER LI.

STAND AND DELIVER.

The day was not far worn as yet; and May month having come at last, the day could stand a good deal of wear. With Jordas burning to exhibit the wonders of the new machine (which had been bought upon his advice), and with Marmaduke conscious of the new gloss on his coat, all previous times had been beaten—as the sporting writers put it; that is to say, all previous times of the journey from Scargate to Middleton, for any man who sat on wheels. A rider would take a shorter cut, and have many other advantages; but for a driver the time had been the quickest upon record.

Mr. Jellicorse, exulting in his safety, had imprinted the chaste salute upon his good wife's cheek at ten minutes after one o'clock; when the clerks in the office with laudable promptitude (not expecting him as yet) had unanimously cast down pen, and betaken hand and foot toward knife and fork. Instead of blaming them, this good lawyer went upon that same road himself, with the great advantage that the road to his dinner lay through his own kitchen. At dinner-time he had much to tell, and many large helps to receive, of interest and of admiration, especially from his pet child Emily (who forgot herself so largely as to lick her spoon while gazing), and after dinner he was not without reasons for letting perhaps a little of the time slip by. Therefore, by the time he had described all dangers, discharged his duty to all comforts, and held the little confidential talk with his wife and himself above recorded, the clock had made its way to half past three.

Mrs. Jellicorse and Emily were gone forth to pay visits; the clerks, shut away in their own room, were busy, scratching up a lovely case for *nisi prius*; the cook had thrown the sifted cinders on the kitchen fire, and was gone with the maids to exchange just a few constitutional words with the gardener; and the whole house was drowsy with that by-time when light and shadow seem to mix together, and far-away sounds take a faint to and fro, as if they were the pendulum of silence.

"That is Emily's knock. Impatient child! Come back for her mother's gloves, or something. All the people are out; I must go and let her in."

With these words, and a little placid frown—because a soft nap was impending on his eyelids, and yet they were always glad to open on his favorite—the worthy lawyer rose, and took a pinch of snuff to rouse himself; but before he could get to the door, a louder and more impatient rap almost made him jump.

"What a hurry you are in, my dear! You really should try to learn some little patience."

While he was speaking, he opened the door; and behold, there was no little girl, but a tall and stately gentleman in horseman's dress, and of strong commanding aspect.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" the lawyer asked, while his heart began to flutter; for exactly such a visitor had caused him scare of his life, when stronger by a quarter of a century than now.

"My pleasure, or rather my business, is with Mr. Jellicorse, the lawyer."

"Then, sir, you have come to the right man for it. My name is Jellicorse, and greatly at your service. Allow me the honor of inviting you within."

"My name is Yordas—Sir Duncan Yordas," said the stranger, when seated in the lawyer's private room. "My father, Philip Yordas, was a client of yours, and of other legal gentlemen before he came to you. Upon the day of his death, in the year 1777, you prepared his will, which you have since found to be of no effect, except as regards his personal estate, and about one-eighth part of the realty. Of the bulk of the land, including Scargate Hall, he could not dispose, for the simple reason that it had been strictly entailed by a deed executed by my grandfather and his wife in 1751. Under that entail I take in fee, for it could not have been barred without me; and I never concurred in any disentail-

ing deed, and my father never knew that such was needful."

"Excuse me, Sir Duncan, but you seem to be wonderfully apt with the terms of our profession."

"I could scarcely be otherwise, after all that I have had to do with law, in India. Our first object is to apply our own laws, and our second to spread our religion. But no more of that. Do you admit the truth of a matter so stated that you can not fail to grasp it?"

Sir Duncan Yordas, as he put this question, fixed large, unwavering, and piercing eyes (against which no spectacles were any shelter) upon the mild, amiable, and, generally speaking, very honest orbs of sight which had lighted the path of the elder gentleman to good repute and competence. But who may turn a lawyer's hand from the Heaven-sped legal plough?

"Am I to understand, Sir Duncan Yordas, that your visit to me is of an amicable nature, and intended (without prejudice to other interests) to ascertain, so far as may be compatible with professional rules, how far my clients are acquainted with documents alleged or imagined to be in existence, and how far their conduct might be guided by desire to afford every reasonable facility?"

"You are to understand simply this, that as the proper owner of Scargate Hall, and the main part of the estates held with it, I require you to sign a memorandum that you hold all the title-deeds on my behalf, and to deliver at once to me that entailing instrument of 1751, under which I make my claim."

"You speak, sir, as if you had already brought your action, and entered verdict. Legal process may be dispensed with in barbarous countries, but not here. The title-deeds and other papers of Scargate Hall were placed in my custody neither by you nor on your behalf, sir. I hold them on behalf of those at present in possession; and until I receive due instructions from them, or a final order from a court of law, I should be guilty of a breach of trust if I parted with a dog's-ear of them."

"You distinctly refuse my requirements, and defy me to enforce them?"

"Not so, Sir Duncan. I do nothing more than declare what my view of my duty is, and decline in any way to depart from it."

"Upon that score I have nothing more to say. I did not expect you to give up the deeds, though in 'barbarous countries,' as you call them, we have peremptory ways. I will say more than that, Mr. Jellicorse—I will say that I respect you for clinging to what you must know better than anybody else to be the weaker side."

The lawyer bowed his very best bow, but was bound to enter protest against the calm assumption of the claimant.

"Let us leave that question," Sir Duncan said; "the time would fail us to discuss that now. But one thing I surely may insist upon as the proper heir of my grandfather. I may desire you to produce for my inspection that deed in pursuance of his marriage settlement, which has for so many years lain concealed."

"With pleasure I will do so, Sir Duncan Yordas (presuming that any such deed exists), upon the production of an order from the Court either of King's Bench or of Common Pleas."

"In that case you would be obliged to produce it, and would earn no thanks of mine. But I ask you to lay aside the legal aspect; for no action is pending, and perhaps never will be. I ask you, as a valued adviser of the family, and a trustworthy friend to its interests—as a gentleman, in fact, rather than a mere lawyer—to do a wise and amicable thing. You can not in any way injure your case, if a law case is to come of it, because we know all about the deed already. We even have an abstract of it as clear as you yourself could make, and we have discovered that one of the witnesses is still alive. I have come to you myself in preference to employing a lawyer, because I hope, if you meet me frankly, to put things in train for a friendly and fair settlement. I am not a young man; I have been disappointed of any one to succeed me, and I wish to settle my affairs in this country, and return to India, which suits me better, and where I am more useful. My sisters have not behaved kindly to me; but that I must try to forgive and forget. I have thought matters over, and am quite prepared to offer very liberal terms—in short, to leave them in possession of Scargate, upon certain conditions and in a certain manner."

"Really, Sir Duncan," Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed, "allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff. You are pleased with it? Yes, it is of quite superior quality. It saved the life of a most admirable fellow, a henchman of your family—in fact, poor Jordas. The power of this snuff alone supported him from freezing—"

"At another time I may be highly interested in that matter," the visitor replied, without meaning to be rude, but knowing that the man of law was making passes to gain time; "just at present I must ask you to say yes or no. If you wish me to set my offer plainly before you, and so relieve the property of the cost of a hopeless struggle—for I have taken the opinion of the first real property counsel of the age—you will, as a token of good faith and of common-sense, produce for my inspection that deed-poll of November 15, 1751."

Poor Mr. Jellicorse was desperately driven. He looked round the room, to seek for any interruption. He went to the window, and pretended to see another visitor knocking at the door. But no help came; he must face it out himself; and Sir Duncan, with his quiet resolution, looked more stern than his violent father.

"I think that before we proceed any further," said the lawyer, at last sitting down, and taking up a pen and trying what the nib was like, "we really should understand a little where we are already. My own desire to avoid litigation is very strong—almost unprofessionally so—though the first thing consulted by all of us naturally is the pocket of our client—"

"Whether it will hold out, I suppose." Sir Duncan Yordas departed from his dignity in saying this, and was sorry as soon as he had said it.

"That is the vulgar impression about us, which it is our duty to disdain. But without losing time upon that question, let me ask, what shall I put down as your proposition, sir?"

"There is nothing to put down. That is just the point. I do not come here with any formal proposition. If that had been my object, I would have brought a lawyer. What I say is that I have the right to see that deed. It forms no part of my sisters' title-deeds, but even destroys their title. It belongs to me, it is my property, and only through fraud is it now in your hands. Of course we can easily wrest it from you, and must do so if you defy me. It rests with you to take that risk. But I prefer to cut things short. I pledge myself to two

things—first, to leave the document in your possession; and next, to offer fair and even handsome terms when you have met me thus fairly. Why should you object? For we know all about it. Never mind how."

Those last three words decided the issue. Even worse than the fear of breach of trust was the fear of treason in the office, and the lawyer's only chance of getting clew to that was to keep on terms with this Sir Duncan Yordas. There had been no treason whatever in the office; neither had anything come out through the proctorial firm in York, or Sir Walter Carnaby's solicitors; but a note among long-headed Duncombe's papers had got into the hands of Mordacks. Of that, however, Mr. Jellicorse had no idea.

"Sir Duncan Yordas, I will meet you as you come," he said, with his good, fresh-colored face, as honest as the sun when the clouds roll off. "It is an unusual step on my part, and perhaps irregular. But rather than destroy the prospect of a friendly compromise, I will strain a point, and candidly admit that there is an instrument open to an interpretation which might, or might not, be in your favor."

"That I knew long ago, and more than that. My demand is—to see it, and to satisfy myself."

"Under the circumstances, I am half inclined to think that I should be disposed to allow you that privilege if the document were in my possession."

"Now, Mr. Jellicorse," Sir Duncan answered, showing his temper in his eyes alone, "how much longer will you trifle with me? Where is that deed?"

Mr. Jellicorse drew forth his watch, took off his spectacles, and dusted them carefully with a soft yellow handkerchief; then restored them to their double sphere of usefulness, and perused, with some diligence, the time of day. By the law which compels a man to sneeze when another man sets the example, Sir Duncan also drew forth his watch.

"I am trying to make my reply as accurate," said the lawyer, beginning to enjoy the position as a man, though not quite as a lawyer—"as accurate as your candor and confidence really deserve, Sir Duncan. The box containing that document, to which you attach so much importance (whether duly or otherwise is not for me to say until counsel's opinion has been taken on our side), considering the powers of the horse, that box should be about Stormy Gap by this time. A quarter to four by me. What does your watch say, sir?"

"The deed has been sent for, post-haste, has it? And you know for what purpose?"

"You must draw a distinction between the deed and the box containing it, Sir Duncan. Or, to put it more accurately, betwixt that deed and its casual accompaniments. It happens to be among very old charters, which happen to be wanted for certain excellent antiquarian purposes. Such things are not in my line, I must confess, although so deeply interesting. But a very learned man seems to have expressed—"

"Rubbish. Excuse me, but you are most provoking. You know, as well as I do, that robbery is intended, and you allow yourself to be made a party to it."

This was the simple truth; and the lawyer, being (by some strange inversion of professional excellence) honest at the bottom, was deeply pained at having such words used, as to, for, about, or in anywise concerning him.

"I think, Sir Duncan, that you will be sorry," he answered, with much dignity, "for employing such language where it can not be resented. Your father was a violent man, and we all expect violence of your family."

"There is no time to go into that question now. If I have wronged you, I will beg your pardon. A very few hours will prove how that is. How and by whom have you sent the box?"

Mr. Jellicorse answered, rather stiffly, that his clients had sent a trusty servant with a light vehicle to fetch the box, and that now he must be half way toward home.

"I shall overtake him," said Sir Duncan, with a smile; "I have a good horse, and I know the short-cuts. Hoofs without wheels go a yard to a foot upon such rocky collar-work."

Without another word, except "Good-by," Sir Duncan Yordas left the house, walked rapidly to the inn, and cut short the dinner his good horse was standing up to. In a very few minutes he was on Tees bridge, with his face toward the home of his ancestors.

It may be supposed that neither his thoughts nor those of the lawyer were very cheerful. Mr. Jellicorse was deeply anxious as to the conflict which must ensue, and as to the figure his fair fame might cut, if this strange transaction should be exposed and calumniated by evil tongues. In these elderly days, and with all experience, he had laid himself open, not legally perhaps, but morally, to the heavy charge of connivance at a felonious act, and even some contribution toward it. He told himself vainly that he could not help it, that the documents were in his charge only until he was ordered to give them up, and that it was no concern of his to anticipate what might become of them. His position had truly been difficult, but still he might have escaped from it with clearer conscience. His duty was to cast away drawing-room manners, and warn Miss Yordas that the document she hated so was not her own to deal with, but belonged (in equity at least) to those who were entitled under it, and that to take advantage of her wrongful possession, and destroy the foe, was a crime, and, more than that, a shabby one. The former point might not have stopped her; but the latter would have done so without fail, for her pride was equal to her daring. But poor Mr. Jellicorse had felt the power of a will more resolute than his own, and of grand surroundings and exalted style; and his desire to please had confused, and thereby overcome, his perception of the right. But now these reflections were all too late, and the weary brain found comfort only in the shelter of its night-cap.

If a little slip had brought a very good man to unhappiness, how much harder was it for Sir Duncan Yordas, who had committed no offense at all! No Yordas had ever cared a tittle for tattle—to use their own expression—but deeper mischief than tattle must ensue, unless great luck prevented it. The brother knew well that his sister inherited much of the reckless self-will which had made the name almost a by-word, and which had been master of his own life until large experience of the world, and the sense of responsible power, curbed it. He had little affection for that sister left—for she had used him cruelly, and even now was imbittering the injury—but he still had some tender feeling for the other, who had always been his favorite. And though cut off, by his father's act, from due headship of the family, he was deeply grieved, in this more enlightened age, to expose their uncivilized turbulence.

Therefore he spurred his willing horse against the

hill, and up the many-winding ruggedness of road, hoping, at every turn, to descry in the distance the vehicle carrying that very plaguesome box. If his son had been there, he might have told him, on the ridge of Stormy Gap (which commanded high and low, rough and smooth, dark and light, for miles ahead), that Jordas was taking the final turn, by the furthest gleam of the water-mist, whence the stone road labored up to Scargate. But Sir Duncan's eyes —though as keen as an eagle's while young—had now seen too much of the sun to make out that gray atom gliding in the sunset haze.

Upon the whole, it was a lucky thing that he could not overtake the car; for Jordas would never have yielded his trust while any life was in him; and Sir Duncan having no knowledge of him, except as a boy-of-all-work about the place, might have been tempted to use the sword, without which no horseman then rode there. Or failing that, a struggle between two equally resolute men must have followed, with none at hand to part them.

When the horseman came to the foot of the long steep pull leading up to the stronghold of his race, he just caught a glimpse of the car turning in at the entrance of the court-yard. "They have half an hour's start of me," he thought, as he drew up behind a rock, that the house might not descry him; "if I ride up in full view, I hurry the mischief. Philippa will welcome me with the embers of my title. She must not suspect that the matter is so urgent. Nobody shall know that I am coming. For many reasons I had better try the private road below the Scarfe."

CHAPTER LII.

THE SCARFE.

JORDAS, without suspicion of pursuit, had allowed no grass to grow under the feet of Marmaduke on the homeward way. His orders were to use all speed, to do as he had done at the lawyer's private door, and then, without baiting his horse, to drive back, reserving the nose-bag for some very humpy halting-place. There is no such man, at the present time of day, to carry out strict orders, as the dogman was, and the chance of there being such a one again diminishes by very rapid process. Marmaduke, as a horse, was of equal quality, reasoning not about his orders, but about the way to do them.

There was no special emergency now, so far as my lady Philippa knew; but the manner of her mind was to leave no space between a resolution and its execution. This is the way to go up in the world, or else to go down abruptly; and to her the latter would have been far better than to halt between two opinions. Her plan had been shaped and set last night, and, like all great ideas, was the simplest of the simple. And Jordas, who had inklings of his own, though never admitted to confidence, knew how to carry out the outer part.

"When the turbot comes," she said to Welldrum, as soon as her long sight showed her the trusty Jordas beginning the home ascent, "it is to be taken first out of the car, and to my sister's sitting-room; the other things Jordas will see to. I may be going for a little walk. But you will at once carry up the turbot. Mrs. Carnaby's appetite is delicate."

The butler had his own opinion upon that interesting subject. But in her presence it must be his own. Any attempt at enlargement of her mind by exchange of sentiment—such as Mrs. Carnaby permitted and enjoyed—would have sent him flying down the hill, pursued by square-toed men prepared to add elasticity to velocity. Therefore Welldrum made a leg in silence, and retreated, while his mistress prepared for her intended exploit. She had her beaver hat and mantle ready by the shrubbery door—as a little quiet postern of her own was called—and in the heavy standing desk, or "secretary," of her private room she had stored a flat basket, or frail, of stout flags, with a heavy clock weight inside it.

"Much better to drown the wretched thing than burn it," she had been saying to herself, "especially at this time of year, when fires are weak and telltale. And parchment makes such a nasty smell; Eliza might come in and suspect it. But the Scarfe is a trusty confidant."

Mistress Yordas, while sure that her sister (having even more than herself at stake) would approve and even applaud her scheme, was equally sure that it must be kept from her, both for its own sake and for hers. And the sooner it was done, the less the chance of disturbing poor Eliza's mind.

The Scarfe is a deep pool, supposed to have no bottom (except, perhaps, in the very bowels of the earth), upon one of the wildest head-waters of the Tees. A strong mountain torrent from a desolate ravine springs forth with great ferocity, and sooner than put up with any more stabs from the rugged earth, casts itself on air. For a hundred and twenty feet the water is bright, in the novelty and the power of itself, striking out freaks of eccentric flashes, and even little sun-bows, in fine weather. But the triumph is brief; and a heavy retribution, created by its violence, awaits below. From the tossing turmoil of the fall two white volumes roll away, with a clash of waves between them, and sweeping round the craggy basin, meet (like a snowy wreath) below, and rush back in coiling eddies flaked with foam. All the middle is dark deep water, looking on the watch for something to suck down.

What better duty, or more pious, could a hole like this perform, than that of swallowing up a lawyer; or, if no such morsel offered, then at least a lawyer's deeds? Many a sheep had been there ingulfed, and never saluted by her lambs again; and although a lawyer by no means is a sheep (except in his clothing, and his eyes perhaps), yet his doings appear upon the skin thereof, and enhance its value more than drugs of Tyre. And it is to be feared that some fleeced clients will not feel the horror which they ought to feel at the mode pursued by Mistress Yordas in the delivery of her act and deed.

She came down the dell, from the private grounds of Scargate, with a resolute face, and a step of strength. The clock weight, that should know time no more, was well imbosomed in the old deed-poll, and all stitched firmly in the tough brown frail, whose handles would help for a long strong cast. Towering crags, and a ridge of jagged scaurs, shut out the sunset, while a thicket of dwarf oak, and the never-absent bramble, aproned the yellow dugs of shale with brown. In the middle was the caldron of the torrent, called the "Scarfe," with the sheer trap-rock, which is green in the sunlight, like black night flung around it, while a snowy wreath of mist (like foam exhaling) circled round the basined steep, or hovered over the chasm.

Miss Yordas had very stanch nerves, but still, for reasons of her own, she disliked this place, and never came near it for pleasure's sake, although in dry summers, when the springs were low, the fury of the

scene passed into grandeur, and even beauty. But a Yordas (long ago gone to answer for it) had flung a man, who plagued him with the law, into this hole. And what was more disheartening, although of less importance, a favorite maid of this lady, upon the exile of her sweetheart, hearing that his feet were upside down to hers, and that this hole went right through the earth, had jumped into it, in a lonely moment, instead of taking lessons in geography. Philippa Yordas was as brave as need be; but now her heart began to creep as coldly as the shadows crept.

For now she was out of sight of home, and out of hearing of any sound, except the roaring of the force. The Hall was half a mile away, behind a shoulder of thick-ribbed hill; and it took no sight of this torrent, until it became a quiet river by the downward road. "I must be getting old," Miss Yordas thought, "or else this path is much rougher than it used to be. Why, it seems to be getting quite dangerous! It is too bad of Jordas not to see to things better. My father used to ride this way sometimes. But how could a horse get along here now?"

There used to be a bridle-road from the grounds of Scargate to a ford below the force, and northward thence toward the Tees; or by keeping down stream, and then fording it again, a rider might hit upon the Middleton road, near the rock that warned the public of the blood-hounds. This bridle-road kept a great distance from the cliffs overhanging the perilous Scarfe; and the only way down to a view of the fall was a scrambling track, over rocks and trunks, unworthy to be called a foot-path. The lady with the bag had no choice left but to follow this track, or else abandon her intention. For a moment she was sorry that she had not been satisfied with some less troublesome destruction of her foe, even at the risk of chance suspicions. But having thus begun it, she would not turn back, and be angry with her idle fears when she came to think of them.

With hereditary scorn of second thoughts she cast away doubt, and went down the steep, and stood on the brow of sheer rock, to recover her breath and strength for a long bold cast. The crag beneath her feet was trembling with the power of the flood below, and the white mist from the deep moved slowly, shrouding now, and now revealing, the black gulf and its slippery walls. For the last few months Miss Yordas had taken very little exercise, and seldom tasted the open air; therefore the tumult and terror of the place, in the fading of the sky and darkening of the earth, got hold of her more than they should have done.

With the frail in her right hand, poised upon three fingers (for the fourth had been broken in her childhood), she planted the sole of her left foot on the brink, and swung herself for the needful cast.

A strong throw was needful to reach the black water that never gave up anything: if the bag were dropped in the foaming race, it might be carried back to the heel of the fall. She was proud of her bodily strength, which was almost equal to that of a muscular man, and her long arm swelled with the vigor of the throw. But just when the weight should have been delivered, and flown with a hiss into the bottomless abyss, a loose flag of the handle twisted on her broken finger. Instead of being freed, the bag fell back, struck her in the chest, and threw her back, for the clock weight was a heavy one. Her balance was lost, her feet flew up, she fell upon her back, and the smooth beaver cloak began sliding upon the slippery rock. Horrible death was pulling at her; not a stick nor a stone was in reach of her hands, and the pitiless crags echoed one long shriek above all the roar of the water-fall. She strove to turn over and grasp the ground, but only felt herself going faster. Her bright boots were flashing against the white mist—a picture in her mind forever—her body was following, inch by inch. With elbow and shoulder, and even hair coils, she strove to prolong the descent into death; but the descent increased its speed, and the sky itself was sliding.

Just when the balance was inclining downward, and the plunge hanging on a hair's-breadth, powerful hands fell upon her shoulders; a grating of a drag against the grain was the last thing she was conscious of; and Sir Duncan Yordas, having made a strong pull, at the imminent risk of his life, threw back his weight on the heels of his boots, and they helped him. His long Indian spurs, which had no rowel, held their hold like a falcon's hind talon; and he drew back the lady without knowing who she was, having leaped from his horse at her despairing scream. From his knowledge of the place he concluded that it was some person seeking suicide, but recoiling from the sight of death; and without another thought he risked his life to save.

Breathless himself—for the transit of years and of curry-powder had not improved his lungs—he labored at the helpless form, and laid it at last in a place of safety.

"What a weight the lady is!" was his first idea; "it can not be want of food that has driven her, nor of money either; her cloak would fetch a thousand rupees in Calcutta. And a bag full of something—precious also, to judge by the way she clings to it. Poor thing! Can I get any water for her? There used to be a spring here, where the woodcocks came. Is it safe to leave her? Certainly not, with her head like that; she might even have apoplexy. Allow me, madam. I will not steal it. It is only for a cushion."

The lady, however, though still in a stupor, kept her fingers clinched upon the handle of the bag; and without using violence he could not move them. Then the stitching of the frail gave way, and Sir Duncan espied a roll of parchment. Suddenly the lady opened large dark eyes, which wandered a little, and then (as he raised her head) met his, and turned away.

"Philippa!" he said, and she faintly answered "Yes," being humbled and shaken by her deadly terror, and scarcely sure of safety yet, for the roar and the chasm were in sight and hearing still.

"Philippa, are you better? Never mind what you were thinking of. All shall be right about that, Philippa. What is land in comparison with life? Look up at me. Don't be afraid to look. Surely you know your only brother! I am Duncan, who ran away, and has lived for years in India. I used to be very kind to you when we were children, and why should I alter from it now? I remember when you tumbled in the path down there, and your knee was bleeding, and I tied it up with a dock leaf and my handkerchief. Can you remember? It was primrose time."

"To be sure I do," she said, looking up with cheerfulness; "and you carried me all the way home almost, and Eliza was dreadfully jealous."

"That she always was, and you not much better. But now we are getting on in life, and we need not have much to do with one another. Still, we may try not to kill one another by trumpery squabbles about

property. Stay where you are for a moment, sister, and you shall see the end of that."

Sir Duncan took the bag, with the deed inside it, returned in three steps to the perilous shelf, and with one strong hurl sent forth the load, which cleft the white mist, and sank forever in the waves of the whirlpool.

"No one can prosecute me for that," he said, returning with a smile, "though Mordacks may be much aggrieved. Now, Philippa, although I can not carry you well, from the additions time has made to you, I can help you home, my dear; and then on upon my business."

The pride and self-esteem of Miss Yordas had never been so crushed before. She put both hands upon her brother's shoulders, and burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER LIII.

BUTS REBUTTED.

Sir Duncan Yordas was a man of impulse, as almost every man must be who sways the wills of other men. But he had not acted upon mere impulse in casting away his claim to Scargate. He knew that he could never live in that bleak spot, after all his years in India; he disliked the place, through his father's harshness; he did not care that any son of his, who had lain under charge of a foul crime, and fled instead of meeting it, should become a "Yordas of Scargate Hall," although that description by no means involved any very strict equity of conduct. And besides these reasons, he had another, which will appear very shortly. But whatever the secondary motives were, it was a large and generous act.

When Mrs. Carnaby saw her brother, she was sure that he was come to turn her out, and went through a series of states of mind natural to an adoring mother with a frail imagination of an appetite—as she poetically described it. She was not very swift of apprehension, although so promptly alive to anything tender, refined, and succulent. Having too strong a sense of duty to be guilty of any generosity, she could not believe, either then or thereafter, that her brother had cast away anything at all, except a mere shred of a lawsuit. And without any heed of chronology—because (as she justly inquired), what two clocks are alike?—she was certain that if he did anything at all to drive off those horrible lawyers from the house, there was no credit due to any one but Pet. It was the noble way Pet looked at him!

Pet, being introduced to his uncle, after dinner, when he came home from fishing, certainly did look nobly at him, if a long stare is noble. Then he went up to him, with a large and liberal sniff, and an affable inquiry, as a little dog goes up to a big one. Sir Duncan was amused, having heard already some little particulars about this youth, whose nature he was able to enter into as none but a Yordas could rightly do. However, he was bound to make the best of him, and did so; discovering not only room for improvement, but some hope of that room being occupied.

"The boy has been shockingly spoiled," he said to his sister Philippa that evening; "also he is dreadfully ignorant. None of us are very great at scholarship, and never have much occasion for it. But things are becoming very different now. Everybody is beginning to be expected to know everything. Very likely, as soon as I am no more wanted, I shall be voted a blockhead. Luckily the wars keep people from being too choice, when their pick goes every minute. And this may stop the fuss, that comes from Scotland mainly, about universal distribution—or some big words—of education. 'Pet,' as you call him, is a very clever fellow, with much more shape of words about him than ever I was blessed with. In spelling I saw that he was my master; and so I tried him with geography, and all he knew of India was that it takes its name from India rubber!"

"Now I call that clever of him," said Miss Yordas; "for I really might have forgotten even that. But the fatal defect in his education has been the want of what you grow, chiefly in West India perhaps—the cane, Duncan, the sugar-cane. I have read all about it; you can tell me nothing. You suck it, you smoke it, and you beat your children with it."

"Well," said Sir Duncan, who was not quite sure, in the face of such authority, "I disremember; but perhaps they do in some parts, because the country is so large. But it is not the ignorance of Pet I care for—such a fault is natural and unavoidable; and who is there to pick holes in it? The boy knows a great deal more than I did at his age, because he is so much younger. But, Philippa, unless you do something with him, he will never be a gentleman."

"Duncan, you are hard. You have seen so much."

"The more we see, the softer we become. The one thing we harden against is lying—the seed, the root, and the substance of all vileness. I am sorry to say your Pet is a liar."

"He does not always tell the truth, I know. But bear in mind, Duncan, that his mother did not insist—and, in fact, she does not herself always—"

"I know it; I am grieved that it should come from our side. I never cared for his father much, because he went against me; but this I will say for him, Lance Carnaby would sooner cut his tongue out that put it to a lie. When I am at home, my dealings are with fellows who could not speak the truth if they tried for dear life, simply through want of practice. They are like your lower class of horse-dealers, but with infinitely more intelligence. It is late to teach poor Pet the first of all lessons; and for me to stop to do it is impossible. But will you try to save further disgrace to a scapegrace family, but not a mean one?"

"I feel it as much as you do—perhaps more," Miss Yordas answered, forgetting altogether about the deed-box and her antiquary. "You need not tell me how very sad it is. But how can it be cured? His mother is his mother. She never would part with him; and her health is delicate."

"Stronger than either yours or mine, unless she takes too much nourishment. Philippa, her will is mere petulance. For her own good, we must set it aside. And if you agree with me, it can be done. He must go into a marching regiment at once, ordered abroad, with five shillings in his pocket, earn his pay, and live upon it. This patched-up peace will never last six months. The war must be fought out till France goes down, or England. I can get him a commission; and I know the colonel, a man of my own sort, who sees things done, instead of talking. It would be the making of Lancelot. He has plenty of courage, but it has been milched. At Oxford or Cambridge he would do no good, but simply be ruined by having his own way. Under my friend Colonel Thacker, he will have a hard time of it, and tell no lies."

Thus it was settled. There was a fearful outcry, hysterics of an elegant order, and weepings enough to produce summer spate in the Tees. But the only result was the ordering of the tailor, the hosier, the boot-maker, and the scissors-grinder to put a new edge upon Squire Philip's razors, that Pet might practice shaving. "Cold-blooded cruelty, savage homicide; cannibalism itself is kinder," said poor Mrs. Carnaby, when she saw the razors; but Pet insisted upon having them, made lather, and practiced with the backs, till he began to understand them.

"He promises well; I have great hopes of him," Sir Duncan said to himself. "He has pride; and no proud boy can be long a liar. I will go and consult my dear old friend Bart."

Mr. Bart, who was still of good bodily strength, but becoming less resolute in mind than of yore, was delighted to see his old friend again; and these two men, having warm, proud hearts, preserved each other from self-contempt by looking away through the long hand-clasp. For each of them was to the other almost the only man really respected in the world.

Betwixt them such a thing as concealment could not be. The difference in their present position was a thing to laugh at. Sir Duncan looked up to Bart as being the maker of his character, and Bart admired Sir Duncan as a newer and wiser edition of himself. They dispatched the past in a cheery talk; for the face of each was enough to show that it might have been troublous—as all past is—but had slidden into quiet satisfaction now, and a gentle flow of experience. Then they began to speak of present matters, and the residue of time before them; and among other things, Sir Duncan Yordas spoke of his nephew Lancelot.

"Lancelot Yordas Carnaby," said Bart, with the smile of a gray-beard at young love's dream, "has done us the honor to fall in love, for ever and ever, with our little Insie. And the worst of it is that she likes him."

"What an excellent idea!" his old friend answered; "I was sure there was something of that sort going on. Now betwixt love and war we shall make a man of Pet."

As shortly as possible he told Mr. Bart what his plan about his nephew was, and how he had carried it against maternal, and now must carry it against maiden, love. If Lancelot had any good stuff in him, any vertebrate embryo of honesty, to be put among men, and upon his mettle (with a guardian angel in the distance of sweet home), would stablish all the man in him, and stint the beast. Mr. Bart, though he hated hard fighting, admitted that for weak people it was needful; and was only too happy so to cut the knot of his own home entanglements with the ruthless sword. For a man of liberal education, and much experience in spending money, who can put a new bottom to his own saucepan, is not the one to feel any despair of his fellow-creatures mending.

Then arose the question, who should bell the cat, or rather, who should lead the cat to the belling. Pet must be taken, under strong duress, to the altar—as his poor mother said, and shrieked—whereat he was to shed his darling blood. His heart was in his mouth when his uniform came; and he gave his sacred honor to fly, straight as an arrow, to the port where his regiment was getting into boats; but Sir Duncan shook his grizzled head. "Somebody must see him into it," he said. "Not a lady; no, no, my dear Eliza. I can not go myself; but it must be a man of rigidity, a stern agent. Oh, I know! how stupid of me!"

"You mean poor dear Mr. Jellicorse," suggested Mrs. Carnaby, with a short hot sob. "But, Duncan, he has not the heart for it. For anything honest and loyal and good, kind people may trust him with their lives. But to tyranny, rapine, and manslaughter, he never could lend his fine honorable face."

"I mean a man of a very different cast—a man who knows what time is worth; a man who is going to be married on a Sunday, that he may not lose the day. He has to take three days' holiday, because the lady is an heiress; otherwise he might get off with one. But he hopes to be at work again on Wednesday, and we will have him here post-haste from York on Thursday. It will be the very job to suit him—a gentleman of Roman ancestry, and of the name of Mordacks."

"My heart was broken already; and now I can feel the poor pieces flying into my brain. Oh, why did I ever have a babe for monsters of the name of Mordacks to devour?"

Mordacks was only too glad to come. On the very day after their union, Calpurnia (likewise of Roman descent) had exhibited symptoms of a strong will of her own.

Mordacks had temporized during their courtship; but now she was his, and must learn the great fact. He behaved very well, and made no attempt at reasoning (which would have been a fatal course), but promptly donned cloak, boots, and spurs while his horse was being saddled, and then set off, with his eyes fixed firmly upon business. A crow could scarcely make less than fifty miles from York to Scargate, and the factor's trusty roadster had to make up his mind to seventy. So great, however, is sometimes the centrifugal force of Hymen, that upon the third day Mr. Mordacks was there, vigorous, vehement, and fit for any business.

When he heard what it was, it liked him well; for he bore a fine grudge against Lancelot for setting the dogs at him three years ago, when he came (as an agent for adjoining property) to the house of Yordas, and when Mr. Jellicorse scorned to meet an illegal meddler with legal matters. If Mordacks had any fault—and he must have had some, in spite of his resolute conviction to the contrary—it was that he did not altogether scorn revenge.

Lives there man, or even woman, capable of describing now the miseries, the hardships, the afflictions beyond groaning, which, like electric hail, came down upon the sacred head of Pet? He was in the grasp of three strong men—his uncle, Mr. Bart, worst of all, that Mordacks—escape was impossible, lamentation met with laughter, and passion led to punishment. Even stern Maunder was sorry for him, although he despised him for feeling it. The only beam of light, the only spark of pleasure, was his royal uniform; and to know that Insie's laugh thereat was hollow, and would melt away to weeping when he was out of sight, together with the sulky curiosity of Maunder, kept him up a little, in this time of bitter sacrifice.

Enough that he went off, at last, in the claws of that Roman hippogriff—as Mrs. Carnaby savagely called poor Mordacks—and the visitor's flag hung half-mast high, and Saracen and the other dogs made a howling dirge, with such fine hearts (as the poor mother said, between her sobs) that they got their dinners upon china plates.

Sir Duncan had left before this, and was back under Dr. Upround's hospitable roof. He had made

up his mind to put his fortune, or rather his own value, to the test, in a place of deep interest to him now, the heart of the fair Janetta. He knew that, according to popular view, he was much too old for this young lady; but for popular view he cared not one doit, if her own had the courage and the will to go against it. For years he had sternly resisted all temptation of second marriage, toward which shrewd mothers and nice maidens had labored in vain to lead him. But the bitter disappointment about his son, and that long illness, and the tender nursing (added to the tenderness of his own sides, from lying upon them, with a hard dry cough), had opened some parts of his constitution to matrimonial propensities. Miss Upround was of a playful nature, and teased everybody she cared about; and although Sir Duncan was a great hero to her, she treated him sometimes as if he were her doll. Being a grave man, he liked this, within the bounds of good taste and manners; and the young lady always knew where to stop. From being amused with her, he began to like her; and from liking her, he went on to miss her; and from missing her to wanting her was no long step.

However, Sir Duncan was not at all inclined to make a fool of himself herein. He liked the lady very much, and saw that she would suit him, and help him well in the life to which he was thinking of returning. For within the last fortnight a very high post at Calcutta had been offered to him by the powers in Leadenhall Street, upon condition of sailing at once, and foregoing the residue of his leave. If matters had been to his liking in England, he certainly would have declined it; but after his sad disappointment, and the serious blow to his health, he resolved to accept it, and set forth speedily. The time was an interlude of the war, and ships need not wait for convoy.

This had induced him to take his Yorkshire affairs (which Mordacks had been forced to intermit during his Derbyshire campaign) into his own hands, and speed the issue, as above related. And part of his plan was to quit all claim to present possession of Scargate; that if the young lady should accept his suit, it might not in any way be for the sake of the landed interest. As it happened, he had gone much further than this, and cast away his claim entirely, to save his sister from disgrace and the family property from lawyers. And now having sought Dr. Upround's leave (which used to be thought the proper thing to do), he asked Janetta whether she would have him, and she said, "No, but he might have her." Upon this he begged permission to set the many drawbacks before her, and she nodded her head, and told him to begin.

"I am of a Yorkshire family. But, I am sorry to say that their temper is bad, and they must have their own way too much."

"But, that suits me; and I understand it. Because I must have my own way too."

"But, I have parted with my inheritance, and have no place in this country now."

"But, I am very glad of that. Because I shall be able to go about."

"But, India is a dreadfully hot country; many creatures tease you, and you get tired of almost everything."

"But, that will make it all the more refreshing not to be tired of you, perhaps."

"But, I have a son as old as you, or older."

"But, you scarcely suppose that I can help that!"

"But, my hair is growing gray, and I have great crow's-feet, and everybody will begin to say—"

"But, I don't believe a word of it, and I won't have it; and I don't care a pin's head what all the world says put together, so long as you don't belong to it."

CHAPTER LIV.

TRUE LOVE.

About a month after Sir Duncan's marriage, when he and his bride were in London, with the lady's parents come to help, in the misery of outfit, a little boy ran through a field of wheat, early in the afternoon, and hid himself in a blackthorn hedge to see what was going on at Anerley. Nothing escaped him, for his eyes were sharp, being of true Danish breed. He saw Captain Anerley trudging up the hill, with a pipe in his mouth, to the bean field, where three or four men were enjoying the air, without any of the greedy gulps produced by too great exertion of the muscles; then he saw the mistress of the house throw wide a lattice, and shake out a cloth for the birds, who skipped down from the thatch by the dozen instantly; and then he saw Mary, with a basket and a wooden measure, going round the corner of the house, and clucking for the fowls to rally from their scratching-places. These came zealously, with speed of leg and wing, from straw-rick, threshing-floor, double hedge, or mixen; and following their tails, the boy slipped through the rick-yard, and tossed a note to Mary with a truly Flamburian delivery.

Although it was only a small-sized boy, no other than the heir of the "Cod-fish," a brighter rose flew into Mary's cheeks than the master-cock of all the yard could show upon comb or wattle. Contemptuous of twopence, which Mary felt for, the boy disappeared like a rabbit; and the fowls came and helped themselves to the tail-wheat, while their mistress was thinking of her letter. It was short and sweet—at least in promise—being no more than these few words: "Darling, the dike where first we met, an hour after sunset."

Mary never doubted that her duty was to go; and at the time appointed she was there, with firm knowledge of her own mind, being now a loving and reasonable woman. It was just a year since she had saved the life of Robin; and patience, and loneliness, and opposition, had enlarged and ennobled her true and simple heart. No lord in the land need have looked for a purer or sweeter example of maidenhood than this daughter of a Yorkshire farmer was, in her simple dress, and with the dignity of love. The glen was beginning to bestrew itself with want of light, instead of shadows; and bushy places thickened with the imperceptible growth of night. Mary went on, with excitement deepening, while sunset deepened into dusk; and the color of her clear face flushed and fleeted under the anxious touch of love, as the tint of a delicate finger-nail, with any pressure, varies. But not very long was she left in doubt.

"How long you have been! And oh, where have you been? And how much longer will you be?" Among many other words and doings she insisted chiefly on these points.

"I am a true-blue, as you may see, and a warrant-officer already," he said, with his old way of smiling at himself. "When the war begins again (as it must—please God!—before many weeks are over), I shall very soon get my commission, and go up. I am quite fit already to command a frigate."

Mary was astonished at his modesty; she thought that he ought to be an admiral at least, and so she told him; however, he knew better.

"You must bear in mind," he replied, with a kindly desire to spare her feelings, "that until a change for the better comes, I am under disadvantages. Not only as an outlaw—which has been upon the whole a comfort—but as a suspected criminal, with warrant against him, and reward upon him. Of course I am innocent; and everybody knows it, or at least I hope so, except the one who should have known it best."

"I am the person who should know it best of all," his true love answered, with some jealousy. "Explain yourself, Robin, if you please."

"No Robin, so please you, but Mr. James Blyth, captain of the foretop, then cockswain of the barge, and now master's mate of H. M. ship of the line *Belleisle*. But the one who should have trusted me, next to my own love, is my father, Sir Duncan Yordas."

"How you are talking! You have such a reckless way. A warrant-officer, an arrant criminal! And your father, Sir Duncan Yordas, that very strange gentleman, who could never get warm! Oh, Robin, you always did talk nonsense, when—whenever I would let you. But you should not try to make my head go round."

"Every word of it is true," the young sailor answered, applying a prompt remedy for vertigo. "It had been clearly proved to his knowledge, long before the great fact was vouchsafed to me, that I am the only son of Sir Duncan Yordas, or, at any rate, his only son for the present. The discovery gratified him so little, that he took speedy measures to supplant me."

"The very rich gentleman from India," said Mary, "that married Miss Uproud lately; and her dress was all made of spun diamonds, they say, as bright as the dew in the morning. Oh, then you will have to give me up; Robin, you must give up me!"

Clasping her hands, she looked up at him with courage, keeping down all sign of tears. She felt that her heart would not hold out long, and yet she was prouder than to turn away. "Speak," she said; "it is better to speak plainly; you know that it must be so."

"Do I? why?" Robin Lyth asked, calmly, being well contented to prolong her doubts, that he might get the benefit thereafter.

"Because you belong to great people, and I am just a farmer's daughter, and no more, and quite satisfied to remain so. Such things never answer."

"A little while ago you were above me, weren't you? When I was nobody's son, and only a castaway, with a nickname."

"That has nothing to do with it. We must take things exactly as we find them at the time."

"And you took me as you found me at the time; only that you made me out so much better. Mary, I am not worthy of you. What has birth to do with it? And so far as that goes, yours is better, though mine may seem the brighter. In every other way you are above me. You are good, and I am wicked. You are pure, and I am careless. You are sweet, and I am violent. In truth alone can I ever vie with you; and I must be a pitiful scoundrel, Mary, if I did not even try to do that, after all that you have done for me."

"But," said Mary, with her lovely eyes gleaming with the glittering shade of tears, "I like you very much to do it—but not exactly as a duty, Robin."

"You look at me like that, and you talk of duty! Duty, duty; this is my duty. I should like to be discharging it forever and a day."

"I did not come here for ideas of this kind," said Mary, with her lips as red as pyracanthine berries; "free trade was bad enough, but the Royal Navy worse, it seems. Now, Robin dear, be sensible, and tell me what I am to do."

"To listen to me, and then say whether I deserve what my father has done to me. He came back from India—as you must understand—with no other object in life, that I can hear of (for he had any quantity of money), than to find out me, his only child, and the child of the only wife he ever could put up with. For twenty years he had believed me to be drowned, when the ship he sent me home in to be educated was supposed to have foundered, with all hands. But something made him fancy that I might have escaped; and as he could not leave India then, he employed a gentleman of York, named Mordacks, to hunt out all about it. Mordacks, who seems to be a wonderful man, and most kind-hearted to everybody, as poor Widow Carroway says of him with tears, and as he testifies of himself—he set to work, and found out in no time all about me and my ear-rings, and my crawling from the cave that will bear my name, they say, and more things than I have time to tell. He appointed a meeting with Sir Duncan Yordas here at Flamborough, and would have brought me to him, and everything might have been quite happy. But in the mean while that horrible murder of poor Carroway came to pass, and I was obliged to go into hiding, as no one knows better than you, my dear. My father (as I suppose I must call him) being bound, as it seems that they all are, to fall out with their children, took a hasty turn against me at once. Mordacks, whom I saw last week, trusting myself to his honor, tells me that Sir Duncan would not have cared twopence about my free-trade work, and so on, or even about my having killed the officer in fair conflict, for he is used to that. But he never will forgive me for absconding, and leaving my fellows, as he puts it, to bear the brunt. He says that I am a dastard and a skulk, and unworthy to bear the name of Yordas."

"What a wicked, unnatural man he must be!" cried Mary. "He deserves to have no children."

"No; I am told that he is a very good man, but stiff-necked and disdainful. He regards me with scorn, because he knows no better. He may know our laws, but he knows nothing of our ways, to suppose that my men were in any danger. If I had been caught while the stir was on, a gibbet on the cliff would have been set up, even before my trial—such is the reward of eminence—but no Yorkshire jury would turn round in the box, with those poor fellows before them. 'Not guilty, my lord,' was on their tongues, before he had finished charging them."

"Oh, I am so glad! They have been acquitted, and you were there to see it!"

"To be sure. I was in the court, as Harry Ombler's father. Mr. Mordacks got it up; and it told on the jury even more than could have been expected. Even the judge wiped his eyes as he looked at me, for they say he has a scapegrace son; and Harry was the only one of all the six in danger, according to the turn of the evidence. My poor eyes have scarcely come round yet from the quantity of sobbing that I had to do, and the horrible glare of my goggles. And then I had a crutch that I stumped with as I sighed, so that all the court could hear me; and whenever I did it, all the women sighed too,

and even the hardest hearts were moved. Mr. Mordacks says that it was capital."

"Oh, but, Robin, how shocking, though you make me laugh! If the verdict had been otherwise—oh, what then?"

"Well, then, Harry Ombler had a paper in his hand, done in printing letters by myself, because he is a very tidy scholar, and signed by me; the which he was to read before receiving sentence, saying that Robin Lyth himself was in York town, and would surrender to that court upon condition that mercy should be warranted to the prisoners."

"And you would have given yourself up? And without consulting me about it!"

"Bad, I admit," Robin answered, with a smile; "but not half so bad as to give up you—which you calmly proposed just now, dear heart. However, there is no need for any trouble now, except that I am forced to keep out of sight until other evidence is procured. Mordacks has taken to me, like a better father, mainly from his paramount love of justice, and of daring gallantry, as he calls it."

"So it was, and ten times more; heroic self-devotion is a much more proper term."

"Now don't," said Robin. "If you make me blush, you may guess what I shall do to hide it—carry the war into the sweet land of the enemy. But truly, my darling, there was very little danger. And I am up for a much better joke this time. My august Roman father, who has cast me off, sails as a very great Indian gun, in a ship of the line, from Spithead, early in September. The *Belleisle* is being paid off now, and I have my certificate, as well as lots of money. Next to his lass, every sailor loves a spree; and mine, instead of emptying, shall fill the locker. With this disgusting peace on, and no chance of prize-money, and plenty in their pockets for a good spell ashore, blue-jackets will be scarce when Sir Duncan Yordas sails. If I can get a decent berth as a petty officer, off I go for Calcutta, and watch (like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft) for the safety of my dear papa and mamma, as the Frenchmen are teaching us to call them. What do you think of such filial devotion?"

"It would be a great deal more than he deserves," Mary answered, with sweet simplicity. "But what could you do, if he found out who you are?"

"Not the smallest fear of that, my dear. I have never had the honor of an introduction. My new step-mother, who might have been my sweetheart if I had not seen somebody a hundred times as good, a thousand times as gentle, and a million times as lovely—"

"Oh, Robin, do leave off such very dreadful stories! I saw her in the church, and she looked beautiful."

"Fine feathers make fine birds. However, she is well enough in her way; and I love her father. But, for all that, she has no business to be my step-mother; and of course it was only the money that did it. She has a little temper of her own, I can assure you; and I wish Sir Duncan joy of her when they get among mosquitoes. But, as I was going to say, the only risk of my being caught is from her sharp eyes. Even of that there is not much danger, for we common sailors need not go within hail of those grandees, unless it comes to boat-work. And even if Miss Janetta—I beg her pardon, Lady Yordas—should chance to recognize me, I am sure she would never tell her husband. No, no; she would be too jealous; and for fifty other reasons. She is very cunning, let me tell you."

"Well," cried Mary, with a smile of wisdom, "I hope that I may never live to be a step-mother. The way those poor things get abused—"

"You would have more principle, I should hope, than to marry anybody after me. However, I have told you nearly all my news, and in a few minutes I must be off. Only two things more. In the first place, Mordacks has taken a very great fancy to me, and has turned against my father. He and Widow Carroway and I had a long talk after the trial, and we all agreed that the murder was committed by a villain called 'John Cadman,' a sneak and a skulk, whom I knew well, as one of Carroway's own men. Among other things, they chanced to say that Cadman's gun was missing, and that the poor widow can swear to it. I asked if any one had searched for it; and Mordacks said no, it would be hopeless. I told them that if I were only free to show myself and choose my time, I would lay my life upon finding it, if thrown away (as it most likely was) in some part of that unlucky cave. Mordacks caught at this idea, and asked me a number of questions, and took down my answers; for no one else knows the cave as I do. I would run all risks myself, and be there to do it, if time suited. But only certain tides will serve, even with the best of weather; and there may be no such tide for months—I mean tide, weather, and clear water combined, as they must be for the job. Therefore I am not to wait, but go about my other business, and leave this to Mordacks, who loves to be captain of everything. Mr. Mordacks talked of a diving-bell, and some great American inventions; but nothing of the kind can be used there, nor even grappling-irons. The thing must not be heard of even, until it has been accomplished. Whatever is done, must be done by a man who can swim and dive as I can, and who knows the place almost as well. I have told him where to find the man, when the opportunity comes for it; and I have shown my better father, Robin Cockscroft, the likely spot. So now I have nothing more to do with that."

"How wonderfully you can throw off cares!" his sweetheart answered, softly. "But I shall be miserable till I know what happens. Will they let me be there? Because I understand so much about tides, and I can hold my tongue."

"That you have shown right well, my Mary; but your own sense will tell you that you could not be there. Now one thing more: here is a ring, not worthy—although it is the real stuff—to go upon your precious hand, yet allow me to put it on; no, not there; upon your wedding finger. Now do you know what that is for?"

"For me, I suppose," she answered, blushing with pleasure and admiration; "but it is too good, too beautiful, too costly."

"Not half good enough. Though, to tell you the truth, it can not be matched easily; any more than you can. But I know where to get those things. Now promise me to wear it, when you think of me; and the one habit will confirm the other. But the more important part is this, and the last thing for me to say to you. Your father still hates my name, I fear. Tell him every word I have told you, and perhaps it will bring him half way round. Sooner or later he must come round; and the only way to do it is to work him slowly. When he sees in how many ways I have been wronged, and how beautifully I have borne it all, he will begin to say to himself, 'Now this young man may be improving.' But he never will say, 'He hath no need of it.'"

"I should rather think not, you conceited Robin,

or whatever else I am to call you now. But I bargain for one thing—whatever may happen, I shall never call you anything else but Robin. It suits you, and you look well with it. Yordas, indeed, or whatever it may be—"

"No bargain is valid without a seal," etc., etc. In the old but ever-vivid way they went on, until they were forced to part, at the very lips of the house itself, after longing lingerings. The air of the fields was sweet with summer fragrance and the breath of night; the world was ripe with soft repose, whose dreams were hope and happiness; and the heaven spread some gentle stars, to show mankind the way to it. Then a noble perfume strewed the ambient air with stronger presence, as the farmer, in his shirt sleeves, came, with a clay pipe, and grumbled, "Wherever is our Mary all this time?"

CHAPTER LV.

NICHOLAS THE FISH.

Five hundred years ago there was a great Italian swimmer, even greater than our Captain Webb; inasmuch as he had what the wags of the age unjustly ascribe to our hero, that is to say, web toes and fingers. This capable man could, if history be true, not only swim for a week without ceasing (reassuring solid nature now and then by a gulp of live fish), but also could expand his chest so considerably that it held enough air for a day's consumption. Fortified thus, he explored Charybdis and all the Liparic whirlpools, and could have found Cadman's gun anywhere, if it had only been there. But at last the sea had its revenge upon him, through the cruel insistence of his king.

No man so amphibious has since arisen through the unfathomed tide of time. But a swimmer and diver of great repute was now living not far from Teesmouth. That is to say, he lived there whenever the state of the weather or the time of year stranded him in dry misery. Those who have never come across a man of this description might suppose that he was happy and content at home with his wife and growing family, assuaging the brine in the delightful manner commended by Hero to Leander. But, alas! it was not so at all. The temper of the man was very slow to move, as generally happens with deep-chested men, and a little girl might lead him with her finger on the shore; and he liked to try to smell land flowers, which in his opinion were but weeds. But if a man can not control his heart, in the very middle of his system, how can he hope to command his skin, that unscientific frontier of his frame?

"Nicholas the fish," as his neighbors (whenever, by coming ashore, he had such treasures) contemptuously called him, was endowed from his birth with a peculiar skin, and by exercise had improved it. Its virtue was excessive thickness—such as a writer should pray for—protected also by powerful hairiness—largely admired by those with whom it is restricted to the head.

Unhappily for Nicholas, the peremptory poises of nature struck a line with him, and this was his line of flotation. From perpetual usage this was drawn, obliquely indeed, but as definitely as it is upon a ship of uniform displacement—a yacht, for instance, or a man-of-war. Below that line scarcely anything could hurt him; but above it he was most sensitive, unless he were continually wetted; and the flies, and the gnats, and many other plagues of England, with one accord pitched upon him, and pitched into him, during his short dry intervals, with a bracing sense of saline draught. Also the sun, and the wind, and even the moon, took advantage of him when unwetted.

This made his dry periods a purgatory to him; and no sooner did he hear from Mr. Mordacks of a promising job under water than he drew breath enough for a ten-fathom dive, and bursting from long despair, made a great slap at the flies beneath his collar-bone. The sound was like a drum which two men strike; and his wife, who was devoted to him, hastened home from the adjoining parish with a sad presentiment of parting. And this was speedily verified; for the champion swimmer and diver set forth that very day for Bempton Warren, where he was to have a private meeting with the general factor.

Now it was a great mistake to think—as many people at this time did, both in Yorkshire and Derbyshire—that the gulf of connubial cares had swallowed the great Roman hero Mordacks. Unarmed, and even without his gallant roadster to support him, he had leaped into that Curtian lake, and had fought a good fight at the bottom of it. The details are highly interesting, and the chronicle might be useful; but, alas! there is no space left for it. It is enough, and a great thing too, to say that he emerged triumphant, reduced his wife into very good condition, and obtained the due mastery of her estates, and lordship of the household.

Refreshed and recruited by the home campaign, and having now a double base for future operations—York city with the fosse of Ouse in the east, and Pretorian Hill, Derbyshire, westward—Mordacks returned, with a smack of lip more dry than amontilladissimo, to the strict embrace of business. So far as the needs of the body were concerned, he might have done handsomely without any business; but having no flesh fit to weigh against his mind, he gave preference to the latter. Now the essence of his nature was to take strong views; not hastily—if he could help it—nor through narrow aspect of prejudice, but with power of insight (right or wrong), and stern fixity thereafter. He had kept his opinion about Sir Duncan Yordas much longer than usual pending, being struck with the fame of the man, and his manner, and generous impulsive nature. All these he still admired, but felt that the mind was far too hasty, and, to put it in his own strong way, Sir Duncan (whatever he might be in India) had been but a fool in England. Why had he cast away his claim on Scargate, and foiled the factor's own pet scheme for a great triumph over the lawyers? And why condemn his only son, when found with such skill and at heavy expense, without even hearing both sides of the tale? Last, but not least, what induced him to marry, when amply old enough to know better, a girl who might be well enough in her way, but had no family estate to bring, was shrewdly suspected of a cutting tongue, and had more than once been anything but polite to Geoffrey Mordacks?

Although this gentleman was not a lawyer, and indeed bore a tyrannous hate against that gentle and most precious class, he shared the solicitor's just abhorrence of the word "farewell," when addressed to him by any one of good substance. He resolved that his attentions should not cease, though undervalued for the moment, but should be continued to the son and heir—whose remainder in tail subsisted still, though it might be hard to substantiate—and when his cousin Lancelot should come into posses-

sion, he might find a certain factor to grapple him. Mr. Mordacks hated Lancelot, and had carried out his banishment with intense enjoyment, holding him as in a wrench-hammer all the way, silencing his squeaks with another turn of the screw, and as eager to crack him as if he were a nut, the first that turns auburn in September.

This being the condition of so powerful a mind, facts very speedily shaped themselves thereto, as they do when the power of an eminent orator lays hold of them and crushes them, and they can not even squeak. Or even as a still more eminent 'bus driver, when the street is blocked, and there seems to be no room for his own thumb, yet (with a gentle whistle and a wink) solves the jostling stir and balk, makes obstructive traffic slide, like an eddy obsequious, beside him and behind, and comes forth as the first of an orderly procession toward the public-house of his true love.

Now if anything beyond his own conviction were wanted to set this great agent upon action, soon it was found in York Summer Assizes, and the sudden inrush of evidence, which—no matter how a case has been prepared—gets pent up always for the Bar and Bench. Then Robin Lyth came, with a gallant dash, and offered himself as a sacrifice, if needful, which proved both his courage and his common-sense in waiting till due occasion demanded him. Mordacks was charmed with this young man, not only for proving his own judgment right, but also for possessing a quickness of decision akin to his own, and backing up his own ideas.

With vigor thus renewed by many interests and motives, the general and generous factor kept his appointment in Bempton Warren. Since the distressing, but upon the whole desirable, decease of that poor Rickon Goold, the lonely hut in which he breathed his last had not been by any means a popular resort. There were said to be things heard, seen, and felt, even in the brightest summer day, which commended the spot to the creatures that fear mankind, but not their spectres. The very last of all to approach it now would have been the two rollicking tars who had trodden their wooden-legged watch around it. Nicholas the fish was superstitious also, as it behooved him well to be; but having heard nothing of the story of the place, and perceiving no gnats in the neighborhood, he thankfully took it for his short dry spells.

Mr. Mordacks met him, and the two men were deeply impressed with one another. The diver admired the sharp, terse style and definite expression of the factor, while the factor enjoyed the large ponderous roll and suggestive reservations of the diver. For this was a man who had met great beings, and faced mighty wonders in deep places; and he thought of them more than he liked to say, because he had to get his living.

Nothing could be settled to a nicety between them, not even as to pounds, shillings, and pence. For the nature of the job depended wholly upon the behavior of the weather; and the weather must be not only at its best, but also setting meekly in the right direction at the right moment of big spring-tide. The diver was afraid that he might ask too little, and the factor disliked the risk of offering too much, and possibly spoiling thereby a noble nature. But each of them realized (to some extent) the honesty of the other, and neither of them meant to be unreasonable.

"Give and take, is what I say," said the short man with the monstrous chest, looking up at the tall man with the Roman nose; "live and let live. Ah! that's it."

Mr. Mordacks would have said, "Right you are," if that elegant expression had been in vogue; but as that brilliance had not yet risen, he was content to say, "Just so." Then he added, "Here you have everything you want. Madam Precious will send you twice a day, to the stone at the bottom of the lane, a gallon of beer, and victuals in proportion. Your duty is to watch the tides and weather, keep your boat going, and let me know; and here I am in half an hour."

Calpurnia Mordacks was in her duty now, and took her autumn holiday at Flamborough. And though Widow Precious felt her heart go pitapat at first sight of another Mrs. Mordacks, she made up her mind, with a gulp, not to let this cash go to the Thornwick. As a woman she sighed; but as a landlady she smiled, and had visions of hoisting a flag on her roof.

When Mordacks, like a victorious general, conqueror of this Danish town, went forth for his evening stroll to see his subjects and be saluted, a handsome young sailor came up from the cliffs, and begged to have a few quiet words with him. "Say on, my lad; all my words are quiet," replied the general factor. Then this young man up and told his tale, which was all in the well-trodden track of mankind. He had run away to sea, full of glorious dreams—valor, adventure, heroism, rivers of paradise, and lands of heaven. Instead of that, he had been hit upon the head, and in places of deeper tenderness, frequently roasted, and frozen yet more often, basted with brine when he had no skin left, scorched with thirst, and devoured by creatures whose appetites grew dainty when his own was ravening.

"Excellent youth," Mr. Mordacks said, "your tale might move a heart of flint. All who know me have but one opinion. I am benevolence itself. But my balance is low at my banker's."

"I want no money, sir," the sailor answered, simply offering benevolence itself a pipeful of tobacco from an ancient bit of bladder; "I have not got a farthing, but I am with good people who never would take it if I had it, and that makes everything square between us. I might have a hatful of money if I chose, but I find myself better without it, and my constitution braces up. If I only chose to walk a league sou'west, there would be bonfires burning. But I vowed I would go home a captain, and I will."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Mordacks, with his usual quickness, and now knowing all about everybody; "you are Mr. John Anerley, the son of the famous Captain Anerley."

"Jack Anerley, sir, till better times; and better they never will be, till I make them. But not a word to any one about me, if you please. It would break my mother's heart (for she doth look down upon people, without asking) to hear that Robin Cockscroft was supporting of me. But, bless you, I shall pay him soon, a penny for a guinea."

Truth, which struggles through the throng of men to get out and have a little breath sometimes, now and then succeeds, by accident, or the stupid misplacement of a word. A penny for a guinea was as much as Robin Cockscroft was likely ever to see for his outlay upon this very fine young fellow. Jack Anerley accepted the situation with the large philosophy of a sailor; and all he wanted from Mr. Mordacks was leave to be present at the diving job. This he obtained, as he promised to be useful, and a fourth oar was likely to be needed.

It was about an hour before noon of a beautifully soft September day, when little Sam Precious, the same boy that carried Robin Lyth's note to Mary, came up to Mr. Mordacks with a bit of plaited rushes, the scytale of Nicholas the fish, who was happy enough not to know his alphabet. The factor immediately put on his hat, girded himself with his riding sword and pistol belt, and told his good wife that business might take him away for some hours. Then he hastened to Robin Cockscroft's house, after sending the hostler, on his own horse, with a letter to Bridlington coast-guard station, as he had arranged with poor Carroway's successor.

The Flamborough fishermen were out at sea; and without any fuss, Robin's boat was launched, and manned by that veteran himself, together with old Joe and Bob, who had long been chewing the quid of expectation, and at the bow oar Jack Anerley. Their orders were to slip quietly round, and wait in the Dovecote till the diver came. Mordacks saw them on their way; and then he strode up the deserted path, and struck away toward a northern cove, where the diver's little boat was housed. There he found Nicholas the fish, spread out in all his glory, like a polypod awash, or a basking turtle, or a well-fed calf of Proteus. Laid on his back, where the wavelets broke, and beaded a silver fringe upon the golden ruff of sand, he gave his body to soft lullaby, and his mind to perfect holiday. His breadth, and the spring of fresh air inside it, kept him gently up and down; and his calm enjoyment was enriched by the baffled wrath of his enemies. For flies, of innumerable sorts and sizes, held a hopeless buzz above him, being put upon their mettle to get at him, and perishing sweetly in the vain attempt.

With a grunt of reluctance he awoke to business, swam for his boat, and embarking Mr. Mordacks, pulled him across the placid bay to the cave where his forces were assembled.

"Let there be no mistake about it," the factor shouted from the mermaids' shelf, having promised his Calpurnia to keep upon dry land whenever the water permitted him; "our friend the great diver will first ascertain whether the thing which we seek is here. If so, he will leave it where it is until the arrival of the Preventive boat. You all understand that we wish to put the matter so that even a lawyer can not pick any hole in the evidence. Light no links until I tell you. Now, Nicholas the fish, go down at once.

Without a word the diver plunged, having taken something between his teeth which he would not let the others see. The watery floor of the cavern was as smooth as a mill-pond in July, and he plunged so neatly that he made no splash; nothing but a flicker of reflection on the roof, and a lapping murmur round the sides, gave token that a big man was gone into the deep. For several minutes no one spoke, but every eye was strained upon the glassy dimness, and every ear intent for the first break of sound.

"T' goop ha' got un," cried old Robin, indignant at this outrage by a stranger to his caves, "God niver mahd mon to pree intil 's ain warks."

Old Joe and Bob grunted approbation, and Mordacks himself was beginning to believe that some dark whirlpool or coil of tangles had drowned the poor diver, when a very gentle noise, like a dabchick playing beneath a bridge, came from the darkest corner. Nicholas was there, inhaling air, not in greedy gulps and gasps, like a man who has had no practice, but leisurely encouraging his lungs with little doses, as a doctor gives soup to a starved boat crew. Being hailed by loud voices, he answered not, for his nature was by no means talkative; but presently, with very little breach of water, he swam to the middle, and asked for his pipe.

"Have you found the gun?" cried Mordacks, whose loftiest feelings had subsided in a quarter of a minute to the business level. Nicholas made no reply until the fire of his pipe was established, while he stood in the water quite as if he were on land, supporting himself by nothing more than a gentle movement of his feet, while the glow of the touch-paper lit his round face and yellow leather skull-cap. "In coorse I has," he said at last, blowing a roll of smoke along the gleaming surface; "over to yon little cornder."

"And you can put your hand upon it in a moment?" The reply was a nod and another roll of smoke. "Admirable! Now, then, Joe, and Bob the son of Joe, do what I told you, while Master Cockscroft and our nimble young friend get the links all ready."

The torches were fixed on the rocky shelf, as they had been upon the fatal night; but they were not lit until Joe and his son, sent forth in the smaller boat to watch, came back with news that the Preventive gig was round the point, and approaching swiftly, with a lady in the stern, whose dress was black.

"Right!" cried Mr. Mordacks, with a brisk voice ringing under the ponderous brows of rock. "Men, I have brought you to receive a lesson. You shall see what comes of murder. Light the torches. Nicholas, go under, with the exception of your nose, or whatever it is you breathe with. When I lift my hand, go down; and do as I have ordered you."

The cavern was lit with the flare of fire, and the dark still water heaved with it, when the coast-guard boat came gliding in. The crew, in white jerseys, looked like ghosts flitting into some magic scene. Only the officer, darkly clad, and standing up with the tiller-lines in hand, and the figure of a woman sitting in the stern, relieved their spectral whiteness.

"Commander Hardlock, and men of the coast-guard," shouted Mr. Mordacks, when the wash of ripples and the drip of oars and the creak of wood gave silence, "the black crime committed upon this spot shall no longer go unpunished. The ocean itself has yielded its dark secret to the perseverance of mankind, and the humble but not unskillful efforts which it has been my privilege to conduct. A good man was slain here, in cold blood slain—a man of remarkable capacity and zeal, gallantry, discipline, and every noble quality, and the father of a very large family. The villain who slew him would have slain six other harmless men by perjury if an enlightened English jury had been fools enough to believe him. Now I will show you what to believe. I am not eloquent, I am not a man of words; my motto is strict business. And business with me is a power, not a name. I lift my hand; you wait for half a minute; and then, from the depths of this abyss, arises the gun used in the murder."

The men understood about half of this, being honest fellows in the main, and desiring time to put heads together about the meaning; but one there was who knew too well that his treacherous sin had found him out. He strove to look like the rest, but felt that his eyes obeyed heart more than brain; and then the widow, who had watched him closely through her black veil, lifted it, and fixed her eyes on his. Deadly terror seized him, and he wished that he had shot himself.

"Stand up, men," the commander shouted, "until

we see the end of this. The crime has been laid upon our force. We scorn the charge of such treachery. Stand up, men, and face, like innocent men, whatever can be shown against you."

The men stood up, and the light of the torches fell upon their faces. All were pale with fear and wonder, but one was white as death itself. Calling up his dogged courage, and that bitterness of malice which had made him do the deed, and never yet repent of it, he stood as firmly as the rest, but differed from them in three things. His face wore a smile; he watched one place only; and his breath made a noise, while theirs was held.

Then, from the water, without a word, or sign of any hand that moved it, a long gun rose before John Cadman, and the butt was offered to his hand. He stood with his arms at his sides, and could not lift them to do anything. Neither could he speak, nor make defense, but stood like an image that is fastened by the feet.

"Hand me that," cried the officer, sharply; but instead of obeying, the man stared malignantly, and then plunged over the gun into the depth.

Not so, however, did he cheat the hangman; Nicholas caught him (as a water-dog catches a worn-out glove), and gave him to any one that would have him. "Strap him tight," the captain cried; and the men found relief in doing it. At the next jail-delivery he was tried, and the jury did their duty. His execution restored good-will, and revived that faith in justice which subsists upon so little food.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

One of the greatest days in all the history of England, having no sense of its future fame, and being upon a hostile coast, was shining rather dismally. And one of England's greatest men, the greatest of all her sons in battle—though few of them have been small at that—was out of his usual mood, and full of calm presentiment and gloomy joy. He knew that he would see the sun no more; yet his fear was not of that, but only of losing the light of duty. As long as the sun endures, he shall never see duty done more brilliantly.

The wind was dropping, to give the storm of human fury leisure; and while a sullen swell was rolling, canvas flapped and timbers creaked. Like a team of mallards in double column, plunging and lifting buoyant breasts to right and left alternately, the British fleet bore down upon the swan-like crescent of the foe. These were doing their best to fly, but failing of that luck, put helm alee, and shivered in the wind, and made fine speeches, proving that they must win the day.

"For this I have lived, and for this it would be worth my while to die, having no one left, I dare say now, in all the world to care for me."

Thus spake the junior lieutenant of that British ship, the *Victory*—a young man after the heart of Nelson, and gazing now on Nelson's face. No smarter sailor could be found in all that noble fleet than this Lieutenant Blyth, who once had been the captain of all smugglers. He had fought his way up by skill, and spirit, and patience, and good temper, and the precious gift of self-reliance, failing of which all merit fails. He had always thought well of himself, but never destroyed the good of it by saying so; and whoever praised him had to do it again, to outspeak his modesty. But without good fortune all these merits would never have been successes. One of Robin's truest merits was that he generally earned good luck.

However, his spirits were not in their usual flow of jocundity just now, and his lively face was dashed with care. Not through fear of lead, or steel, or wooden splinter, or a knock upon the head, or any other human mode of encouraging humanity. He hoped to keep out of the way of these, as even the greatest heroes do; for how could the world get on if all its bravest men went foremost? His mind meant clearly, and with trust in proper Providence, to remain in its present bodily surroundings, with which it had no fault to find. Grief, however—so far as a man having faith in his luck admits that point—certainly was making some little hole into a heart of corky fibre. For Robin Lyth had heard last night, when a schooner joined the fleet with letters, that Mary Anerley at last was going to marry Harry Tanfield. He told himself over and over again that if it were so, the fault was his own, because he had not taken proper care about the safe dispatch of letters. Changing from ship to ship and from sea to sea for the last two years or more, he had found but few opportunities of writing, and even of those he had not made the utmost. To Mary herself he had never once written, knowing well that her father forbade it, while his letters to Flamborough had been few, and some of those few had miscarried. For the French had a very clever knack just now of catching the English dispatch-boats, in most of which they found accounts of their own thrashings, as a listener catches bad news of himself. But none of these led them to improve their conduct.

Flamborough (having felt certain that Robin could never exist without free trade, and missing many little courtesies that flowed from his liberal administration), was only too ready to lament his death, without insisting on particulars. Even as a man who has foretold a very destructive gale of wind tempers with the pride of truth the sorrow which he ought to feel for his domestic chimney-pots (as soon as he finds them upon his lawn), so Little Denmark, while bewailing, accepted the loss as a compliment to its own renowned sagacity.

But Robin knew not until last night that he was made dead at Flamborough, through the wreck of a ship which he had quitted a month before she was cast away. And now at last he only heard that news by means of his shipmate, Jack Anerley. Jack was a thorough-going sailor now, easy, and childish, and full of the present, leaving the past to cure and the future to care for itself as might be. He had promised Mr. Mordacks and Robin Cockscroft to find out Robin Lyth, and tell him all about the conviction of John Cadman; and knowing his name in the navy and that of his ship, he had done so after in-and-out chase. But there for the time he had rested from his labors, and left "Davy Jones" to send back word about it; which that Pelagian Davy fails to do, unless the message is enshrined in a bottle, for which he seems to cherish true naval regard.

In this state of things the two brothers-in-law—as they fully intended to be by-and-by—were going into this tremendous battle: Jack as a petty officer, and Robin as a junior lieutenant of Lord Nelson's ship. Already had Jack Anerley begun to feel for Robin—or Lieutenant Blyth, as he now was called—that liking of admiration which his clear free manner, and quickness of resource, and agreeable smile

in the teeth of peril, had won for him before he had the legal right to fight much. And Robin—as he shall still be called while the memory of Flamborough endures—regarded Jack Anerley with fatherly affection, and hoped to put strength into his character.

However, one necessary step toward that is to keep the character surviving; and in the world's pell-mell now beginning, the uproar alone was enough to kill some, and the smoke sufficient to choke the rest. Many a British sailor who, by the mercy of Providence, survived that day, never could hear a word concerning any other battle (even though a son of his own delivered it down a trumpet), so furious was the concussion of the air, the din of roaring metal, and the clash of cannon-balls which met in the air, and split up into founts of iron.

No less than seven French and Spanish ships agreed with one accord to fall upon and destroy Lord Nelson's ship. And if they had only adopted a rational mode of doing it, and shot straight, they could hardly have helped succeeding. Even as it was, they succeeded far too well; for they managed to make England rue the tidings of her greatest victory.

In the storm and whirl and flame of battle, when shot flew as close as the teeth of a hay-rake, and fire blazed into furious eyes, and then with a blow was quenched forever, and raging men flew into pieces—some of which killed their dearest friends—who was he that could do more than attend to his own business? Nelson had known that it would be so, and had twice enjoined it in his orders; and when he was carried down to die, his dying mind was still on this. Robin Lyth was close to him when he fell, and helped to bear him to his plank of death, and came back with orders not to speak, but work.

Then ensued that crowning effort of misplaced audacity—the attempt to board and carry by storm the ship that still was Nelson's. The captain of the *Redoubtable* saw through an alley of light, between walls of smoke, that the quarter-deck of the *Victory* had plenty of corpses, but scarcely a life upon it. Also he felt (from the comfort to his feet, and the increasing firmness of his spinal column) that the heavy British guns upon the lower decks had ceased to throb and thunder into his own poor ship. With a bound of high spirits he leaped to a pleasing conclusion, and shouted, "Forward, my brave sons; we will take the vessel of war of that Nielson!"

This, however, proved to be beyond his power, partly through the inborn absurdity of the thing, and partly, no doubt, through the quick perception and former vocation of Robin Lyth. What would England have said if her greatest hero had breathed his last in French arms, and a captive to the Frenchman? Could Nelson himself have departed thus to a world in which he never could have put the matter straight? The wrong would have been redressed very smartly here, but perhaps outside his knowledge. Even to dream of it awakes a shudder; yet outrages almost as great have triumphed, and nothing is quite beyond the irony of fate.

But if free trade can not be shown as yet to have won for our country any other blessing, it has earned the last atom of our patience and fortitude by its indirect benevolence at this great time. Without free trade—in its sweeter and more innocent maidenhood of smuggling—there never could have been on board that English ship the *Victory*, a man, unless he were a runagate, with a mind of such laxity as to understand French. But Robin Lyth caught the French captain's words, and with two bounds, and a holloa, called up Britons from below. By this time a swarm of brave Frenchmen was gathered in the mizzen-chains and gangways of their ship, waiting for a lift of the sea to launch them into the English outworks. And scarcely a dozen Englishmen were alive within hail to encounter them. Not even an officer, till Robin Lyth returned, was there to take command of them. The foremost and readiest there was Jack Anerley, with a boarder's pike, and a brace of ship pistols, and his fine ruddy face screwed up as firm as his father's, before a big sale of wheat. "Come on, you froggies; we are ready for you," he shouted, as if he had a hundred men in ambush.

They, for their part, failed to enter into the niceties of his language—which difficulty somehow used never to be felt among classic warriors—yet from his manner and position they made out that he offered let and hinderance. To remove him from their course, they began to load guns, or to look about for loaded ones, postponing their advance until he should cease to interfere, so clear at that time was the Gallic perception of an English sailor's fortitude. Seeing this to be so, Jack (whose mind was not well balanced) threw a powder-case amongst them, and exhibited a dance. But this was cut short by a hand-grenade, and, before he had time to recover from that, the deck within a yard of his head flew open, and a stunning crash went by.

Poor Jack Anerley lay quite senseless, while ten or twelve men (who were rushing up, to repel the enemy) fell and died in a hurricane of splinters. A heavy round shot, fired up from the enemy's maindeck, had shattered all before it; and Jack might thank the grenade that he lay on his back while the havoc swept over. Still, his peril was hot, for a volley of musketry whistled and rang around him; and at least a hundred and fifty men were watching their time to leap down on him.

Everything now looked as bad as could be, with the drifting of the smoke, and the flare of fire, and the pelting of bullets, and of grapnel from coehorns, and the screams of Frenchmen exulting vastly, with scarcely any Englishmen to stop them. It seemed as if they were to do as they pleased, level the bulwarks of English rights, and cover themselves with more glory than ever. But while they yet waited to give one more scream, a very different sound arose. Powder, and metal, and crash of timber, and even French and Spanish throats at their very highest pressure, were of no avail against the onward vigor and power of an English cheer. This cheer had a very fine effect. Out of their own mouths the foreigners at once were convicted of inferior stuff, and their two twelve-pounders crammed with grapnel, which ought to have scattered mortality, banged upward, as harmless as a pod discharging seed.

In no account of this great conflict is any precision observed concerning the pell-mell and fisticuff parts of it. The worst of it is that on such occasions almost everybody who was there enlarges his own share of it; and although reflection ought to curb this inclination, it seems to do quite the contrary. This may be the reason why nobody as yet (except Mary Anerley and Flamborough folk) seems even to have tried to assign fair importance to Robin Lyth's share in this glorious encounter. It is now too late to strive against the tide of fortuitous clamor, whose deposit is called history. Enough that this Englishman came up, with fifty more behind him, and carried all before him, as he was bound to do.

CHAPTER LVII.

MARY LYTH.

Conquests, triumphs, and slaughterous glory are not very nice till they have ceased to drip. After that extinction of the war upon the waves, the nation which had won the fight went into general mourning. Sorrow, as deep as a maiden's is at the death of her lover, spread over the land; and people who had married their romance away, and fathered off their enthusiasm, abandoned themselves to even deeper anguish at the insecurity of property. So deeply had England's faith been anchored into the tenacity of Nelson. The fall of the funds when the victory was announced outspoke a thousand monuments.

From sires and grandsires Englishmen have learned the mood into which their country fell. To have fought under Nelson in his last fight was a password to the right hands of men, and into the hearts of women. Even a man who had never been known to change his mind began to condemn other people for being obstinate. Farmer Anerley went to church in his Fencible accoutrements, with a sash of heavy crape, upon the first day of the Christian year. To prove the largeness of his mind, he harnessed the white-nosed horse, and drove his family away from his own parish, to St. Oswald's Church at Flamborough, where Dr. Upround was to preach upon the death of Nelson. This sermon was of the noblest order, eloquent, spirited, theological, and yet so thoroughly practical, that seven Flamborough boys set off on Monday to destroy French ships of war. Mary did her very utmost not to cry—for she wanted so particularly to watch her father—but nature and the doctor were too many for her. And when he came to speak of the distinguished part played (under Providence) by a gallant son of Flamborough, who, after enduring with manly silence evil report and unprecious balms, stood forward in the breach, like Phineas, and, with the sword of Gideon, defied Philistia to enter the British ark; and when he went on to say that but for Flamborough's prowess on that day, and the valor of the adjoining parish (which had also supplied a hero), England might be mourning her foremost *πρόμαχος*, her very greatest fighter in the van, without the consolation of burying him, and embalming him in a nation's tears—for the French might have fired the magazine—and when he proceeded to ask who it was that (under the guiding of a gracious hand) had shattered the devices of the enemy, up stood Robin Cockscroft, with a score of equally ancient captains, and remembering where they were, touched their forelocks, and answered—"Robin Lyth, sir!"

Then Mary permitted the pride of her heart, which had long been painful with the tight control, to escape in a sob, which her mother had foreseen; and pulling out the stopper from her smelling-bottle, Mistress Anerley looked at her husband as if he were Bonaparte himself. He, though aware that it was inconsistent of her, felt (as he said afterward) as if he had been a Frenchman; and looked for his hat, and fumbled about for the button of the pew, to get out of it. But luckily the clerk, with great presence of mind, awoke, and believing the sermon to be over, from the number of men who were standing up, pronounced "Amen" decisively.

During the whole of the homeward drive Farmer Anerley's countenance was full of thought; but he knew that it was watched, and he did not choose to let people get in front of him with his own brains. Therefore he let his wife and daughter look at him, to their hearts' content, while he looked at the ledges, and the mud, and the ears of his horse, and the weather; and he only made two observations of moment, one of which was "gee!" and the other was "whoa!"

With females jolting up and down, upon no springs—except those of jerksome curiosity—conduct of this character was rude in the extreme. But knowing what he was, they glanced at one another, not meaning in any sort of way to blame him, but only that he would be better by-and-by, and perhaps try to make amends handsomely. And this, beyond any denial, he did as soon as he had dined, and smoked his pipe on the butt of the tree by the rick-yard. Nobody knew where he kept his money, or at least his good wife always said so, when any one made bold to ask her. And even now he was right down careful to go to his pot without anybody watching; so that when he came into the Sunday parlor there was not one of them who could say, even at a guess, where he last had been.

Master Simon Popplewell, gentleman-tanner (called out of his name, and into the name of "Johnny," even by his own wife, because there was no sign of any Simon in him), he was there, and his good wife Debby, and Mistress Anerley in her best cap, and Mary, dressed in royal navy blue, with bars of black (for Lord Nelson's sake), according to the kind gift of aunt and uncle; also Willie, looking wonderfully handsome, though pale with the failure of "perpetual motion," and inclined to be languid, as great genius should be in its intervals of activity. Among them a lively talk was stirring; and the farmer said, "Ah! You was talking about me."

"We mought be; and yet again we mought not," Master Popplewell returned, with a glance at Mrs. Deborah, who had just been describing to the company how much her husband excelled in jokesomeness. "Brother Stephen, a good man seeks to be spoken of, and a bad one objects to it, in vain."

"Very well. You shall have something for your money. Mary, you know where the old Mydeary wine is that come from your godfathers and godmothers when you was called in baptism. Take you the key from your mother, child, and bring you up a bottle, and brother Popplewell will open it, for such things is beyond me."

"Well done, our side!" exclaimed the tanner; for if he had a weakness it was for Madeira, which he always declared to have a musky smack of tan; and a waggish customer had told him once that the grapes it was made of were always tanned first. The others kept silence, foreseeing great events.

Then Mr. Popplewell, poised with calm discretion, and moving with the nice precision of a fine watchmaker, shed into the best decanter (softly as an angel's tears) liquid beauty, not too gaudy, not too sparkling with shallow light, not too ruddy with sullen glow, but vivid—like a noble gem, a brown cairngorm—with mellow depth of lustre. "That's your sort!" the tanner cried, after putting his tongue, while his wife looked shocked, to the lip of the empty bottle.

"Such things is beyond my knowledge," answered Farmer Anerley, as soon as he saw the best glasses filled; "but nothing in nature is too good to speak a good man's health in. Now fill you up a little glass for Mary; and, Perpetual Motion, you stand up, which is more than your machines can do. Now here I stand, and I drink good health to a man as I never clapped eyes on yet, and would have preferred

to keep the door between us; but the Lord hath ordered otherwise. He hath wiped out all his faults against the law; he hath fought for the honor of old England well; and he hath saved the life of my son Jack. Spite of all that, I might refuse to unspeak my words, which I never did afore, if it had not been that I wronged the man. I have wronged the young fellow, and I am man enough to say so. I called him a murderer and a sneak, and time hath proved me to have been a liar. Therefore I ask his pardon humbly; and, what will be more to his liking, perhaps, I say that he shall have my daughter Mary, if she abides agreeable. And I put down these here twenty guineas, for Mary to look as she ought to look. She hath been a good lass, and hath borne with me better than one in a thousand would have done. Mary, my love to you; and with leave all round, here's the very good health of Robin Lyth!"

"Here's the health of Robin Lyth!" shouted Mr. Popplewell, with his fat cheeks shining merrily. "Hurrah for the lad who saved Nelson's death from a Frenchman's grins, and saved our Jack boy! Stephen Anerley, I forgive you. This is the right stuff, and no mistake. Deborah, come and kiss the farmer."

Mrs. Popplewell obeyed her husband, as the manner of good wives is. And over and above this fleeting joy, solid satisfaction entered into noble hearts, which felt that now the fruit of laborious years, and the cash of many a tanning season, should never depart from the family. And to make an end of any weak misgivings, even before the ladies went—to fill the pipes for the gentlemen—the tanner drew with equal care, and even better nerve, the second bottle's cork, and expressed himself as follows:

"Brother Steve hath done the right thing. We hardly expected it of him, by rights of his confounded stubbornness. But when a shut-up man repenteth, he is equal to a hoyster, or this here bottle. What good would this 'a been without it was sealed over? Now mark my words. I'll not be behind no man when it comes to the right side up. I may be a poor man, a very poor man; and people counting otherwise might find themselves mistaken. I likes to be liked for myself only. But the day our Mary goes to church with Robin Lyth she shall have £500 tied upon her back, or else my name's not Popplewell."

Mary had left the room long ago, after giving her father a gentle kiss, and whispering to Willie that he should have half of her twenty guineas for inventing things; which is a most expensive process, and should be more highly encouraged. Therefore she could not express at the moment her gratitude to Squire Popplewell; but as soon as she heard of his generosity, it lifted a great weight off her mind, and enabled her to think about furnishing a cottage. But she never told even her mother of that. Perhaps Robin might have seen some one he liked better. Perhaps he might have heard that stupid story about her having taken up with poor Harry Tanfield; and that might have driven him to wed a foreign lady, and therefore to fight so desperately. None, however, of these perhapses went very deeply into her heart, which was equally trusting and trusty.

Now some of her confidence in the future was justified that very moment almost, by a sudden and great arrival, not of Jack Anerley and Robin Lyth (who were known to be coming home together), but of a gentleman whose skill and activity deserved all thanks for every good thing that had happened.

"Well! I am in the very nick of time. It is my nature," cried Mr. Mordacks, seated in the best chair by the fire. "Why? you inquire, with your native penetration. Simply because in very early days I acquired the habit of punctuality. This holding good where an appointment is, holds good afterward, from the force of habit, in matters that are of luck alone. The needle-eye of time gets accustomed to be hit, and turns itself up, without waiting for the clew. Wonderful Madeira! Well, Captain Anerley, no wonder that you have discouraged free trade with your cellars full of this! It is twenty years since I have tasted such wine. Mistress Anerley, I have the honor of quaffing this glass to your very best health, and that of a very charming young lady, who has hitherto failed to appreciate me."

"Then, sir, I am here to beg your pardon," said Mary, coming up, with a beautiful blush. "When I saw you first I did not enter into your—your—"

"My outspoken manner and short business style. But I hope that you have come to like me better. All good persons do, when they come to know me."

"Yes, sir; I was quite ashamed of myself, when I came to learn all that you have done for somebody, and your wonderful kindness at Bridlington."

"Famously said! You inherit from your mother the power and the charm of expression. And now, my dear lady, good Mistress Anerley, I shall undo all my great merits by showing that I am like the letter-writers, who never write until they have need of something. Captain Anerley, it concerns you also, as a military man, and loyal soldier of King George. A gallant young officer (highly distinguished in his own way, and very likely to get on, in virtue of high connection) became of age some few weeks back; and being the heir to large estates, determined to entail them. I speak as in a parable. My meaning is one which the ladies will gracefully enter into. Being a large heir, he is not selfish, but would fain share his blessings with a little one. In a word, he is to marry a very beautiful young lady to-morrow, and under my agency. But he has a very delightful mother, and an aunt of a lofty and commanding mind, whose views, however, are comparatively narrow. For a hasty, brief season, they will be wroth; and it would be unjust to be angry with them. But love's indignation is soon cured by absence, and tones down rapidly into desire to know how the sinner is getting on. In the present case, a fortnight will do the business; or if for a month, so much the better. Heroes are in demand just now; and this young gentleman took such a scare in his very first fight that he became a hero, and so has behaved himself ever since. Ladies, I am astonished at your goodness in not interrupting me. Your minds must be as practical as my own. Now this lovely young pair, being married to-morrow, will have to go hunting for the honey in the moon, to which such enterprises lead."

"Sir, you are very right," Squire Popplewell replied; and, "That is Bible truth," said the farmer.

"Our minds are enlarged by experience," resumed the genial factor, pleasantly, and bowing to the ladies, who declined to say a word until a better opportunity, "and we like to see the process going on with others. But a nest must be found for these young doves—a quiet one, a simple one, a place where they may learn to put up with one another's cookery. The secret of happiness in this world is not to be too particular. I have hit upon the very place to make them thankful by-and-by, when they come to look back upon it—a sweet little hole, half a league away from anybody. All is arranged—a

frying-pan, a brown-ware tea-pot, a skin of lard, a cock and a hen, to lay some eggs; a hundredweight of ship biscuits, warranted free from weevil, and a knife and fork. Also a way to the sea, and a net, for them to fish together. Nothing more delightful can be imagined. Under such circumstances, they will settle, in three days, which is to be the master—which I take to be the most important of all marriage settlements. And, unless I am very much mistaken, it will be the right one—the lady. My little heroine, Jerry Carroway, is engaged as their factotum, and every auspice is favorable. But without your consent, all is knocked on the head; for the cottage is yours, and the tenant won't go out, even under temptation of five guineas, without your written order. Mistress Anerley, I appeal to you. Captain, say nothing. This is a lady's question."

"Then I like to have a little voice sometimes, though it is not often that I get it. And, Mr. Mordacks, I say 'Yes.' And out of the five guineas we shall get our rent, or some of it, perhaps, from Poacher Tim, who owes us nigh upon two years now."

The farmer smiled at his wife's good thrift, and, being in a pleasant mood, consented, if so be the law could not be brought against him, and if the young couple would not stop too long, or have any family to fall upon the rates. The factor assured him against all evils; and then created quite a brisk sensation by telling them, in strict confidence, that the young officer was one Lancelot Yordas, own first cousin to the famous Robin Lyth, and nephew to Sir Duncan Yordas. And the lady was the daughter of Sir Duncan's oldest friend, the very one whose name he had given to his son. Wonder never ceased among them, when they thought how things came round.

Things came round not only thus, but also even better afterward. Mordacks had a very beautiful revenge of laughter at old Jellicorse, by outstripping him vastly in the family affairs. But Mr. Jellicorse did not care, so long as he still had eleven boxes left of title-deeds to Scargate Hall, no liability about the twelfth, and a very fair prospect of a lawsuit yet for the multiplication of the legal race. And meeting Mr. Mordacks in the highest legal circles, at Proctor Brigant's, in Crypt Court, York, he acknowledged that he never met a more delightful gentleman, until he found out what his name was. And even then he offered him a pinch of snuff, and they shook hands very warmly without anything to pay.

When Robin Lyth came home he was dissatisfied at first—so difficult is mankind to please—because his good luck had been too good. No scratch of steel, no permanent scorch of powder, was upon him, and England was not in the mood to value any unwounded valor. But even here his good luck stood him in strong stead, and cured his wrong. For when the body of the lamented hero arrived at Spithead, in spirits of wine, early in December, it was found that the Admiralty had failed to send down any orders about it. Reports, however, were current of some intention that the hero should lie in state, and the battered ship went on with him. And when at last proper care was shown, and the relics of one of the noblest men that ever lived upon the tide of time were being transferred to a yacht at the Nore, Robin Lyth, in a sad and angry mood, neglected to give a wide berth to a gun that was helping to keep up the mourning salute, and a piece of wad carried off his starboard whisker.

This at once replaced him in the popular esteem, and enabled him to land upon the Yorkshire coast with a certainty of glorious welcome. Mr. Mordacks himself came down to meet him at the Northern Landing, with Dr. Upround and Robin Cockscroft, and nearly all the men, and entirely all the women and children, of Little Denmark. Strangers also from outlandish parts, Squire Popplewell and his wife Deborah, Mrs. Carroway (with her Tom, and Jerry, and Cissy, and lesser Carroways, for her old aunt Jane was gone to Paradise at last, and had left her enough to keep a pony-carriage), and a great many others, and especially a group of four distinguished persons, who stood at the top of the slide, because of the trouble of getting back if they went down.

These had a fair and double-horsed carriage in the lane, at the spot where fish face their last tribunal; and scarcely any brains but those of Flamborough could have absorbed such a spectacle as this, together with the deeper expectations from the sea. Of these four persons, two were young enough, and two not so young as they had been, but still very lively, and well pleased with one another. These were Mrs. Carnaby and Mr. Bart; the pet of the one had united his lot with the darling of the other; for good or for bad, there was no getting out of it, and the only thing was to make the best of it. And being good people, they were doing this successfully. Poor Mrs. Carnaby had said to Mr. Bart, as soon as Mr. Mordacks let her know about the wedding, "Oh, but, Mr. Bart, you are a gentleman; now, are you not? I am sure you are, though you do such things! I am sure of it by your countenance."

"Madam," Mr. Bart replied, with a bow that was decisive, "if I am not, it is my own fault, as it is the fault of every man."

At this present moment they were standing with their children, Lancelot and Insie, who had nicely recovered from matrimony, and began to be too high-spirited. They all knew, by virtue of Mr. Mordacks, who Robin Lyth was; and they wanted to see him, and be kind to him, if he made no claim upon them. And Mr. Bart desired, as his father's friend, to shake hands with him, and help him, if help were needed.

But Robin, with a grace and elegance which he must have imported from foreign parts, declined all connection and acquaintance with them, and declared his set resolve to have nothing to do with the name of "Yordas." They were grieved, as they honestly declared, to hear it, but could not help owning that his pride was just; and they felt that their name was the richer for not having any poor people to share it.

Yet Captain Lyth—as he now was called, even by revenue officers—in no way impoverished his name by taking another to share it with him. The farmer declared that there should be no wedding until he had sold seven stacks of wheat, for his meaning was to do things well. But this obstacle did not last long, for those were times when corn was golden, not in landscape only.

So when the spring was fair with promise of green for the earth, and of blue for heaven, and of silver-gray upon the sea, the little church close to Anerley Farm filled up all the complement of colors. There was scarlet, of Dr. Upround's hood (brought by the Precious boy from Flamborough); a rich plum-color in the coat of Mordacks; delicate rose and virgin white in the blush and the brow of Mary; every tint of the rainbow on her mother's part; and gold, rich gold, in a great tanned bag, on behalf of Squire

Popplewell. His idea of a "settlement" was cash down, and he put it on the parish register.

Mary found no cause to repent of the long endurance of her truth, and the steadfast power of quiet love. Robin was often in the distance still, far beyond the silvery streak of England's new salvation. But Mary prayed for his safe return; and safe he was, by the will of the Lord, which helps the man who helps himself, and has made his hand bigger than his tongue. When the war was over, Captain Lyth came home, and trained his children in the ways in which he should have walked, and the duties they should do and pay.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has written a bright article upon International Copyright, which is published in the *International Review*. It begins with a pointed story of a Dutchman who landed upon Manhattan Island with a fine watch, which he took out to answer the question of a noble savage as to the time of day. The noble savage, seeing the fine watch, and liking it, immediately appropriated it, and the Dutchman, seeing the band of Indian braves, simultaneously perceived the hopelessness of reseizing his property, and proceeded to argue. In the course of the discussion the noble red man remarked that there was no watch-right treaty between their countries, and that as no law forbade him to keep the watch, he certainly should not restore it. The Dutchman evidently was the foreign author, and the noble savage the American publisher. Having set the tune, as it were, in this pretty allegory, Mr. Collins proceeds to argue, substantially, that to republish books, regardless of the author's rights of property, is to steal watches.

But is this quite a fair statement of the question? Mr. Collins is an Englishman, and a distinguished writer of books. Does English law give him the same right of property in his book as in his watch? Does any English law declare that he shall have and hold his watch absolutely for forty or fifty years, and no longer? If not—and of course it does not—it is because English law does not acknowledge that his book is property in the same unrestricted sense as his watch. The noble savage, therefore, symbolizes England at the expiration of the English copyright, and all that the Dutch traveller could fairly say to the appropriator of his watch would be, "Noble savage, you are doing with my property to-day precisely what my beloved country will do at the end of fifty years." In other words, he would say, in the plain vernacular, "You are a thief now, and my country will be a thief presently."

To recur to Mr. Collins's story, the savage respects no right of property in Mr. Collins's watch, and England respects none in his book after the lapse of fifty years. They both appropriate his property to their own use. "There is no difference in principle," says Mr. Drone, "between a statute which requires an author to surrender his works to the public at a prescribed time, and one which would compel the owner of the Mammoth Cave, after a term of years, to admit visitors without charge to view its subterranean wonders, or one which would limit the ownership of a gold or a coal mine to a term of years. The law which puts an arbitrary terminus upon the ownership of literary property is the same in principle with one that would abridge the farmer's rights to his orchards and grain fields."

Mr. Collins's argument, therefore, is an argument against the law of copyright. His own country, for its own advantage, permits authors who first publish in England to enjoy protection for a term of years. But the permission is not granted as a right of the author, but as an interest of the state. Now Mr. Collins can not deny the right of other countries to judge for themselves what their interests require. If England thinks that it is good policy to give every author, foreign and domestic, protection for forty-two years, no Englishman can plead the example of England against another country which thinks it good policy to give a right of twenty-eight years to its own authors only. Certainly nobody could be so foolish as to assert any moral superiority for England merely because the conditions which she deems favorable to her own interests are different from those which are thought favorable elsewhere.

It is evident, therefore, that there are two very different questions involved in this discussion, and that they are constantly confused. The questions are these: first, whether the author's right of property in his book should be acknowledged to be precisely the same as that of the owner in a watch; and second, conceding the limited right of property in his work which the laws of the United States and of England allow to the author, how can all the interests involved in the production of books in both countries be most equitably maintained.

The last is the present practical question. If Mr. Collins and all English and American authors defer their efforts to obtain common protection in the two countries until the laws of both acknowledge the unrestricted right of literary property, they will postpone relief indefinitely; and it is a great misfortune that the promise of a reasonable and satisfactory arrangement should be obscured by the misapprehension of those who are most interested. The American members of the International Copyright Committee appointed by the association

for the reform and codification of the laws of nations, have written a letter to Secretary Evarts in which they speak of "the deepening conviction that an international copyright, similar, for example, to that adopted by the German Empire, with an avoidance of injury in existing national industries, has become desirable, not alone as a matter of justice to American authors, but on the ground of practical expediency, and indeed necessity to give new life and strength to the American book trade, and to supply the basis of certainty which is essential to confidence and successful competition."

If Mr. Collins will have nothing else than an absolute right of property in his book everywhere and always, he takes a position for which much can be cogently said. But it is a right which he has not now, and which, we presume, he does not expect that the laws of his own country or of any other will soon concede. If, however, he acquiesces in a right limited by certain conditions, would he not evidently be the gainer if one of these conditions were that his right should be protected in a country where it is now legally unprotected, provided he should choose a publisher of that country to issue his work?

EVEN the repose of an Easy Chair is disturbed by the immense popular excitement of the great Presidential conventions, and there are many questions suggested by them which are in no sense political in a partisan sense. The tumult and frenzy attending them are so prodigious that, as the country increases, and the patronage of office becomes more and more enormous, the inquiry will inevitably suggest itself whether the National Convention be the most satisfactory method of deciding upon the candidacy.

The old method, when there were fewer States, and communication was more difficult, and political machinery less mechanical, was the Congressional caucus. The members of Congress who belonged to the same party assembled and placed a candidate in nomination. In 1824, however, so few members attended the Congressional caucus that its action was repudiated, and candidates were proposed by State Legislatures. There was a "scrub race," and the election fell to the House of Representatives, which chose John Quincy Adams. Jackson was nominated by Legislatures, but with his second term the practice of conventions had been adopted, and has been continued ever since. Experience, however, has shown so many ways in which the result can be illicitly produced, that it is not impossible that other methods may be suggested and approved.

Meanwhile progress has been made in defining the convention system. It is now generally conceded that the district, not the State, is the basis of the nominating convention, and consequently that instructions from a State Convention, or the restriction of the unit rule, are not binding. The National Convention is the highest supreme council of the party, of which every member is a free representative to vote according to his convictions. Indeed, the theory of instructions is inconsistent with a representative republic. The member of Congress or the delegate to a convention is not the agent of a sovereign whose duty is merely to register a decree already made. He is a representative to consult and deliberate and decide under circumstances and upon considerations which are not known to his constituency. He is selected to go to Chicago or Cincinnati, for instance, because of his agreement with those who send him, and his duty when he arrives is to do what in his judgment his constituency would do were they personally present, and acquainted with the situation as he is. If they have instructed him to vote in a certain way, and he sees that to vote in that way would produce results which it is the very object of his instructions to avoid, he should disregard his instructions in order to serve the purpose for which he was sent.

The doctrine of instructions is belittling, because it degrades a free representative into a mere attorney without discretion. It reduces politics from an intellectual encounter to a game of dodge and intrigue, in which small and tricky and unscrupulous men have all the advantage. Real leaders, like Webster and Clay —men who lead by real ascendency, not by theatrical attitudes—agree with Burke's famous plea for the independence of representatives. It was in the speech to his Bristol constituency that he laid down the true doctrine upon this subject. "If," said Burke, "by a fair, by an indulgent, by a gentlemanly behavior to our representatives we do not give confidence to their minds and a liberal scope to their understanding, if we do not permit our members to act upon a *very* enlarged view of things, we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency.....At present it is the plan of the court to make its servants insignificant. If the people should fall into the same humor, and should choose their servants on the same principles of mere obsequiousness and flexibility, and total vacancy or indifference of opinion in all public matters, then no part of the state will be sound, and it will be in vain to think of saving it."

This is the sound, common-sense view of a great statesman, and it is a matter of general congratulation when any great party accepts it as a rule of action. In a certain lofty sense a public man, a representative, is a servant of the people; that is, he serves their interest according to his own convictions. But he is not a menial, a slave, a mere agent and puppet. Nothing would drive honorable and able men from the public service so certainly as a system which destroys their independence and discretion; and the political conventions of

this year have done much to break the gag and padlock with which intemperate party zeal has sometimes sought to bind the freedom of American political action.

MACAULAY'S essay upon Madame D'Arblay has made her name more familiar to this generation of readers than her own books, although the reception of the issue of *Evelina* in the "Franklin Square Library" shows that there is still an active interest in "little Fanny Burney." Most readers, however, have probably been content to know Madame D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters* through Macaulay, but the book, which has been inaccessible, has now been republished in an admirable form by Roberts Brothers, and it will be found to be a curious and interesting pendant to the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat.* Both books describe court life from a court point of view, and the picture in each is drawn by a singularly skillful hand. But while in Madame De Rémusat's story all glamour vanishes from Napoleon, in Madame D'Arblay's George the Third is a pleasanter figure than in any other account of him.

"Great George our king" was called a domestic monarch, and his court evidently made the most of his virtues. An Englishman, indeed, may honestly congratulate himself upon the different pictures of the English court in the middle and at the close of the century. Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George the Second* is one of the most unsavory books in literature. The court of the second George was what would be called in these days "a carnival of corruption," while Miss Burney's court diary is that of the most commonplace propriety. The historian, indeed, is in the one case a man, and in the other a woman. But there is no doubt that the moral difference between the courts of the grandfather and the grandson was immense.

There is, however, a certain humiliation in reading the narrative of Madame D'Arblay. There is no book which explains more truly what Thackeray meant by the spirit of snobbery. Snobbery is a mean admiration of mean things. The brilliant Fanny Burney, whose *Evelina* had amazed and delighted the world, to whom Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds paid eager homage, the most famous Englishwoman of her time as an author, naturally recoiled from becoming a dull queen's dressing-maid. But the prospect was overpowering to her father, and she yielded. From the moment she entered the court circle, however, she was unable to resist its littleness and narrowness and ignorance. All was servility and obsequiousness and stupid adulation. There is no glimpse of anything elevating, or generous, or ennobling. The queen was the dullest of women, but always "gracious," "sweet," "condescending," and whatever other epithet describes the conduct of a superior being, in the eyes of her lady-in-waiting. It was a suffocating atmosphere, however, and at last Miss Burney succumbed and fled.

It is almost incomprehensible that a woman could have passed from the admiration of the truly illustrious men in England to the under-waiting-maidship of Mrs. Schwellenberg—one of the ignorant and vulgar women who came to England in the train of the reigning house. Nothing explains it but that spirit which makes a court, as a court, resistless. The rebuffs and insults and mortifications which this famous lady was forced to endure are comical when it is remembered that they were of her own choice, and pitiful when it is remembered how long she submitted to them. Her health was shattered in this dismal service of answering the queen's dressing bell, yet she could not make up her mind to propose to her Gracious Majesty that, unspeakable as was the honor of tying her shoes, yet her health was of some importance to her. Her Gracious Majesty was evidently inclined to resent the desire of any one to resign attendance upon her toilet, but at last graciously consented to receive the resignation, and to allow the faithful servant a pension of five hundred dollars a year.

The routine of the royal household was such as might be expected of "Farmer George's" family circle. Cribbage in the evening—and such continuous cribbage that at last Miss Burney cries out in a kind of asphyxia—and reading of Colman's plays, and little else. This with embroidery seems to have been the domestic occupation, while the society was that of ladies-in-waiting and gentlemen of the same kind. The earlier diary abounds in occasional sketches of this ludicrous life, which are as bright and entertaining as the earliest passages in *Evelina.* But they gradually disappear, and court sympathies take such complete possession of Miss Burney that she objects to the Regency Bill, when the king is deranged, as an insult to the revered monarch, and she withdraws her countenance from Edmund Burke because he arraigns poor dear persecuted Warren Hastings. Madame D'Arblay's picture of the domestic life of the court of George the Third is a counterpart of Miss Austen's delightful miniature sketches of English country village life at about the same period.

All such works, like the journals of Queen Victoria, and like the photographs of to-day, dissipate sadly the divinity that doth hedge a king. Upon what personages the affectionate loyalty of England was lavished! How Nelson fought and fell, and the country drained all its resources and sacrificed its children, for a national cause of which George the Third was the representative, with the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth, and the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth, as his successors. Madame D'Arblay describes a scene of which the Duke of Clarence was the hero, and which shows of what material a royal family may be made. Except

for experience it might be supposed to be morally deteriorating to a nation to expend so lofty a sentiment as loyalty upon unworthy or inadequate objects, and to personify the nation in those whom it is impossible individually to respect. A permanent executive may have advantages, but it is a terrible disadvantage that it may be a man like George the Fourth. It is only from the most devout or the most superstitious that the triple tiara of Alexander the Sixth can conceal the vileness of Rodrigo Borgia.

Madame D'Arblay's diary is a valuable commentary upon Bagehot's view that royalty retains its hold upon England through the imagination, and that the great multitude of the English people really believe in a certain kind of divine right, and do not feel that royalty is actually human like themselves. The tone of the diary even in describing the peculiarly human aspect and character of royalty is one of such breathless homage as to imply the essential superiority. It is the tone in which an orthodox Greek or Roman might have described the palpable weaknesses or worse of the foam-born Venus, the gossip of Minerva, or the offenses of Jove himself. The essential folly and absurdity of the court ceremonial in modern England does not strike her. The author of *Evelina* is perpetually awe-struck by the graciousness of her Gracious Majesty; and it is no wonder that the rustic who has never seen a court supposes the being to whom even Miss Burney morally kowtows to be always sitting upon a throne, with a crown upon her head, and a ball and sceptre in her hands.

But the diary is of permanent interest to every reader for its graphic skill in depicting a life which is generally veiled, and yet about which there is great curiosity. The book is valuable also as that of the woman whom Macaulay, in his singularly entertaining essay, describes as the first woman in England who wrote a tale that lives, and deserves to live. His essay was published thirty-seven years ago, and he says that at that time the novels that the English world owes to women are no small part of the literary glory of the country. He adds that two of Miss Burney's successors had surpassed her, and the two are the authors of *Mansfield Park* and *The Absentee*—Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. It is a singular judgment, for exquisite as Miss Austen's miniatures are, and charming as Miss Edgeworth's delicate and feminine pictures, *Evelina* has a grasp and vigor and broad humorous lifelikeness which recall, *mutatis mutandis*, the touch of Fielding.

Had the Easy Chair the pen of a G. P. R. James, as Thackeray used to say, it would record that on a bright and breezy afternoon of spring seven huge European steamers might have been seen putting to sea together, while the loiterer upon the shore of the lower bay of New York was ready to exclaim, as he beheld them, "Be me halidom, a goodly sight!" It was the beginning of the "great summer exodus" of pilgrims to Europe; and looking across to the high tower and the sparkling ranges of summer pavilions on Coney Island, and the fleet of small craft in Gravesend Bay, the loiterer contrasted it with the vessel of Hendrick Hudson riding solitary upon the same waters, and his little boat pulling ashore to Coney Island, two hundred and seventy-one years ago, or almost a century earlier with the more doubtful craft of Verrazzano, the first traditional European voyager who sailed into the bay, pausing at the Narrows, but about whose voyage the scholars are not agreed, while Bancroft has discarded it from his pages altogether.

For those venturesome and solitary explorers we return rich usury every year to Europe. But this year the pilgrimage has a peculiar interest, for hundreds of the American travellers intend doubtless to see the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, which is now the most world-famous of theatrical spectacles, and the first performance of which took place on the 17th of May. The theatre, like the theatres of Greece, is open to the sky—an inclosure with seats capable of holding five thousand persons. The little village overflowed with people—curious spectators from all parts of the world, and devout throngs of peasants from the neighboring country. At five in the morning the cannon and the bands of music announced that the great day had dawned. The town was all astir, and crowds of worshippers pressed to the parish church, where high mass was celebrated. At eight o'clock the theatre was packed with people. Three cannon-shots echoed among the mountains that overhang the town, announcing that the play was to begin. The country people reverentially uncovered—for to them the play is a religious festival—and the performance began.

An orchestra of thirty performers preluded with soft and solemn music. The blue sky shone overhead. The odors of the mountains perfumed the fresh morning air. The bells of browsing cattle tinkled from the distant pastures. The swallows twittered and flitted among the scenery upon the stage, while a chorus of nineteen—ten women and nine men—came from either side, and, standing in a line before the audience, chanted a fitting prologue. It is the correspondent of the London *Times* through whose eyes we look, but even he does not attempt to give a complete account of a play which, beginning at eight in the morning, continues until five in the afternoon, with an hour's intermission. It is a series of symbolic tableaux from the Old Testament, followed by spoken scenes from the New. The play is in two parts—the first opening with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ending with His betrayal and imprisonment; the second beginning with His trial, and ending with the resurrection.

The tableaux are symbolical, and curious-

ly illustrate the ingenuity of the playwright. Judas's bribe of thirty pieces of silver, for instance, is represented as typified by the sale of Joseph by his brethren to the Midianites for twenty pieces, and the scene of the entry into Jerusalem is preceded by two tableaux, of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and the sacrifice of Isaac. They are all perfect of their kind. There is no looking askance at the audience to study the effect; but the statuesque immovability of the rustic performers, and the felicity and completeness of the design and the execution, suggest the connection between Jewish history and what is believed to be its interpretation and fulfillment, in a manner which leaves a very profound and solemn impression.

The scenes in the life of Christ which are portrayed are the Sanhedrim taking counsel against Christ; the parting at Bethany; the Last Supper, which is a perfect copy of Leonardo's great picture; the appearance of Christ before His judges; the bearing of the cross, from Paul Veronese; the descent from the cross, after Rubens; and the entombment, from Raphael. The crucifixion, which is the culmination of the sublime and awful tragedy, is represented, according to our guide, with a pathos and power which the greatest actors could not surpass. The art is intensely realistic. The nailing to the cross, indeed, is not seen, but is heard behind the scenes; but when the cross is raised, the strongest glass could not show that the nails did not pierce hands and feet; and there was a murmur of horror when a crimson stain followed the thrust of the centurion's spear.

It is a peasant named Joseph Mair who represents Christ, with a studious fidelity to all the pictures and traditions, and with startling reality of effect, but with some want of intellectual vigor. But the same realism is wonderfully illustrated by the deep and agonized sigh, distinctly audible to the whole audience, with which, upon the cross, he drops his head and dies. For twenty minutes he is rigidly suspended, and the stiffness is not relaxed when he is wrapped in the costly linen cloth by Joseph of Arimathea. Our observer thinks Pilate to be, upon the whole, the best-acted character in the play; and after Pilate, Judas. The scowls, the visible avarice, the shoulder-jerkings, the stealthiness, and the suspicious face were admirable, and the haggling for a higher price could hardly have been surpassed by Shylock. Among the other disciples, Peter was excellent, and he and the rest were all carefully studied from Da Vinci's picture.

The spectacle is so strange to our religious world, with its own traditions of propriety, that it probably seems to many of our readers little short of blasphemy. Yet it has a very solemn effect upon the vast throng which beholds it. If some eccentricity of Judas moved to laughter, the emotion was instantly and instinctively checked by the audience; and if the curtain rose upon a peculiarly striking tableau, the tendency to applause was instantly restrained. At the end of the seven hours of unflagging attention to the absorbing play, during which many had silently shed tears, there was a deep earnestness upon the faces of the great multitude, which moved quietly away, without levity. The little town, which has but fifteen hundred inhabitants, is overflowed with the deluge of strangers, and there is naturally a difference of opinion as to the moral effect of the play. But if to those beyond the pale of the Roman Catholic Church it seems, as to an English clergyman who has denounced it in an open letter, as devilish, it must be remembered that the Church of Rome has always appealed to the religious sentiment by every form of art, and that the Oberammergau *Passion Play* is but a step further than the extinguished candles of the "Tenebræ" and the "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel. Whatever criticism may be passed upon that renowned and imposing service, no one will deny its profound and touching solemnity.

The weather is the most abused of topics, but it is still the most universal. As a subject of conversation, it is invaluable, because it is always a solvent of silence, due to whatever cause, and it is susceptible of infinite amplification. The shyest of men suddenly introduced to each other, without the slightest clew to each other's personality, or opinions, or relation to any subject whatever, can meet safely upon the platform of the weather. When the day is the most perfect of June days, when the air is all rose perfume, and the breeze is blandness itself, although nothing could be more evident than that it is a beautiful day, or need less to be remarked, yet such is the happy lot of morbid bashfulness and mental vacuity that it is perfectly permissible to say, "What a beautiful day!" What, indeed, can give a pleasanter impression of human nature than two men who pass each other in a drenching shower, and remark, pleasantly and simultaneously, "Wet"? It is no more absurd than to say, "The sun shines," on a brilliant summer morning. Yet it is observable that if that particular phrase is used, the remark becomes a little ridiculous. If two passengers upon the street should remark, cheerfully, as they passed, "This is Broadway," and repeat it to every friend whom they met, they would go near to be thought deranged. Yet a man in the full sunshine of summer may say to every friend, "What a beautiful day!" and his sanity will be unsuspected.

Why is it that one obvious, self-evident proposition, the utterance of which imparts no information, and is an absurd truism, should be tolerated and grateful, while another of the very same kind is received as a jest or sign of mental decay? If you should reply to the friend who remarks upon the fine day, "Certainly, very fine; twice two are

four," you would have replied in kind, but insult or insanity might be fairly alleged. But to question the weather as a topic of conversation is really to require that there shall be no talk which is not reasonable. Yet why reduce us to silence? Deduct from the sum total of human remarks the wonder whether it is going to rain, the hope that it is going to clear, the emphatic asseveration that it is too hot, and the profane proclamation that it is altogether too —— cold, with all the filling in, so to speak, the "How lovely!" "How perfect!" "How just right!" "What extraordinary weather!" and "What delightful weather!" and then the historical comparisons of weather, and references to thermometrical records, and days of phenomenal cold or heat, and what would be left of human intercourse? Imagine, under this privation, the condition of ladies making morning calls! Consider the case of young gentlemen joining young ladies *en promenade*, or of A suddenly presented to B! What mournful silence would wrap the world!

It is in this view that the weather reports from Washington are such blessings, and that the late lamented Merriam and the contemporary Vennor are such benefactors. The "probabilities" of the morning paper organize and give point to the whole weather gossip of the day. "Ha!" says Lynx, over his coffee, "hum! Probabilities says cloudy and cool, with shifting winds from north to south; clear, with local rains, increasing temperature, and possible frost at night; rising, stationary, or falling barometer. That's all very well. Now let us see." Lynx scrutinizes the weather all day long to catch Probabilities tripping, and his mind is fuller of it than ever. If a friend salutes him with the familiar "Fine day!" Lynx is ready for him. "Well, perhaps so, but you wait. I am not so sure how it's going to turn out." But, nevertheless, if Probabilities says, tersely, "Rain," Lynx and everybody else sallies forth with an umbrella.

Before Probabilities we had Merriam. This worthy man was the inventor of "heated terms." He had an ill way on July mornings of publishing a card announcing that a heated term was at hand, and the population began at once to mop and puff, and the annoyance was the greater because of the announcement. There was a great deal of skeptical ribaldry when the Merriam prophecies appeared; but he doubtless consoled himself with the familiar proverb about prophets in their own country, and heated up his terms as before. Mr. Merriam supplied us with conjectural weather for some months. But his voice became silent, and he had no individual rival—for Probabilities is a system—until Mr. Vennor, who this year announced a cold wet May, and a hot dry June. By this middle of June the result is that May was the hottest and driest upon record, while June has been cool and moist. But the good prophet need not be discouraged. If the particular kind of weather that he had designed has failed, yet the weather itself has become more than ever a topic of interest. It has not only its general interest, but the especial interest of verifying or disproving his accuracy of foreknowledge. The older almanacs displayed this prescience also, when along the whole list of the thirty-one January days they said, significantly, "Look out for snow about this time," and upon the July and August pages they prophesied all the way, "About this time expect thunder-storms." There are other prophesies also:

"St. Swithin's Day, if it do rain,"

we are taught what to expect.

But why be impatient of the universal talk of the weather? What is it but the instinctive tribute to the beauty of the world in which we live, and to the celestial laws which govern it?

No American author has more rapidly risen to great reputation and popularity than Mr. Henry James, Jun., who begins a new story in the July number of the Magazine. It is but two years since his little sketch of *Daisy Miller* struck the general public mind as a work of singular insight and literary felicity, and gave him a more widely recognized high position, although he had already published several books, and was well known to a large and admiring circle. Indeed, it was evident that *Daisy Miller* was not the work of a 'prentice hand. There was a proportion and a self-possession and a restraint, as well as a perfect confidence of treatment, which are the result of long and intelligent training; and that is precisely what Mr. James has.

For many years he has been training for his literary career. A dozen or more years ago he was writing tales or sketches, many of which were very full of the promise of what he is now accomplishing, but which did not fully satisfy his own tests, and which are therefore buried in the older magazines. He is essentially an artist, and has studied with singular care and sympathy the works of the masters in that branch of literary art to which his own genius attracts him. Here again he knew just what he wanted, and his critical acuteness seized it at once. None of our authors, perhaps, except Hawthorne, has been more patiently a student of his art than Mr. James; and intent only upon the best for his purpose, the eager rivalry with which he, like all literary aspirants, is surrounded, has neither excited nor disturbed him. He has not been betrayed into following a fashion or striking for a sensation, but depending, with the true artistic instinct, upon the essential and natural quality of his work, his reputation is not a whim of surprise or a caprice of taste; it is the recognition of a talent carefully and methodically educated, and full of "staying power."

Although, therefore, he has written a great deal since *Daisy Miller* was published, what he

has written has a remarkable uniformity of excellence, and there is no sign of exhaustion or fatigue. Undoubtedly it has an individual character, and the bent of his genius is always perceptible. That is true of all such writers, and especially of Thackeray. No writer's domain is more plainly defined than Thackeray's; but how few authors who have written so much have written so evenly! Good writing was his habit, as it is that of Mr. James, and yet with both, different as they are, there is entire freedom and unconventionality.

In speaking of training and of literary art, we do not mean, of course, to suggest a quality or result which can be called academic or pedantic. Mr. James is as little of a literary prig as possible. But his unconventionality is that of perfect breeding, not of boorishness. He is interested in the play of character under the artificial conditions called "society," but his treatment is not artificial. He sees both the humor of it and the real worth that may lie under it. It seems to us an amusing error to suppose that he is himself inthralled by the artificial spirit. The essential charm of Daisy Miller is that the portrait is so well done that its very accuracy points the moral as nothing else could have pointed it; that Daisy Miller, wanting the customary *convenances*, is not the person that, because of this want, she would be supposed to be. Without a touch or a suspicion of the moral essay, the little sketch shows the folly of measuring a strong and generous and womanly nature by the shallow, unjust, and artificial standards of "society."

One of the most interesting aspects of Mr. James's literary work is the manner in which, in his temperament, the artist holds the moralist and the critic in play. The complaint sometimes made that his stories do not end well, or that he seems to tire of them, arises from the fact that the analytical critic sometimes outruns the painter, and that, seeing what the characters must do, he is less interested to follow their actual performance. But however we may characterize his talent and his work, they are very great additions to our literature; and his sincerity and incisive vigor, his healthy and pervasive humor, his thorough independence, shrewd observation, and accomplished hand, give the assurance of a great pleasure in his new story.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. HUTH'S *Life of Buckle*[1] is valuable chiefly for the example it records of the large results that are possible to a self-made man who devotes himself rigidly and exclusively to patient study and investigation on a specific line of inquiry. Until Mr. Buckle was eighteen years old, out of regard to the extreme delicacy of his health, he was almost literally without education, except the little that he picked up casually at the few private schools he attended, where he was permitted to learn or to leave unlearned what he pleased. During the later part of these early and seemingly barren years, however, the lad felt the growth of his budding powers—perhaps he was then, and ever afterward remained, too proudly conscious of them—and had become a precociously deep thinker on recondite or abstract subjects, so that as early as 1841, when he was only nineteen, he had conceived the plan of his since famous *History of Civilization*. From that time forward his thoughts were concentrated upon this conception of his youth; all forms of knowledge were valued only as they were aids and contributors to it, and his life was absorbed in the inquiries and studies needful in its preparation. For fourteen years he worked silently, with wonderful sagacity for one so young and self-trained, and with invincible assiduity. In this time he mastered nineteen languages, and devoured, and, as far as they were necessary to him, appropriated, the contents of thousands of volumes on difficult historical, scientific, political, philosophical, speculative, and other subjects, until his mind became saturated with general knowledge, all of which he classified and reduced to order, so as to be ready for use in the preparation of the masterpiece of reasoning, analysis, and generalization with which he surprised the literary and philosophical world in 1857. If, however, Mr. Buckle's life is an example of what may be accomplished by unremitting study and intellectual effort, it is also a warning of the cost of such study and effort, especially when put forth by one whose constitution was as frail as his. It may be said without exaggeration that the preparation of the first volume of his *History of Civilization* cost him his life. It is true that for a year or two later he was able to continue the preparation of the second volume for the press, but his elasticity was gone, and the labor of gathering the materials for it, and of classifying, selecting, and arranging them in illustration of his philosophical theories, had so completely exhausted his slight reserve of vitality that he became a physical wreck, and died before the prime of life, at the early age of forty-one—when he had just entered upon the porch of the extensive edifice that he had planned. So far as Mr. Huth's volume adds to our knowledge of Mr. Buckle's personal and literary life and habits, and admits us to a closer acquaintance with him and his chosen friends, it is highly acceptable. But the condensed account of the *History of Civilization*,

[1] *The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle.* By Alfred Henry Huth. 12mo, pp. 502. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

and the sketch of its general plan, which he has wrought into the narrative, is a performance that is as unnecessary for those who are familiar with the work as it will prove of little value to those who desire to comprehend its scope without the labor of reading it. The personal controversies and innuendoes that he has freely introduced are superfluous and in bad taste.

THE reader will turn with a sense of restfulness and refreshment from the contemplation of the brief and feverish career of Buckle to the perusal of "Sister Anne's" (Anne Ayres) affectionate memorial[2] of the long, tranquil, and serene life of the author of "I would not live alway." Buckle's life was exclusively a life of intellectual activities—of activities that were partly the outgrowth of his morbid temperament, partly contributed to by his overconsciousness and perhaps overestimate of his mental gifts and powers, partly stimulated unduly by his devouring ambition for literary and intellectual pre-eminence, and partly resulted from the necessary concentration of all his faculties upon the perfection within a given time of the fragment of the great work upon which his recognition as a profound philosophical thinker was to depend. Dr. Muhlenberg's life was also a life of intellectual activities; but in his case, instead of being exclusively directed to intellectual results, they were busily and intensely practical, personal, and sympathetic—directed to the cure of individual and social ailments and evils, and to the still further improvement and development of beneficent social and individual agencies. Dr. Muhlenberg had no personal ambition. He was as humble as he was indefatigable. His entire aim, from the beginning to the end of his life of self-devotion, was not to advance his own renown, or to win the recognition and applause of men, but to imitate the example of the Master he served, who "went about doing good." This he did by addressing himself with brain and hand to the spiritual and physical welfare of his fellow-creatures, and by carrying about with him, whithersoever he moved, an atmosphere of tenderness and sympathy and love. The account of the life and works of this good man, which has been given to us by the gracefully artless pen of one of the sisterhood of good women which he was chiefly instrumental in founding, and which has for its motive the relief or cure of moral and physical ills, is a delightful record of a beautiful and symmetrical career. "Sister Anne" shows us the man, as he was subordinated to the teacher, the healer, the sympathizer, the friend, and the philanthropist; and her affectionate narrative comprises full details of the inception, origin, and completion of the noble enterprises he inspired, and which still remain among us permanent and priceless legacies of his unselfish and Christ-like life. In addition to these interesting memorials, the volume abounds in equally interesting recollections of persons with whom Dr. Muhlenberg came closely in contact in the course of his life, and who have exerted a marked influence upon religious thought and practice, including, among others, Bishops White, Onderdonk, Doane, and others of the more influential clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and Bishop Trench, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman, of England. Incidentally the biographer traces with loving discrimination the influence exerted by Dr. Muhlenberg on the practices and inner life of the Church of which he was a faithful son and conspicuous ornament.

THE concluding volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*[3] covers the years 1860 and 1861, and is the closing record of a life of unstained integrity, wise moderation and self-renunciation, and of incessant and severe labor performed without querulousness or complaint. During these two years of unrest in Europe, and of conflict in this country, Prince Albert was probably the hardest-worked man in England. No subject of importance escaped his notice, or was dismissed by him without careful deliberation. All measures of any moment that were proposed by the Ministry or introduced into Parliament received his studious consideration, and in many instances were modified at his suggestion, or, when his suggestions were disregarded, were followed by untoward consequences. The confidence which was universally placed in his moderation, loyalty to the interests of peace, and personal integrity was an influential factor in quieting the exasperated feeling that prevailed in some of the more powerful European states, excited by the violent strictures of the English press at a moment of critical delicacy. Amid the immense pressure to which his close attention to public affairs subjected him—a pressure so great that there was no day but was far too short for the claims upon his time—the Prince made leisure to encourage by his presence, and by well-considered and often exceedingly suggestive speeches and addresses, innumerable praiseworthy educational, benevolent, literary, artistic, and industrial enterprises. His sole recreation was in the bosom of his family, and admirably as he bore himself elsewhere, here he was at his best. In his domestic affairs, as in all besides, he was a model of manliness, purity, unselfishness, and virtuous self-control; but here alone could he give play to the tender affections. Coming fresh from the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, and the catalogue of falsehood, perfidy, rapacity, prodigality, incontinence, and crime of

[2] *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg.* By ANNE AYRES. 8vo, pp. 524. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits. Vol. V. 12mo, pp. 433. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

which they are the ingenuous record, the strong, pure, steadfast, and unselfish Prince of Mr. Martin's memoir seems more than ever like the ideal knight sung of by Tennyson,

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king,
* * * * * * * *
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure: but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

THE life of the poet Cowper was not a cheerful one, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's outline of it[4] in the "English Men of Letters Series" is the reverse of exhilarating. Certainly we could not expect that any biographer could shut his eyes to the morbid constitutional tendencies, both mental and physical, to which the poet was a life-long victim, and which clouded his entire career with hypochondriacal melancholy. But Mr. Smith has concentrated his attention more exclusively than was either necessary or profitable or agreeable upon these defects; and his microscopical examinations of them, repeated with the zest of a professional expert, have had the effect to withdraw his attention from the mitigating circumstances that attended them, and to leave the reader in ignorance of the fortitude with which Cowper, in his saner and more healthful moments, struggled with the fate that he knew was always impending, and from which he was conscious there was no escape. Mr. Smith dwells at length and complacently upon Cowper's weaknesses, with some extenuation of them, it is true, and also upon the effeminate or negative traits of his character; but, on the other hand, he passes slightingly over the long and laborious wrestlings of the stricken poet with his infirmities—wrestlings that were none the less manly and heroic for having been unsuccessful, since they were engaged in without even the flattery of hope to sustain him. Mr. Smith has not added to our knowledge of Cowper anything that may not be found in the existing biographies. Even his satisfactory protest against the assertion that Cowper's derangement—or "madness," as Mr. Smith bluntly terms it—was religious, and was either originated, developed, or increased by theological truth or error, contains nothing but what had been already advanced with equal ability and far greater fullness. Mr. Smith's estimate of Cowper's poetical genius, and of the intrinsic and relative qualities of his various poems, is in accordance with the general voice of scholars, and, barring a tendency to patronize the gentle poet, is generally as just as it is discriminating.

WRITERS of biography and autobiography may learn a profitable lesson from Mr. Henry Wikoff's *Reminiscences of an Idler*.[5] Here is a man who has gone through life like a schoolboy out for a ramble, who, as he himself naïvely tells us, "has never pursued a straight line, never aimed at any distinct object, and never accomplished any positive result," and who, consequently, has never achieved distinction in any department of art, science, letters, or activity, but who has yet contrived to impart to the trivial happenings of his frisky and digressive life a greater degree of interest than usually attaches to the lives of infinitely greater men. Unlike most autobiographies and biographies, there is not a heavy or tedious page in Mr. Wikoff's volume. Its charm consists in the freshness and fullness and unreserve of its details, its effervescent buoyancy, its genial garrulity, its engaging egotism, its amplitude of gossip connecting the trifles of his life with the surface movements of the age in which he lived, and with persons on both sides of the Atlantic who were eminent in art, society, literature, and affairs, and, above all, in its imperturbable good-humor and gayety of spirit. Mr. Wikoff's reminiscences cover the period from 1823 to 1840, and open with pleasant glimpses of Philadelphia, and of college life and society at Princeton, Yale, and Union, in the early part of the century. These are supplemented by recollections of travel, while he was yet in the freshness of his youthful spirits, through the New England, Middle, and Southern States, which abound in crisp observation on the distinctive social and other peculiarities of the representative people of the several sections. These recollections recall phases of life in this country before the era of coal and gas and railroads, and repeople the stage with the vanished political, forensic, theatrical, and literary celebrities of the period. Mr. Wikoff's descriptions of our early modes of travel, of the early newspaper press, the early drama and opera, of our first railroads, and of the political contests of fifty years ago, are as graphic as they are animated. The greater proportion of the volume is made up of recollections of a prolonged residence in Europe prior to 1840—if perpetual flittings from one end of the Continent to the other may be called a residence—interspersed with spirited pencillings of the most notable cities, and of that portion of their society in which Mr. Wikoff found a welcome. He tells us literally nothing of mountains, lakes, glaciers, and venerable ruins—things so much affected by modern travellers; but, instead, his book is a chronicle of cities and society, and its inspiration is derived not from the past, but from the present. London, Paris, the Italian and German cities, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa and the Crimea, Constantinople and Pompeii, Smyrna and Athens, pass before us in his pages in rapid and vivid panorama, and we are given random and piquant introductions to a multitude of persons in each, who at the time were more or less conspicuous or notorious as authors, statesmen, diplomates, actors, dancers. The summer saunterer will

[4] *Cowper*. By GOLDWIN SMITH. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 128. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Reminiscences of an Idler*. By HENRY WIKOFF. 8vo, pp. 591. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

find Mr. Wikoff's amusing book an invaluable specific against bores and ennui.

We are indebted to Mr. Henry Havard, the author of *Dead Cities of the Zuyder-Zee* and *Picturesque Holland*, for another graphic volume, entitled *The Heart of Holland*,[6] in which he relates with the spirit of an adventurer, the zeal of an antiquary, and the faculty for coloring of a painter, the story of his voyagings with two artist companions, in a little Dutch craft called a *tjalk*, through the Zuyder-Zee, the Maas, the Moerdijk, the Veersche Gat, the Scheldt, and other arms of the sea, and their tributaries, and of his visits to the isles of Zealand and the historic cities which still remain on their bosoms, faithful memorials of the ingenuity and intrepidity of man, and indissoluble links between the legendary and historic past and the slumberous and prosaic present. Mr. Havard's sketches of Dordrecht (the home of the De Witts, and the birth-place of Cuyp and Bol and Ary Scheffer), of Kierikzee (the old recruiting ground and rendezvous of the famous "Beggars of the Sea"), of Brouwershaven (the birth-place of Jacob Cats), of Bergen-op-Zoom, of Veer, of Middleburgh, and of Flushing, are consummate realistic paintings, in which the part that each played in legend, history, and art is displayed in minute detail. In these fine paintings Mr. Havard first re-invests the cities of Holland and their venerable architectural and other remains with all their pristine bustle and glory, and afterward sketches them literally in their present state of mellow age, or loneliness, or picturesque decay. Mr. Havard is a loving but not overgarrulous chronicler of the doughty soldiers and astute statesmen whose heroism or wisdom was exhibited on this narrow and uncertain but memorable scene; and he reproduces them as they lived and moved with life-like distinctness. While painting these old-time worthies, however, he does not neglect the modern inhabitants, of whose manners, customs, dress, pastimes, and social, religious, and commercial characteristics he gives numerous spirited sketches. The volume is a rich collection of thrilling or curious facts and memories; and several of its episodes descriptive of the great dams of this part of Holland, their construction, the battles that were fought on or beside them, and the stupendous catastrophes of which they were the cause and the witnesses, are pen pictures of extraordinary power.

Mrs. Terhune's *Loiterings in Pleasant Paths*[7] is very pleasant reading. Her recollections of travel in England, France, and Italy are the fresh, vivacious, and good-natured record of the superficial impressions made upon a vigilant observer, who refused to be blinded to the present by the haze of venerable traditions and memories. Rapidly flitting from place to place, never continuing in one stay long enough for the fresh down of novelty to be rubbed off, sedulously avoiding tedious moralizings and still more tedious accounts of things and places that have been made commonplace by our familiarity with them in books and letters, Mrs. Terhune has the enviable faculty of being able to see things clearly at a quick glance, and to detect the points of difference between manners and customs at home and abroad without plunging into invidious comparisons. Moreover, she has the ability to describe what she saw with pungent brevity and point. Some of her descriptions, notably those which depict her strayings from the beaten track, are very engaging, and not a few of them are picturesque; and although at times her character and class delineations, especially of cockney and provincial English folk, partake of the broadness of caricature, much will be pardoned to them for their cleverness and their good-humored archness.

Mr. Roe's *Success with Small Fruits*[8] is a volume that combines elegance with utility in an unusual degree. Its typography is faultless, and it is rich in embellishments reproducing the forms of the "edible rubies with celestial perfume and ambrosial flavor" of which he discourses so genially, and whose profitable production he undertakes, in the plainest of plain prose, to make clear to farmers and amateurs. Although the author's enthusiasm leads him to indulge in much by-play of gay and vivacious talk, and in frequently recurring æsthetic, gossiping, anecdotal, or picturesque digressions, he never loses sight of his main object, which is a thoroughly practical one. Mr. Roe confines his attention to the cultivation of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries in the fruit garden, or on a larger scale on farms; and his observations and deductions are derived from his own experience, acquired in the face of obstacles that certainly were grave, and to many would have seemed insuperable. All his directions proceed upon strict business methods. It is not his aim to cajole his readers into growing small fruits merely as a means of æsthetic enjoyment, or for the pleasure and healthfulness of the pursuit, or for the momentary gratification of the senses. It is not a matter of indifference to him, nor is it to his reader, whether berries cost five cents or a dollar a quart. The great point is to produce them so that they "will pay their way." With this dominating practical end in view, Mr. Roe enters upon the subject systematically and exhaustively. He describes the different species of each berry;

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[6] *The Heart of Holland.* By Henry Havard. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 46. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Loiterings in Pleasant Paths.* By Marion Harland. 12mo, pp. 435. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[8] *Success with Small Fruits.* By Edward P. Roe. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 313. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

designates those that are the best for practical purposes; gives clear and, as far as possible, explicit directions as to the choice of soil and location, and the methods of preparing, enriching, irrigating, and draining the soil; prescribes methods of setting out, forcing, propagating, pruning, mulching, and staking plants, and of originating varieties; and closes with valuable suggestions as to picking, packing, and marketing. As a manual, Mr. Roe's book is a model of practical common-sense. He suggests nothing but what has been tried and approved, and he rigorously avoids all glittering and deceptive generalizations. Its illustrations are superb—those from designs by W. H. Gibson, Mrs. Mary H. Foote, and Miss Jessie Curtis being specially noteworthy for their grace and delicacy.

THE *Life and Writings of St. John*,[9] by the late Rev. James M. Macdonald, D.D., of Princeton, belongs to a class of deservedly popular theological writings, which are formed on the method of presenting the personality of a Biblical writer or Scripture personage in close combination with his writings, sayings, and doings, so that the man is set forth as part of the Divinely communicated revelation with which he was associated. In conformity with this method, Dr. Macdonald presents in a connected view all the parts of St. John's life, exhibiting them in their relations with each other, and also as associated with the life of Christ and the founding of His Church. In tracing the events of St. John's life, great stress is laid by the author upon the influence exerted upon him in his early years, and which made an indelible impression upon his character, by Salome, his mother, by his boyish companionship with St. Peter, and by his preparatory training for the apostleship under John the Baptist. But the paramount fact of St. John's life, dwelt upon by the author with special emphasis as the prominent factor in the formation of the apostle's intellectual and spiritual character, is the circumstance that during a period of three years of his early manhood he was in immediate contact with the Saviour, was under His direct tuition and training, and was prepared by Him for the work of the ministry by the teaching of His private intercourse, by the instruction that fell from His lips, and by being made a witness of all the acts of His public ministry. Dr. Macdonald closely follows the life of St. John, accompanying him through all the scenes that are so clearly recorded in the Gospel narrative, as well as through those other dim but most interesting incidents of his later life which are derived from traditionary sources, some authentic and some enveloped in hazy uncertainty. The relation covers a life that was coeval with the first century of the Christian era, and is opulent in instruction and suggestion. In connection with the life of St. John, a careful account is given of the dates and designs of his various writings, and of the circumstances under which they were composed, together with luminous brief expositions, analyses, and notes explanatory of them, special prominence being awarded to a consideration of the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse. Dr. Macdonald's very able treatise is prefaced by a sympathetic introduction by Dean Howson, well known to Biblical scholars by the noble work on the *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, jointly prepared by him and his friend the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare. In this introduction Dr. Howson sets forth the plan of Dr. Macdonald's work, analyzes its method, points out its excellences, and supplies a brief sketch of the life of the author. The work is a valuable contribution to Biblical literature; sufficiently learned to be prized by the scholar, and yet so plain and practical as to prove acceptable to devout non-professional readers.

READERS who are familiar with the ample conjoint work of Conybeare and Howson, and the smaller but exceedingly able monograph by Mr. Thomas Lewin, will be prepared to welcome Canon Farrar's *Life and Works of St. Paul*[10]—a work which satisfactorily supplements the investigations of those capable and acute scholars by researches of equal value, but which, while reproducing much that they had so carefully illustrated, is yet written with different purposes from those they had in mind, and from a different point of view. In addition to the archæological and personal inquiries, the descriptions of the scenes of Paul's voyages, travels, and labors, and the re-identification of the places visited and routes followed by him, which his predecessors had prosecuted with conspicuous ability, Dr. Farrar has aimed, in the two large volumes before us, to convey to the reader's mind a definite, accurate, and intelligent impression of Paul's teachings, of the controversies in which he engaged, of the circumstances which colored his statements of doctrine, of the inmost spirit and meaning of his theology in all its phases, of his epistles as a whole, and of each epistle as complete and perfect in itself. In accordance with this plan he first sketches the life of the apostle from his early boyhood, including his early training and education, down to his contact with the Christians as an ardent Pharisee and persecutor. He then follows him through the scenes of his conversion, of his visit to Jerusalem, and reception by St. Peter and the other apostles, and accompanies him throughout the course of his first journeyings and missionary labors among the gentiles, successively to Cyprus, to Galatia, Macedonia, Achaia, Corinth, and Ephesus. And lastly, he attends him on his

[9] *The Life and Writings of St. John.* By JAMES M. MACDONALD, D.D. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Very Reverend J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester. 8vo, pp. 436. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[10] *The Life and Works of St. Paul.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 678 and 668. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

various journeys to and from Jerusalem, and on his voyage to and final residence, labors, imprisonment, and martyrdom at Rome. Among the most valuable of the special features of Dr. Farrar's able but occasionally latitudinarian work are the copious and graphic accounts it gives of the various countries through which Paul travelled, and on whose people he was to exercise his extraordinary powers as a teacher, in the course of which he exhibits their opinions, philosophies, religious ideas, learning, trade and commerce, political and social systems, culture, and civilization. While following Paul's footsteps among these diverse peoples, and describing the influence of his eloquent speeches and writings, and of his no less eloquent example, upon them, Dr. Farrar has woven Paul's epistles into the texture of his narrative, and made them, and the times, occasions, and circumstances of their composition, an integral part of the great apostle's life. They thus form an essential part of the narrative, and have all the attractiveness of those private letters that we prize so highly in the best biographies, because, more authentically perhaps than any other evidence, they unfold the inner springs of motive and conduct, and more unreservedly than any autobiographical memoirs lay bare the whole heart of the man. Blended with the narrative of Paul's life as the apostle of progress, of freedom, of culture, and of the understanding, are thoughtful interpretations and expositions of his epistles, illustrative of their style, methods of composition, the sources of their learning and philosophy, and of the meaning of doubtful or misunderstood words, phrases, and allusions in them. The work combines with the charm of a connected biography the gravity of a history, and the interest of a literary and psychological inquiry. Instead of interrupting the continuity of the relation by grafting directly upon it the digressions suggested by the subject, on archæological, theological, philological, chronological, historical, and traditional topics, Dr. Farrar has judiciously reserved these for consideration in separate distinct dissertations in the appendices of the volumes, where they form a compact and valuable collection of Pauline literature.

Dr. Winchell's discussion of the evidences bearing on the question of *Pre-Adamites*[11] will excite interest by the ability and boldness with which his advanced theories and demonstrations are maintained, and by their wide divergence from those traditional beliefs, derived from the Bible, which are generally received among Christians. Foreseeing that the enunciation of his hypotheses will subject him to the severe criticisms of his own and other denominations, Dr. Winchell announces in advance that in his discussions and conclusions he has not assumed a position hostile to the Bible; but, on the contrary, that they are derived from it, and that the beliefs or traditions which he discredits are equally unscriptural and unscientific. The central idea of his exceedingly learned and interesting book is the existence of men before Adam, who was derived from an older race, and consequently was not the first progenitor of the human kind. Dr. Winchell insists that the Bible does not affirm explicitly that Adam had no progenitor, and that pre-Adamitism is inconsistent neither with the Bible nor with the orthodoxy of approved divines, even when it is maintained that Adam had a human father and mother. He declares it to be impossible to harmonize the remains of the prehistoric and primitive peoples, who must have spread over Europe and Asia at a date much earlier than the deluge, with the theory that all mankind are derived from Noah; and he maintains that the Pentateuch formally restricts itself to the Adamic ancestry of Noah and the nations descended from him; that the Mongoloid and Mediterranean races are two distinct types of mankind—as distinct physically and psychically as they are linguistically; that the deluge was not universal, and did not destroy all human beings, but that it only destroyed those peoples which fell within the purview of Semitic history and tradition; that the generally received hypothesis of the descent of the black races from Ham is unscriptural and unscientific; that they were not only pre-Noachites, but were descendants of a pre-Adamite humanity; and that Adam, instead of being the first man, was only the first white man, and the progenitor of the white races. Profoundly interesting, from the nature of the subjects discussed in them, as well as because of the large array of scientific supports by which the positions and arguments advanced in them are sustained, and the groupings of facts by which their theories, generalizations, and demonstrations are illustrated, are Dr. Winchell's chapters on the principal types of mankind; on the pre-Adamite races and race distinctions; on the Hamitic origin of negroes; on the genealogy of the black, brown, and white races; on the cradle of humanity, the condition of primitive man, and the antiquity of man. Dr. Winchell has presented his views in strictly popular form, and his treatise is illustrated with numerous ethnic portraits, charts, and diagrams.

Those who may be deterred by its portentous size from reading Mr. Dexter's *Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years*,[12] will

[11] *Pre-Adamites; or, A Demonstration of the Existence of Men before Adam.* Together with a Study of their Condition, Antiquity, Racial Affinities, and Progressive Dispersion over the Earth. With Charts and other Illustrations. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 500. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[12] *The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years as Seen in its Literature.* With Special Reference to Certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. In Twelve Lectures. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Royal 8vo, pp. 1042. New York: Harper and Brothers.

deprive themselves of a very substantial feast. The volume is a progressive history of the Congregationalism of the last three centuries, as developed from the literature out of which it has grown and to which it has given birth. The examples of this rich and characteristic literature, which are liberally, not to say profusely, distributed over its pages, are at once stimulating to the curiosity of the ecclesiastical or antiquarian scholar, and form a large body of valuable biographical and bibliographical material for the use of the student of intellectual and religious development. The work is a rich mine of rare, recondite, and curious literary materials illustrative of the religious movement that during the past three centuries has quickened into activity the thought of an influential section of the Anglo-Saxon family, and has made a deep and durable impression on English and American history, society, morals, and religious opinion. To the antiquarian or purely literary scholar the most interesting portion of the volume is that large part which is devoted to the recital of the rise and early history of Congregationalism in England in the sixteenth century. This consists of elaborate sketches of the pioneers of Congregationalism, and of the social, moral, and religious condition of the English people at the opening of that century; of the celebrated Martin Mar-prelate controversy, and the martyrs of Congregationalism, as the century wore on; of the exodus of the Congregationalists to Amsterdam, and their fortunes and misfortunes there during its last quarter; and of Robinson and Leyden Congregationalism at the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth century. The later lectures, if less full of curious and rare matter than the earlier ones, have a peculiar interest to Americans for their full and detailed history of Congregationalism in New England from its first planting until now, and for the exhaustive account they contain of Congregationalism as a polity and an existing organization. Not only is Mr. Dexter's work a desirable adjunct to the library of the ecclesiastical student and the antiquarian, but it deserves an honorable place in the catholic collection of every genuine man of letters.

Mr. Rolfe is rapidly bringing his edition of Shakspeare's plays to completion. His latest issue is the *Tragedy of King Richard the Third*,[13] the one of Shakspeare's plays that presents the fewest serious difficulties for school reading. In preparing the text Mr. Rolfe was confronted by the embarrassments that have beset every editor of Shakspeare, originating in the imperfections in the typography of the early editions of this play. With his habitual discretion, he has followed the example of Collier, Knight, Verplanck, Hudson, and White, and, taking the first folio as a basis, uses the quarto according to his best judgment to amend and correct it. As all important variations are recorded in the ample body of notes with which Mr. Rolfe accompanies and illustrates the play, this course should be entirely satisfactory to the partisans of the various readings.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard holds an honorable place among our native poets—less exalted, indeed, than is accorded to Longfellow, or than was attained by the "Dead Master" of whom Mr. Stoddard has sung so worthily in one of his latest and best poems, but still a place that could only be filled by the true poet, who subordinates everything to his art, and consecrates his powers to it. The complete edition of his *Poems*,[14] just published in an elegant octavo volume, is an interesting and creditable contribution to English literature. Remarkable for its variety, and for its freedom from hollow or false sentimentality as to matter, and from vicious or *ad captandum* arts as to form, it is also remarkable for the gentleness combined with earnestness, the vivacity tempered by sobriety, and the manly vigor qualified by grace and delicacy, that pervade it. If none of his poems reach the supremest excellence, few of them descend to mediocrity. Indeed, while one of their most obvious characteristics is the general levelness of their execution and conception, yet this level is an elevated one, far from being monotonous, or the result either of sterility of fancy or of insensibility to the beautiful. On the contrary, Mr. Stoddard evinces throughout a versatile and poetic fancy, and an unusual faculty for descrying and describing the picturesque in nature and man; and it is apparent that, having from choice restrained himself within limits by a critical estimate of his powers, he is prevented from transcending the self-imposed limitations by the exactions of a sensitive taste and a conscientious, and perhaps overscrupulous, attention to the technical details of his art. In his dissection of Mr. Stoddard's elaborately polished verse, the critic has little opportunity to descant upon those minor blemishes in diction and rhythm, and still less occasion to censure those inequalities of style or extravagances of fancy, which sometimes disfigure the works of even greater poets than he, and invariably deface the productions of inferior poets.

The last edition of the excellent outline history of England, intended for use in schools and colleges, and known as *The Student's Hume*, brought the record of events down to 1868. In response to an obvious want, its publishers have now issued a new and enlarged edition,[15] which continues the recital

[13] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of King Richard the Third.* Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 254. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.* Complete Edition. 8vo, pp. 498. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *The Student's Hume.* A History of England, from

down to 1878, and supplies a condensed but sufficiently elaborate account of the important domestic and foreign occurrences that have signalized the last twenty years. This period includes the sessions of the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Parliaments of the present reign, under the administrations of Derby, Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and Disraeli; and among the important policies and events that are sketched are various measures of reform; Gladstone's financial and Cobden's commercial measures; the career and death of the Prince Consort; the American civil war, and the cotton famine that accompanied it; the wars of Prussia and Italy against Austria, and the Franco-German war; the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the abolition of religious tests in the universities; the Abyssinian and Ashantee wars; the war between Russia and Turkey; the Congress and Treaty of Berlin; and the second Afghan war. Among other new and valuable material that has been incorporated in the new edition are complete genealogical tables of the house of Cerdic, of the Anglo-Danish kings, of the family of Earl Godwin, of the Norman lines, of the houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, and Brunswick, and of the descent of Queen Victoria from the house of Egbert.

A History of Classical Greek Literature[16] has been prepared by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, for the use of college students, which must prove of great service to them if they can be persuaded to devote to its perusal a moderate portion of the time usually appropriated to rowing, running, ball play, and the other athletic sports by which the brief years of their college terms are so seriously intruded upon. Professor Mahaffy's history is in the form of a conspectus, and treats of the Greek literature as a whole, of its life and growth, and of the mutual relations of those authors whom students generally read in accidental and irregular order. As the title of his book indicates, his account is confined, with the exception of Aristotle, to those authors who are recognized as classical, and who are studied for form, and his plan excludes the Alexandrian and post-Alexandrian writers, with the exception of a few of the poets of the later ages. The first volume treats of the poets, and the second of the prose writers of the classical period, and each of these divisions is prefaced by appropriate introductory chapters, outlining the preliminary stages through which Greek literature reached its most perfect condition. In the volume assigned to the poets these introductory inquiries are directed, first, to an examination of the traces of Greek poetry before Homer, and to a discussion of the origin and composition of the Homeric poems and their transmission from the earliest days; second, to an account of modern Homeric criticism, which embodies an outline of the Homeric controversy from the revival of learning until the present time; and third, to brief sketches of the cyclic poets, as represented by Æsop and Babrius, of the didactic poetry attributed to Hesiod, and of the Homeric Hymns. From this point forward, as Greek literature emerges from the region of inference, conjecture, and tradition, and enters upon the historical period, Professor Mahaffy's outlines become fuller and his studies closer. In successive chapters he recounts the rise and progress of personal poetry and of the public lyric poetry, and examines in their due order the productions of the great poets and dramatists, from Simonides and Pindar to Aristophanes and Menander, accompanying the study of each poet with a synoptical outline of his works, a critical analysis of them, and a brief bibliographical summary of the best MSS., the *princeps*, new editions, and philological disquisitions that have preserved or illustrated them. The same general method has been pursued with the prose writers. After brief introductory essays on the early use of writing, and the influences of religion and philosophy till the dawn of history, in the sixth century B.C., to which are added accounts of Herodotus and the contemporary Ionic prose writers, of the development of philosophy, the rise of technical education, the beginnings of oratory, and the rise of Attic prose composition, Professor Mahaffy enters upon particular examinations of the great prose writers, historians, and orators from Thucydides to Aristotle and the lost historians of the fourth century.

THE salutary influence of Professor Merriam's edition of the *Phæacians of Homer*,[17] in the hands of the teacher who knows how to use it, can hardly be overestimated. The educator has long felt the need of just such an auxiliary, and the young student can not fail to recognize and appreciate the generous but prudent assistance that makes labor a pleasure, and puts him in possession of the results of the ripest scholarship. The book leads the young scholar insensibly into true and natural habits of investigation, and converts the dry task-work of study into an agreeable literary diversion. The Phæacian episode of the Odyssey, one of the most beautiful of the Homeric creations, is made the subject of very full and complete annotation. But this annotation is

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the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688. Based on the History of David Hume. Incorporating the Corrections and Researches of recent Historians. Continued to the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. New Edition. Revised and Corrected by J. S. BREWER, M.A. With an Appendix by an American Editor. 8vo, pp. 808. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *A History of Classical Greek Literature.* By Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A. With an Appendix on Homer by Professor SAYCE. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 525 and 458. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Phœacians of Homer.* With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By AUGUSTUS C. MERRIAM, Ph.D., Columbia College, New York. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Harper and Brothers.

not confined to the ordinary details of language and construction. It also performs the higher office of familiarly introducing the student to the ways of thinking, feeling, and acting that made the old life so different from our own, and so hard to understand. A wide range of Homeric learning has been drawn upon for the preparation of the volume, yet so much tact and judgment have been exercised in choosing, combining, and presenting the varied materials that instead of creating weariness, they stimulate thought, and enlist the feelings. The editor evidently feels that the heart of the present beats very close to the heart of the past, and that as it was the heart that animated the tongue of the past, so only can the heart warm again into life the frozen accents, frozen thoughts, beauties, and heroisms of a dead and isolated age, and enable us to commune with the spirits of the past as though they were familiar friends and fellowmen.

THE latest additions to "Harper's Half-hour Series" are fairly representative of its scope and variety. Two of them are biographical, one being a timely and well-written sketch of the life of Gladstone,[18] which presents in brief outline the chief personal, political, and literary incidents of his active career, and the other a reproduction of the celebrated Eginhard's condensed and elegant narrative of the public and private life of his "lord and foster-father, the most excellent and most justly renowned King Charles" (Charlemagne).[19]—Another of the series, Professor Herbermann, of the College of the City of New York, has contributed an essay in the department of historical research, which is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of the youth in our schools who contemplate a business career. It is entitled *Business Life in Ancient Rome*,[20] and in it the author gives a spirited view of the manufactures and import trade of Rome, describes the manner in which the manufactured and imported articles were distributed over the colossal empire, sketches the Roman modes of commerce, banking, barter, and traffic, and depicts the life, character, and pursuits of the Roman man of business.—One of the most suggestive volumes of this handy series consists of a number of brief papers by Mayo W. Hazeltine, in which he indicates the scope and methods of British university education[21] by instituting a comparison with one of our best known American universities. These papers admit us to a view of university education in Great Britain that will be new to most American readers, and not always flattering to our self-pride. Mr. Hazeltine makes an interesting statement of the relative thoroughness, requirements, and results of the system pursued in our own and in the English, Scotch, and Irish universities, showing the points of superiority and inferiority of each with candor and clearness.—The taste of readers of fiction is agreeably catered for in this series by two clever tales, *Fellow-Townsmen*,[22] by Thomas Hardy, and *Mrs. Austin*,[23] by Margaret Veley, which have the merit of exceeding brevity and a great variety of not too exacting incident.

BEYOND all cavil, the first place in the list of the novels of the month must be accorded to Mr. Blackmore's *Mary Anerley*.[24] In this charming Yorkshire tale the great story-teller exhibits his best powers, and even surpasses himself as a limner of English farming and peasant or rural life, and of picturesque local customs, traits, and scenery. Always most at home when describing the genial, well-to-do English farmer and his hospitable and comfortable surroundings, or when picturing the sweet womanly blossoms that cheer his ample hearth, Mr. Blackmore has given a new direction to his genius in this tale by the introduction of a new element, namely, the perils, pleasures, vicissitudes, and stirring incidents of smuggling and sea-faring life. The hero of the novel is the *preux chevalier* of smugglers, abundant in resources, and possessing every virtue save obedience to the revenue laws; and its heroine is one of those sweet and brave daughters of the farm, whom he habitually paints with loving skill. The story is one of the most relishing of this ingenious writer's productions.—The author of *Reata*[25] might have improved his romance by curtailing its dimensions; but, with all its redundancies, it is deserving of high praise. His heroine is a willful, wayward, spirited, and unconventional creation; and his delineations of life among the nobility of Austria, on their rural estates and in the capital, and also of life in Mexico, whither the exigencies of the drama take us, are exceedingly captivating.—*Elsie's Widowhood*[26] is another of the bright, instructive moral tales which have made its author deservedly popular among youthful readers. It

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[18] *The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone.* A Biographical Sketch. By HENRY W. LUCY. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Life of Charlemagne.* By EGINHARD. Translated by SAMUEL EPES TURNER, A.M. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *Business Life in Ancient Rome.* By CHARLES G. HERBERMANN. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 94. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *British and American Education.* The Universities of the Two Countries Compared. By MAYO W. HAZELTINE. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 197. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Fellow-Townsmen.* By THOMAS HARDY. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Mrs. Austin.* By MARGARET VELEY. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Mary Anerley.* A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 516. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *Reata: What's In a Name?* A Novel. By E. D. GERARD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 106. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Elsie's Widowhood.* By MARTHA FINLEY. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

is a sequel to *Elsie's Children*—a tale that will be pleasantly remembered by many, who will be glad to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite.—*Second Thoughts*,[27] by Rhoda Broughton, is one of those vivacious productions in which gayety predominates, and whose light but entertaining incidents make no serious demands upon the understanding or the feelings.—The rocky coast and treacherous quicksands of Wales, and the practice that once prevailed there of luring vessels to their destruction by showing false lights, have supplied the author of *The Pennant Family*[28] with the motive for a moving tale, in which the horrible practice is described with genuine power, and the incidents attending it are wrought into a romance of great tenderness and beauty, free from all extravagance and conventional sentimentality, and very agreeable for its quiet refinement of tone.—*Man Proposes*[29] is the title of an interesting tale of Boston mercantile life, in which unprincipled craft and scheming dishonesty are pitted against stalwart honesty and straightforward integrity, but are not permitted to triumph. A quiet love story, interwoven with some heroic passages in the war of the rebellion, lends a glow of romance to the theme.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of June.—The Forty-sixth Congress finally adjourned June 16. The number of bills introduced, including those of the extra session, was 8784, of which 800 remained unfinished on the Senate calendar, and 1400 in the House. Among those not disposed of were—the electoral count joint rule; the funding bill; the Irish relief bill; the Chinese indemnity bill; to restrict Chinese immigration; to amend the Constitution as to the election of President; to regulate the pay and number of supervisors of election and special deputy-marshals; to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; to prohibit military interference at elections; to define the terms of office of the Chief Supervisors of Elections; for the appointment of a tariff commission; the political assessment bill; the Kellogg-Spofford case; and the Fitz-John Porter bill.

The regular appropriation bills were all completed. The total amount appropriated was about $186,000,000. Among the special sums voted were $30,000 for the centennial celebration of the Yorktown victory, and $100,000 for a monument to commemorate the same.

The bill ratifying the agreement with the Utes passed both Houses.

The Senate bill to change the method of appointing deputy-marshals to serve at elections passed the House June 11, and the President vetoed it June 15, on the ground that while it recognized the power and duty of the United States to provide officers to guard and scrutinize the Congressional elections, it failed to adapt its provisions to the existing laws so as to secure efficient supervision and protection.

The Senate confirmed the nominations of General Key as United States District Judge, Horace Maynard as Postmaster-General, and General James Longstreet as Minister to Turkey.

The National Republican Convention was held at Chicago June 2–8. General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated for President, and General Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President.

The National Greenback-Labor Convention, held at Chicago June 11, nominated General J. B. Weaver, of Iowa, for President, and General E. J. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice-President.

The National Democratic Convention, at Cincinnati, June 24, nominated General W. S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania, for President, and Hon. William H. English, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

Democratic Conventions were held in all the States for the election of delegates to the National Convention at Cincinnati. Nominations were made by the Democratic Conventions for Governors as follows: Maine (Democrats and Greenbackers), Bangor, June 1, Harris M. Plaisted; Arkansas, Little Rock, June 4, Charles J. Churchill; Indiana, Indianapolis, June 9, Franklin Landers; Illinois, Springfield, June 10, Lyman Trumbull; North Carolina, Raleigh, June 18, Governor Jarvis renominated.

The Indiana Republicans met at Indianapolis June 17, and nominated Albert G. Porter for Governor.

The Chilians in the latter part of May captured the Peruvian town of Tacna, and on the 7th of June took Arica with its garrison.

The British House of Commons, June 18, by a vote of 229 to 203, adopted the Lawson Local Option Bill.—On the 22d the House, by a vote of 275 to 230, refused Mr. Bradlaugh permission to either affirm or take the oath as a member.

The French Chamber of Deputies passed the Amnesty Bill, June 21, by a vote of 334 to 140.

DISASTERS.

May 28.—Cyclone destroyed town of Savoy, Texas. Nine persons killed and sixty wounded.

[27] *Second Thoughts.* By Rhoda Broughton. In Two Volumes. "Handy Volume Series." 18mo, pp. 186 and 167. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[28] *The Pennant Family.* By Anne Beale. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Man Proposes.* A Novel. 16mo, pp. 344. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

May 29.—Powder explosion in a mill near Ghent. Ten persons killed.

June 4.—An arch of a bridge at Pau fell. Twenty-five workmen precipitated into the water, crushing some and drowning others.

June 9.—Tornado southeastern part of Pottawattamie County, Iowa. Twenty persons killed.—Fire-damp explosion, Dortmund, Germany. Twenty-one killed.

June 11.—Steamer *Narragansett* run into, set on fire, and sunk by steamer *Stonington*, off Cornfield Point, Long Island Sound. About thirty lives reported lost.—Boiler of Spanish war ship *Cuba Española* exploded in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Twenty killed and 113 wounded.

June 21.—News of killing of sixty-three persons by storm and water-spout near Dresden.

OBITUARY.

May 30.—In Marseilles, France, Richard B. Connolly, ex-Comptroller of New York city, aged seventy years.

June 3.—In St. Petersburg, Maria Alexandrovna, Empress of Russia, aged fifty-six years.

June 6.—At Carlsruhe, Charles Lessing, German painter, aged seventy-two years.

June 7.—In New York city, John Brougham, actor and author, aged seventy years.

June 12.—In New York city, George Opdyke, ex-Mayor, aged seventy-five years.

June 13.—In Wilmington, Delaware, ex-Senator James A. Bayard, in his eighty-first year.

June 19.—In Washington, D. C., John A. Sutter, discoverer of gold in California, aged seventy-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

MISS J—— was on the way south to spend the winter with some relatives. Her friends Mr. and Mrs. H—— were her travelling companions as far as Goldsborough, where they separated, Miss J—— having about a hundred miles more of railroading to do alone, as a telegram received at Goldsborough stated that her expected escort could not meet her there. As usual, the passengers on the branch road were few, and Miss J—— was the only lady on the train.

The conductor was an ex-Confederate captain—a peculiar characteristic of Southern roads. He was a native of the town to which Miss J—— was ticketed, and was very anxious to find out who his fair passenger was. His rather officious offers to assist her in finding her friends when she should reach her destination were *rather* coldly refused. He finally got desperate, and appealed to an ancient gentleman in the car (a friend of his) to assist him. Presently the old gentleman crossed the car, took a seat immediately behind our fair traveller, and addressing her very politely, said: "My friend Captain P—— is very anxious to know who you are."

Looking up from the pages of her novel, Miss J—— said: "You didn't tell him, did you?"

He was so thoroughly taken aback that it was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to stammer, "N-no."

"Thank you," said Miss J——, gratefully, and coolly resumed her reading.

The crest-fallen old "Mercury" retired to the smoking car, and our traveller was annoyed no more.

A YOUNG lady residing near Belfast, in Ireland, was visiting some relatives in New Jersey a few winters ago. She pretended to be very much puzzled over the democratic state of affairs in our republic. The village baker was a Justice of the Peace, and a shoe-maker had been elected Assemblyman, while the State Senator from that district was a coarse, illiterate man—none of them by any means gentlemen, as she understood the word. She went skating with the children one afternoon, and after her return, told a friend that on the pond the butcher's boy had greeted her, and offered to assist her in putting on her skates.

"You didn't allow him to do so, did you?" demanded her friend, a little indignantly.

"Oh yes," she said, "and skated with him too. *I didn't know but he'd be President of the United States some day, and I didn't want to offend him.*"

A SHORT time since an entertainment was given to the children. For their amusement *A Loan of a Lover* was performed by a company of amateurs. Seven-year-old George had been with a servant as escort. On his return his mother asked him the name of the play. He could not remember, so the nurse was questioned. "I don't remember, ma'am," said Bridget; "but I think it was *The Borrowed Beau*."

AN exceedingly instructive and entertaining book, by Mr. H. Clay Trumbull, entitled *A Model Superintendent: A Sketch of the Life, Character, and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven*, has just been published by Harper and Brothers. Mr. Haven was for many years one of the most prominent and successful business men in New England. His whaling, sealing, and other ships were to be found in the North Pacific, in Australia, in Nova Zembla, in the Arctic Sea, in the South Indian Ocean—wherever great risks were to be run and great profits to be looked for. It was not, however, his chief distinction that Mr. Haven was sagacious and distinguished in commercial enterprise. For forty years a large portion of his time was given to the active supervision of two Sunday-

schools, which came, under his methods, to be known beyond the confines of his own city and State as among the most successful schools in the country. This volume sets forth the methods by which unusual results were achieved. It is a book that can not fail to interest any one, of any creed or any profession, who may open it. Mr. Haven was a very genial man, who frequently had his scholars at his house for social enjoyment, and entered as heartily into their pleasures as any boy. On one occasion when he had the scholars at his house on a summer evening to eat strawberries from his own garden, he attempted a moral lesson, which was turned most unexpectedly into a laugh, enjoyed by himself as much as by anybody. Calling the attention of the little folks, who were filling themselves with the luscious fruit, plentifully supplied with cream and sugar, Mr. Haven said, "Scholars, do you like these strawberries?"

"Yes, sir," "Yes, sir," came back, in full chorus.

"Well, now, I want to ask you a question. Suppose you had been passing my house, and had seen these strawberries on the vines in my garden, and you had slipped in through the gate, and taken some of them from the vines without asking permission, would they have tasted as good to you as they do now?"

"No, sir," "No, sir," was the one answer from all.

"And why not?" asked the superintendent, intent on pressing home the sure drawbacks of dishonesty—"and why not?"

There was a moment's pause, and then there came the unlooked-for reply, "*Because, sir, we shouldn't have had any sugar and cream on them.*"

Mr. Haven was content to let the strawberries have the first place in all thoughts for *that* evening.

We select from a recent English periodical the following tombstone tidbits.

On a Mr. Jones, a well-known bone collector, we have the following:

> Here lies the bones of William Jones,
> Who, when alive, collected bones;
> But death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
> That most amazing bone collector,
> Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy
> That here he lies in *bona fide*.

Benjamin Franklin was fond, as we know, of writing quaint inscriptions for his own headstone, but he never managed to elaborate a conceit like this:

> On Richard Button, Esq.
> O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles,
> Have graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

Irish epitaphs form a distinct variety of the genus. They are rich, rare, and redolent of the land of bulls and blunders. Passing over that famous one which recites the virtues of the nobleman who was "father of modern chemistry and grandfather to the Earl of Cork," it is really worth while to reproduce another, perhaps not so well known. I give it untouched:

> Sacred to the memory of Lady Elizabeth O'Looney, first cousin to Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the Great Exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. She lived the life of the virtuous, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality at the early age of twenty years, 3 mos, and 16 days. Reader! go thou and do likewise!

A weather-beaten stone in the quiet churchyard of Culmore, some few miles from Londonderry, gives the following information:

> Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicholls, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1783. Had he lived he would have been buried here.

Which is only surpassed by this, from a tombstone in Ulster:

> To the memory of Thomas Kelly, who was accidentally shot by his brother as a mark of respect.

This curious epitaph exists still in the church-yard of Woodbridge, Suffolk, England:

> Here lies the body of
> Benjamin Brinkley,
> Who though Lustie and
> Strong, was one
> That by misfortune, Shot
> Himself With's Gun
> In the 23d year of his Age,
> He departed this Life
> To the Grief of his Parents,
> Spectaters and Wife.

Speaking of epitaphs, these two have been sent to us. A tombstone in South Carolina bears the following:

> Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
> Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin';
> Stranger tread lightly over this wonder:
> If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder.

At Oxford, New Hampshire:

> To all my friends I bid adieu.
> A more sudden death you never knew.
> As I was leading the old mare to drink,
> She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

Little Allie was a precocious youth, aged four. He was in his sister's room one day while she was "fixing" her hair, and annoyed her by passing his fingers through the long tresses, which he appeared to be attentively examining. He finally exclaimed, in a disappointed voice, "Sister Lill, *I don't see the numbers.*"

"Why, Allie, what do you mean?" said the puzzled maiden.

"Didn't papa read in the Bible this morning that '*the hairs of the head were all numbered?*'" said this literal-minded youth.

During the last political campaign in Michigan, a well-known lawyer of that State was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers, in Gratiot County. In order to win the confidence of his hearers, he said: "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a

practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn."

Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed, "*A pumpkin, by Jingo!*"

APROPOS of mining in the Black Hills, a young man of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who went there to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, added this P.S.: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I *have* a hat."

THE THIRSTY STRANGER.

IT was a weary traveller
Who came unto an inn;
From west to east his journey led
The man through thick and thin.

Sore spent with toilsome wintry ways,
He pined for drink and food;
Certes for such a fainting soul
The best was none too good.

"Ho! damsel!" quoth the thirsty lips
To one who seemed the maid,
"Go brew me hot, from boiling pot,
A mug of lemonade.

"And let the merry peel float there,
For that's the eftest way
To make the liquid comforting,
I've heard old people say."

The awe-struck maid looked up afraid,
As one who hears a sound
That rends the whole astonished air
From caves of guilt profound,

Then low replied, with eyeballs wide,
To him who would carouse:
"The lemon is forbidden here;
We keeps a temp'rance house!"

THE publication by Harper and Brothers of a new and superbly illustrated edition of *The Land and the Book*, by Dr. William M. Thomson, who for forty-five years was a missionary in Syria and Palestine, serves to turn attention afresh to that most interesting portion of the earth. The time is almost at hand when Jerusalem will be as easily accessible to the tourist as any city on the Continent. All the Oriental modes of conveyance are to be superseded, and instead of the mule and the camel, we shall have the railway. The route will be from Cairo to the Tigris, with a branch from Ramleh to Jerusalem. Strange indeed will be the sound of the steam-whistle among the hills and valleys of the Holy Land. And how freely will travellers begin to chat of places and scenes that for centuries have been spoken of with a certain awe! How utterly matter-of-fact it will soon become! An old railroad man who was recently interviewed as to the proposed route, and how it could be made to pay, said, in his dry, humorous way, that he didn't know much about the Holy Land, but he should think that Gaza would probably be a lunch station. "Say you start a limited express," said he, "from Port Said at 8 A.M.; she'd fetch Gaza, I should think, from what you say, about noon. Fifteen minutes for refreshments at Gaza I'm sure would pay well, and if there are sixteen thousand people there, and you run a night express, it might be a good scheme to put up a hotel and billiard-room near the dépôt. Ramleh will do first-rate for a supper stop for through passengers. I expect those who change cars would rather wait till they strike Jerusalem. I suppose they'll have to put on a sleeper before they strike the—Carmel Mountain. That's a pity: seems as if all railroads had to do this mountain scenery in the night-time."

THE following statement of singular facts, recalled by a recent article in this Magazine, is contributed by Mr. George A. Hanscom, of Lowell, Massachusetts:

The reading of the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians," in the June number of your *Monthly*, recalls to the writer the most remarkable occurrence of like nature which a nautical experience of twenty years afforded. This is another of those experiences which go to prove the occasional thinness of the curtain which limits the natural vision of mortals.

In 1869 I was in Suez, in command of the British steam-ship *Neera*, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steam-ship Company—a company owning a line of steamers born of the necessities of the manufacturing world when the supply of American cotton was so largely cut off by the war of the rebellion. The line was under the management of William F. Stearns, now deceased, son of the late Professor Stearns, of Amherst College—a man who, going to India penniless, developed qualities which enabled him to rise on the flood tide of prosperity to a colossal fortune and high social position, but, as it proved, only to see his riches float out on the receding tide, and leave his family but poorly provided for at his untimely death.

The *Neera* was lying in Suez roads, the canal being not yet open, awaiting passengers, etc., before sailing on her return voyage to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Carnatic* was also about ready to sail for the same port, and only waiting mails and passengers. It happened that the passengers for the two steamers came across the isthmus together, and that two old friends and school-mates met, the one to join the *Neera*, the other the *Carnatic*. A day was spent by the friends, who unexpectedly met on the Egyptian desert, in recounting their experiences since they last parted, and, naturally enough, there was a good deal of badinage between them as to the comparative merits of the two steamers, and as to which should first land on the "coral strand," upon which these "griffins" were to be initiated into their

duties in the "civil service," to which they had been newly appointed.

The *Carnatic* was the first to be ready, and sailed from Suez in the morning; the *Neera* left early in the evening, some ten or twelve hours after the mail steamer. The night was fine, and at breakfast-time we had passed Shaduan Island, were out of the Gulf of Suez, and into the Red Sea proper. Breakfast was served on deck, under double awnings of heavy canvas. The young gentleman who had left his friend the day before seemed somewhat depressed in spirits, and during breakfast said, rather anxiously, "Captain, at what time did we stop last night?"

"LOOK OUT! HE'LL SET DOWN!"

"Stop! We have not stopped since leaving," was the reply.

"Not even to take soundings?"

"No; the engines have not been eased since leaving port."

The young man seemed much surprised, and finally said that he had a most vivid and remarkable dream during the night, and this he proceeded to relate in substance as follows:

"In my dream it appeared to me that the steamer was stopped during the night, and that I went on deck to ascertain the cause. I saw a boat pulling off from an island to intercept us, and a lantern was waved to arrest our attention. As the boat came nearer I saw my friend Morton standing in the stern. As he came up the gangway ladder I said, 'For God's sake, Morton, what brings you here?' I never saw him plainer, nor heard his voice more distinctly, than when he said, 'The *Carnatic* has struck a rock, and gone down; the passengers and crew are on an island close by, all safe, and we want your ship to take them on board.' I dreamed that our ship stopped until other boats came off with the remainder of the people, and that we then proceeded."

The narration of the dream made a profound impression upon the passengers, but the captain, as in duty bound, laughed it off. The young man proved a jolly sort of fellow, but was called "the dreamer" during the rest of the voyage.

On arrival at Aden, five days later, before our anchor was down, we were hailed by a boat which had been dispatched from the Peninsular and Oriental office, and asked if we had any news of the *Carnatic*, that ship being a day overdue. We had no news to give; but our dreamer quietly remarked to me, "You may find that there is more to my dream than you supposed."

A few hours completed our coaling, and we were off again for Bombay. On arrival at that port we heard the news of the loss of the *Carnatic*, and the circumstances were just as narrated to us two weeks before. The ship struck on a rock near Shaduan Island, some twelve hours after leaving Suez. The passengers and crew were landed on the island; the steamer subsequently slid off the rock, and went down in deep water. During the night a steamer's lights were seen by the shipwrecked crew, and a boat was sent out to intercept her. Our dreamer's friend Morton went in the first boat; the remainder of the people were subsequently taken on board, and the rescuing steamer proceeded on her voyage to Suez. Except that another steamer, not the *Neera*, rescued the party, the dreamer told the story as well as it could be told to-day.

It seems probable that our dreamer's vision was shown him at the very moment the shipwrecked people were embarking upon the steamer which came to their aid, and that the *Neera* was not ten miles from the scene at the time.

It may be stated, in conclusion, to show the perfection to which the postal system of the world has arrived, that the only letter addressed to the writer which ever failed to reach him in all his twenty years' wanderings, went down in the *Carnatic*.

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ELIZABETH CATON, LADY STAFFORD.

THE AMERICAN GRACES.

BALTIMORE has always been celebrated for its beautiful women. This distinction was first acquired by the fame of several fair Baltimoreans who married into imperial and noble European families. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who

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was the richest and the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had two daughters. Mary, the elder, in the autumn of 1786, married Richard Caton, an English gentleman who had settled in Baltimore the previous year. Mrs. Caton was distinguished for the grace and elegance of her manners as well as for many sweet and amiable qualities. She was a particular favorite of Washington's, and one of the most charming ornaments of the Republican Court. She had four daughters, the eldest three of whom form the subject of this article. Their story is full of romantic interest.

Mary Caton, the eldest of the fair sisters, was the recognized belle of Baltimore before she had completed her eighteenth year. The exalted social position of her family, the wealth of her father and grandfather, her remarkable beauty and fascinating accomplishments, her gay and sparkling wit, and the singular charm of her address, made her hand the coveted prize of the most distinguished young men of the time. This lovely Baltimore girl had as many suitors as the fair and faithless Helen. At the age of nineteen she gave her hand to Robert Patterson, the eldest son of William Patterson, who was at that time the wealthiest merchant in the United States. The wedding took place in the private chapel of Mr. Carroll's house; Archbishop Carroll, the cousin of the bride, performed the ceremony. In those days bridal tours were unknown, but the wedding festivities were continued for several weeks, in the generous, hospitable style of the olden time. By this marriage Mary Caton became the sister-in-law of Elizabeth Patterson, the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte, some time King of Westphalia, and the most worthless of Napoleon's brothers.

Six weeks after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson sailed for England, accompanied by Elizabeth and Louisa Caton, sisters of the bride. They carried letters of introduction from the British Minister at Washington which opened to them the first circles of English society. The beauty, grace, and loveliness of the three sisters caused them to be called the American Graces. Among their acquaintances was the Duke of Wellington. The great soldier who had conquered the conqueror of Europe was himself conquered by the irresistible charms of Mrs. Patterson. The irreproachable conduct of the beautiful American won the lasting friendship of the Iron Duke. He presented her at the court of the Prince Regent. That jaded voluptuary exclaimed, at the sight of her, "Is it possible that the world can produce so beautiful a woman!" The great impression made upon the Prince Regent by Mrs. Patterson is shown by a circumstance that occurred two years afterward. On the 12th of February, 1818, Richard Rush presented to his Royal Highness his credentials as the American Minister at the court of St. James's. After the formal interview had ended with the exchange of national courtesies, the Prince entered into an informal conversation with Mr. Rush, during which he spoke in the most complimentary manner of the Minister's fair country-women, Mrs. Patterson and her sisters the Misses Caton.

The court of the Prince Regent was the most scandalously profligate that had been known in England since the days of Charles the Second. The Prince, like the Merry Monarch, openly set decorum and decency at defiance. Among the notorious Jerseys, Conynghams, Perditas, and Mazarenes, who disgraced the court of George the Fourth, the lovely American Graces stand out in brilliant contrast in all the sweet enchantment of purest womanhood.

Early in the summer of 1816 Mrs. Patterson and her sisters were stopping at Brussels. The Duke of Wellington was there at the same time. The ladies were extremely anxious to visit Waterloo with the hero of that battle. After much persuasion the duke gave his reluctant consent. They spent the morning of the 18th of June (the anniversary of the battle) in going over the field, returned to Brussels late in the afternoon, and dined together. During the evening Wellington was remarkably quiet, his face wore a melancholy expression, and frequent sighs escaped him. It was the first time he had visited Waterloo since the day of the battle, and the most painful impression was made upon his mind by visiting the scene of his greatest triumph. Mrs. Patterson, in speaking of the circumstance afterward, said, great as was her desire to visit the famous spot under such favorable auspices, still she would not have asked the duke to be one of the party had she known the great distress it would have caused him.

Louisa Caton, the youngest of the

American Graces, was the first to marry in England. On the 1st of March, 1817, she was wedded to Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, K.C.B., who had served with great distinction under the Duke of Wellington during the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and was afterward his aide-de-camp at Waterloo. Sir Felton was one of the most gallant English officers in the Peninsular War, and lost his right arm at the battle of Vittoria. In a subsequent battle the duke sent him with an order to a distant part of the field. On the way he met a French officer galloping toward him. Sir Felton had no sword, he held his bridle in his left hand, but he faced the foe unflinchingly. As they rapidly approached each other, the Frenchman raised himself in his stirrups, with his sword uplifted, ready to strike; but discovering his adversary to be defenseless, the chivalrous Gaul brought down his

MARY CATON, MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY.

weapon in the form of a salute, and rode on.

After their marriage, Sir Felton and Lady Hervey were the recipients of much attention from the English aristocracy. Dinner parties and balls were given to them by the Earl of Westmoreland, Lady Gower, the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Melbourne, the Earl of Blessington, Lady Fane, Mrs. Wellesley Pole, and other fashionable personages, while the Duke of Wellington entertained them for several weeks at his favorite seat, Walmer Castle. The Duchess of Rutland, the last survivor of that celebrated trio of beauties (the others being the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Gordon) that had adorned the court of George the Third thirty years before, gave a ball to Lady Hervey, at which her sisters were also present. The old duchess acknowledged that the American ladies, in beauty, and dignified and graceful bearing, surpassed all the women she had ever seen.

Shortly after the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Patterson returned with her husband to Baltimore, leaving Miss Elizabeth Caton in England with Lady Hervey. In 1819 Sir Felton Hervey died, after which event Lady Hervey and her sister travelled extensively on the Continent. Their mother supplied them liberally with money, which enabled them to live in a style becoming their illustrious American birth. In the autumn of 1822 Robert Patterson died, and in the following spring his widow joined her sisters abroad, where they had remained since their first visit in 1815. Soon after Mrs. Patterson reached England, the Duke of Wellington invited the three sisters to his country-seat. During their stay the Marquis of Wellesley paid his brother a visit, and met Mrs. Patterson for the first time, and was much struck by her extraordinary personal attractions.

Richard Wellesley, second Earl of Mornington and first Marquis of Wellesley, was at this time an elderly widower of sixty-three, his first wife having died in 1816. The brilliant career of the Duke of Wellington has dimmed the fame of his elder brother the Marquis of Wellesley; but the latter had acquired distinction as a soldier, statesman, and orator while the future great commander was as yet only a young and by no means promising officer in the army. In fact, Arthur was considered the dunce of the family; he was an idle boy at school, and grew up a light and frivolous young man. His abilities were thought to be so mediocre that he was refused a place in the customs upon the ground of incompetency. Richard, on the contrary, was the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton, where he acquired the beginnings of that elegant scholarship for which he was afterward distinguished. His knowledge of the classics was profound, and his Latin verses were pronounced by competent critics the purest that had been written in England since the days of Addison. In after-years the Duke of Wellington, who was no scholar, was accustomed to submit the Latin and Greek exercises of his sons to his brother the marquis.

Upon coming of age, on the 26th of June, 1781, Richard succeeded to the family title and estate, and became the Earl of Mornington. He entered Parliament at an early age, and was soon recognized as a polished and eloquent orator. His speeches were animated by sentiments of the most devoted loyalty, of hatred to the principles of the French Revolution, and by expressions of patriotic enthusiasm calculated to inspire the government with the resolution necessary to maintain the hostile attitude of England toward the Jacobins of France. In 1797 he was rewarded for his great services to the government of George the Third by the splendid office of Governor-General of India. A new and illustrious career was thus opened to the young but already prominent Earl of Mornington. He arrived in India when the affairs of that unfortunate country were in a serious if not critical condition. Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, the son and successor of the celebrated Hyder Ali, entertained a blind and fanatical hatred toward Great Britain. His vindictive character was shown by the fierce motto which he had adopted, "Better live two years like a lion than two centuries like a lamb." He had a well-disciplined force of seventy-five thousand men, commanded by skillful French officers, whom Bonaparte had dispatched from Egypt to assist the Sultan in opposing the English. With this powerful army Tippoo threatened to annihilate the British in India. It was fortunate for them that there was such a man as the Earl of Mornington at the head of affairs. The Governor-General was capable of dealing with gigantic enterprises; he was active, brave, prompt, and far-sighted;

in short, he was the best Viceroy India had yet known: more honest than Clive, more determined than Cornwallis, and more honorable than Hastings. Alison pays him the following splendid tribute:

LOUISA CATON, DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

"His energy and determination, his moral courage and thorough acquaintance with military affairs, rendered him, even in the days of Fox and Pitt, the foremost statesman of his age." By a series of prompt and brilliant military movements, directed by the Governor-General, the British succeeded in defeating the designs of the Sultan. Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, was captured, the Sultan was slain, his family made captives, his army dispersed, and his empire destroyed. In return for this signal service rendered to his country, the Earl of Mornington was created Marquis of Wellesley. The result of his services in India may be summed up as follows: he found the government occupying a straggling line of sea-coast; he left it seated on the throne of Aurung-

zebe, with the English supremacy in India forever established. It should be mentioned to the credit of Wellesley that when the Indian government offered him a hundred thousand pounds as an appreciation of his brilliant services, he refused it, and recommended that the said sum should be distributed among the soldiers, but accepted a star and badge of the order of St. Patrick, made from a portion of Tippoo's captured jewels. After returning to England he held various political offices, and in 1821 was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in which capacity he showed the same energy as had distinguished his government of India.

In the spring of 1825 Mrs. Robert Patterson and her sister Elizabeth visited Ireland. In Dublin she resumed her acquaintance with the Marquis of Wellesley, who paid her the most flattering attentions. It was soon announced that the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged to be married to Mrs. Patterson, the most beautiful of the American Graces. The wedding took place in the Castle of Dublin, the residence of the Viceroy, on the 29th of October, 1825. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that day two of the Lord-Lieutenant's carriages, with a numerous retinue of servants in their state liveries, arrived at the fashionable hotel in Sackville Street, where the bride elect and her sister had been stopping during the three months previous. The two ladies, accompanied by Colonel Shaw and Mr. Johnston, entered one of the carriages, and drove to the Viceregal Residence in Phœnix Park, followed by her suite. After a sumptuous banquet, at a quarter past six o'clock the wedding took place. The Lord Primate of Ireland performed the rite according to the ceremonial of the Church of England, and immediately afterward the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin read the marriage service prescribed by the ritual of the Church of Rome, the bride being a Catholic.

The Marquis of Wellesley was at this time sixty-five years old, and his bride was thirty-one. A series of brilliant entertainments was given in honor of the new vice-queen. Gay and splendid was the Irish court when the lovely Mary Caton, Marchioness of Wellesley, presided over Dublin Castle—more splendid than the court of George the Fourth, where there was no queen. The celebrated Miss Ambrose, who occupied the throne of Beauty at the court of Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, was surpassed in grace, beauty, and dignity by the peerless American who ruled the heart and court of the Marquis of Wellesley in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. A gentleman who was present on the occasion gives the following entertaining description of the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wellesley at a public ball held at the Rotunda—one of the purest specimens of architecture in Dublin. The affair came off on May 11, 1826. At ten o'clock the Viceroy entered the magnificent saloon with his beautiful marchioness leaning on his arm. They were received with acclamations, and all eyes were fixed upon the viceroyal pair as with slow and stately steps they advanced up the saloon, followed by a brilliant suite. They were a noble-looking couple; for although the Lord-Lieutenant was small in stature, his bearing was princely and dignified. He still preserved much of the remarkable beauty which had distinguished him in his youth. A throne, surmounted by a magnificent canopy of scarlet and gold, was erected at the extreme end of the reception-room; here they seated themselves, while their suite formed a hollow square around it, to exclude the crowd of spectators from a too near approach. The Marquis of Wellesley wore on this occasion a rich uniform profusely decorated with orders. The marchioness was dressed simply in white, but looked every inch a queen. She was dignified, but at the same time easy in her manners. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned, her arms and shoulders were beautifully moulded; her features were classical, her profile delicate and distinguished, her complexion fair and lovely beyond description, her cheeks softly chiselled, and her nose, that difficult feature, was straight and Grecian in form. Certainly no other court in Europe could have produced a woman of greater elegance or more accomplished manners than the American queen of the Irish court.

While the Marchioness of Wellesley was presiding over Dublin Castle, the attention of the whole American people was turned toward her grandfather as the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who, like the Books of the Sibyls, increased in value as they decreased in numbers. On the morning of

the Fourth of July, 1826, only three remained of the original fifty-six—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Carroll. At the very time when ten millions of freemen were celebrating the jubilee of their country's independence, and pronouncing with reverential lips the names of these three, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, leaving Charles Carroll the only survivor. Upon the next anniversary of the Fourth of July a banquet was given at Charleston, South Carolina, at which Bishop England proposed as a toast, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his granddaughter now reigns a queen."

In 1828, owing to a disagreement with his brother, who was then Prime Minister of England, upon the subject of Catholic Emancipation, the Marquis of Wellesley resigned the government of Ireland. After the accession of William the Fourth the marquis was appointed Controller of the Royal Household, and the marchioness was made the First Lady-in-Waiting at Windsor Castle. The king admired her excessively, because of her freedom from all court gallantry. The Marquis of Wellesley died September 26, 1842, at the age of eighty-two. The marchioness survived her husband more than ten years, and died on the 17th of December, 1853. Her last years were spent at the royal palace of Hampton Court, where she was presented with a residence by Queen Victoria, as a mark of appreciation for the eminent services rendered to Great Britain by the Marquis of Wellesley.

On the 24th of April, 1828, Louisa Caton (Lady Hervey) was married to Francis Godolphin D'Arcy Osborne, the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds. The origin of the ducal house of Osborne is replete with romance and interest. In the early part of the sixteenth century a wealthy woollen manufacturer lived upon London Bridge, which was at that time quite a respectable locality for private residences. His name was Hewitt. One day while the nurse was standing at an upper window which overlooked the Thames, holding the daughter and only child of Hewitt, it suddenly sprang from her arms into the rushing river below, and would have been drowned had not an apprentice of the merchant's, named Edward Osborne, leaped into the stream and brought the child safely to shore. This incident happened in 1536, and sixteen years after that date the young lady thus rescued was married to the man who had saved her life. Many noble suitors had sought her hand, but her father had promised it to young Osborne, and he was determined that he alone should wed his daughter. Edward Osborne succeeded to the business of his father-in-law, and became one of the wealthiest merchants of his time. In 1582 he was elected Lord Mayor of London, and nine years later received the honor of knighthood from the hands of Queen Elizabeth. The son of this romantic marriage was the grandfather of Sir Thomas Osborne, who was elevated to the peerage in 1673 as Viscount Latimer. In the following year he was created Earl of Denby. For his services to the Prince of Orange he was, in 1689, made Marquis of Carmarthen, and in 1694 was created Duke of Leeds.

The title of the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds is Marquis of Carmarthen, and Louisa Caton became Marchioness of Carmarthen by her marriage. She was at that time thirty-seven years old, but in the prime of her beauty. Her husband was only thirty, and was considered one of the handsomest men in England. On the 10th of July, 1838, he succeeded his father in the family honors and estates, and became the seventh Duke of Leeds. The family residence was Hornby Castle, in Yorkshire. The Duke of Leeds died on the 4th of May, 1859, and the Duchess on the 8th of April, 1874, after a lingering illness, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. She was in the eighty-third year of her age.

Elizabeth, the second of the American Graces, was married on the 25th of May, 1836, to Baron Stafford, whose family name was Jerningham, one of the oldest in England. It goes back in uninterrupted succession to Hubert Jerningham, who lived in the time of King Stephen and Henry the Second, and died in 1182. In 1824 Sir George Jerningham succeeded to the ancient barony of Stafford, which had become extinct by the judicial murder of his maternal ancestor, the celebrated Viscount Stafford, during the reign of Charles the Second. Lady Stafford died on the 29th of October, 1862. None of these ladies had children, but they still live in the affectionate remembrance of the noble families which had been honored by an alliance with the AMERICAN GRACES.

REPAIRING DAMAGES.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

FISH AND MEN IN THE MAINE ISLANDS.

II.

ALL this time Middleton was making little personal acquaintance with "the fleet," and the mackerel, the object of its quest, and the staple of the coast fishery. He pushed on, therefore, in search of it, going from Deer Island to Mount Desert Island.

On the charming mountainous isle which fashion has so liberally taken into favor, the greater part of the active population was drafted to the service of the summer hotels. The young women went as waitresses, in which capacity they netted "tatting" in the intervals of their duties, and devoured with undisguised admiration the toilets of the city belles; and the men as porters, drivers, and hostlers. Still a bolder portion of the men refused to yield to the blandishments of these spiritless new occupations, and cured their fish and went their voyages as usual. At Manchester's, at the mouth of the long Somes Sound, which stretches up like a noble river of clear deep green water among the mountains, he came upon an important establishment where herring were smoked. A myriad of the small fish hung like bronze pendants, slowly turning to gold in an atmosphere of white smoke from a smouldering fire of logs, which, when a door was opened upon it, looked like imprisoned fog. When the smoke had circulated thus among them for a month, and they were turned to the purest, most finely burnished gold—no mere resemblance, but the thing itself—they were done.

Further up the coast he came upon a crew ready to set off in a long, sharp, white seine-boat, heavily loaded down with barrels of water and general traps, and riding as steady as a steamer. They all belonged in the same place, and had been put ashore at the completion of the trip by their vessel, which was to lay to for them off the mouth of their cove on her return, and was now due. Middleton had a mind to join them. The chief authority was aboard the vessel, of course; but he inquired, "Where is the mate?"

"We're all mates, and scarcely any cap'n," they said, in a jovial way, "and the cook is the best man."

They said if he would put up with what they had (he had previously heard that this was very good indeed, and that an added cause of the decline in the fishing interest was the epicurean tastes of the employés), he might go with them, and see their manner of life to his heart's content, as far as they were concerned, and

they believed the captain would make no objection. But when they had rowed, to meet the vessel, nearly to the Great Cranberry, and it was not yet in sight, and ant, and with an hour's hard pulling was again upon the shore.

From this disappointment resulted the cruise heretofore referred to, some thirty

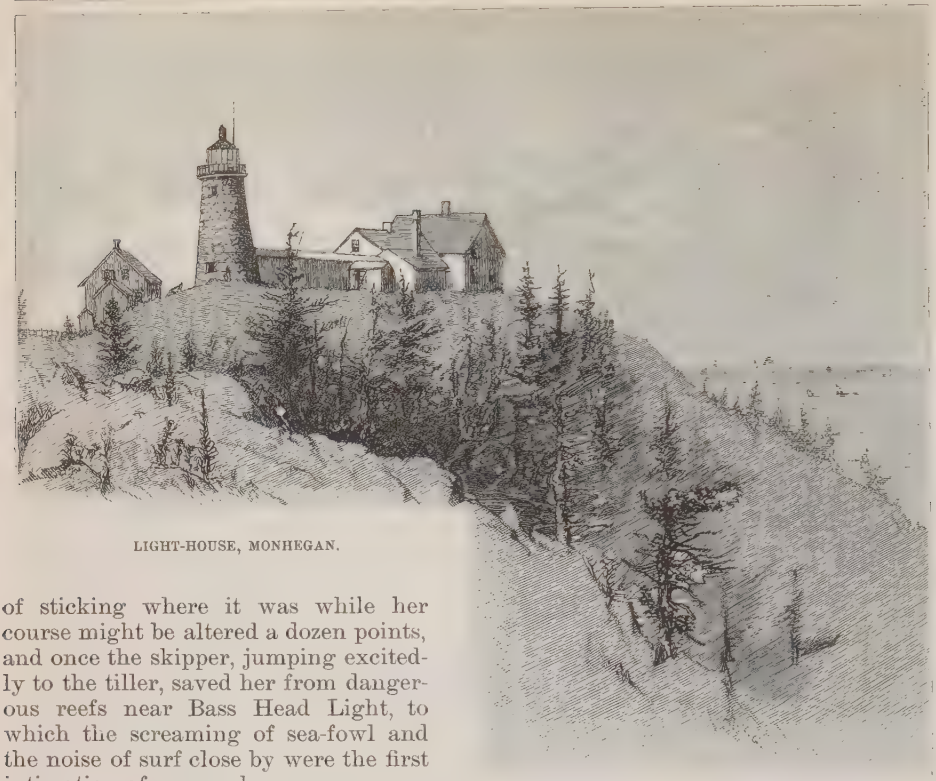
LOOKING FOR THE FLEET.

having in mind strongly the inconvenience of getting back in case of refusal—for which contingency he had brought an attendant in an extra dory—he asked again if there was doubt as to the captain, an entire change of sentiment appeared. It was not manifested in a Chesterfieldian but in a boorish way, which Middleton hoped was not characteristic of the Maine islander at large. Certain new sullen spokesmen, who had interposed no objection before, now spoke up, and their opinion prevailed. They thought there *was* doubt about the captain—pretty decided doubts. Whether so or not, there was about *them*. They were opposed to it—that was how it was. They had no more room aboard than they wanted for themselves.

The hilarious ones of before had no opposition to offer to this, being apparently, on reflection, of the same mind. Nor had they any comments regretful or otherwise; and so, amid a stolid silence, Middleton took to his skiff with his attend-

miles to sea, to the desolate light of Mount Desert Rock, off which the fleet was credibly said to be lying. It was made in a hired jigger, manned by its skipper, the artist of the truthful pictures accompanying this account of Middleton's journeys, and himself.

They had continual sunshine, and considerable periods of calms, in which the most singular mirages rose up around them. An island below the horizon came and piled itself over one upon it. Low islands in the middle distance appeared to have precipitous walls a hundred feet high; light-houses came where none were, and when you looked the next moment, were gone, and the land with them. Then drifts of curious white fog came in, not creating a chilliness in the atmosphere, but holding the sunshine in luminous suspension, and crystallizing on the clothing in little needle points more like a powder, yet enveloping them completely, and cutting off surrounding objects. The ancient compass in the jigger's binnacle had a way



LIGHT-HOUSE, MONHEGAN.

of sticking where it was while her course might be altered a dozen points, and once the skipper, jumping excitedly to the tiller, saved her from dangerous reefs near Bass Head Light, to which the screaming of sea-fowl and the noise of surf close by were the first intimation of approach.

The Rock was a bare lonely bank of granite, with no habitation upon it but its light, in which four men, a woman, and a child pass their time with such philosophy as they can. A luxuriant slippery seaweed draped the rounding ledges with the semblance of verdant grass, but on actually going ashore, the only vegetation was a little dog-weed, and fifty poor hills of potatoes, by actual count, distributed wherever a space for five or six plants together could be found among the chaotic stones.

They saw the sun set upon it, as warm as on a tower of Torcello, and the moon rise, nearly at its full, behind it. And lying off it at night, with only a solitary haker for a consort, taking his turn on the watch in his nautical capacity toward morning, Middleton saw all the stars shine in their splendor, traced the unhampered constellations, divined mysterious things in the long fields of rock-weed drifting idly past, saw the fins of a sinister cruising shark, and heard from time to time the stertorous blowing of a whale in the distance.

But the desired fleet, after all, was not at the Rock, and though they sailed twenty miles one way to the Bank of Comfort, and as much the other to the Isle au Haut, it still did not appear. It had doubled on them, it seemed, in the night, and following the schools of fish, had worked westward toward Matinicus and Monhegan. Upon this, Middleton believed he could do no better than go to Monhegan also. By various détours and conveyances, stopping at Castine to moralize on the departed maritime greatness of Oakum Bay, passing down by stage from Rockland twenty miles to Herring Gut, and from there fifteen miles by water, in the boat of a fisherman of Bremen Long Island (to distinguish it, in the multiplicity of Long Islands, from Friendship Long Island, its neighbor), he made his way thither.

Monhegan is still accurately described in the words of Captain John Smith, who came to it on his cruise in the year 1614: "A round, high isle, with little Monanis by its side, betwixt which is a harbor where our ships can lie at anchor." He made a garden here, he tells, "on the rocky isle, in May, which grew so well it served for salads in June and July."

There is a white light-house on the back of the round high isle. Half way up the hill toward it, from a fringe of gray fish-houses at the water's edge, climbs the weather-beaten little settlement, in which all the habitations of the island and its whole population are concentrated. The school-house is at the top of the buildings. Then comes a space of débris of igneous rock like the scoriæ of a volcano, the color of ploughed ground, on which is railed off a bare little grave-yard, visible from all directions.

The little harbor was speckled with small boats when Middleton came in, and the schooner *Marthy*, which "smacked" fresh fish regularly to Portland, and a freighter, purposing to go in to Herring Gut to paint, were lying there at anchor. The small boats were tied to the tall stakes, more common as the Bay of Fundy is approached, with crosses on the top, which at low tide give the appearance of a melancholy kind of marine grave-yard too.

It is not a common kind of harbor. It is a deep channel between Monhegan and Menana (as Monanis is now called), open at the outer end, and partly closed at the inner by a rugged black ledge called Smutty Nose. On Smutty Nose is reared a tall pole, part of a disused apparatus for communications between the light-house and the keeper of the fog-whistle on Menana, which has the air of a jury-mast rigged as a signal of distress. In southeast gales a formidable surf drives in through the passage, and it is then by no means so agreeable a place of anchorage. In a wild night of rain, wind, and pitch-darkness of 1858, the whole contents of the strait, fourteen fishing vessels, besides the flotilla of boats, were piled upon Smutty Nose in a mass.

There was a shark's forked tail nailed to the principal spile of the wharf, as hawks are nailed to farmers' barn doors. The fish-houses had a warm yellow lichen, such as grew also on some of the high cliffs of the outer shore on the weather side, and over the doors of some of them, by way of decoration, were name-boards picked up from castaway boats, as "Rescue," or "Excalibur." The principal activity clustered around two little sand beaches, the only ones on the island, which would be set down, by a voyager coming to it as a new land, as quite the ideal and providential sort.

OFF DUTY.

The greater part of the male population, stalwart, rawboned men in flannel shirts, well-tanned canvas jackets, and big boots, came down to meet him. When they had gratified their curiosity about the newcomer, they went back, and threw them-

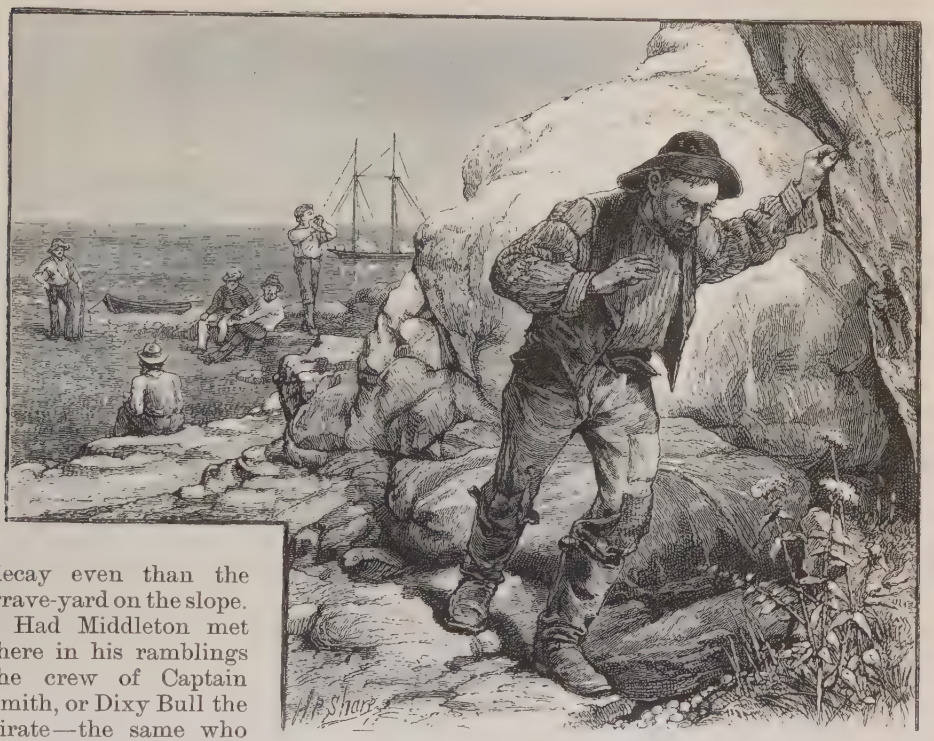
MONHEGAN POST-OFFICE.

selves down at the top of the first rise of the slope, among the houses, in the nonchalant attitudes which were their normal condition when the fish were not schooling. A philosophic bearded man from the mainland, come to pass the summer here, was calking his boat, drawn up on the stocks near by, and joining in their gossip. Occasionally one of them took up a battered telescope, which always lay there in the grass or against the neighboring wood-pile, and swept the horizon with it.

Monhegan was the most remote and primitive of all the Maine islands. It had no direct connection with the mainland, and no post-office. Such mail as came to it was brought over by some casual fishing-boat from Herring Gut, where it had accumulated. The bearer, sitting on a rock or the gunwale of a boat on one of the little beaches, distributes their letters to the group flocking around him, from the old newspaper in which he has tied them up for safe-keeping. There were plenty of sheep, but little agriculture, no roads, nor use for any except to haul a little wood from the other end of the island in winter. In this service cows as well as the few oxen were put under the yoke.

There were hollyhocks, camomile, and dahlias in some of the small door-yards, but these could not redeem the shabbiness of a growth of white-weed knee-deep along all the straggling paths of the hamlet, to which no one had public spirit enough to take a sickle. Though but a mile long, the centre and eastern end of the island had still the most virgin and savage air. Gorges containing the whitened bones of ancient cedar-trees and wet morasses barred the way. The low, thick, resinous groves, too, were impenetrable, except for some dark burrows like lairs where the sheep had gone through. Long gray moss, like the drift of some deluge, hung from the branches of the spruces; but

the carpet was of an overluxuriant, vivid kind, more suggestive—though starred with scarlet bunch-berries—of death and decay even than the grave-yard on the slope.



GLIMPSE OF A FORTUNE.

Had Middleton met there in his ramblings the crew of Captain Smith, or Dixy Bull the pirate—the same who once sacked Pemaquid fort with sixteen renegadoes, and who was opposed to hard drinking, but said, "When others have prayers, we'll have a song or a story"—he thought he should hardly have been surprised. One day, thinking this, and how their doublets and trunk-hose and slouch hats must have had the archaism pretty well taken out of them by the severe knocking about of their voyages, and at any rate could not be more incongruous with the landscape now than in the year 1615, out of the bushes came three highly renegado-looking fellows, with their cabin-boy, marching single file, and carrying long staves. They were unknown—for this was at a time when he had personal cognizance of everybody on the island—and they were so grim and weather-beaten as to their countenances, and so faded in their attire, marching on in unbroken silence, and disappearing again into the bushes, that had the leader cried, "Off with his head!" and sworn with a dozen antiquated oaths that he was Dixy Bull in person, he could hardly have had a keener suspicion of it.

Now such a suggestion of the marvelous as this should really be left at this point to stand as one of those inexplicable things that from time to time baffle all the researches of modern science, but it may be better on some accounts to say that a further inquiry into the movements of the mysterious renegadoes revealed that they were part of a schooner's crew, who had come ashore over High Head for a stroll.

Such landings, of an idle time on the sea, were not uncommon. It was in this way that a crew landed on a remarkable occasion at Menana to play a game of ball. The skipper, in chasing the ball as they played, came full upon a glorious pot of money in a crevice of the rocks. Unwilling to divide with the rest, he concealed his discovery till they had gone off to the schooner. Taking then a trusty man, he returned to secure it. But, alas! he could find no trace of it now, search as he would. He sat down at last on the high rocks of Menana, and cried like a child with rage

AMONG THE FLEET.

and despair at losing the single opening of a golden fortune. Nor has it ever been found, what is more, to this day.

If it *should* be found, Middleton wished it might be by the plucky fellow in charge of the steam fog-whistle on Menana. The fingers of one of this man's hands were so mangled in his machinery that they had to be amputated. He ran his whistle for an hour after the accident—till the light-keeper could cross over to his relief—sailed then, a half day's journey in a light wind, to Herring Gut, took a team from there to Tennant's Harbor, got himself comfortably shaved while waiting for the surgeon, and then had the amputation performed.

Monhegan had a glorious open out-look, somewhat too rare in the other Maine islands, where impertinent satellites, of which the map gives little idea, are continually cropping up to destroy the desirable effect of space. From an elevated point Middleton could follow the sea all around, and shoreward a distant blue island or two lay in the high-lifted horizon like a cloud over the tops of the pines. But he liked most to lie on the brim of the outer cliffs, the High Heads and White Heads, that rose one hundred and fifty feet straight from the angry breakers, and look off upon the wide ocean expanse, scattered with sails as if with a flight of butterfly moths. Timid groups of sheep looked on with curiosity at him from the vantage ground of neighboring hillocks. He was often the companion here of the look-out watching for the schooling of fish in the interest of the nonchalant group on the grassy bank below.

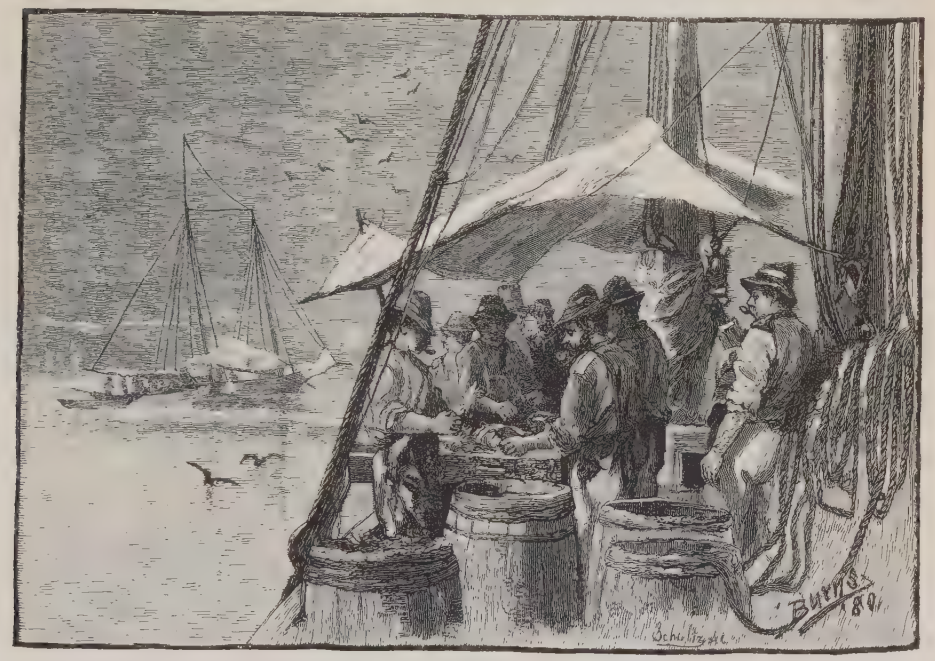
The fleet was here at last. He came to know it well, both far and near, and the leading traits of the much-badgered mackerel, the object of its pursuit. The islanders fished with the fleet, pulling out in their seine-boats from their island, as if it were only a steadier kind of schooner like the rest. It was a schooner that never rolled, on which they had all they made, without a division with shippers and underwriters, and to which they returned at night to their families and firesides.

Middleton was impressed by the singular procession moving up the Atlantic coast every year, and speculated about it from High Head as if from a peculiarly advantageous point for observing a pageant passing wholly under his eye. "It could be made a fine decorative frieze of," he said, "full of moral lessons besides." It could be a kind of natural-history Odyssey or Nibelungen, or a hemicycle of important submarine deeds, for another Delaroche—the allegory of the Mackerel on his way through life, his hopes and his fears, his virtues and vices, his friends and his enemies, his triumphs and disasters.

The mackerel began their migration, he learned, or at least the first were taken by the fleet which went south after them, in deep water, about sixty miles below the capes of Delaware, early in March. They arrived on the Maine coast about the first of June, followed closely by the vessels, which were presently strung all along from Cape Ann to Cape Sable. Late in

September they began to work to the southward, not schooling on their return, and by the middle of November hardly one would be found to the northward of Boston Bay. This, at least, was the habit of our American mackerel, which were looked upon as a distinct nation, with no affiliation with that which comes in over

tures were fond of the red seed also. The tiny pilot-fish, perhaps a kind of fugleman for the mackerel, but more likely his prey, like the rest, came first; then shoals of herring, shrimp, squid, menhaden. The round, limpid jelly-fish called the sun-squall, occurring sometimes almost numerously enough to stop the way of a



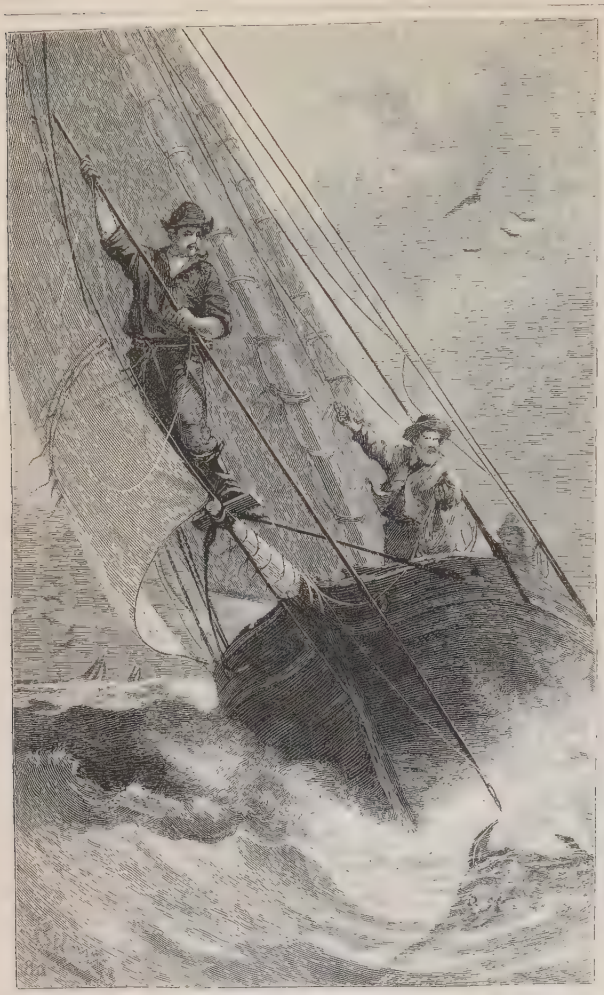
MACKEREL SCHOONER—DRESSING FISH FROM LAST CATCH.

the Grand Banks, spawns on the Magdalen Islands, and remains in Canadian waters all winter. They seemed to come up along the coast, and strike inshore all about the same time, and the first notice of their arrival was often their appearance in the weirs on the bays and inlets.

An advance guard preceded the main body often by a week or ten days. A mysterious live seed, of which Middleton could only hear that it was red, excessively hot, like pepper, and floated in the water, was thought to be the mackerel's principal inducement to come into the bays. He was passionately fond of it, and when it was ripe he was there, though it was a most reckless dissipation, for it was said that it was so hot that it would burn its way out of a fish in a few hours, and it burned the hands of the fishermen in dressing such as had eaten it.

A multitude of smaller marine creaboat, sought it. Woe to them all! They can snatch but a furtive joy; the fierce mackerel follows them up, devouring them as they fly. The only visible bits of solidity in the organism of the limpid sun-squall are the few red seeds, which it seems not even to have the pleasure of digesting. The mackerel ruthlessly tears him in pieces for them, and the sea is strewn with the remains of unhappy sun-squalls.

"Did the picture stop here, how little deserving would the mackerel be of sympathy!" mused Middleton. "And indeed, after all this, he is not one to call forth too much sympathy in any event; but the Nemesis that pursues him is terrible. The procession consists of the mackerel, his prey, *and his enemies.* Now here he is, as one might say, a wild young prodigal, in his laced coat of green and silver, pursuing every mad whim and selfish



HARPOONING SWORD-FISH.

pleasure, and blinded by his folly to the yawning pitfalls and omens of danger all about him. Or he may be looked upon as a Belshazzar sort of person, drunk with insolent pride, while at the very moment the Mede and Persian are battering at the gate. *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!* Thou art found a palatable article by many tastes, and thou shalt be weighed in the balance. The sinister shark is on thy track; the porpoise lunges from the right; dogfish, blue-fish, black-fish, from the left; the mackerel-gull swoops down from overhead; the solemn whale cruises in thy wake, ready to dive below a school and blow it into the air, and though prevented by an unfortunate arrangement of the jaws from taking in the splendid gulps that might be imagined, does it very liberal justice; and lastly comes the great schooner of inexorable man, the merchant, to whom all the other enemies are as nothing, and snares thee in lots of five hundred barrels in a day."

A quaint apparent exception, and the only one, to the universal rule of rapine in the great procession was a little bird somewhat larger than a sandpiper—the sea-goose, so called. It sits over a mackerel school, and accompanies it in its course, whether out of an amicable sentiment of companionship, or as a rival for the mysterious peppery seed, is not quite certain.

It could well be believed that these voracious pursuers sometimes conflicted among themselves. The dogfish and sharks, ravening to get at their prey when in the nets, bit or tore through, and released them by the barrel. The sharks came up around the boats of fishermen, and by frightening away the game, prevented all their operations. It was necessary to strike them with a shark-knife in a peculiar way, otherwise they would not make off and cease their annoyance. One day a fisherman, having no weapon handy—a heavy gun exploding a shell in the carcass is the one most in use for this service—thrust an oar down the throat of a whale, which came up beside his boat, and broke it off, upon which it retreated, and left him in peace.

To devour and be devoured was by no means a matter confined to the mackerel and his relations. Cod, haddock, and hake gorged themselves on herring and every smaller fish. The blue-fish chased the porgies with such peculiar animosity that it quite depended upon their choice of position whether porgies should even make an appearance on the coast at all or not. They drove them in one day near Herring Gut in such wild alarm that they lay ankle-deep on the sands, and had to be buried to prevent an epidemic.

STORY OF THE SEA-FIGHT.

"Faugh!" said Middleton, "I have no patience with them. Not one spark of kindly feeling, not one scintilla of ordinary human—that is, of consideration. It never seems to occur to a fish that he is not to murder anybody, for his comfort of the moment, any more than that he is not to flap his tail." And he went down to the port to experiment with a method of harpooning sword-fish from a seat fixed up in the bowsprit of a schooner, which he was promised an opportunity soon of trying.

The population of the islands generally was of genuine Yankee stock, only beginning to be mixed a little where the quarries brought in a new element. At one place was a "Portugee" of the Western Islands. He had sailed out of Gloucester, as do plenty of his countrymen, as a cook, married his gallant captain's daughter, settled down to the shore, and was pronounced "a real good feller." There were a number of cases of insanity, and consumption was a definite scourge. Crimes were few and far between, being confined principally to a little thieving of fish from one another's flakes, unless the record were enlivened by some such bold exploit from without as that of a marauding negro who rifled the principal store at Monhegan one night, and carried off the entire contents in his cat-boat. He was pursued by a fast sloop, ran on a bar at the Isle au Haut, and there was for a time the best of reasons for expecting his capture. By desperate exertions, however, he got over the bar in time, leaving it as an impediment in the way of the heavier-draught sloop, made off down to Long Island, and then further east, till he was inside the Canadian line, and secure from pursuit.

Though the occupation of the islands is of long standing, they have nothing more than an indefinite old cellar, or tea-spoon, or Indian pipe, here and there, that could be construed into historic remains. On little Menana, it is true, there is a semblance of rock-cut letters which have been attributed to Northmen of the date of Thorfinn, the son of Thorold, and the Skeleton in Armor. But there is also a doubt, and it seemed to Middleton a shrewd one, whether they are not simply some of those markings which Nature, to whom a thousand years or so are of no consequence in the gratification of a little whim, is continually making of her own accord.

FIRST VISIT TO THE BANKS.

The most entirely satisfactory bit of history was to recall the gallant fight of the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, which took place in full view of Monhegan. An old settler was accustomed to tell it—how the arrogant British *Boxer* came out of St. John looking for the *Enterprise*, but the latter did not need much looking for, being hers, truly, to command, all the time; how neither of them fired a gun till they were within half pistol-shot of each other; how both gallant captains were killed, and laid in their graves at Portland at one funeral; how the *Boxer* had made the mistake of nailing her colors to the mast, and was much inconvenienced later in making it known that on reflection she had changed her mind; and how there were in her mainmast, not counting above the catharpins, three eighteen-pound shot, eighteen large grape, and sixteen musket-balls, besides smaller missilery in profusion.

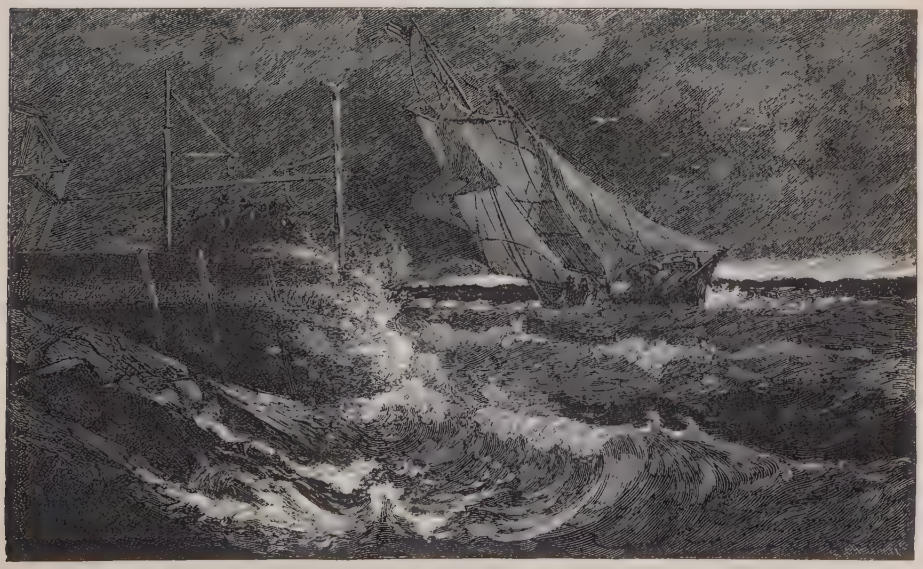
Middleton heard, on the shore and in the fleet, the outlines of many other stories of interest; but it seemed to him that the good old art of "spinning a yarn," making the most of all its details, with gestures, pauses, mysterious frowns, and appropriate inflections, had gone out. They were told to him in a sententious few words, for the most part without ornamentation. On shore he heard principally treasure narratives; on the vessels, accounts of the fogs and tempests on George's, where hundreds of lives have often been swept away at a time; practical jokes on "greenhorns" on the first visit to the Banks (where Neptune in garments of rock-weed sometimes comes aboard to shave them with a barrel hoop); and feats of daring and ingenuity in old troubles with the Canadians, like that of the skipper who ran away under the guns of two of their cutters, lying flat on his stomach to steer his craft, and the other, who took a crew of picked men to Cape Breton, and cut out his forfeited schooner, and brought her back in triumph to Gloucester.

There was particularly the ghost story of the *Hascall*. She broke loose from her moorings in a gale on George's, and tore into and sank the *Andrew Johnson*, with all on board. For years after, the spectres of the drowned men were reputed to come aboard the *Hascall* at midnight and go through a dumb-show of fishing in regular form over the side, so that no crew

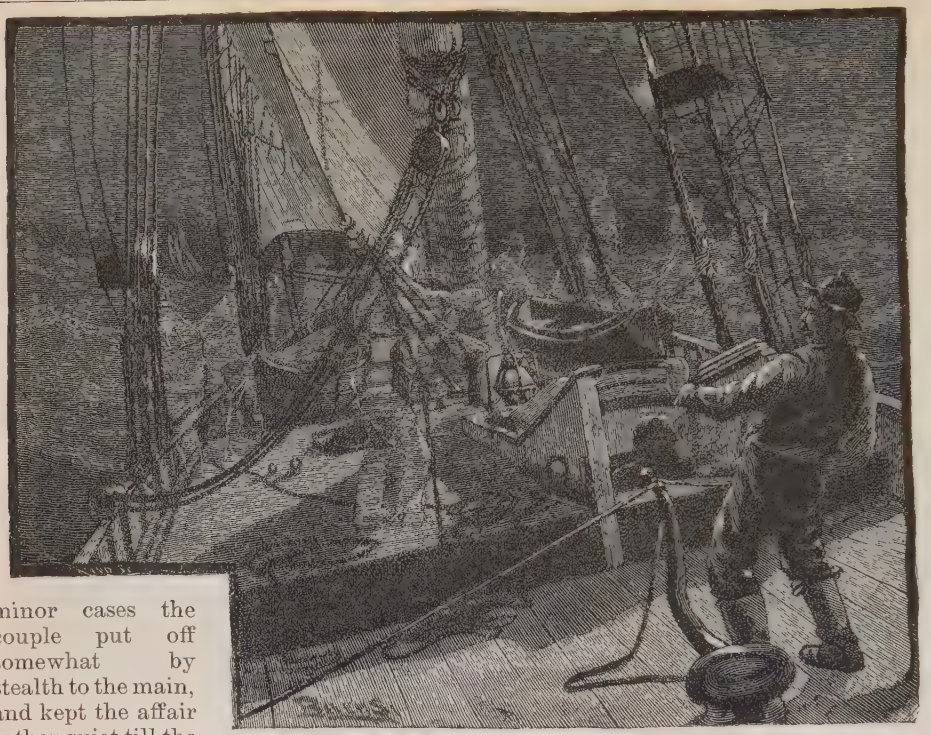
UNDER FIRE.

could be got in Gloucester to sail her, and she would not have brought sixpence in the market.

If a Monheganer was ill, it was a matter of thirty miles' sailing at least to bring a physician to attend him. If he died, he was borne up to the grave-yard on the hill on the shoulders of his associates, and at the next arrival of a minister from the main a discourse was pronounced over him. To such occasions, too, were postponed marriages of consideration; but in



ARRIVAL OF THE DOCTOR.



MIDNIGHT WATCH ON THE "HASCALL."

minor cases the couple put off somewhat by stealth to the main, and kept the affair rather quiet till the knot was tied. Persons who had savings invested them by preference in vessel property. If they amassed any considerable sum, they were apt to move to the main, and embark in a business in some way connected with fish, as the keeping of a market.

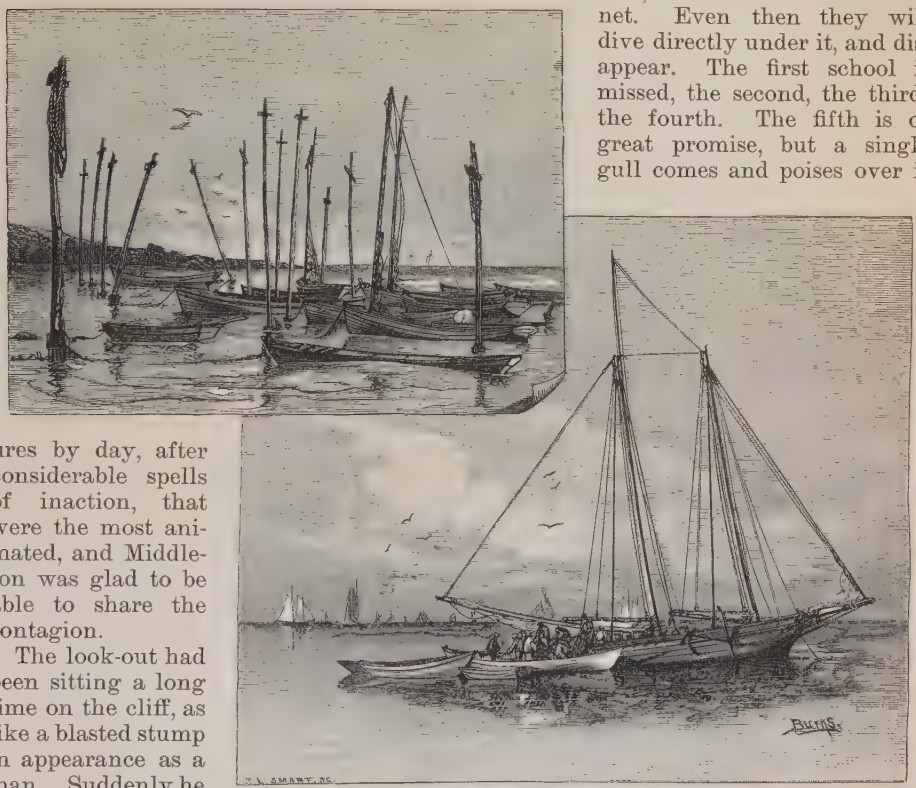
The women were often out on the hillside mending the great nets damaged in service. In winter they sometimes had knitting bees, at which they replaced the nets of a comrade carried away and destroyed perhaps by fouling a ship's anchor. In winter, too, the residents coasted down the light-house hill; flooded a small valley lying just by the houses, and skated and ran an ice-boat on it.

The slight government of the island (plantation in form, and not yet a town) was languidly administered, and offices were avoided, not sought. It was necessary to elect a treasurer (in place of one who had positively refused to serve), and to provide funds for the payment of the glossy-haired teacher, in the neatest of calico dresses with a frill at the throat, from a high school on the main, whose term was drawing near its close. The meeting was set time after time, but nobody came, not even the officer who called it, all having regularly hurried off to the water in pursuit of fish.

Mackerel and mackerel only was the object of their ambition. It seemed almost an object in itself, apart from what it would bring. In confirmation of this view there was an account of a case, in the good old times, which Monhegan not less than the world in general has enjoyed, when a group was assembled to divide profits amounting to upward of fourteen hundred dollars on recent ventures. Suddenly the signal for mackerel was given. Careless of the business in hand, they caught up a few bills each at random, and put off hurriedly to sea, and the children picked up afterward more than six hundred dollars around the fish-house where this had taken place.

There were three seine-boats, owned in shares by their crews, as the custom was. No one on the island could be oblivious of their movements. Its whole life centred round them. They set off for their first trip before daylight, and the voices and knockings at the door in the darkness that summoned the men awakened the

settlement. At noon and evening the careful housewife had the old spy-glass often at her eye, and knew how to regulate the laying of the cloth, and the lifting of the cover of the boiling pot, to the dot of an i, by their rounding the point at the harbor mouth. But it was their departures by day, after considerable spells of inaction, that were the most animated, and Middleton was glad to be able to share the contagion.



STOWING SEINES FROM LAST CATCH.

The look-out had been sitting a long time on the cliff, as like a blasted stump in appearance as a man. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, shouted, and came running down. The heavy-booted, flannel-shirted, lounging men knew what it meant, and were down at the beaches and in their long swift boats instantly. Each strove for the lead. How they leaped through the water under the strokes of the bending hickory!

Amos has it. No, it is William Henry. No, it is "Cap" Trefeathering, and Middleton is with him.

Seven men throw their weight upon the oars, some standing, some sitting. The Cap, aloft on the poop, surveys the watery field, and directs the course with a long steering oar down to the slight rippled patches which to the experienced eye denote the schooling fish. The great seine, one hundred and fifty fathoms long and twenty-four wide, an apparently chaotic heap of corks and twine, well sprinkled with salt for preservation, is piled aft, and two veteran hands stand by to pay it out. A boy rows in the dory astern.

The schools are exceedingly shy. The art is to anticipate, if possible, their direction, and meet them with the net. Even then they will dive directly under it, and disappear. The first school is missed, the second, the third, the fourth. The fifth is of great promise, but a single gull comes and poises over it to pounce upon a victim. "I wish I had a gun for that fellow," says the Cap, and having none, he swings his hat and screams shrilly; but meanwhile the fish have gone down, and the heavy net must be dragged grumblingly in again without result.

Their flocks and herds look down at them at first from the cliffs as they toss in the breakers, but, with many disappointments, they are presently eight to ten miles off from shore. All the boats of the fleet are out around them, full of men, as if meditating some warlike descent on the coast. The cloud of fast yacht-like schooners is tacking and standing off and on in every variety of pose. Dark figures in their tops and shrouds

BRINGING ASHORE THE NETS.

look out for schools; others fling over bait of ground porgies from boxes along the sides, to "toll" them up for easier capture. Among the rest are two of the singular "porgy steamers" turned to mackereling, in which veterans predict their career will be brief, saying they will roll too much, and their fires be put out.

The seas are heavy, and in the crowded boats, particularly those of the middle distance and the contracted horizon, as they rise on a gloomy wave, with all their figures notched momentarily against the sky, before sinking from sight as if ingulfed, Middleton finds a hundred noble and gallant aspects. What an ineffable contrast, this free, breezy, stalwart life, to the cramping and tameness and fetid exhalations of city shops!

Yonder, again, is a promising school; there are fifty barrels in it if there is a fish. Give way all! The *Fidelia's* boat sees it too, and so does the *Watchman's*, the *Excalibur's*, the *Wild Rose's*, and that of the *Light of the Age*, and all race for it. But the Cap and Middleton are there first, and have the *pas*.

Over with the net! The dory holds one end of it while the seine-boat rows around the school. Swash! swash! go the corks, and draw a long, agreeable curve on the water. The two ends are brought together, and the net pursed up. "Bagged, by the great horn spoon!" cries an excited share-holder; and they go to dipping the fish out with a scoop-net, and loading the dory as full as it will hold.

There were bankers and grand-bankers among the seiners or in the harbor from time to time, for this was well out in the route of all of them. Middleton transferred his flag from one to another as pleased him, like Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. The vessels outwardly, as a rule, were trim and ship-shape; within, cleanliness or squalor depended upon the individual taste of the captain. Apart from an occasional "pink-stern," there was little picturesqueness in the hulls, and—since the American fisherman despises the picturesque economy of tanned sails, leaving that to benighted Canadians and French of the Bay of St. Lawrence—almost as little in the upper works.

The routine of affairs on all was much the same. There was breakfast at four in the morning, and three more meals in the course of the day, regulated by the exigencies of the work; besides that, a substantial lunch table stood all day in the forecastle. The cook appeared, indeed, from the financial point of view, to be the best man, since he had a liberal salary in addition to a share of the catch, while the rest depended on the catch alone. In fishing, all hands often took to the boat, leaving

only the cook aboard. When they had made a successful cast, they signalled the schooner with an oar. She ran down to them, the seine was made fast to her side, and the fish dipped out on the deck, where they were rapidly dressed and thrown into barrels of brine, one school being disposed of before another was sought, owing to their easy deterioration.

At night the island went early to its slumbers, and only the light-house on the hill kept watch. It dazzled the eyes if one looked up, and rendered the darkness more profound. On evenings of a heavy atmosphere slow rays went round and round from it, separating the mist like vast knives. But the fleet at night, with its numerous lanterns (green to port, and red to starboard), and watchmen on deck, was like a little floating city. There was no commodore and no regular organization, yet accidents from collision were rare. They laid their heads all one way, by a tacit agreement. At midnight they reversed, and beat back upon their course.

The schools worked nearer the top at night, and their presence was betrayed by a phosphorescent "firing" in the water, so that it seemed something almost like insensate folly that this, instead of the day, was not the favorite time. But attention to the subject showed that the nets fired the water too, and gave a warning much more than counterbalancing the advantage. The desirability of a calm understanding of what you are going to do before you attempt to do it was brought to view by this discovery, and also the evident intention of nature to interpose a certain degree of hardship between the prize and the methods of securing it.

Reflecting thus as he was "smacked" back to Portland, soon after, as part of the burden of the "*Marthy*," Middleton felt that these lessons alone, notwithstanding they might be learned elsewhere, if they were invariably observed and acted upon, were much more than sufficient to repay a desultory jaunt among the fish and men of the Maine islands.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE III.

IT is interesting to reconstruct any genuine life-drama, to pluck from time and oblivion the most inconspicuous story that has a human soul for its basis. But that artificial product of society, royalty, has for us, with our democratic vision and culture, the superadded interest that attaches to the curious and the antique, and we seek to get beneath its trappings and accidents, face to face with its personal aspects, its domestic relations, in a spirit of adventure, as travelling into a sociological domain not intrinsically new, but biassed and made unfamiliar through its unique circumstance. And on this apex of ranks and orders there are degrees of

GEORGE III.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The portraits accompanying this paper are fac-similes of old engravings from paintings by the best English artists of the latter part of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

prominence. There are some faintly outlined figures, inchoate princes and rulers, who hover indeterminately between the crowned and the uncrowned, perhaps to end unexpectedly in the first class, and so to vindicate their *raison d'être*, perhaps to be known only as the connecting link in the evolution of kings, or else to occupy always shadowy places in historic backgrounds, and so to fade out of remembrance much as do humanity's less elevated mediocrities. Looking, then, at this special group of princes and princesses, the family of George III., with a view to the better knowledge of those among them whose fate was of the obscurer sort, we find here the ever-similar, ever-varying elements of realism and romance.

Thackeray, in his well-known lectures, has brought before us as in panoramic procession the courts of the four Georges. "Burney," whom he quotes in describing the household of the third George, has much to tell us of its members. A more highly favored observer of the same royal family was the aged Mrs. Delany, who, while living with the Duchess of Portland at Bulstrode, had frequent opportunities of intercourse with the King and Queen, and whose home during the latter years of her life was at Windsor, where she had been established by royal invitation. Through these sources—Mrs. Delany's recollections being supplemented by those of later generations in her own family—are we principally enabled to look into this royal interior. Here we learn something of the home life of George III., the good husband and father, the unwise King, who was as a thorn in the side of our forefathers, his transatlantic subjects, until they worked out their own deliverance. Of Queen Charlotte we hear much. Miss Burney, as we know, held the drearily honorable post of Keeper of the Queen's Robes; and Macaulay, in his essay on Madame D'Arblay, dwells indignantly on the hardships of her position. In truth, the "sweet Queen," so considerate for her venerable friend Mrs. Delany, was very much the *belle dame sans merci* with her dependents. Queen Charlotte preserved her royal graciousness of manner, however, and appeared regally unconscious of the sacrifices she required from her ladies. The case was somewhat the same with his Majesty and the equerries; and the wearied attendants compared miseries and condoled with one another over their treadmill existence.

But the chiefest victim, the authoress of *Evelina*, who is a very lamb for patience and amiability, is meanwhile taking her unconscious revenge. Did they not know there was "a chiel amang them takin' notes"? She keeps a diary; she flies to its pages as a relief from unhappiness and *ennui;* and though too loyal and Toryish to breathe a word of direct reproach, the simple narrative of facts is all that is needed. But Miss Burney's reverence for royalty makes her eager to excuse and explain away the Queen's selfishness, and her attitude of adoration toward the whole family is truly edifying. Let us look, then, with her kind eyes at these thirteen royal children. When Miss Burney is introduced into the household, in 1785, George, Prince of Wales, is twenty-three, and, as had been the case with the earlier Georges, the father was not on good terms with his eldest son. In this instance the blame seems to rest on the son—a prodigal son, too truly. Frederick, Duke of York, a year younger than George, had at six months of age been declared Prince-Bishop of Osnaburg. This was a quasi-spiritual inheritance brought from Hanover. A notice in Mrs. Delany's memoirs reads, oddly enough, that the Windsor ball had been opened by the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburg. Prince Frederick was the king's favorite son, though he too had given his father some uneasi-

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

ness. He was the soldier of the family, as William was the sailor. The latter, the Duke of Clarence, was two years younger than the Duke of York, and at this time just twenty. Charlotte, Princess Royal, a year younger than William, makes a break in the succession of princes, and after her comes Edward, Duke of Kent.* Then follow two more princesses. Augusta, Miss Burney's favorite, was at this time seventeen. Her "sweetness and unaffected simplicity of manners" are the constant themes of Miss Burney's praise, and she speaks of this princess as "the general, almost universal, favorite." Elizabeth was two years her junior. These were the three young ladies of the establishment. Next we have the three younger princes, Ernest, Augustus, and Adolphus, boys of fourteen, twelve, and eleven, afterward to be known as the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Cambridge. The three youngest princesses close the list. Mary, born in the year of American independence, is now nine; Sophia is a year younger, and the little Princess Amelia is just two years old. Two princes coming between Sophia and Amelia had died. These were Octavius and Alfred; the first lived four years, the latter two. It was on the occasion of the death of Prince Octavius, in 1783, that the King was reported to have used the touching expression that so charmed Hannah More. "Many people would regret," he said, "that they ever *had* so *sweet* a child, since they were forced to part with him. That is not my case: I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years." The little Amelia, born in this same year, came to take the place of the lost darling.

It is in this year (1783) that Mrs. Delany gives us one of her pleasant pictures of the royal family, as they drive up the park at Bulstrode, two coaches and six, with the King on horseback, and a large retinue. "The company were the King and Queen, Princess Royal, Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia—a lovely group. They were all dressed in white muslin polonaises, white chip hats with white feathers, except the Queen, who had on a black hat and cloak. The King was in his Windsor uniform, blue and gold." And again, when Mrs. Delany and the Duchess visit Windsor, we hear something more of royal costumes. They are all in "violet blue armozine, with gauze aprons, the Queen the addition of many fine pearls." The manners of the young princesses are all that could be desired. The little Princess Mary, on one occasion, in her dress of cherry-colored tabby with silver leading strings, having forgotten Mrs. Delany's name, accosts her: "How do you do, Duchess of Portland's friend? and how does your little niece do? I wish you had brought her." This little

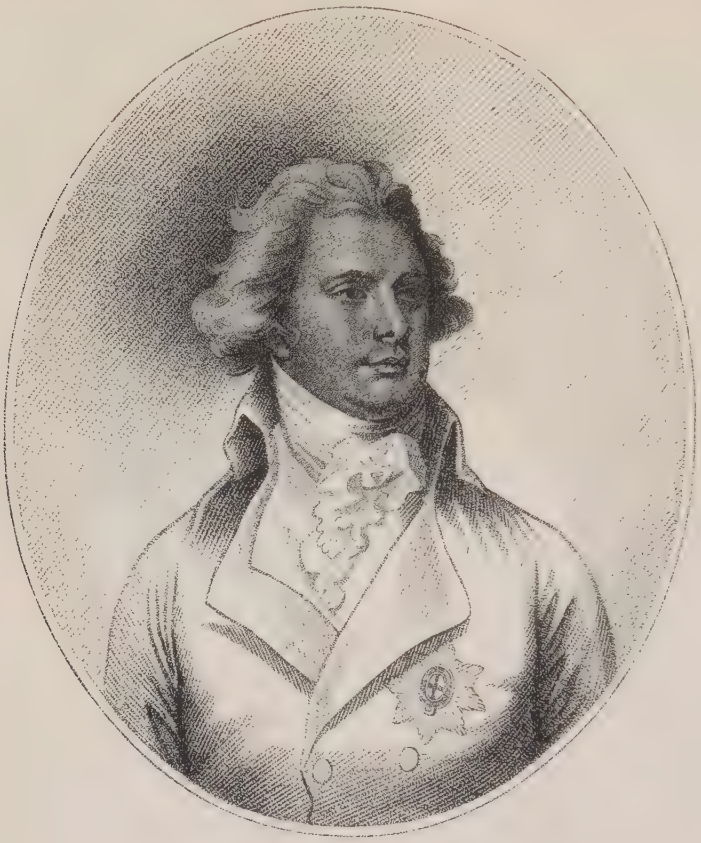
* The portrait of Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was given in Mrs. Oliphant's paper on Queen Victoria in the July number of this Magazine.

great-niece of Mrs. Delany's, Miss Port, becomes in after-years Mrs. Waddington, mother of Frances Waddington, Baroness Bunsen. Before returning to Miss Burney we will give an extract from one of Miss Port's letters to her father, describing the princesses Mary and Sophia as they appeared about the time Miss Burney first knew them. "We had the three youngest princesses to breakfast with us during their Majesties' absence last week; and I entreated Princess Mary to play a lesson of Handel's that *mamma does*. I gave her that as my reason for asking for it, so then she, with all the sweetness in the world, played it *twice*. When Princess Mary finished, Princess Sophia said, 'Now I will play to you if you like it'; and immediately played the Hallelujah Chorus in the *Messiah;* and she and Princess Mary sung it. Princess Mary has really a *fine voice*, and Princess Sophia a weak but sweet one. So between them both I was highly gratified, and I wished for mamma to hear and see them, for they looked like little angels. They are very, very fair, [have] fine blue eyes, and hair exactly like ——, which they have a vast deal of, and which curls all down their backs; they go without caps, and are so engaging in their behavior that everybody must love them, and admire those who make them what they are." Have we not the fair-haired little singers before our eyes at the harpsichord or spinet, in their quaint costume, going through the fashionable music of the day, with pretty little Miss Port standing admiringly by?

CHARLOTTE, PRINCESS ROYAL.

Miss Burney puts down in her journal: "This morning I made a little sort of acquaintance with the two younger princesses. I was coming from the Queen's room very early, when I met the Princess Mary, just arrived from the Lower Lodge. She was capering up stairs to her elder sisters, but instantly stopped at sight of me, and then coming up to me, inquired how I did, with all the elegant composure of a woman of maturest age. Amazingly well are all these children brought up. The readiness and the grace of their civilities, even in the midst of their happiest wildnesses and freedom, are at once a surprise and a charm to all who see them." We observe here that, though mention is made of the *younger princesses*, it is the Princess Mary who is specially noticed. So also on another occasion, when the business of the Queen's toilet is over—it is the King's birthday—Miss Burney watches the royal party go in to breakfast, the King, Queen, and elder princesses, when "a lively 'How d'ye do, Miss Burney? I hope you are well now?' from the sweet Princess Mary, who was entering the anteroom, made me turn from her two charming sisters." The Princess Sophia follows, and then a train of governesses, and finally the little Princess Amelia with her nurse brings up the rear. "Never in tale or fable," adds our enthusiastic Burney, "were there six sister princesses more lovely." Before leaving the younger trio we will glance at the picture of the little Amelia on the celebration of her birthday, as the royal family appear on the terrace. "The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and

turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed." The King and Queen follow, delighted with their darling, and then come the rest in order—a procession, the Princess Augusta is concerned, which, as it gives us a little touch of nature, and just the hint of a romance, we reproduce in full. We would preface our extract



DUKE OF CLARENCE, AFTERWARD WILLIAM IV.

thinks the adoring Burney, "of one of the finest families in the world."

The three elder princesses are described in this chronicle as "uncommonly handsome, each in her different way—the Princess Royal for figure, the Princess Augusta for countenance, and the Princess Elizabeth for face." Countenance evidently has here its primitive meaning of expression. So we may gather that the Princess Augusta's charm did not consist in regularity of feature. Miss Burney speaks of her as having "a great deal of sport in her disposition." And it was this sense of humor, united with affability, doubtless, that made her the most popular of the three sisters. There is a piquant scene Miss Burney has preserved, in which with the information that Miss Burney gives descriptive names to some of the gentlemen of the court, and the one she designates as "Mr. Turbulent," evidently a privileged character with the royal family, seems to have been a Frenchman, whose duty it was to read with the Queen and princesses.

"The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he [Mr. Turbulent] stood behind, and exclaimed, *à demie voix*, as if to herself, '*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*' And then seeing her blush, he clasped his hands in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out, '*Que feraisje?* The princess has heard me.'

"'Pray, Mr. Turbulent,' cried she, hastily, 'what play are you to read to-night?'

"'You shall choose, ma'am—either *La Coquette Corrigée*, or—' (he named another I have forgotten).

"'Oh no,' cried she; 'that last is shocking: don't let me hear that.'

"'I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette*. *La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?'

"'No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that.'

"'Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness.'

"'No, pray don't, for I like none of them.'

"'None of them, ma'am?'

"'No, none—no *French plays* at all.' And away she was running, with a droll air that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.

"'This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain,' cried he, gliding adroitly between the princess and the door, and shutting it with his back.

"'No, no, I can't explain; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door.'

"'Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling.'

"She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly. But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit. He conquered at last; and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, 'Well, if I must, then, I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays that they are all so like one to another that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?'

"'Pray, then, madam,' cried he, 'if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *national* plays have the honor of your preference?'

"I saw he meant something that she understood better than we, for she blushed again, and called out, 'Pray open the door at once; I can stay no longer. Do let me go, Mr. Turbulent.'

"'Not till you have answered that question, ma'am. What *country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?'

"'Miss Burney,' cried she, impatiently,

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

yet laughing, 'pray do take him away. Pull him!'

"He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, 'Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him. I can not manage him at all.'

"'The *country*, the *country*, Princess Augusta; name the happy country,' was all she could gain.

"'Order him away, Miss Burney,' cried she; 'tis your room. Order him away from the door.'

"'Name it, ma'am, name it,' exclaimed he; 'name but the *chosen nation*.' And then fixing her with the most provoking eyes, '*Est-ce le Danemarck?*' he cried.

"She colored violently, and quite angry with him, called out, 'Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool?'

"And now I found the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning and in her understanding.

"He bowed to the ground in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added, with pretended submission to her will, 'Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les Comédies Danoises*.'

"'Do let me go!' cried she, seriously.

"And then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, 'Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? Your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette Corrigée?*'

"'*Corrigée?* That never was done,' cried she, with all her sweet good-humor, the moment she got out; and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments."

A sister of George III. had married Christian VII. of Denmark, and been very unhappy, poor lady, so that this Crown Prince was a first cousin of the English princess. He and the Princess Augusta

were born in the same year, and doubtless there had been talk of a marriage here. But whatever foundation there may have been for our surmise, it came to nothing. The Prince Royal of Denmark took a German wife three years later, instead of his pretty English cousin.

PRINCESS MARY.

We are struck, as Miss Burney was, by the familiarity of Mr. Turbulent in this interview; and it is apparent there was at least one bold spirit in this formidable court who put aside etiquette. Miss Burney tells us that even in Queen Charlotte's presence he was scarcely to be restrained. From behind her Majesty's chair he would make motions at the discreet Burney, and she would be in an agony of fear lest she could not preserve her gravity during his gesticulations and grimaces.

A very staid, quiet life the Queen and princesses led, and its formalities were often burdensome to both royalty and its attendants.

There were birthday balls and fêtes of one kind or another, of course, but these festivities were accompanied with so much fatigue they could not be classed as recreations. Sometimes, in the more domestic evenings, our authoress and robe-keeper was called in to read a play to the feminine Royal Highnesses. Her Majesty is at her knotting, the Princess Royal is drawing, while the Princess Augusta is at the spinning-wheel. But etiquette makes its chilling demands. Though the reader is graciously asked to sit down, "nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt, and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made. They [the Queen and princesses] have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion, even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptuous." Miss Burney, however, ventures upon little innovations, which meet with indulgence, and the readings become less stiff. At the Queen's Drawing-room, where Mrs. Delany had the *entrée*, there was not so much formality. There was tea and a concert of music on these occasions. The ladies worked at their several employments, and talked quite freely between Handel's pieces, the King then playing for an hour at backgammon with one of his equerries.

The royal parents, King George and Queen Charlotte, were quite determined that their children should marry into princely houses, or not marry at all. The Royal Marriage Act was the bulwark raised against imprudent love-matches, and no bridegroom of the Marquis of Lorne description was to be thought of. But kings' sons of an eligible sort seem not to have been forth-coming, so between Kew and Windsor our princesses were passing their days with little prospect of separate establishments. They found at Frogmore, near Windsor, some relief from court restraints. Here they could spend their mornings without intrusion. They could

go in and out unattended, and were able to enjoy a simple country life, with their chickens and other pets to give them occupation. Then they returned to their knotting and spinning, their French and English plays in the evening, with sermons and moral treatises for private reading. The big brothers had early taken flight. The Prince of Wales was established at Carleton House as soon as he attained his majority. The Dukes of York and Clarence were respectively in the army and navy, and only paid hasty visits to the quiet home circle. The younger princes are yet under tutors, but will get emancipated later.

Four years later, and Miss Burney is about to be emancipated. The younger princesses are growing up, and the Princess Mary is to make her first appearance at court on the King's birthday. She is now fifteen. "She looked," says Miss Burney, "most interesting and unaffectedly lovely: she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which Princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the Prince of Wales." Miss Burney gives an amusing account of the royal sailor, Prince William, who is at home on this occasion, and is to be his sister's partner at her first ball. Thackeray has quoted some of the scene, describing his visit to the Queen's ladies, his tipsy jollity, and rough good-humor. He is not in a very fit state to dance with Princess Mary. She is in a state of mingled delight and apprehension in prospect of her first minuet. And later she relates her ball experiences to Miss Burney with a sweet "ingenuousness and artless openness which mark her very amiable character." Miss Burney now bids adieu to royalty. The princesses are very gracious, even affectionate, in their farewells. "Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them; but they repeated, 'I wish you happy! I wish you health!' again and again, with the sweetest eagerness." And the Princess Mary makes her promise to "ask for me" whenever she comes to the Queen's house.

When we next look in upon the royal family, Miss Burney, now Madame D'Arblay is there, in 1796, to present the King and Queen with the new novel *Camilla*. Not many changes have taken place in the palace. Two of the princes have been married; the Duke of York, five years previously, to the daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia, and the Prince of Wales, two years before, to poor Caroline of Brunswick. The child of this unhappy marriage, little Princess Charlotte, is a year old. And what of our six lovely princesses? One of them has her fate strangely connected with that of the baby niece. The Princess Mary has a lover in her cousin Prince William, the only son of the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. They were of the same age, and ear-

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

CAROLINE, WIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARD GEORGE IV.

ly destined for one another. Growing up with this understanding, they seem quite readily to have fallen in love, and here at least a marriage, and a happy one, appeared to be in prospect. So stood the affair, when the appearance of little Charlotte on the scene overturned such a romantic plan. To provide a husband for the heir to the throne was of the first importance, and the Princess Mary could wait or go without one altogether. For Prince William must remain single now until the little Charlotte is grown: in case no suitable wooer can be procured for her, she may find a match in her cousin!

Prince William went to Cambridge, distinguished himself in the army in Flanders, and was in every way worthy of the interest and affection the Princess Mary gave him. They were twenty-one when the Princess Charlotte was born, and for twenty years from this time they must wait before they can be united. Poor princely lovers! All overclouded and uncertain is your destiny now in '96, with a long future before you in which it lies undetermined. And little Charlotte, unconscious of the heart-aches she is causing, grows like her handsome father, and is very forward in her understanding, as Hannah More tells us a few years later. She shows off her little accomplishments, dances for Hannah and the Bishop of London, repeats the "Little Busy Bee," and sings in sweet childish treble "God save the King."

The Princess Elizabeth has become an authoress. She gives Madame D'Arblay an account of the origin and progress of her literary undertaking, "The Birth of Love"—a poem, with engravings from her own designs, for she is both poet and artist. The Princess Royal is very gay and charming, "full of lively discourse." And about this time a wooer comes to her, the Prince of Würtemberg. He is a widower with three children, rather corpulent, we hear, but of an honest, open countenance. The royal family are pleased with his manners and address, but the destined bride is "almost dead with terror and agitation and affright at the first meeting. She could not utter a word. The Queen was obliged to speak her answers. The Prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her." After this ordeal is over, the Princess recovers her spirits, and is not averse to her stout bridegroom. The Princess Augusta is the same unaffected kind friend, "with a gayety and charm about her that is quite resistless, and much of true, genuine, and original humor." She has not broken her heart for her royal cousin of Denmark. She talks very sociably with Madame D'Ar-

blay about her sisters and brothers, and is very proud of the achievements of the latter—their dangers and escapes on the field of battle. She makes her sisterly apology for talking so much of these brothers, in whom she has such pride. And she relates with a feeling that does her credit, that when at Plymouth she saw so many wounded officers and soldiers that she could not forbear whispering to the Queen: "Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest has just come home so seasonably with that wound in the face! I should have been quite shocked else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves." Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, was at this time twenty-five. His sister on another occasion gives an anecdote of his bluntness, and adds, "Ernest has a very good heart, only he speaks without taking time to think." We hear mention, a few years earlier, of the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the Princes Augustus and Adolphus, through one of the ladies of the court. She writes to Madame D'Arblay describing the Prince Adolphus as the handsomest, the liveliest, the most caressing of all the heroes of nineteen." He too had wounds of which his sisters could be proud, and he suffered as if he enjoyed them. The Prince Augustus had shown his courage and fortitude in bearing ill health bravely. He was not lively and boisterous like his younger brother: "a mild affability reminds you that he is the favorite brother of the Princess Elizabeth."

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE IV.

On Madame D'Arblay's next visit to the court she hears from Princess Augusta an account of the Princess Royal's wedding. The bride "never looked so love-

DUKE OF WÜRTEMBERG.

becoming solemnity in his behavior. The King and Queen wept, but took great pains to restrain themselves." And Hannah More reflects upon the troubles in Ireland, the "plans forming for their destruction," as she looks "at the sixteen handsome and magnificently dressed royals sitting round the altar." The Princess Royal goes to her new home well pleased with her prospects, and likely to be happy. "From what I know of her disposition, I am led to believe the situation may make her so," writes Madame D'Arblay. "She is born to preside, and that with equal softness and dignity; but she was here in utter subjection, for which she had neither spirits nor inclination. She adored the King, honored the Queen, and loved her sisters, and had much kindness for her brothers; but her style of life was not adapted to the royalty of her nature any more than of her birth, and though she only wished for power to do good, and to confer favors, she thought herself out of her place in not possessing it." From all which we may see that our princess was tired of her passive royalty, and eager to try the active phase. And so she passes out of the quiet Windsor life. Her husband was made a king by Napoleon, and ruled despotically for ten years, his title having been confirmed by the Allies. So that as Queen of Würtemberg the Princess Royal had her ambition satisfied. We hear of her from time to time. She studies Hannah More's *Strictures on Female Education*, to make use of it in the education of her step-daughter. She never has any children of her own.

ly," of course. "It was the Queen dressed her," adds the princess, laughingly. "You know what a figure she used to make of herself with her odd manner of dressing herself; but mamma said, 'Now, really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I can not suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself, so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite in the right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life." Madame D'Arblay discreetly observes: "The word *quiz*, you may depend, was never the Queen's." The Queen worked the bride's wedding dress entirely herself, which was of white and silver, as became the King's eldest daughter, though, as the bride of a widower, it should have been white and gold. Hannah More in one of her letters writes: "I am just come from attending the royal nuptials at St. James's —a most august spectacle. The royal bride behaved with great feeling and modesty; the Prince of Würtemberg had also a very

It is not long after this royal wedding that Madame D'Arblay visits the court on

the birthday of the Princess Sophia, who is now twenty. The Princess Amelia she describes at this time as "become a model of grace, beauty, and sweetness in their bud; she looks seventeen, though only fourteen, but has an innocence, a Hebe blush, an air of modest candor, and a gentleness so caressingly inviting, of voice and eye, that I have seldom seen a more captivating young creature." A year later, when Madame D'Arblay brings her child to see the royal family, she tells how her wayward little boy was won at once by this sweet youthful presence. The elder princesses had vainly solicited his notice. The Princess Elizabeth spread out toys for him on one of the *twenty* tables with which her principal room is furnished; and she "had the graciousness as well as sense to play round and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him." The Princess Amelia enters the room later, "and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment," writes Madame D'Arblay, "she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss!—an honor I had thought now forever over, though she had frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but withdrawing it, saying, 'No, no; you know I hate that,' she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta." When her child leaves his toys for the fair Amelia, Madame D'Arblay is quite grieved that he does not show equal gratitude to the Princess Augusta. The latter's praises she still sounds. Seeing her at her toilet, Madame D'Arblay notices her freedom from personal vanity, her unconcern as to her dress and adornments.

ERNEST, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The Princess Augusta, as usual, talks over the home circle. She is very partial to her brother William, the Duke of Clarence, though not blind to his failings. He has good abilities, she thinks, but seldom does them justice. "If he has something of high importance to do, he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise he is so fond of his ease he lets everything take its course. He must do a great deal or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker in the House." The princess speaks with sisterly affection of the Duchess of York, whose fine character had made her a favorite with the whole family. "I told you before," she adds, "I loved her like one of my own sisters, and I can tell you no more; and she knows it, for one day she was taken ill, and fainted, and we put

her upon one of our beds, and got her everything we could think of ourselves, and let nobody else wait upon her; and when she revived, she said to my brother, 'These are my sisters—I am sure they are; they must be my own!'" The Duchess had indifferent health. Hannah More writes of meeting her at Bath, where she derived benefit from the waters. The popular authoress spent a morning with her Royal Highness, found her "conversation judicious and lively," and was presented by the Duchess with "a beautiful little box with her hair set round with pearls on the lid." In the Greville Memoirs we hear a good deal about the Duchess in the last years of her life. She had a passion for dogs, and kept forty of different kinds. At her death, in 1820, she is spoken of as "deeply regretted by her husband, her friends, and her servants. Probably no person in such a situation was ever more really liked."

But to return to Madame D'Arblay. Some little time after the visit to the royal family last recorded, she hears that the Princess Amelia has been very ill with an affection of the knee, causing spasms. She has tried sea-bathing, and is on her way home when Madame D'Arblay hears of her as in the neighborhood, resting at Juniper Hall, Sir Lucas Pepys. She immediately goes to pay her respects. "The princess was seated on a sofa in a French gray riding dress, with pink lapels, her beautiful and richly flowing and shining fair locks unornamented. She received me with the brightest smile, calling me up to her, and stopping my profound reverence by pouting out her sweet ruby lips for me to kiss. I told her of my having seen the Duke of Clarence at Leatherhead Fair. 'What! William?' she cried, surprised. This unaffected, natural way of naming her brothers and sisters is infinitely pleasing. She took a miniature from her pocket, and said, 'I must show you Meney's picture,' meaning Princess Mary, whom she still calls Meney, because it was the name she gave her when un-

DUCHESS OF YORK.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

able to pronounce Mary—a time she knew I well remembered."

When removing, painfully lifted from her seat, she stops to pay her compliments to Lady Rothes with a dignity and self-command extremely striking. Was it, possibly, about this time that the Princess Amelia wrote the plaintive verses Thackeray has made familiar to us?

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,

PRINCESS SOPHIA.

It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

The Princess Elizabeth, we see, was not the only poetess among these royal sisters. Of the fair young Amelia we hear little more in these journals. Her name has that romantic interest about it that belongs to the lovely, the gifted, the early dead. The final overthrow of the King's reason is attributed to his grief at her loss. In Thackeray's glowing words we are made to feel the whole pathos of the King's condition; his eldest son at open enmity with him, and others hardly as dutiful as he would have liked; "the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'"

In 1800, Madame D'Arblay, after a recent domestic affliction, has an interview with her dear Princess Augusta. She could maintain her composure while with the others of the royal family, "but with my own Princess Augusta I lost all command of myself. She is still wrapped up, and just recovering from a fever herself; and she spoke to me in a tone, a voice, so commiserating, I could not stand it. I was forced to stop short in my approach, and hide my face with my muff. She came up to me immediately, put her arm upon my shoulder, and kissed me. I shall never forget it. How much did a condescension so tender tell me her kind feelings! *She* is one of the few beings in this world that can be.... 'all that is *douce* and *spirituelle*.'"

Frances Waddington, who as a girl of fifteen goes up to London with her mother, and makes acquaintance with "Miss Port's" early friends and playmates, thus records her impressions: "We came into a very little room, which the princesses with their hoops almost exclusively occupied. I guessed at once which was Princess Augusta by her kindness to mamma, Princess Elizabeth by her size, and Princess Mary by her beauty. Princess Amelia was not there, and Princess Sophia I did not much look at, as I was occupied in admiring Princess Mary's head-dress, which was a large plume of white ostrich feathers, and a very small plume of black feathers placed before the white ones: her hair was drawn up quite smooth to the top of her head, with one large curl hanging from thence almost down to her throat. Her petticoat was white and silver, and the drapery and body, as well as I can recollect, were of purple silk covered with spangles, and a border and fringe of silver. Princess Elizabeth had eleven immense yellow ostrich feathers in her head, which you may imagine had not a very good effect..... Princess Charlotte of Wales came in, dressed in a pale pink frock covered with lace, and wearing a beautiful pearl necklace and bracelets and a diamond cross. She is a very pretty and delicate-looking child, and has light brown hair, which curls all over her head." Here we have additional testimony to Princess Augusta's graciousness, and to Princess Mary's fair face. On a similar visit, a

few years later, Miss Waddington writes: "These two princesses [Mary and Sophia] were very kind to mamma; particularly Princess Sophia, but they both looked sadly ill, and though very smiling and good-natured, I think there is a striking appearance of melancholy in their countenances." Their melancholy was not to be wondered at in these years. We read in Lord Malmesbury's diary of the King's capricious temper between the attacks of his dreadful malady. How he turns away the Queen's favorite attendants, and changes the whole household, from the lords of the bed-chamber to the footmen and grooms. Poor old King! if we give him our pity, we must give some to his wife and daughters. Malmesbury jots down in his journal more than once such report of domestic affairs as the following, from confidential sources: "The Queen ill and *cross*, the princesses low, depressed, and quite sinking under it." But, like brave women, they were always smiling and good-humored in public. For the Princess Mary Lord Malmesbury has special commendation. He speaks of her as "all good-humor and pleasantness; her manners are perfect, and I never saw or conversed with any princess so exactly what she ought to be."

PRINCE LEOPOLD, AFTERWARD KING OF BELGIUM.

We now approach the period when this one among our lovely princesses is to see the fulfillment of long-deferred hopes. Madame D'Arblay describes an assembly at the Queen's palace in 1814, when the foreign princes are entertained—the Emperor of Russia, the Prussian princes, six in number. Here also are our own royal Dukes, with the Princesses Augusta and Mary. The Princess Amelia was no more, and the King, though living, had ceased to reign. A new star had fairly emerged above the horizon, and all England's hopes were centred on the young Princess Charlotte. Madame D'Arblay is ready with her homage: "The Princess Charlotte looked quite beautiful. She is wonderfully improved. It was impossible not to be struck with her personal attractions, her youth, and splendor." And where is the fairy prince who is to marry this paragon? Poor Mary's lover has been waiting all these many years, in case he should be wanted. But now there is hope for Mary; the Prince of Orange is to marry the Princess Charlotte. Then Mary's sky is again overclouded, for this match will not come off. At length all suspense is over. The fairy prince arrives in the person of Prince Leopold, and our patient, dutiful pair are to be rewarded at last. Miss Martineau, in her sketch of the Duchess of Gloucester, writes that "when Princess Charlotte descended the staircase at Carleton House, after the ceremony, she was met at the foot by Princess Mary with open arms, and face bathed in tears." In a few weeks after this marriage Princess Mary became Duchess of Gloucester. Her wedding was, we may be sure, an affecting one. Lord Eldon,

WILLIAM FREDERICK, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

it was said, was moved to tears on the occasion. He was an ardent admirer of our princess, and enjoyed telling it as a joke that Queen Charlotte used to accuse him of flirting with her daughter Mary.

We will leave Princess Mary now in her new-found happiness, and turn our eyes to the Princess Elizabeth. The monotony of royal life had been somewhat broken by the visits to England of foreign princes and princesses. The unfortunate Bourbons had been entertained at Windsor and at Carleton House, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême retained grateful recollections of these hospitalities. She told Madame D'Arblay, after her return to Paris, that the "Princesse Élise" had done the honors of the royal family, "and with a charm the most enlivening and delightful." Madame D'Arblay, with whom the Princess Elizabeth corresponded while the former was in Brussels, speaks of her letters as "charming, not only from their vivacity, their frankness, and condescension, but from a peculiarity of manner, the result of having mixed little with the world, that, joined to great fertility of fancy, gives a something so singular and so genuine to her style of writing as to render her letters desirable and interesting, independent of the sincere and most merited attachment which their gracious kindness inspires." In 1817 the death of the Princess Charlotte, whom we lately saw so brilliant, beautiful, and beloved, threw England into mourning, and left the question of the succession in uncertainty. Six months later four royal marriages were announced in Parliament as about to take place—those of three of the Dukes and one of the princesses.

The bridegroom selected for the Princess Elizabeth was Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. This prince's modest dominions had once been a part of Hesse-Darmstadt, to which they have reverted within our own time. There was not much romance in this marriage, we must suppose, but it seems to have turned out happily enough. The Princess Elizabeth was very amiable. Though so delicate in her youth, she had now grown very stout. We wonder that people ever lived through the medical discipline of those days. On one occasion, during her girlhood, when suffering from inflammation of the lungs, as we learn in Mrs. Delany's diary, the princess was bled five times in forty-eight hours. But she had survived these perils, and was a match in this particular of *embonpoint* for her robust Landgrave. Frances Waddington, now Baroness Bunsen, writes to her mother some years after the marriage, giving an account of a conversation she had with the Landgrave's brother about his sister-in-law. "He heard the Princess Elizabeth was universally popular, which is not surprising, and I also heard many of the jokes that are made about her size." Thackeray speaks of visiting the Landgravine, and seeing her father's portrait hanging in her apartment, "amid books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home."

Returning to this year of royal alliances, we take up the story of the princes. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, had been married three years previously to Frederika, daughter of Frederick, Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz. The Duke of Cumberland grew to be very unpopular in England, and in the Greville Memoirs we hear many stories to his discredit. He became in after-years King of Hanover, and it was his son, the blind ex-

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, DUKE OF SUSSEX.

King of Hanover, who died only a few years ago. A grandson of Ernest is the present Duke of Cumberland. Augustus, Duke of Sussex, spoiled his prospects and incurred the royal displeasure by marrying for love, regardless of policy. His union with the Lady Augusta Murray, made in violation of the tyrannical Royal Marriage Act, was pronounced invalid. He had two children, and after the death of his wife he contracted a morganatic marriage with Lady Cecilia Underwood, afterward created Duchess of Inverness. He seems resolutely to have sought domestic happiness, at any cost of prudence and ambition. His comparative liberalism made him the most popular of the brothers in the political world. The three royal Dukes, then, whose matrimonial fates were determined at the time of which we speak, were Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge. The former, afterward William IV., married Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, and his two daughters died in infancy. The other two princes, "most generally beloved," Miss Martineau tells us, "for their interest in benevolent pro-

ADOLPHUS, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

jects and informal kindliness," espoused, the one a princess of Saxe-Coburg, the other Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. This latter couple had three children. The widow of Prince Adolphus is still living, and their son George is the present Duke of Cambridge. The Duke of Kent's marriage was the most popular of the three, his wife being an elder sister of Prince Leopold, in whom English people felt an interest for Princess Charlotte's sake. And Miss Martineau tells that "there was a strong impression that the good-natured Prince Edward had been neglected first and oppressed afterward by his obstinate and prejudiced father." It is a little singular that we never come across his name in the D'Arblay diary, though of course the omission may be purely accidental. The Princess Augusta, as we have seen, was quite communicative on the subject of her brothers in general. Prince Edward's future importance was not foreseen at that time. It is as the father of England's present Queen that he attains a value among historic figures. He lived but a short time after his marriage, leaving to the sole charge of his wife their infant daughter Alexandrina Victoire, whose name is soon to be Anglicized into Princess Victoria.

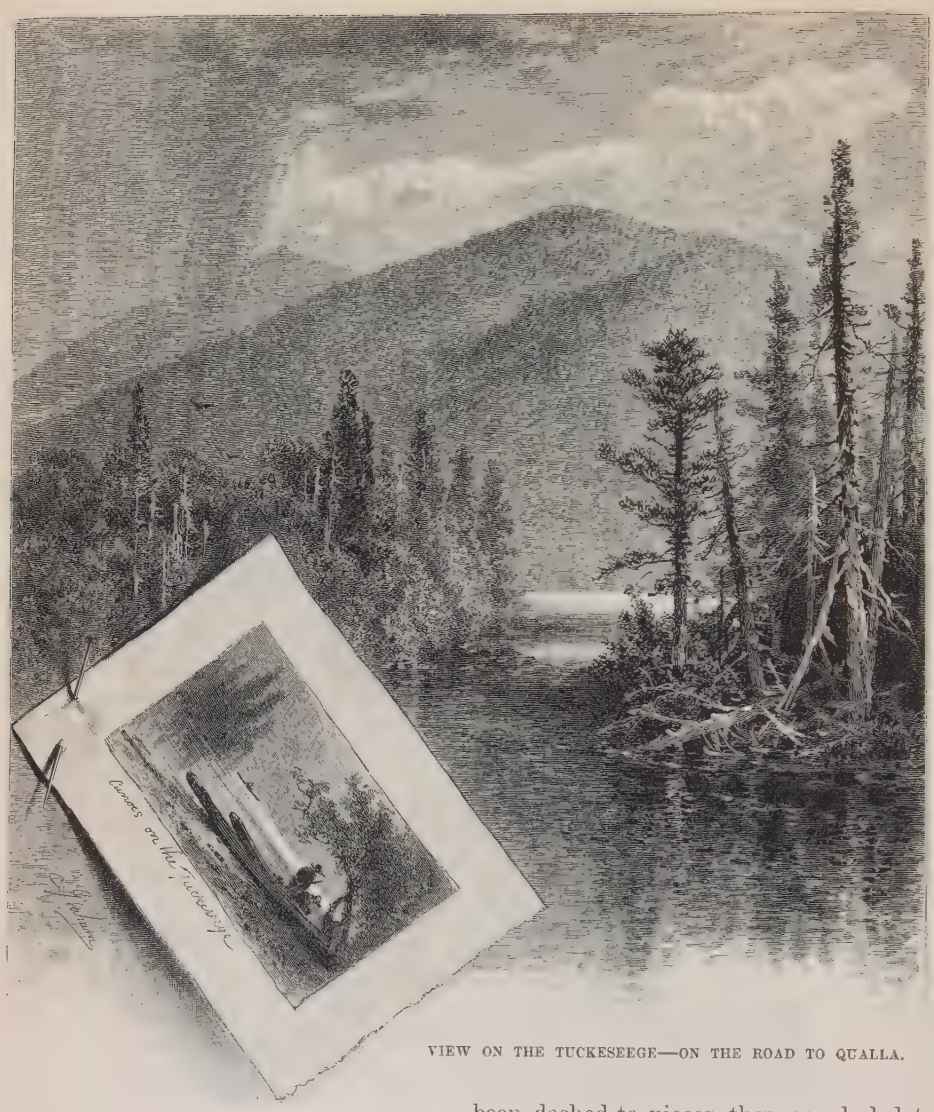
Let us take now a parting look at our Princess Augusta and her sister of Gloucester. With Princess Sophia we have made but a shadowy acquaintance. In truth, there is little mention of her in the annals of the day. Queen Charlotte's death took place in this year of marriages, 1818, and about the same time Madame D'Arblay is made a widow. And it is perhaps a year later when she records in her journal a morning passed with her kind and warm-hearted Princess Augusta, "as nearly delightful as any now can be. She played and sang to me airs of her own

composing, unconscious medley of reminiscences, but very pretty and very prettily executed. I met the Duke of York," Madame D'Arblay adds, "who greeted me most graciously. In coming away I met my sweet Duchess of Gloucester, who engaged me for next Sunday to herself."

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Many years of life remained for the princesses as for Madame D'Arblay. She and the Princess Augusta, as well as the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, our Princess Elizabeth, are called away from earth in the same year, 1840.

The Princess Augusta must have found little congeniality in the courts of her two brothers, and she just witnesses the beginning of her niece's reign, and the opening of a new and more healthful era, which will place once more the domestic virtues on the throne, as in the good days of Victoria's grandfather. It is pleasant, in closing, to let our eyes dwell upon the peaceful figure of the Duchess of Gloucester. For eighteen years she lived happily with the good Duke. His mother had called Hannah More her friend, and his character had felt the benefits of pious influences. The Duke and Duchess gave much to charitable and educational objects, and lived as simply as their rank would permit. The Duchess survived the lover of her youth, the husband of her maturer years, dying in 1857, the last of this royal family of fifteen.



VIEW ON THE TUCKESEEGE—ON THE ROAD TO QUALLA.

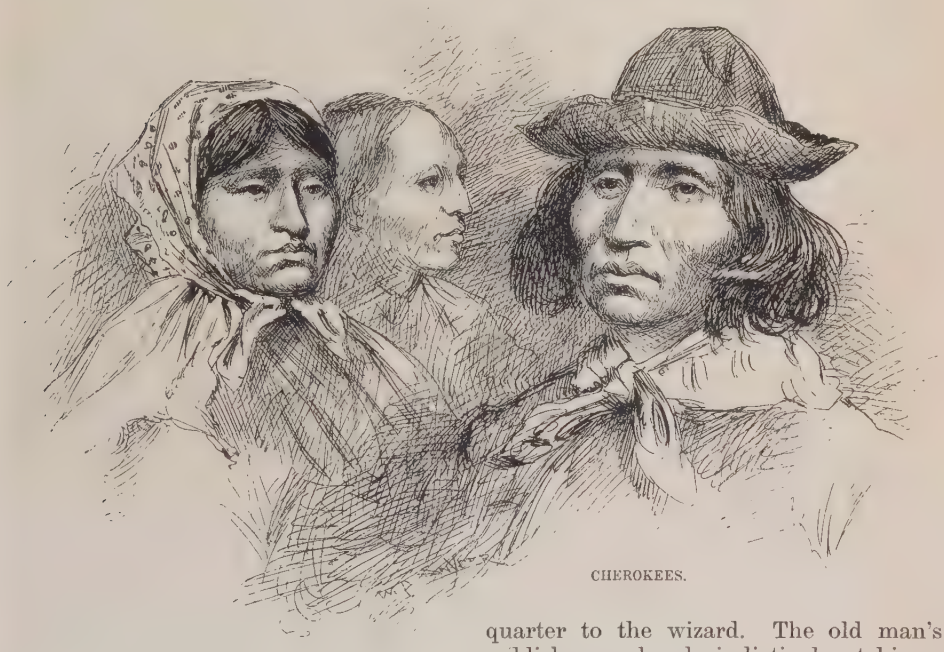
BY-PATHS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

III.

OUR adventurers with difficulty found the road to Qualla. It had once been a cartway roughly cut along the sides of the mountains for about fifteen miles, along the Tuckeseege River, but the spring torrents year after year had washed it away, and neither white man nor Indian had ever laid a log to repair it. Why should they? After two or three wagons with their steers and drivers had rolled headlong over the precipices and been dashed to pieces, they concluded to call it a bridle-road, which was the easiest way to set the matter right, and quite in keeping with the philosophy of the mountains. So the wagons thereafter tumbled comfortably at their leisure.

Our friends found "the Nation" hidden in isolated huts in the thickets among the ravines of the Soco and Ownolufta hills. These Cherokees number about fifteen hundred souls, and were said to have ten thousand acres under cultivation. But there was no sign of a village, no school, no gathering-place of any kind; the grass was knee-deep before the door of the little church which they had built years

ago. Not far from it is the grave of six hundred warriors buried centuries ago. They still bury their dead under great heaps of stones. The universal lethargy of these drowsing mountains has probably fallen too heavily on these savages for them to be civilized; yet, oddly enough, they are the only mountaineers who want to be wakened out of their sleep. They crowded out of every hut about the mules of the travellers, begging, not for money, but for teachers. These strangers were



CHEROKEES.

the "North" to them, and the North to the Indians, as to the blacks in the South, is a great magician, who can give money, life—what it will. "My people," said Enola, the preacher, "have lived in these hills since before the white men came to the country, and have asked for nothing but schools; but they have never got them." The tribe are wretchedly poor: swindlers found the red man as easy a prey in North Carolina as in the West, and it is only since 1875 that they have obtained possession of the land on which they have lived for more than five hundred years.

Crossing one of the heights, the Doctor's party came upon old Oosoweh, the conjurer, lying flat on his stomach. He had marked out lines on the muddy ground, and was driving in bits of ash roots here and there. He did not look up as they halted.

"There he has all the countries of the world," said the interpreter, a nimble young Indian lad. "Where he drives in a peg, it rains, where he takes it out, the sun shines."

Mr. Morley laughed. "Who would expect to find humbuggery on the top of these mountains?" he said, throwing a quarter to the wizard. The old man's reddish eye glared vindictively at him a moment, then he turned back to his pegs; but he did not look at the money.

"Now he will send you a storm," said the interpreter.

"Nonsense. This drought is going to last for a week."

But before they had reached the bottom of the next chasm the clouds did actually gather, and a heavy rain began to fall. The shadows of the mountains lay like night over the valley, and the steep clayey trail became so slippery that even the sure-footed mules slid and staggered on the edge of the precipice. Mrs. Mulock jumped to the ground, vowing that she would not trust her life to the goodwill of any donkey, and tramped on, the little Doctor valorously holding up her portly person, down the gulley made by a

land-slide, until there was a rustle among the leaves, and a gray, sluggish, slimy length slowly trailed across the grass. It was a rattlesnake about five feet long. The poor woman fairly sat down in the mud and sobbed hysterically, while Morley and the Judge killed the monster. "I will not move a step further," she declared, vehemently.

"We must get on, my dear; it will be night in an hour," said the Doctor; "and this range appears to be utterly uninhabited."

"Except by snakes and wolves," interrupted his wife.

Morley tried to laugh. "The conjurer is shrewder than Old Probabilities himself. There was not a sign of rain when we were talking to him."

"Nor would there have been if you had let him alone," said Sarah, tartly.

"Miss Davidger! It is not possible that you believe in the old brute's heathenish spells?"

Sarah shrugged her shivering shoulders, but said nothing.

"It is always wisest not toh tahmper with such people or their—prejudices," said Judge Hixley, gravely. "I interfered once with the Voodoo women, and I regretted it." He pulled off his coat, and glancing at Sarah and at Mrs. Mulock, wrapped it about the elder lady, and stood, his teeth chattering, in his shirt sleeves.

"Oh, this is positively too much, Judge," cried Mrs. Mulock. "You will have neuralgia, or— Why doesn't that miserable Indian find the way out of this gorge? Why, where *is* the Indian?"

Everybody looked around, appalled. But Win-osteh had vanished. A roll of thunder broke from the black wall of cloud at the west, and reverberated sullenly from distant peak to peak. The next instant a blinding flash glittered about them, and the crash shook the gigantic trees against which they leaned.

"The storm is upon us. It is no longer safe here," whispered the Doctor to Hixley. "Have you any idea how to get out of this wilderness? The trail ends here; it leads nowhere."

The Judge shook his head. "We are ten miles from the house of any white man. I will climb the mountain, and try to find the way back to an Indian hut."

"I'll go with you," said Morley, eagerly. The men tied their mules to trees, and began to climb up the sunken path, which was already knee-deep in rushing water. Night had fallen, and the darkness was unbroken except by the quick flashes of the lightning.

"How absurd this will all seem to-morrow," said Sarah, laughing, with chattering teeth, "when we are eating our breakfast in dry clothes!"

"*I* shall never eat breakfast again, I feel that," groaned Mrs. Mulock. "Hark! Do you hear the wolves?"

A prolonged yelp broke from the thicket, and the next minute a yellow beast dashed in among them, followed by a crouching figure.

"Thank God! It is a man, and he is white," cried the Doctor. "Hello! Come back, boys. My friend, is there any shelter for us in these mountains? We have lost our way."

"An' wimmen?" said the man, looking curiously at them. "Keep straight down the mountain, an' you'll find my house. I've got a little business to 'tend to, but I'll be thar d'rectly."

"Business? In this hurricane?" exclaimed Mrs. Mulock. "What on earth—"

The man laughed. He was a slight young fellow, with white teeth and honest eyes. "It is a powerful lively shower, that's a fact. You-uns had better keep close, single file. The trail's narrer, and ef you slip, you go into the 'Lufty a quarter of a mile below. My wife 'll be glad to see you." He whistled to his dog, and they disappeared.

After half an hour's perilous scrambling through swamps and along precipices, they reached the cabin, which was built on the shore of the little river. It was a sample of the better class of mountain huts. The log walls gaped open in many places. Inside they were pasted over with newspapers; the ceilings hung with hanks of blue yarn, red peppers, bunches of herbs, and Indian baskets filled with the family clothing. The hut was divided by an open passage into chamber and kitchen. One side of the latter was given up to a roaring fire of logs. A rosy, blue-eyed young woman was on her knees baking corn-bread among the ashes when they burst in on her. She stood up frightened, and laughing as if she had half a mind to cry. When she understood who they were, she welcomed them in a childish, eager fashion, took the women to the chamber (which turned out to be exactly like the kitchen), and sent the men up to the loft to put on

some of her husband's dry clothes, while she went to work frying chicken and baking short-cake in the hot ashes.

Mrs. Polly Leduc proved to be a most talkative hostess. Her tongue ran like a child's as they ate their supper.

"You'll excuse me, Mistress Mulock," she said, "but it's two months since I've seen the face of woman, white or red. That's what ails the mountings—the awful lonesomeness. Whar I was brought up, five mile from hyar, it used to be a year that we'd not see a livin' face. But times is mendin' now. We hev Sunday-school an' pra'r some'ars every two months. Us folks goes twenty miles to 'em. Go in the mornin', an' stay all day. Exercises lasts till noon; then we have dinner, an' in the afternoon we kin see each other, and hear th' news. Last pra'r was powerful big; they was nigh onto twenty folks thar."

Mrs. Polly gave them in this gossip a very accurate glimpse of the habits of the mountaineers. They are, as a rule, wretchedly poor and ignorant. There are men of seventy in the recesses of these wildernesses who never saw a wheeled vehicle—men whose families live in a condition little above that of Digger Indians. Near the Tennessee line their huts are often merely sheds. They cook in a pot, and sitting around it, eat out of it with wooden spoons. At night a couple of boards are lifted in the floor, and disclose a hollow in the earth beneath filled with straw, in which the whole family kennel together. In the morning the boards are replaced, and all cares of housekeeping are over. But some of the genuine reverent qualities of the blood of their old Huguenot and Saxon ancestors lift the lives of these people far above the level of their surroundings. They are hospitable, honest, and, in their ignorant way, God-fearing. Their sole recreation is "goin' to preachin' or pra'r" two or three times a year, when some itinerant missionary penetrates the mountains. Nothing could be falser than the sketches which have been given of them that confound these uncouth but decent people with the Pikes or swaggering thieves and ruffians of the West.

Miss Davidger went out with her hostess the next morning to help her milk. Mrs. Polly was mortified at her bare feet, for which she had made a covering of sheep-skin.

"Thar's some things you r'ally want money fur," she said, "an' Hugh an' me hes hed none fur two year, 'xcept eight dollars he got fur a pint of balsam gum and some ginseng roots las' spring."

Living absolutely without money was a startling glimpse to Sarah of what life could be, reduced to its simplest conditions. She looked at Mrs. Polly, and then back to the house. "It can be done," she said, thoughtfully. "You have plenty to eat, you spin and weave your own clothes, and you could barter your corn for whatever else was needed. I saw the mountaineers doing that in Asheville."

"How kin we kerry the corn to barter when thar is no road? Hugh packed the ginseng on his back. Thar *is* a way—" She stopped, coloring hotly. "Never mind. When you come agin I hope I'll hev shoes, an' a cheer for you to sit on, an' baby a frock, pore little beggar!" her soft eyes filling with tears, which she tried to hide by dodging behind the cow. "Stuboy, Jin!"

"Baby! I saw no baby," said Sarah.

"No, ma'am. I lef' him in the loft. He's such a beautiful chile, I couldn't bar you-uns should see him in an ole wolf-skin. When you come agin, he'll be like other folks. We've got a chance now."

"I wonder what the chance is?" Sarah asked the Judge, after they had bidden Hugh and Polly good-by that afternoon, and were riding down the steep trail.

"I suspect it is a still for distilling whiskey."

"You don't mean that that good honest fellow is a moonshiner?"

"He is a very good type of the moonshiners. They have absolutely no way of getting their crops to market except in the shape of whiskey. A railway through these wildernesses would cure illicit distilling sooner than thousands of revenue officers or preachers."

They reached the foot of the mountain at night-fall, and met there three men on horseback, riding Indian file. Hixley fell back, eying them eagerly.

"Going toh Hugh Leduc's, gentlemen? The trail is dangerous. Better take daylight for it."

"I know what I'm about," growled the leader—a grim, ill-conditioned fellow.

"Who are they?" demanded Mrs. Mulock, as they disappeared in the twilight of the gorge.

"Revenue officers," said the Judge, anxiously. "I wish I could give Leduc warning."

"That is your respect for the law, eh?" said Mr. Morley, with an unpleasant laugh.

"Oh, can't we go back and help them?" cried Sarah. "Poor Polly! when all she wanted was a decent frock for her baby."

They halted a few minutes, and then unwillingly rode on. Half an hour later the sound of distant shots reverberated through the mountains.

"They've found the still," said Sarah. "Polly's chance is over"—not suspecting the worse fate that had befallen the moonshiners.

They staid that night with a wealthy farmer, the only white householder then within the limits of Qualla. His house—a collection of log-huts—lay in a rich valley, and swarmed with black servants, dogs, pigs, and poultry. Great home-made looms stood in the passageways. Every room was heaped with stores of cloth, bacon, and dried fruits. White homespun netting covered all the chinked walls like tapestry, and gave an odd air of refinement to the rude plenty. They sat down to a bountiful, well-cooked supper of chickens, two or three kinds of hot bread, all the summer vegetables, cherries, and delicious honey.

"Summer boarding here can be had for one dollar per week," said the Doctor, jotting in his note-book.

They returned to Webster, and from there to Haywood County. A day or two later, when they were snugly ensconced again with good Mrs. Bright in their favorite village of Waynesville, the Judge caught sight of a prisoner whom an armed man was escorting into the lonely little jail, which stood in a field overgrown with golden-rod at the end of the hamlet.

Now the landlord was also, as it happened, the jailer. Hixley waited until evening, when he was going down the street, jingling his bunch of keys, and followed by Sam, the waiter, swinging the prisoner's supper in a pail.

"I should like to look at your jail," said the Judge.

"Very good, sir. Only one prisoner there now. We've had as many as three there for murder at once. Sent from other counties. Our jail's about the only one that 'll hold in the mountains."

He pushed open the door, and led the way up a flight of stairs, and thrust up a huge iron trap-door. "I had five men one night sleeping on this at once, and most of the men in the village outside, armed and keepin' guard. There was talk of a rescue of them three."

"Did they escape?"

"Well, yes, but not that night. Here's the cage."

The cage, which forms a part of every Carolina jail, was a square room of stout iron bars, built in the centre of a larger one. It was much better ventilated and lighted than an ordinary cell. The prisoner was chained to the floor, not so closely, however, but that he could stand erect. In the twilight the Judge knew the white teeth and honest blue eyes. He thrust his hand through the bars.

"It is you, Leduc. I was afraid of it. What are you here for?"

"Murder. Some fellows came after my still the night you left, and I hed a right to defend my property. I didn't mean to kill him, God knows."

"Where is Mrs. Polly?"

"I look for her to-morrow"—with a quick, furtive glance at the jailer. "It's a long way for her to foot it, with the baby on her back, an' it's a strange road to her too. Polly never was furder nor Webster. But she'll come.—I reckon I kin see her, sir?" turning to the jailer.

"Certainly, Mr. Leduc," with the Southern courteous wave of the hand. There was as much grave politeness between the murderer and his jailer as if they had been setting out to fight a duel.

When the Judge rose to go, he said, "I'll see that you are well defended, Hugh."

"I'm sartin you'll do all you kin for me," replied the prisoner, heartily; but he seemed unaccountably to have very little concern about his trial.

The next day Sarah saw poor Polly trudging down the village street, with the baby on her back, still in its wolf-skin, sucking its thumb, and laughing over her shoulder. Sarah started to run to them, but checked herself, thinking that the poor creature should go first to her husband. Polly did not return, however, having found refuge in some cabin in the village. "We will find her in the morning," Sarah said to Mrs. Mulock. Both women were full of kindly plans for her, and sat up half the night making calico dresses for the baby.

But in the morning the cage was empty, and they never saw Polly nor the poor little chap in the wolf-skin again. She had brought a spring saw and cold-chisel to her husband, with which he had easily cut the bars.

"Most murderers breaks jail in the mountings," said a philosophic cancer doctor who came that way a day or two later. "The jails is not strong, and the prejudice of the people agin the moonshiners isn't strong either. They takes to the mountings, as this young man an' his wife hes done. They kin lay hid thar for years—comfor'ble. So that's how it comes that men as kill revenue officers don't often hang for it. An'," he added, "it isn't fa'r they should."

Mr. Morley was outraged at this lax condition of morals; but Miss Davidger told him that she thought there was a great deal to be said on the other side of the question, in such a tone that he was discreetly silent.

Our travellers, while at Waynesville, heard of various tempting little watering-places on the outskirts of the mountains, to which the people of the Gulf States resort. Chief among these were the Warm Springs, an airy, comfortable hotel, buried in picturesque and wild hills, on the shore of the brawling, beautiful French Broad, with hot springs bubbling from the ground, warranted to cure rheumatism; and Cæsar's Head, a house built on top of an abrupt cone four thousand feet high, overlooking a landscape of sombre, stupendous peaks, with sunny, gem-like little valleys set between, an indistinct Corot-like picture, fading in the encircling horizon into a frame of blue uncertain mist.

THE PRISON AT WAYNESVILLE.

"In these quiet Southern resorts," said the Judge, "you will find representatives of the best families of the Carolinas and

SPLITTING AND CUTTING MICA.

Georgia. They can not afford toh go now toh Saratoga and the Virginia Springs as they once did. They will be glad toh welcome their own class from the North."

"Yes," interposed Morley, "and you may do good by going—bring about the era of kindly feeling, you know. You'll see no waving of 'the bloody shirt' among that class. Men of culture, good sense, and good-breeding: there is always a freemasonry among such people wherever you meet them."

He was confident he would meet some of his own acquaintances there, and was anxious to find out what they thought of Sarah. Surely he was not mistaken in thinking he had discovered a thoroughbred gentlewoman in the poor clergyman's daughter. If he only had somebody to make up his mind for him!

But Mrs. Mulock and Sarah resisted all temptations. "Another summer we will come to find society," said the elder lady, "but we will keep to our by-paths now."

They remained at Waynesville a week longer. Here, at least, was absolute quiet: none of the hurries or clamors of the world reached this beautiful isolated mountain hamlet. All day long the shadows of the mountains crept across the plains below, while fleecy clouds hung half way up their sides. The monotony of village life was broken only by the arrival of the mail each evening—a tiny satchel brought by a man on horseback—or the occasional arrival of a farmer in blue homespun going farther up into the mountains to salt his cattle, his gun for bears and a flask of whiskey for rattlesnake bites slung across his shoulders.

The Doctor, Hixley, and Sarah rode up to a mica mine a few miles distant, and found only a great crack in the ground, out of which a few men wheeled the tea-colored glittering plates. There were one or two sheds in a wild ravine, where these

flakes are cut in oblong squares by enormous shears, sorted, packed, and sent North. Heaps of broken wafer-like waste sheets littered the whole side of the mountain, sparkling like silver in the sun. Mica mining, like every other effort to work in these mountains, languishes for want of transportation.

At the end of the week our friends hired a farm wagon, a pair of spirited mules, and a driver, all for three dollars per day, "the driver," as the owner agreed, "kerryin' his own oats and bacon."

A cheap way of travelling, but surely, as Sarah told everybody a dozen times, the most delightful in the world. The wagon was open, and the soft, chilled sunlight shone on them, and the wind blew about their heads, and occasionally a cloud broke against the hill-tops in a mist of rain. But who cared for rain? They had on their old clothes, and their skins were already burned brown, and they knew each other so well, and the world had quite forgotten them. The air, too, coming out of the depths of the forests, was full of innumerable wood and earth smells; it was the breath of these undisturbed solitudes since the world began that they inhaled; there was a vastness, a measurelessness, in the scenery which lifted them into high, simple moods. Even Mrs. Mulock here was only a good motherly soul, and quite forgot that society existed. It is true that the road was cut zigzag up and down precipices, with a grim mockery of safety; the wheels of the wagon sometimes were tilted against the rock on one side, and on the other overhung sheer abysses of hundreds of feet; hours of jolting, too, in a wagon without springs, made every bone ache. But when the risk or soreness grew unendurable, one could always jump out and walk; and Sarah had the Judge beside her to kill a snake, to help her ford the creeks or clamber over the rocks. Then there was the stopping every hour or two in some wild glade for Mr. Farjuice, the driver, to "feed the creeters," while the men wandered off to shoot pheasants, or to fish for trout in some sparkling little brook, which often proved to be the head-waters of a mighty river. They had thus made the acquaintance, among these heights, of the Saluda, the tawny Holston, the Catawba, and the broad, bright Savannah, when they were but silver threads in the grass, whose course a child's hand might block. There was the halt, too, for meals, the fire to be made, the cooking of the pheasant, the trout, the coffee; everybody at work, everybody talking and ravenously hungry all at once. There was such keen delight, such real childish fun, in the thing, that even Mr. Morley ceased, after the first day, to throw a chill on it by talking of Swiss wines, or the menu of this or that Paris café, and actually came out as an expert at the making of flapjacks. Mr. Farjuice alone sat apart, eying them superciliously, and eating the corn-dodgers and bacon out of his wallet. "A hev never," he volunteered as a remark, "been in the habit of eatin' oncivilized vittles in thet fashion. A hev never lived out-of-doors. A hev always been in cahoot with well-to-do folk before now."

"I wonder," said Sarah, washing her plate in the river, "how far one must have gone in civilization to enjoy being free from it for a while. For me, if I ever come here again, I will not be hampered with valises, or a wagon, or Mr. Farjuice. The only proper way to explore this country is on horseback."

"You are right there," said the Doctor. "If there were only men in the party, or if the women could ride well, the best plan would be to come down through Virginia *via* Lynchburg and Christiansburg, and to buy stout nags at Marion, or some of those mountain villages, which could be sold without loss at whatever town the railway was struck again. The cost of travelling would be reduced one-half, and the danger too. Most of these mountain roads are nothing but bridle-paths. I wish I could send all the college lads and worked-out business men who will come to me for tonics next spring on such an expedition."

Fishing, hunting, camping, and loitering, our party made their way but slowly. At night the men slept by the camp fire, but the women in the wagon, they having a wholesome dread of rattlesnakes. Where it is too high and cold for deciduous trees to grow, however, it is always safe to sleep on the ground: neither the rattlesnake nor copper-head will live four thousand feet above the sea-level.

While among the Cowee Mountains they found themselves one day at the end of a vast valley, across which struck eight parallel ranges of peaks. They rose from the plain knee-deep in the lush, whitish-green of the chestnuts, higher they were

ANCIENT INDIAN MOUND AT FRANKLIN.

bound by the black girdle of the balsams, and above rose the bare, free summits, among which slowly drifted the airy cirrus clouds. Below, birds sang, the wind moved the billowy sea of woods, glittering water-falls and broad rivers rushed down the rocks; but above these, shadows of peaks stood immovable in the liquid gold of the sunshine. They had carried some of the trouble of the world up into infinite repose. There are few if any views to equal this in its solemn grandeur in the whole Appalachian range.

Among the lower spurs of the mountains they found several of the shafts sunk by De Soto and his men, in their search for gold, covered with the moss and trees of two centuries. In the pretty little town of Franklin, Dr. Love, one of the most courteous and genial of antiquarians and men, showed them an Indian mound, probably the best specimen in the Atlantic States. The doctor is the owner

INDIAN RELICS.

of three iron instruments, which he believes to be invaluable as the only proofs that the mound-builders were acquainted with the use of iron. Morley, always a doubting Thomas, insisted that they dated no further back than De Soto. It was near this village of Franklin that Mr. Silas McDowell, more than fifty years ago, ploughed up three burned-clay sepulchres of the mound-builders, unique of their kind, in each of which was the hollowed imprint of a naked figure, just as the lava held for us the moulds of the dead of Pompeii. Mica mines opened by the mound-builders are also found in these ranges. Judge Hixley discovered among the rocks at the mouth of one a perfect crystal, bored for use as an ornament. He looked at it with a kind of awe.

"Some man fashioned that when the world was young," he said—"for the woman he loved, perhaps;" and after a moment's pause he handed it to Sarah.

Beyond Franklin, a day's journey to the northwest, lies the house of the famous hunter Aleck Mundy, buried in the wilderness. There they were regaled with fresh-killed venison and bear steaks, and falling in with a couple of old hunters, heard dramatic, blood-curdling stories such as the books never afford. For sportsmen who wish to follow the larger game in the fall, no halting-place, probably, is better than Mundy's.

Coming back to Franklin (for Mundy's lies at the end of a blind alley in the hills running toward the Great Unaka Mountains), they laid in a fresh stock of pro-

visions, and, with Farjuice still as their charioteer, set out to explore the Blue Ridge in its southern slopes. Farjuice had never before been ten miles from home, and regarded with cynical compassion men and women who went rampaging through storm and heat for no other purpose than to look at hills and rivers.

"As ef 'arth wa'n't 'arth, and water water," he said, confidentially, to Sarah. "Now thar's a place called Casher's Valley, I hear, about thirty miles from hyar. Thar's a whole caboodle of high-toned folks thar, they tell me. I am willin' to drive you thar, ef you say so."

Mrs. Mulock suppressed a sigh when she heard of this beautiful nook at the foot of the mountains, and of the gay doings among the Georgians and South Carolinians who had cottages there. There was enough kinship between her and Farjuice for her, in her secret soul, to find too much earth and water a bore.

"But nature is so elevating!" she said to the Doctor, "and so cheap, my dear! This trip has not cost half what we paid for a couple of weeks at the Branch. Besides, I have worn out my old clothes."

IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

The spur of the Blue Ridge into which they now penetrated is the most southern abutment of the Appalachian range. It closes with precipitous cliffs, which rise five thousand feet over the hot rice and cotton fields of Georgia. A wretched mountain road creeps uncertainly through these heights, passing at their bases through dense forests of oak, poplar, and walnut, colored with snowy rhododendrons, pink masses of the Carolina rose, and the scarlet service-berries, or climbing to the summits through gloomy aisles of gigantic pines. For many miles it has as its companion a beautiful impetuous river, the Sugar Fork. After our explorers had travelled forty or fifty miles through the chasms of these hills without meeting a human being, they began to regard the river as an old friend, especially after

CULLASAGA FALLS.

they had been forced to ford it half a dozen times, and had been nearly swept away by the fierce embrace of the current. Entering one day with it a pass in the range, they found themselves at the top of an abyss. The mountain escarped upon the plain in gray bare rocks, over which the river flung itself in a series of passionate leaps. The solitude was breathless; the trees leaned back shuddering from the fearful plunge; overhead thunder-clouds were massing, driven by the angry winds.

"Very fine," said Morley, presently. He was the only one who spoke. "Fine, but savage. Now if these falls were in Europe, they'd have a reputation, and you'd have big hotels, and guides, and calcium lights on them at night, and everything comfortable. Nature is too naked here for my taste."

The storm came upon them an hour later. The road wound along the base of inaccessible walls of rock, and then climbed up to a broad plateau. Night was falling; the clouds settled down upon them; the cold, drenching rain came down steadily.

"We must find shelter! Under a rock! Anywhere!" cried Mrs. Mulock. She began to think of a hut which they had passed the day before, swarming with filthy children, dogs, and fleas, as of a haven of comfort.

A few minutes later Farjuice shouted, "A see a cl'arin'!" and the wagon rattled up to a handsome cottage, surrounded by neat, skillfully tilled grounds. A gentleman with a clean-cut, energetic Northern face ran out to meet them, cordial and hospitable.

"No, we do not usually take folks in; but in such a case as this—"

Sarah passed as if she were in a dream through a prettily furnished parlor, in which were a sewing-machine and parlor organ, up to a chamber delicately neat. When she came down again she found her friends, with their host and his family, in the supper-room.

Mrs. Mulock drew her aside. "Did you ever see rosier children or a prettier table, my dear?—the napkins, and the china, and the vase of flowers! I had forgotten that there were such things. It is enchantment."

The only enchantment, however, was that worked by a little Northern energy. They were in Highlands, a colony found-

MR. AND MRS. GIBSON, HIGHLANDS.

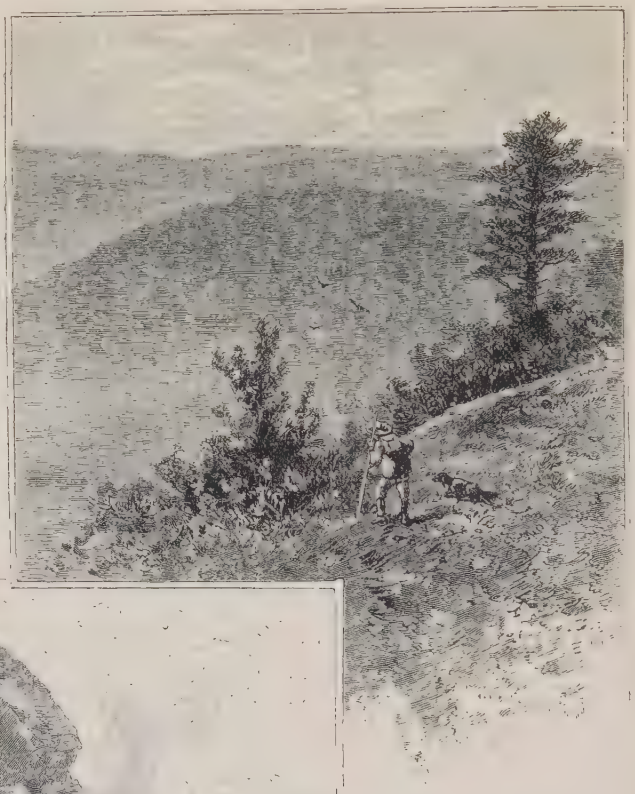
ed on a plateau four thousand feet above sea-level, by S. T. Kelsey, a fruit-grower from Kansas—one of those sanguine, vivid, shrewd men who have founded most American towns. He chose this Blue Ridge plateau for his enterprise because he believed the climate to be more healthful and the soil better adapted to fruit-growing than any in the country, drove his wagon into the unbroken wilderness, and began to build his house in certain faith in the future. When our friends visited him the village contained but two or three other houses, and there was something pathetic as well as comic in the gravity with which the next day he led them through the dense woods, frightening the squirrels as he pointed out "Main Street," "Laurel Avenue," and the sites for the town-hall and churches. But since then the street has been opened, a house for church and school, mills and shops, have been built, and about twenty energetic families have gathered around this working centre. This plateau embraces about two hundred thousand acres of land, which sells cheaply. The southern latitude and the height together make the climate exceptionally pure and free from extremes of heat and cold.

During the time that our travellers were in the North Carolina mountains they slept under blankets every night, and frequently found a fire necessary in the evening, although the thermometer stood then at 98° and 100° in New York and Philadelphia; yet there are few days in winter so cold that the mountain farmer can not do out-door work. This evenness of temperature, and the purity of the air, which is filled with healing by the presence of the vast balsam forests, will some day, no doubt, make this whole mountain region the great sanitarium for the older States. The particular plateau of the Blue Ridge on which Highlands is built possesses a soil well adapted for grazing, or the raising of Northern fruits and vegetables. It is free as yet from flies, mosquitoes, potato-bugs, and the myriad other plagues of the farmer. Nothing is needed for the success of this courageous little colony but a ready market. They have made during the last year a passably good

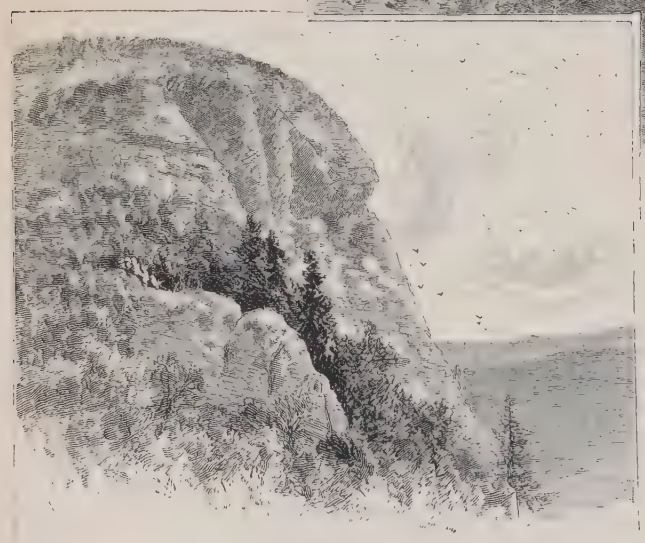
road to Walhalla, thirty miles distant, which serves their present purpose.

About five miles from Highlands is that huge old cliff Whitesides, which forms the advanced guard of all the mountain ranges trending on the south. It is no higher than the Righi, but, like it, rising direct from the plain, it overpowers the spectator more than its loftier brethren. Through all the lowlands of Upper Georgia and South Carolina this dazzling white pillar of rock, uplifting the sky, is an emphatic and significant landmark.

The ascent can be made on horseback, on the rear side of the mountain, to within a quarter of a mile of the summit. When the top is reached, after a short stretch of nearly perpendicular climbing, the traveller finds himself on the edge of a sheer white wall of rock, over which,



VIEW FROM WHITESIDES.



WHITESIDES.

clinging for life to a protecting hand, he can look, if he chooses, two thousand feet down into the dim valley below. A pebble dropped from his hand will fall straight as into a well. On the vast plain below he can see the wave-like hills on which the great mountain ranges which have stretched from Maine along the continent ebb down finally into the southern plains. Yonder Mount Yonah stands alone, wrapped in cloud; there a wisp of blue smoke rises over Casher's Valley; there is the quaint little town of Walhalla; far beyond, to the horizon, stretch the rice fields and cotton plantations of South Carolina and Georgia, over which hangs a blue haze of torrid heat. But the vast spaces, the sense of illimitable beauty, of eternal calm, what words are capable of adequately expressing them! The man must have a narrow, sordid soul who, standing on that height, is not carried out of his own petty self,

and brought closer for all the rest of his life to Him who made the world, and made it so fair.

Mrs. Mulock, during their stay in Highlands, became possessed with a missionary spirit, and went about visiting the women in the mountain farms.

"You don't know how much good we might do, Sarah, in elevating their ideas of religion, say, or cookery. It makes my blood run cold to see them frying this delicious mountain mutton in lard—yes, actually in hog's lard. Besides, I think I can pick up some odd bits of pottery."

Her seeds of knowledge usually fell on stony ground, however.

"The world turns round on its axes, heh?" said old Gibson, tranquilly lighting his pipe, and tilting back his chair. "A'm not such a powerful fool as to swallow that, though a've heerd of it before. Axe, indeed! An' as fur goin' round, thar's the mill yander, an' thar's the Branch runnin' on it. Ef the world turned round, wouldn't the Branch slop over this side, an' the mill run dry, an' we be left standin' on our heads? Any ijjut kin see that."

Whitesides was the last height which our travellers climbed together. From Highlands they followed the mountain road down to Walhalla, about thirty miles distant. This is a settlement of Germans, who have built their new home among the flat South Carolinian fields in imitation of some well-remembered Prussian village left behind them long ago. The queer, gabled, white houses are half hid by roses and hollyhocks. An exquisite neatness and comfort pervades the whole place. Along the centre of the one immensely wide shaded street are placed the town wells, weighing stands, and platform for public meetings. The old women sat on their porches knitting tranquilly in the hot glare of the sun, and pretty blue-eyed girls peeped coquettishly out of the vine-covered windows at Farjuice and his load of battered adventurers, who found the thrift, cleanliness, and homely beauty thus suddenly opened to their eyes a violent contrast to all the grandeur, the dirt, and appalling laziness which they had left behind them in the mountains.

They remained in this village a couple of days, to shake off the dust and fatigue of travelling. Farjuice went on eight miles farther to Seneca City, to see, for the first and probably the last time in his life, a train go thundering past. He planted himself by the side of the track, his legs firmly apart, and when the Northern Express rushed toward him, clutched his wide-brimmed hat with both trembling hands.

When it was gone, he nodded gravely. "A thank Gord a don't belong to these flats," he said; and mounting his wagon, drove straight back to his native wilds.

Our travellers, when they had rested, procured horses, and rode back into Rabun County, in Georgia—a region of steep cliffs, striking valleys, and tumultuous water-falls. Along the Chattooga River lay many farms of a few acres, worked as often by black owners as white. Indeed, all through the mountainous region of the South may be found the comfortable little cabins and "own patches" of the freedman, which show that, like all other human beings, he puts more intelligence and energy into his work when it is for himself than for others. His one ambition is to own ground, simply because that was heretofore the strongest mark of difference between himself and the white men about him.

The cotton fields of the plantations were red now with their blood-colored blossoms, and the tender shoots of the young rice tinged the bottom-lands with pale green.

They visited the falls of Toccoa, where the river makes a single leap of about a hundred and ninety feet, and the savage cañon of Tallulah, famous in the South, but almost unknown to the North, where the Tugaloo rushes through the ramparts made by a cleft mountain, and falls in a dozen cascades varying from twenty to a hundred feet in height.

Passing by slow stages through Northern Georgia, they left the Unaka range on their right, struck the railroad at Dayton, and definitely turned their faces homeward.

"I feel as if I had come in-doors again," said Sarah to Mr. Morley, as he took his seat beside her in the cars. "I can scarcely draw my breath."

He answered at random, hardly knowing what he said. As the summer's journey neared its end, his anxiety grew more intense. There was so little time for him to make up his mind. The out-door life had made her eye more brilliant, and reddened the olive cheek: undoubtedly there was something rare and fine in her manner, in her sincere sweet tones. How royally she would spend his money!

But, on the other hand, was she not a little too ready to be won? During the last week she had sought his escort, and avoided that of poor little Hixley in a marked degree. A plum that falls into your mouth, you know—

But in the course of a day or two a certain quickening heat in his blood put an end to his hesitation. He really did not know that his blood could warm to such a height. It was very agreeable, very much like being a boy again. He sought Mrs. Mulock, and had a long conversation with her one morning. The good matron was in a pleased flutter of secret excitement all day, but it was evening before she secured a seat by Sarah, and could pour forth her mysterious hints, enlarging upon Mr. Morley's wealth and social rank with a zeal which would have maddened her client, who had the training, if not the instincts, of a gentleman.

"I know all this about Mr. Morley," said Sarah, smiling. "Why do you tell it to me?"

"Because— Oh, my dear, I can tell you nothing. But I am so overjoyed that I can scarcely keep silence. Just what I should have planned for you!"

Sarah's face lost its color. "For me? What do you mean?"

"I must not say a word. Nor will he, of course, until you are with your father. But he will follow you home at once."

"Mrs. Mulock," said the girl, in a vehement whisper, "do not allow him to come. He must not. It will be of no use. I—I— Oh, I never suspected this."

"Must not come? Are you mad?" But the conductor coming up interfered with this crisis in the play with a call for tickets.

They were crossing the mountains of Southwestern Virginia that day, between Christiansburg and Lynchburg. Sarah sat apart looking at the beetling heights, sombre and melancholy, and the smiling peaceful valleys, with a quiet homestead nestled in orchards and gardens, as they swept past alternately. Flying clouds scudded over the sky, breaking into soft sudden rain, which sparkled the next moment in as sudden sunshine. Her heart was throbbing fast; the tears were in her eyes. She thought it was the beauty of these unknown homes and woods that moved her. Surely God never had made any land so fair as her own.

TOCCOA FALLS.

On the other side of the car the Virginian sat watching the changeful lovely face. Now and then he turned and looked steadily at the reflection of the shabby gray-haired little man in the dusky mirror beside him, and settled himself more firmly in his seat.

"To-morrow morning we will part at Lynchburg," he said to himself, resolutely; "and it shall be a final parting. I will never try to meet her again."

After evening had fallen, the cars grated on the track, jarred, and stopped. Some accident to the engine involved the delay of an hour. The passengers rose and left the train. Hixley was the last to go out. The moon had risen; a magical lustre fell on the towering hills within whose shadow they lay, and on the glen between, where, beside a silvery little lake, stood a farmhouse silent and asleep.

The other passengers had strolled up the track, out of sight. The Doctor, sitting on a log by the water, called to Hixley. "Here, Judge, take care of Miss Davidger. I must find my wife and Morley."

They were alone together. Far up the gap they could hear the faint click of the hammer on the wheels, and men's voices, but about them was only the moonlight and the woods, hushed and listening.

Sarah broke the silence by some commonplace question about Lynchburg, but her voice had a strange, frightened quaver.

"We will reach the city about midnight," he replied. "The party breaks up then; I leave you there." A sudden resolve fired every drop of blood in the little man's body. He had not the strength to go forward to meet this frightfully empty life coming to him, without one effort. He got up, not knowing what he did, and she mechanically rose also, trembling and breathless.

"I must leave you, unless— Miss Davidger, come here!" hurrying her forward. "Do you see this house?—little more than a cabin. The people who live there have much poverty and hard work. My home is like that. I have nothing to offer the woman that I love, now; no comforts nor luxuries—nothing but love; but—O God! I have that!" He had caught her hands in his, and was looking into her face, the whole strength of his life speaking at last through his insignificant features. There was a long silence. He dropped her hands and drew back. "You see what the home is that I must offer you, and"—with a forlorn smile—"you know the man very well by this time. If there is any hope—"

A few minutes later the Doctor bustled up, and found them standing together where the moonlight fell clearest on the side of the lake.

"Come, come, good folks," he cried; "the train will start in five minutes. I've just been saying good-by to the mountains. My summer is over."

"Mine," said Hixley, with radiant eyes, "is just begun."

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS' PARADISE BESIDE THE LOIRE.

SEATED in the door of the Grotto of the Seven Sleepers, I looked over the beautiful valley of the Loire, from the vine-clad hills and turreted châteaux of Montlouis and Vouvray to where the towers of Tours stand outlined against the blue sky, and dreamed over again that which I dreamed in the far past, dwelling beside the Euphrates. For our life's star has had elsewhere its setting.

According to one variant of the Seven Sleepers, six of them were youths of Cæsar's household. When Cæsar demanded worship as a god, these said to each other, "Nay, but let us worship alone Him who created the sun, moon, and stars." So they fled, and were led by a shepherd to a grot. But Cæsar pursued them, and having discovered them in the grot engaged in devotions of which he was not the object, he walled up the mouth of the cave.

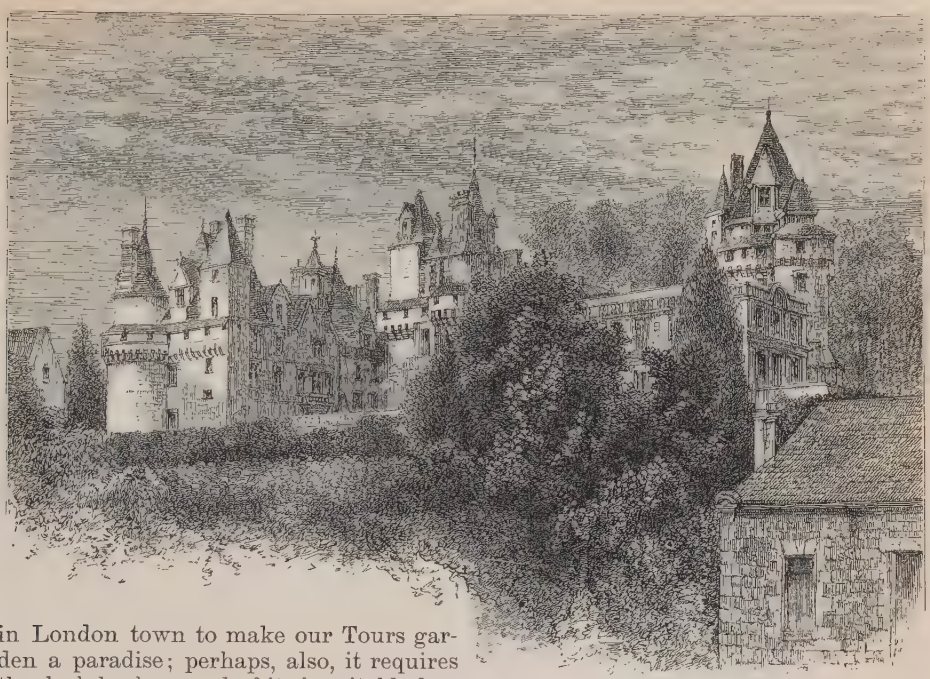
One day a youth steps into a baker's shop in the city of Ephesus, and in return for the bread he asked for, offered a coin whose antiquity caused him to be dragged before the king as finder of treasure. The youth relates the story of how, with six companions, he had slept in the grot where Cæsar had entombed them alive, and proves his truth by revealing a secret treasure beneath the very palace in which he was judged. Since they had gone to sleep, what revolutions! The king and citizens attend the youth to the grot, where his companions await him. They see him enter, when, lo! the angel Gabriel appears, seals fast the mouth of the grot, and leads the Seven into paradise.

So runs the legend; but it is clear that there is a secret connection between the grot at Ephesus and this one beside the Loire. Whatever Gabriel may have done, the genius of humanity, which links the ages of man each to each by natural piety, led those recusants to this region, long ago christened *Le Paradis délicieux de la Touraine*. Louis XI. called it the "Garden of France," and Rabelais adopted the phrase. "I was born," says Panurge, "and my youth was nourished, in the Garden of France, that is, Touraine."

I have more to say presently about these Seven Sleepers, but for the moment reflect only that one can hardly imagine a more appropriate place for saints to come to who have reached a sleepy mood. Compared with Cæsar's household, the faithful ones would have found it something of a Nirvana—the great Repose of Buddha. The plain sweeps onward to the horizon; there are but few undulations even, much less hills; the river that is near is so crystalline and gentle, and that which gleams in the distance is so silvery, and all the air is so pure under the opalescent sky, that one feels why it is that this region has always been described, even by warriors and kings—by Francis I., Henry II., Louis XI., and others—in poetic and ecstatic phrases. Amid the struggles of ages, amid wars and anxieties, here alone they found repose, or, at any rate, as much repose as was possible for them. It is a land of vines and flowers, of bowers and groves, and wondrous châteaux, and soft airs and sounds, and all things that will sweeten the slumber and the dreams of those who come to join the saintly Seven.

A friend of mine, with his family, having taken a château on the right bank of the Loire, about two miles above Tours, and visiting them, I find here, within sixteen hours of London, a degree of change which one could hardly have looked for nearer than Italy. It is the familiar jinnee, Steam, which now spreads his magic carpet, and bears one actually, as he bore the Orientals imaginatively, over land and sea; but, commonplace as he has become, there is a weirdness about him when he takes a man up from a dismal London street, and presently sets him down in a landscape his fancy had located near the tropics. The afternoon finds us sitting out in front of the château, shaded from the sun by arches of pollard trees. On examination I find that the oranges and lemons growing near by are *not* tied on with thread, as the same fruits once were at a *fête-champêtre* at Hampton Court; they are genuinely growing, though it must be admitted that the trees are planted in large boxes, to be shoved under shelter in case of a sharp frost. Beside us, as we read, chat, or sketch, are glasses of sparkling wine filtered down from the sunshine and showers through vintages within sight, almost as cheap as the water so transformed in the miracle of nature. The garden is so flushed and goldened and purpled with its various fruits—its nectarines, pears, apricots, plums, apples, grapes, the trees being propped to sustain their loads—that the earth fairly laughs in colors such as in England and New England would be tokens of autumnal decay. Now and then we stroll along embowered paths, and find strange trees that seem to tell of populations no longer here. For instance, here is a lofty kind of locust, which bears pods something like those which in my boyhood seemed sweeter than any honey-comb; but this tree has somehow caught the habit of proprietors who put spikes or broken bottles on their garden walls; it has set bunches of thorns, large, hard, and sharp as bowie-knives, along its trunk, so disposed that no climber could escape unless he were sinuous as a serpent. This tree must have armed itself against monkeys. Trees have not been so particular to defend themselves since man has been doing that for them, but some of them keep up their old habits a long time. There is a large fountain playing, with wide marble basin, in the centre of the grounds; and when, by the hose, the water tree sends its bounties to its leafy sisters, how they glisten and freshen! Somehow nature seems to me here more alive, more quivering with vitality, as if the grass and flowers were the sheeny fleece of some large, good-natured animal.

For all this paradise my friend pays only five hundred dollars a year. For this he gets his beautifully furnished château, with room enough for a family of fifteen persons, his billiard table, wine-press, outhouses, and his acres. Our Arcadia is therefore not dear, while we are able to enjoy it with that consciousness which the ancient poet lamented should be absent from the hearts of peasants. They would be too happy, he said, if they realized their good fortune. It requires moil



CHÂTEAU D'USSEY.

in London town to make our Tours garden a paradise; perhaps, also, it requires the dark background of its inevitable loss to complete the charm.

Often I look with wonder upon the rustic Tourangeois who angle for fish all day, and, so far as I can see, all night, in the Loire, that runs two hundred yards in front of our château. The fish are of a trifling character, yet the bliss of catching one must be great. In the rosy dawn I fling open my window, and see standing or sitting motionless beside the river the same people apparently whom I had seen touched by the last rays of the setting sun. Every morning at eleven we all go down to bathe in the translucent river, making a merry party of men, women, and children. Our children shout, our ladies glisten like Undines; we swim, dive, splash; but whatever we do, we never succeed in withdrawing the eyes of any angler one moment from his cork. If one of them happens to have his back to us, in no case does he turn. Were one of us drowning, I am persuaded these fishermen twenty yards distant would be unaware of the danger. I approached one of them once, and held a conversation with him. Adding and subtracting afterward, I found that of that conversation I had uttered three extended sentences, and he three of the briefest words. He was gentle enough, but Sir Charles Coldstream was never more sensationless than this man of the Loire. I at first suspected him and his fellow-anglers as seeking in the fish their evolutionary forefathers, but presently discovered that they are by no means cold-blooded in the ordinary sense. They are sympathetic and affectionate, but so quiet and peaceable that not even in a great crowded fair could I hear any tumult or noise.

Where did all the tremendous history associated with Tours come from? In the far past there are various characters assigned these people. Tacitus mentions them as "rebellious," and Sidonius Apollinaris (about the year 211 of our era) represents them as afraid of war—"*bella timentes.*" But there is a little bit of history written by an impersonal historian which tells more truth than either the Roman or the Gaul. A thousand years ago the Tourangeois and the Normans had a battle. The body of St. Martin was carried by the Tourangeois in their front, and having gained the victory, they built on the battle-field a church, which they dedicated to *S. Martinus de Bello.* In the course of time this church was called *St. Martin-le-Bel.* At length the belligerent accent was entirely lost, and the name now is *St. Martin-le-Beau.* This

transformation of their patron saint from a god of war to the Beautiful is a torchlet by which one may read a good deal of history. They never could have been a warlike people. I am more than ever convinced that it was mainly a little stratagem that arrested the Moslem march, and suspect that our Protestant traditions that the Huguenots were mild victims, and the Tourangeois they left behind all blood-thirsty, will have to be considerably revised. However that may be, it certainly is startling to find the portrait of this gentle native framed in a history of convulsions. Nature seems to protest against such history, as something alien to her child on the Loire, by framing him in vineyards and gardens that hide all scars of a terrible past.

In this many-colored garden every flower is tinted with the blood of a man. The shining river there, whose translucent waters glide so merrily past islets of yellow sand, has been in its time a river of blood strewn with dead bodies.

The crystal river is type of the stream of time, flowing on after the dynasties that stained it are extinct. The garden, too, is mystical, not only because its beauties and fruits are luxuriant as the purified resurrection of perished forms, but because of the spiritual flowers that hover above such as are visible. These are the blossoms which genius has evoked from the historic sod; still more the rich growths of romance which have not yet found their poetic gardener. Of these that make the rich flora of the Loire, whether wild or cultured, visible or invisible, I have gathered specimens, and hope they may some day be found with added petals in the Hesperian gardens to which I am sending them. What a consolation it would have been to the thousands of people who have groaned away their lives in this valley—nay, to those who extorted the groans—could they have foreseen that out of their breasts, the cruel and the tortured, would eventually shoot these roses, their blood turn to this wine, and their dismal deeds prepare the way (like saurians) for wits that have turned them to poems, dramas, romaunts!

The Tourangeois find their high pedigree hinted in their name. The Greeks called them Touranoi, that is, children of Uranus, or heaven. A less soaring but wilder theory makes them the descendants of Turnus, grandson of Ascanius. Cæsar breakfasted on them one day, but they disagreed with him. I believe he had much trouble in getting across the Loire, near the point where there is now one of the most picturesque bridges in Europe.

In trying to find out the point where Cæsar first halted, according to the antiquarians, it brought me into an old lady's tobacco shop at Saint-Symphorien. The monuments of his mighty invasion have ended in smoke. The devouring worm of Time has been much assisted by our unsensational Tourangeois in destroying the grandeurs erected by Cæsar. So at least I suppose from the fact that the most important Roman relic ever discovered here, an inscribed stone, fell into the hands of a stone-mason, who regarded its letters as so scandalously ill-formed, and its words as such wretched French, that he rubbed it quite smooth, and built it into his balcony. The inscription had fortunately been copied: "IMP. CÆSARI. DIVI. TRAIANI. PARTHICI. FILIO. DIVI. NERVÆ. NEPOTI. TRAIANO. HADRIAN. AUG. PONTIFICI. MAX. TRIB. POT. COSS. III." Well, let us be thankful, for this moment at least, for our consciences are perfectly free to disregard old stones that have been destroyed, and obliterated inscriptions, and to turn our attention to things that are less effaceable. The great history of Tours is cut in its many caves and rock-dwellings, where much of that history was made, and in which the legends and romances of the world have found their roost and breeding-place for fifteen centuries. What the ancient swannery at Abbotsbury, in England, is to the swan tribe, Tours is to the migrating myths of the world: they have all come here at one time or another to nest in its grottoes, and have left each a feather at least, if not an egg.

A characteristic of this region is this vast cretaceous formation. The Loire and the Cher have gradually cut their channels through it, and there now stand denuded cliffs perforated with caverns. Thousands of people now reside in dwellings artificially carved in these cliffs, and the smoke of their fires is always curling amid the vines with which the long hills are covered. In some places the rock is perforated with caverns that must be explored with torches. They also have been artificially made, but for what purpose no one knows. They have been there from immemorial time. Tradition says that the first Christians often had to hide in

them; some have thought that in these caverns were first lit up, to dispel darkness, the candles which continue on many altars. In the course of time the early hiders had to be hid from. The little grot, still shown, where the first Christian rites were celebrated early in the fourth century, had in the sixteenth century reared an archiepiscopal cathedral and palace; and now the Huguenots had to hide and pray in these grottoes. Not long ago the uninhabitable caverns were again utilized, this time by the Catholics. When the old bogey Hugo came lately again with his wild train in the form of a German army, many frightened Tourangeois hid in these places. I have just visited one cave, extending a hundred feet deep into the rock, where a family, still residing near it, passed many days and nights with several head of cattle. When asked why they hid, the old lady said, "We were afraid they would eat us."

It may have been these caverns on the Loire which made this the early centre of the missionaries. Nature seems to have here provided for hermits. In these rock-holes there is the dim religious light; there is just enough light to show an apparition, not enough to expose it. They are warm, too; the wind can not penetrate to those within, nor their own animal warmth depart. It is wonderful how some people seem to thrive under such circumstances. In passing a cave-dwelling I saw three merry little troglodytes playing at the door, and such a good-natured mother washing clothes, that I asked to be shown through the abode. First there was a large room, say twenty feet square by ten in height, with a wide fire-place from which ascended a smoke-hole to the top of the hill. Behind this was another room of half the size, the only aperture to which was that by which we entered it. The rental of this residence was seventy-five francs per annum. The mother seemed to think herself fortunate in her residence, declared that it had not a fault, especially mentioned its healthiness, and for evidence pointed to her slumbering baby troglodyte—which certainly was a pompous specimen. It appeared to me one of the advantages of the cave-residents that they are removed beyond envy. The early Christians, on that account, may have been happier in these caves than when they expanded into palaces and cathedrals.

It is touching to observe the tenderness with which at Marmoutier—founded by St. Martin, and perhaps the earliest Christian convent in the north—the ancient caverns are kept. The Gallican Church has had a splendid career since its founders prayed and starved themselves in these little holes; but these are now kept clean and white, in good repair, as if there were some presentiment in the air that the successors of SS. Gatien, Martin, and Brise might some day have to repair to the same caves to recover the glories of a kingdom not of this world—visions long lost in the fierce ambition to possess the kingdoms that are of this world.

The Seven Sleepers are said to have come as pilgrims from the far East—Syria, according to the usual version—that they might receive the blessing of St. Martin. They found the saint passing most of his time in a small cavern. They occupied one near it. One day they received from St. Martin the eucharist, and presently fell asleep. There was no appearance of death; they remained in a breathless, motionless slumber for weeks, months; and then, though there was no decay, it was thought right to lay them in hollow rock tombs. And here I was shown the seven graves cut in the floor: each is shaped somewhat like all the old Templars' tombs. At the door of the grotto there was a tomb of great antiquity, covered by a stone slab which left a hole at one corner. Looking through this, I perceived a skeleton which had no coffin. It is not improbable, therefore, that these graves have been repeatedly used for hermits of special sanctity. After they passed from their living to their literal burial, these saintly solitaries have often for the first time begun to exercise influence upon men. Legends take root in their graves, floating fables adopt them as fathers, and so ultimately they rise again as myths, their bones are distributed as charms, and they enter upon a more real existence than when they dwelt above the sod as if they were already beneath it.

On the ceiling of the Seven Sleepers' Grot, when I saw it in the summer of 1878, there were still discernible the fading splendors of the sky and heavenly bodies with which it had been decorated. But whoever may slumber, Time and Nature sleep not. The front of the chapel has been designed by M. l'Abbé Brisacier, in accordance with a structure which existed in the same place in the eleventh cen-

PORTAL OF MARMOUTIER.

tury. During the severe winter which preceded, the ceiling of the cave had fallen—as it fell twice before (in the eleventh and again in the seventeenth century)—and of all the interior decorations I could now discover only a lily, a star, a faint tinge of blue sky. These decorations had been copied from the earliest ages. The fall of this roof and removal of the débris laid bare a large number of bones, some of which were in such a position as to be almost of geological interest. It looks as if so early as the tenth century, perhaps, the place was regarded as a sacred one for burial. The catastrophe brought out the fact that the ingenious Abbé Brisacier, of Tours, had about the same time discovered in the episcopal archives the names of the Seven Sleepers. These names will now be connected with seven figures, which will have to be evolved from somebody's inner consciousness, on seven stained windows now being made for the little chapel which has been built. The names, which have been kindly sent me by the Abbé Brisacier, are Clemens, Primus, Lætus, Theodorus, Cyriadius, Godantius, and Innocentius.

Yon great gateway of Marmoutier, from which Urban II. preached the crusade, and so earned such saintship as the nineteenth-century Vatican can recognize, is a noble piece of architecture, but it has beneath its turret an oubliette, recently sealed, down which human victims were hurled to a depth not yet fathomed; there are two westward towers also that are graceful; but it was the place of execution when the lords of Marmoutier were the judges, and they seem even now studded with human heads. The glory of this the oldest and most aristocratic convent in Northern Europe, after all, hovers about these grottoes, where Gatien and Martin and dear St. Patrick passed much of their time. Over the graves of these ancient saints and of the Sleepers there is a fragrance of fresh roses and breath of the myrtle, and the hymn of the nuns in their church sings to my ear:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

The abbess, who just now left me to linger here a little, was very careful to say that the Seven Sleepers were buried only because really dead. She manifested a naïve anxiety that it should not be understood that they had been buried alive, and at the same time that the preservative

power of St. Martin's wafer should not suffer discredit. She was sweetly unconscious that the Seven were traceable back to those that slumber at Ephesus, to the Seven Churches, to the Pleiades, to man's earliest dream concerning the periodicity of those celestial fires that go and return. Their pictured lustres fade from the ceiling where they watched over these Eastern pilgrims, but they shine in the eyes of the sisters at Marmoutier—eyes they have organized, to which dreams are the only realities.

I do not know a more picturesque evolution in mythology than that by which the Hindoo king of death became in Persia the king who never died. The vedic king of death was Yama, which seems to mean "the declining," the reference being probably to the sun going down into darkness. But the Persian dream dwelt on the radiant glories of the sunset, which pointed the way westward to golden islets and Hesperian gardens. By such dreams, perhaps, man was drawn to some of his earliest migrations. But the sunset lustres correspond with the splendors of sunrise. When, therefore, the Hindoo lord of death, Yama, re-appeared as the Persian Jami, he was associated with the dawn as well as the sunset. He was fabled as the first monarch of Persia. It was the golden age when he began his reign; for a long time there was no oppression, injustice, sickness, or war. But ultimately this happy age was broken by an evil-doer, and then Jami bade adieu to his country, and went to dwell in a beautiful island in the west, where he still lives, but will some day return to restore the blissful era.

GROTTO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Jami is probably the patriarch of all sleeping heroes: of Epimenides, who slept fifty years, then waked up to save his country; of St. John, who still sleeps at Ephesus, while his counterpart, Ahasuerus, finds no repose; of Boabdil and Sebastian, who still await the bugles which shall recall Moor and Portuguese to struggle again for a dominion awarded by destiny to neither; of Barbarossa, whose red beard, rooted in his cavern floor, has sent threads far and wide through the folk-lore of Germany; of the Priest of Hagia Sophia, who bides the day when the Turks shall be expelled Constantinople; of Tell, who was so wide-awake after his mythical slumber in Switzerland that he emboldened some scholar to resolve him into sunshine; and of Charlemagne, supposed to be still alive, but who must be very restless, considering the variety of localities in which he is said to be sleeping. "A little while after," says Rabelais, "Pantagruel heard news that his father Gargantua had been translated into the Land of the Fairies by Morgue, as heretofore were Ogier and Arthur." The fairy Morgue entertained the Dane Ogier so pleasantly that the pagans seized Jerusalem in his absence; and in connecting a similar catastrophe to his Utopia with the translation of Gargantua, Rabelais would seem to have recognized the necessity of reminding the pious of this region that there are advantages in being occasionally wide-awake. But Mythology had already made the discovery before him, and reported that now and then, in emergencies, the Seven Sleepers sallied forth to be the Seven Champions of Christendom, and that all of these enchanted heroes will wake up at last. In one sense the prophecy has been largely fulfilled: Tennyson has summoned Arthur from Avalon, and Irving has summoned—Jefferson keeps

THE LOURDES APPARITION.

awake—Barbarossa under the droll disguise of Rip Van Winkle. The fairy Poesy is able to break the spell of the enchantress Morgue.

No solar, lunar, or stellar myths can fully report the pedigree of the sleeping heroes. There is a profound pathos in this clinging of the human heart to its greatest. The interpretation of such myths is hardly communicable. They are open secrets to the people who think upon those whom their fathers stoned. They were in advance of their time, and generations had to bring in slowly the verdict which leads the good-hearted but generally deceived folk to pay to the dust the homage denied to the living presence. It were too cruel to believe the verdict comes too late. With unconscious breath of a skeptical age, Wordsworth said, "Milton, thou shouldst have been alive to see this hour!" But the Touranian feels his and her St. Gatien, St. Martin, St. Denis, the Seven, and an innumerable company, more present with them than the street crowd.

The grottoes of St. Gatien, St. Martin, and St. Brise are kept with great care. They are very small, from fifteen to twenty feet long by about eight in width, with arched ceiling. They are simply whitewashed, with no decoration beyond their plain little altars. Above the altar in the grot or cell of St. Martin there is a bass-relief representing the appearance to him in that hole of Mary and St. Agnes (with her lamb) and St. Thekla. Fresh flowers were on the tiny altar. There was one silent kneeling woman, probably a penitent, whose face was buried low between her clasped hands, and muffled. We did not see her face; she was still as if dead before the little altar.

But the world is not motionless even at Marmoutier. The dark cells in the rocks are carefully kept, but use of them is exceptional, and, I suspect, only penitential. The spirit of the age is represented in the new grots just built, in imitation of those at Lourdes and Salette. These have been baptized all over with Lourdes water, consecrated respectively to "Our Lady of Lourdes" and "Our Lady of Salette," and already the Sisters point to three tablets, reporting miraculous cures, with as much joy as Cyrus Field could have felt when he read the first telegram cabled from England. There were nearly a dozen ladies kneeling in front of the new and pretty Lourdes grotto, which was open, and full of sunshine. And when I looked round upon the exquisite garden, fragrant with flowers, full of various fruits —so full, too, of repose—and was breathing the pure air, and noting the faces of the devotees steeped in faith, I confess to some wonder that after eighteen months there were so few tablets recording cures. There must be a great many maladies which

would yield to the charming garden and undrugged regimen of Marmoutier alone, and still more that might be cast off by the sometimes revolutionary power of faith. I think my attendant Sister must have perceived that I was not astonished by the tablets, and understood the reason, for she proceeded to relate the case of one cured. A nun had become blind; before this new grot she prayed, and received her sight. Then she put up her votive tablet. But soon after the same nun was half paralyzed; again she prayed to the Lourdes Lady of Marmoutier, and was healed. So she put up a second tablet.

Still I could not find that these branch establishments of Lourdes and Salette had been the means of diminishing the numbers treated in the hospitals of Tours.

There was recently enacted in this region an ecclesiastical comedy, which the great world, absorbed in the political sensations of Europe, omitted to observe. A few years ago, it may be remembered, the Virgin Mary was said to have appeared to two peasant children at Salette. The people of that neighborhood appear to have forgotten that there exists at Rome a high court whose business it is to investigate alleged miracles, and decide whether they shall be regarded as true or as impostures. It is not for the interest of the Church that miracles shall be vulgarized, and the court is strict. The Salette folks, however, and the rural priests thereabout, at once invested very extensively in Notre Dame de Salette. New inns were built, pilgrimages organized, trains and coaches multiplied, and pulpits, amid walls decorated with pictures of the apparition and the little seers, thundered denunciations of all skeptics about the miracle—when, lo! one day whispers went abroad that the Salette apparition had been pronounced an imposture by the Pope. The rumor was followed by the confirmation. The excitement throughout these provinces was literally tremendous. Not only were vast sums of money already invested in the new miracle, but the credit of hundreds of priests who had adopted it was imperiled. In the streets of every town groups of people might be seen, and loud declarations might be heard that if they were not to believe in the apparition at Salette, they had no more grounds for believing in the apparition at Lourdes, still less in the scores of other miraculous events reported as occurring in the abbeys and churches. The cynical laughter of the skeptics was already heard. The priests foresaw something ahead more momentous even than their own humiliation; they represented in high quarters that the provincial Church could not bear such a blow to their prestige. The Vatican surrendered to Salette. There was an announcement that the image under which the new Virgin had been represented at Salette must be changed, that was all. This was only the cover of a retreat.

So far as I can observe or learn, not even this demand from Rome has been complied with. The same pictures and images of the alleged scene which were

APPARITIONS OF THE VIRGIN AT SALETTE.

THE PIERCED STONE.

put forth when the miracle was first said to have occurred are still in circulation, and the frescoes in the churches remain. There is one in the church of St. Ann, at Tours, painted in 1874, and it does not differ, except in material, from one just put up in a hospice chapel at Amboise, in which the figures are of painted plaster. That at Marmoutier appeared in the distance similar: I could not go close, for it is at the end of an ancient avenue of arching trees where the saints used to walk, and which is now almost as sacred from common footsteps as the Santa Scala itself. But it is plain that the Salette miracle is already conventionalized. In all the representations the little peasant girl and boy have on their best Sunday clothes, and were not surprised by their Lady in shabby attire. The girl clasps her hands in true tableau style, and the boy starts forward with a cowed attitude. The third recent apparition, that at Pont-Main, though attested by more witnesses, does not seem to make so much of an impression. The Lourdes apparition, it will be remembered, had an opportuneness to a new dogma: the Lady said to the child, "I am the immaculate conception." But the interest in that agitation having passed away somewhat, the Salette apparition seems to have got ahead a little in popular esteem. She seems to have been more gorgeously arrayed, more brilliantly haloed, having not merely a halo around her head as usual, or half way like a veil, as in the Lourdes case, but is represented with one fringing her entire person like zigzag lightning. For the rest, I can not but remark the change which seems to have supervened in her personal appearance as compared with the familiar portrait transmitted from the past. According to this, her latest appearance on the earth, she has become a fine lady, a woman of the world, with the air of an English countess.

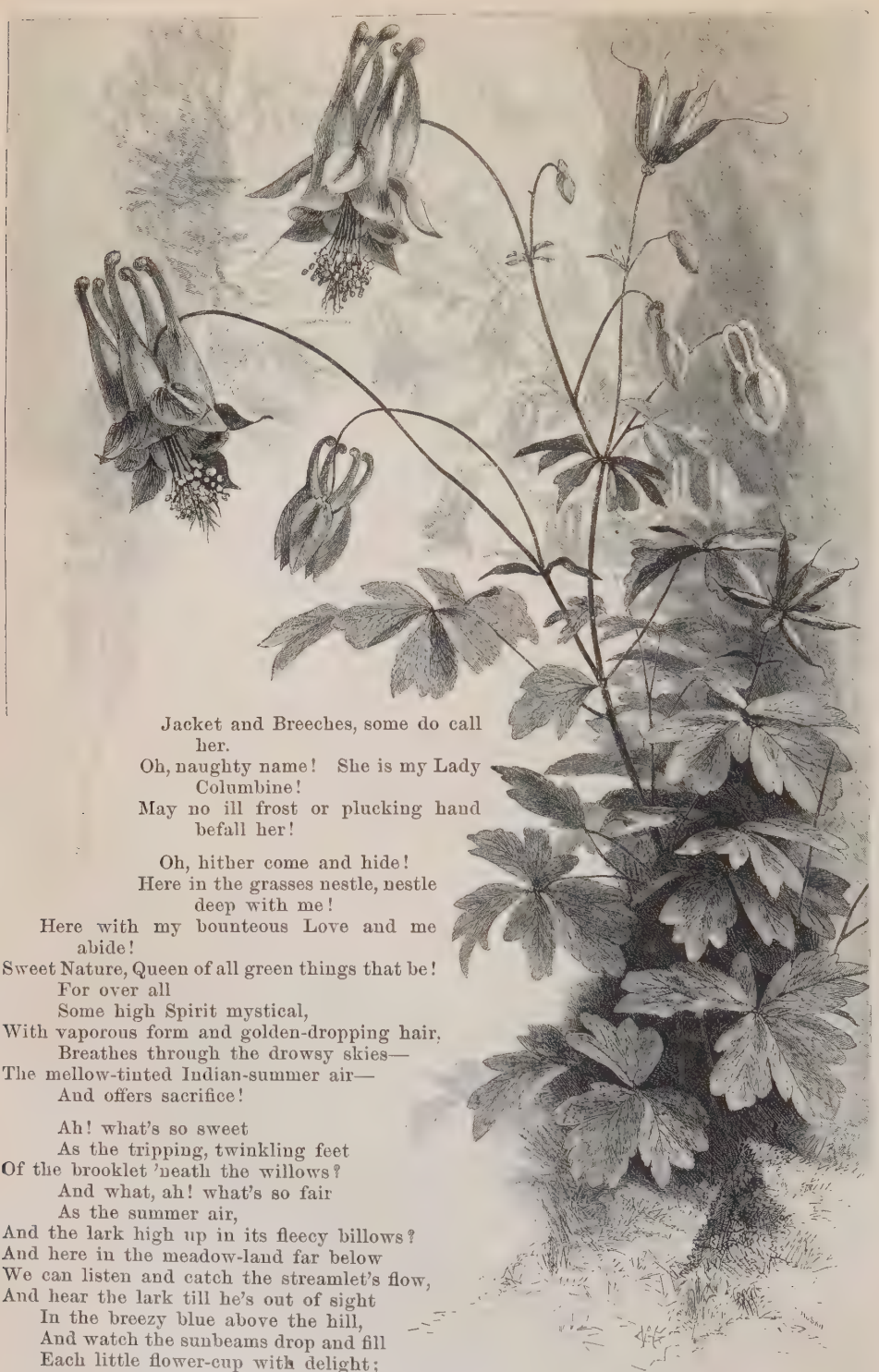
St. Martin was the founder of Marmoutier, and is its patron saint. In the French Revolution the saint's body, it is said, was burned at Tours; but one little bone of the fore-arm was rescued, and that was divided equally between St. Martin's church and shrine in Tours, and this his old abbey. The relic (four inches long) is here kept on an altar beneath an effigy of the saint, is quite visible on its cushion of red velvet, and a lamp perpetually burns before it.

In this region (Sainte-Maure) is a mysterious pierced stone. For ages it has been believed that a bit of lichen scraped from it, or grass gathered at its base, would preserve one from evil spirits. Near Mettray there is a "Fairies' Grotto," whose sanctity, originating in pagan times, has gradually connected with it the name of St. Anthony. Near the glorious château of Ussy there was of old a well holy to pagans: something abnormal in it has led to the wide-spread belief that its waters ascend and fall with the waxing and waning of the moon. St. Martin presumably came to Gaul to convert people from these superstitions; but the holy rocks and healing fountains and sacred trees are all flourishing in his historic abbey of Marmoutier.

AMID THE GRASSES!

COME! live in innocence again,
Sweet soul of mine;
And weave once more the tender daisy-chain,
And ringlets of the dandelion fine!
Come, sing and croon and chant,
Here lurks no aching want
Of Past or Present;
Here honey-bind is found,
And creeping o'er the ground
Mellow sunbeams pleasant!

Come! live in tender joys and sweet embraces
Of bird-notes dropping hither,
All in the golden autumn weather,
All in the grasses and gray leaves together,
And see how eyes shine out from fair young faces
In gentians blue, that catch the thistle's feather;
Come, breathe and live!
For here grow sweet all gracious things to give.
Here noddeth fine
My Lady Columbine;



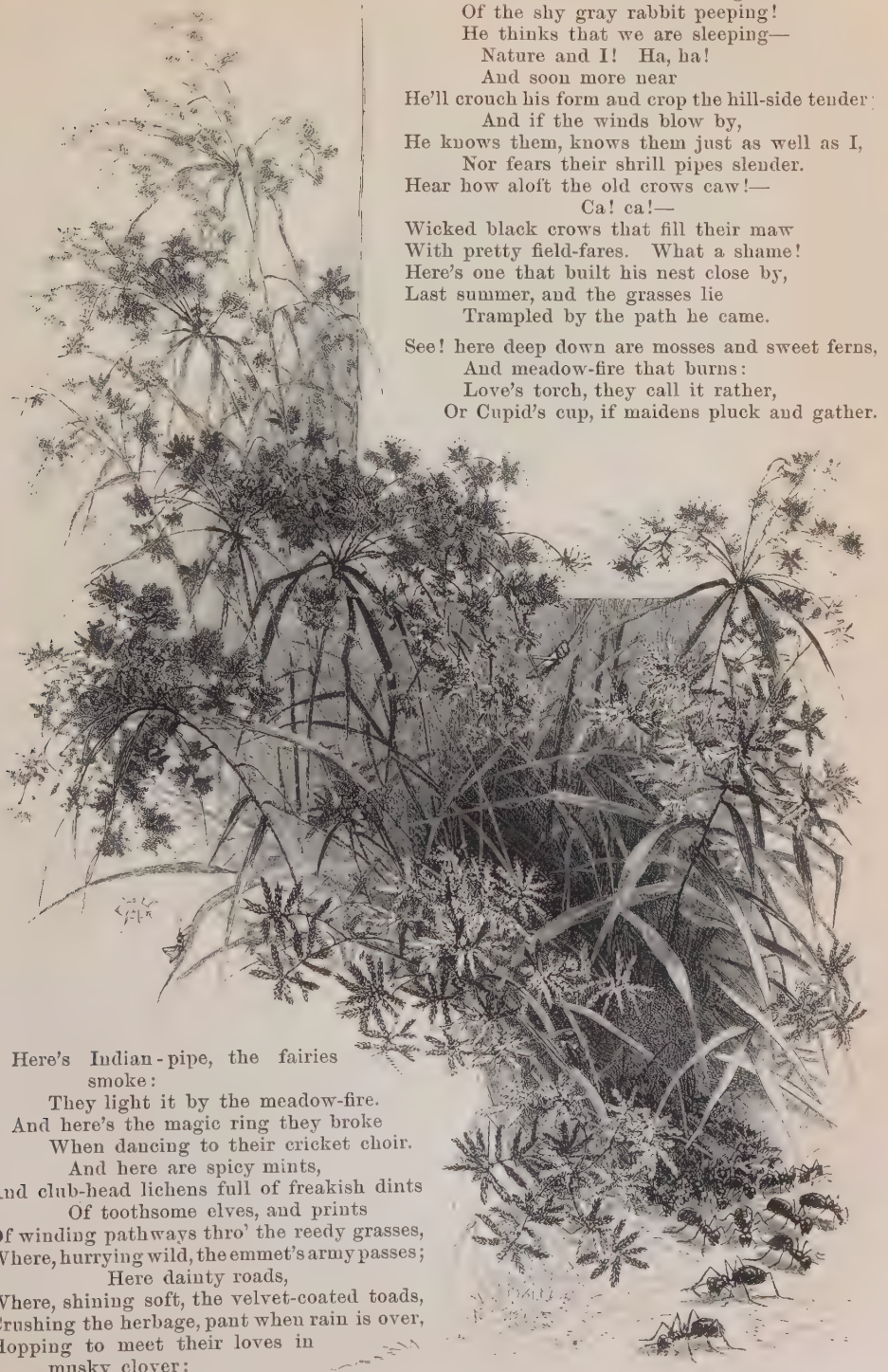
Jacket and Breeches, some do call
her.
Oh, naughty name! She is my Lady
Columbine!
May no ill frost or plucking hand
befall her!

Oh, hither come and hide!
Here in the grasses nestle, nestle
deep with me!
Here with my bounteous Love and me
abide!
Sweet Nature, Queen of all green things that be!
For over all
Some high Spirit mystical,
With vaporous form and golden-dropping hair,
Breathes through the drowsy skies—
The mellow-tinted Indian-summer air—
And offers sacrifice!

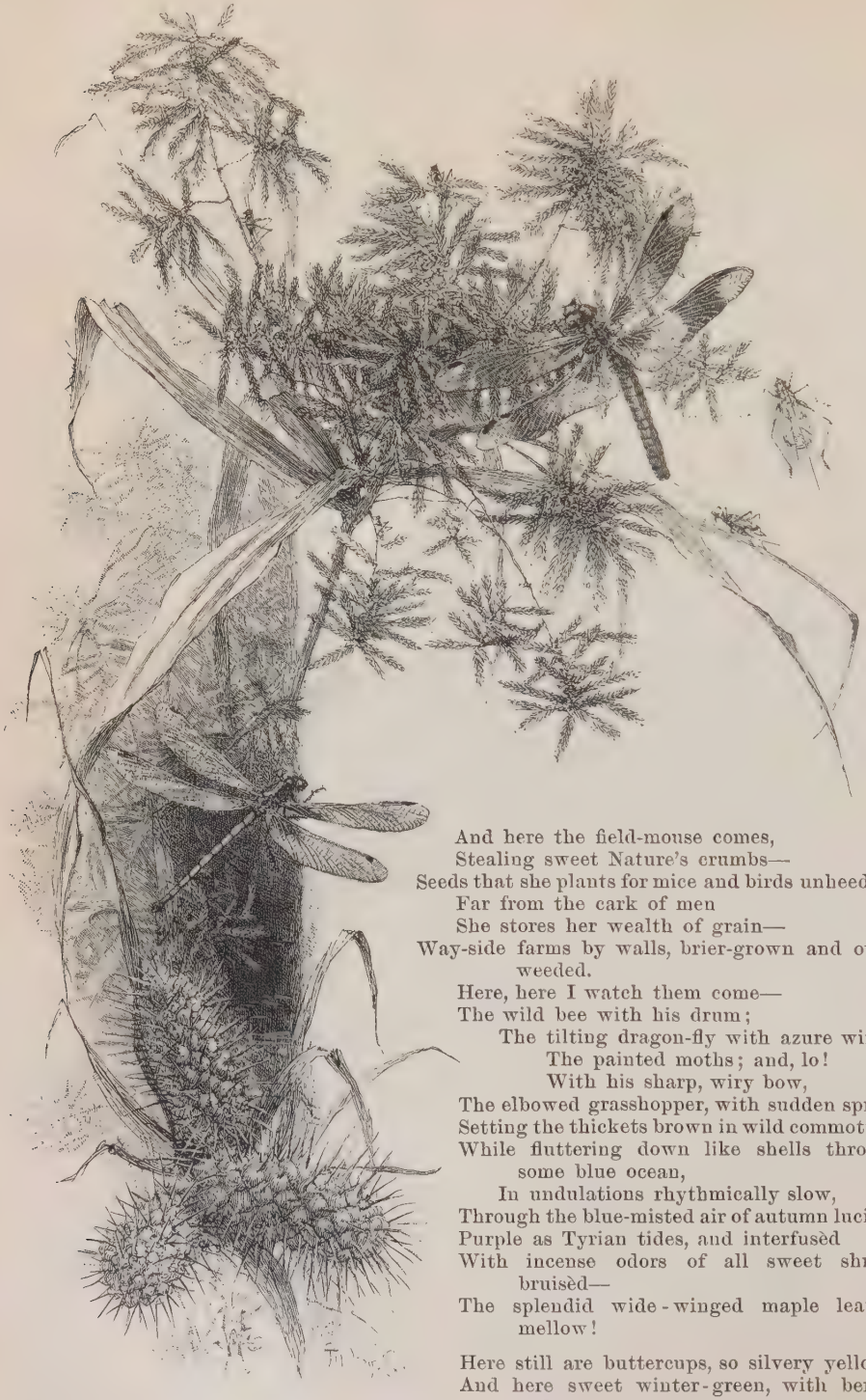
Ah! what's so sweet
As the tripping, twinkling feet
Of the brooklet 'neath the willows?
And what, ah! what's so fair
As the summer air,
And the lark high up in its fleecy billows?
And here in the meadow-land far below
We can listen and catch the streamlet's flow,
And hear the lark till he's out of sight
In the breezy blue above the hill,
And watch the sunbeams drop and fill
Each little flower-cup with delight;
For here the shadows are soft and still—

Hist! be hushed as a startled mole
Curled in its cradle; for over the knoll
I see the soft brown twitching ear
Of the shy gray rabbit peeping!
He thinks that we are sleeping—
Nature and I! Ha, ha!
And soon more near
He'll crouch his form and crop the hill-side tender:
And if the winds blow by,
He knows them, knows them just as well as I,
Nor fears their shrill pipes slender.
Hear how aloft the old crows caw!—
Ca! ca!—
Wicked black crows that fill their maw
With pretty field-fares. What a shame!
Here's one that built his nest close by,
Last summer, and the grasses lie
Trampled by the path he came.

See! here deep down are mosses and sweet ferns,
And meadow-fire that burns:
Love's torch, they call it rather,
Or Cupid's cup, if maidens pluck and gather.

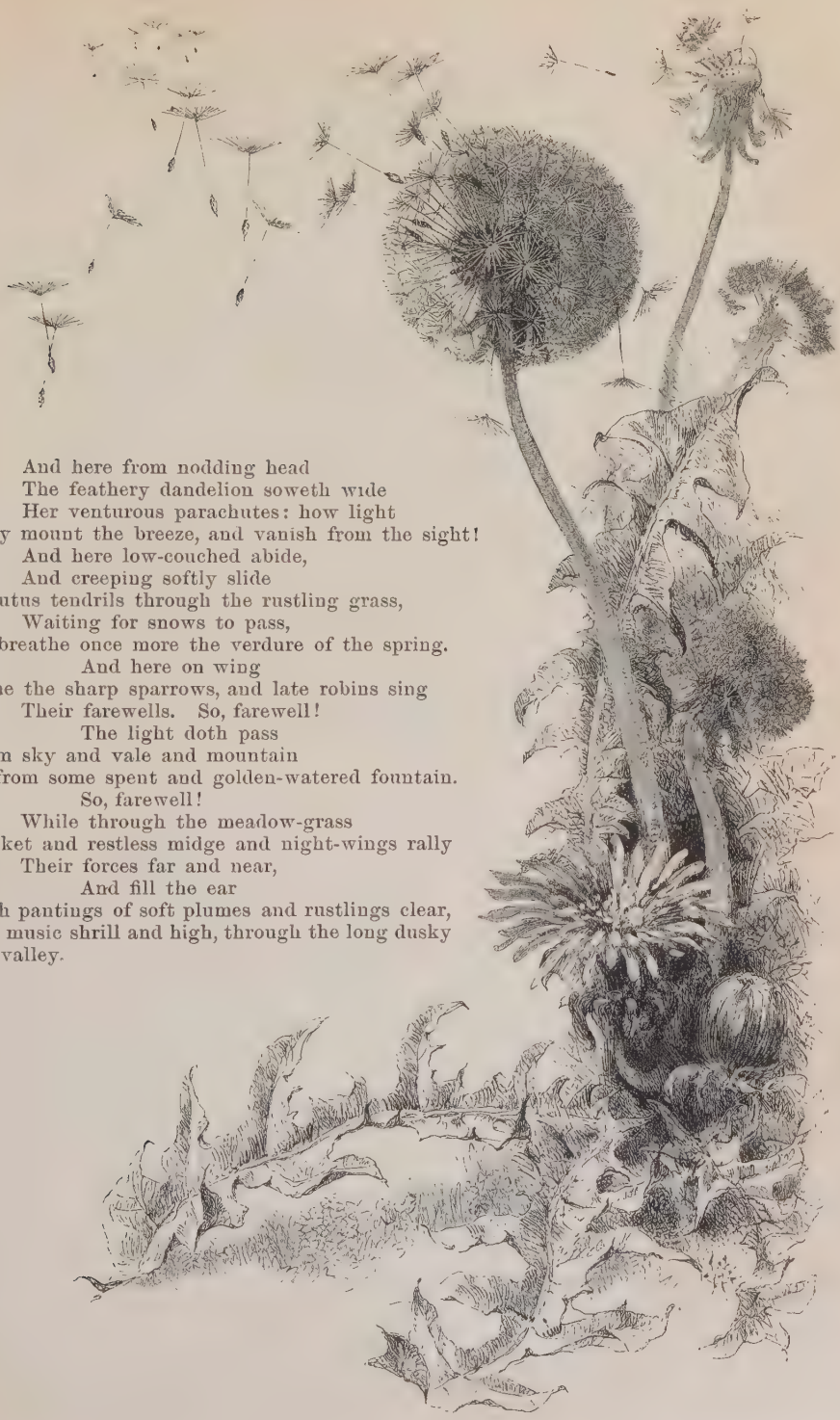


Here's Indian-pipe, the fairies smoke:
They light it by the meadow-fire.
And here's the magic ring they broke
When dancing to their cricket choir.
And here are spicy mints,
And club-head lichens full of freakish dints
Of toothsome elves, and prints
Of winding pathways thro' the reedy grasses,
Where, hurrying wild, the emmet's army passes;
Here dainty roads,
Where, shining soft, the velvet-coated toads,
Crushing the herbage, pant when rain is over,
Hopping to meet their loves in musky clover;



And here the field-mouse comes,
Stealing sweet Nature's crumbs—
Seeds that she plants for mice and birds unheeded:
Far from the cark of men
She stores her wealth of grain—
Way-side farms by walls, brier-grown and over-weeded.
Here, here I watch them come—
The wild bee with his drum;
The tilting dragon-fly with azure wing;
The painted moths; and, lo!
With his sharp, wiry bow,
The elbowed grasshopper, with sudden spring
Setting the thickets brown in wild commotion;
While fluttering down like shells through some blue ocean,
In undulations rhythmically slow,
Through the blue-misted air of autumn lucid—
Purple as Tyrian tides, and interfusèd
With incense odors of all sweet shrubs bruisèd—
The splendid wide-winged maple leaflets mellow!

Here still are buttercups, so silvery yellow;
And here sweet winter-green, with berries red.



And here from nodding head
The feathery dandelion soweth wide
Her venturous parachutes: how light
They mount the breeze, and vanish from the sight!
And here low-couched abide,
And creeping softly slide
Arbutus tendrils through the rustling grass,
Waiting for snows to pass,
To breathe once more the verdure of the spring.
And here on wing
Come the sharp sparrows, and late robins sing
Their farewells. So, farewell!
The light doth pass
From sky and vale and mountain
As from some spent and golden-watered fountain.
So, farewell!
While through the meadow-grass
Cricket and restless midge and night-wings rally
Their forces far and near,
And fill the ear
With pantings of soft plumes and rustlings clear,
And music shrill and high, through the long dusky valley.

SQUATTER LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THE metropolis abounds with contrasts of splendid intentions and miscarried achievements. Princeliness of space and brilliance of architecture are confronted by dilapidation and uncleanliness, and even on Murray Hill, that pinnacle of all earthly ambition, disreputable little taverns and tenements exist in sight of the fashionable mansions with their carved balustrades and ample porticoes. But these contrasts, which have led one writer to describe New York as Paris with a touch of the backwoods, and another to say that the city is more like a savage, the resplendence of his trinkets, war-paint, and chromatic blanket only half covering his abundant dirt—these anomalies are nowhere so apparent as above the southern borders of Central Park.

Reaching as far as Manhattanville on the west, and to Harlem on the east, the land has nearly all been graded, and many streets have been laid out, and in some instances paved, curbed, and illuminated. Ten years ago or more, when the imperial Tweed was seated with apparent firmness on the municipal throne, this region, with the splendid Park as a centre, was seized upon by real-estate speculators, and predictions were made that in a very few years it would be covered with handsome dwellings. But the tide of success turned another way, with what effect, as concerns Tweed and his ambitions, is well known; and though on the east side some of the vacant spaces have become populous, and some notable churches, hospitals, armories, and houses have been put up, the west side has altered so little that it has seemed to be lifeless. The new Museum of Natural History, with its imposing façade looking over the hill and dale of the Park, glances from its rear upon a neighborhood which, in my experience, is quite unique. It is not to be precisely described as city, nor as suburb, nor as the unsettled but broken territory that outlies most cities while wait-

ing to be absorbed in their advance. The anticipations that led to the grading and paving of the streets have had a very limited fruition in isolated rows of pretentious and rectangular "brown-stone fronts," which seem oddly out of place. Here and there a vestige of old times remains in a pre-metropolitan homestead, with an impoverished orchard around it, contentions of pigs; and if you could shut out from the view the immature streets and the precursory dwellings, you would never realize that you are within the limits of the city, or that immense steamers are loading with grain by the river-side a quarter of a mile away, and that the buzzing which vibrates in the air comes from an elevated railway.

OLD AND NEW.

or in a grand mansion with a classic front of Doric columns, and a genesis far antedating Fifth Avenue. But it is not the new buildings, premonitory of the city's advance, nor the old ones reflecting the past, nor these two in contrast, that give the region its characteristics and peculiar interest. All down in the hollows between the graded streets, and in spaces where, no streets having been opened, the gray Laurentian rock stands with but a superficial layer of soil upon it, thousands of acres are under cultivation by squatters, and without other inclosure to the land than the embankments formed around the hollows by the trap-rock foundations of the streets. Agriculture is carried on with a primitive simplicity of life and under a picturesqueness of condition that set an artist on the edge of desire. Many square miles are green with vegetables. You see the gardeners with their wives and mothers bending to their work; you hear the querulous call of geese and the

The holdings are of various proportions, sometimes being limited to an irregular strip, and sometimes embracing three or four blocks in possession of one man. It is not an occasional load, the product of one patch, that goes to Washington Market, but a large proportion of all the green stuff consumed in the city is grown in these hollows—the lettuce, the parsley, the celery, the cabbages, and the potatoes. But though one man trebles the quantity his neighbor produces, he is no better off nor more ambitious in the matter of architecture than the poorest; and in the corners, or in the centre of the hollows, or perched high up on the wintry gneiss, is found a grotesque variety of makeshift dwellings, mere concessions to exigencies in many cases, which by no means indicate the pecuniary resources of the occupants. Some of them are simply squalid, but upon others the sunshine and the rain have brought out a soft color, and the scraps of which they are built have

ON THE BORDER OF CENTRAL PARK.

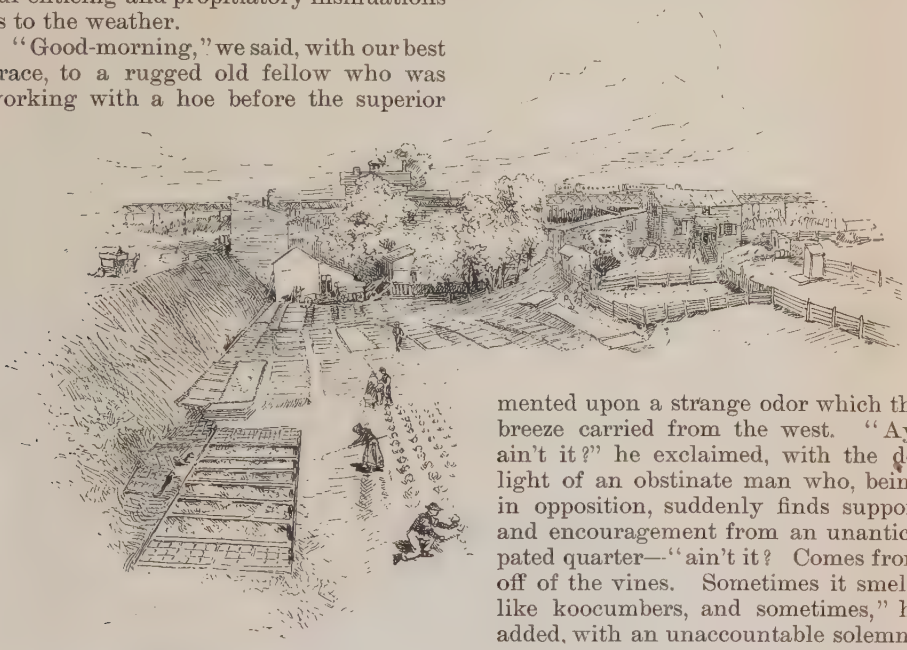
borrowed a quaint grace from the weathering. It is scarcely safe to let an artist loose among them. They abound with picturesque "bits," which he declares it next to impossible to exhaust; and not long ago, when I soared into the skyward region where C—— has his studio, I found him black to the wrists with ink, with which he was printing etchings of some things that he had discovered among these shanties.

The people are self-contained, and indisposed to encourage an intimacy with strangers, or to heed them while they keep beyond the limits of the gardens. A great many are Germans, with an imperfect command of English. I met a policeman strolling at an easy pace through one of the unfilled avenues, and, strange to say, he demonstrated no fierce hostility when a person of modest aspect approached and spoke to him. The echoes of the barn-yard had quieted the eruptive wrath within him; cabbage and parsley, the open and breezy acres of vegetation, had become a febrifuge to all that was implacable and belligerent in this Hibernian constable, and perhaps some of the softening influence had come from the indistinct reproduction which he saw of his native Kerry in the low-lying cottages and the lazy wreaths of smoke. Could not this mild-mannered Cerberus introduce us into one of these houses in the hollow? and in making the proposition we did not lose sight of the open palm. Not he, said this most unusual of policemen: they did not like intrusions, and he did not wish to be familiar with them. They gave him very little trouble, except on Saturday nights and holidays, which they often celebrated with more or less bloody disputes on the question of boundary, and—not without a longing glance at the open palm—he did not like to bother them.

They are, indeed, austerely reticent, and

provokingly evaded our efforts to lead them into a friendly conversation. The men hoeing the turnips and banking the celery, to whom we spoke, met our greetings with churlish and suspicious brevity, refused to answer our comments on their gardens, and were impregnable even to our enticing and propitiatory insinuations as to the weather.

"Good-morning," we said, with our best grace, to a rugged old fellow who was working with a hoe before the superior



GARDEN IN A HOLLOW.

sort of cottage, with the vine about its front, that stands between Seventy-ninth and Eightieth streets on Ninth Avenue. "You've a pretty bit of land," we continued, with extreme diffidence, as, recovering from his stooping position, he lifted toward us a face with as many seams as the hide of a veteran alligator.

"Board of Health?" he merely said, interrogatively, indicating his inference that we might be attached to that serviceable body.

"No," we answered, somewhat cheerlessly.

"Estate agent?" he next asked.

And again we had to give him a negative, with a growing conviction that we had struck barren soil.

"Ugh!" he said, fixing his eyes upon a potato as if it were the only thing worth consideration in this world, and not another word would he utter, though we plied him with many questions.

Our success was little better with another squatter whom we spoke to farther on. We smiled and greeted him. He nodded, but met all our questions with a resolute silence. Neither queries as to cabbages nor assertions as to boundary privileges could unlock his speech. But as we were retiring, discomfited, we commented upon a strange odor which the breeze carried from the west. "Ay, ain't it?" he exclaimed, with the delight of an obstinate man who, being in opposition, suddenly finds support and encouragement from an unanticipated quarter—"ain't it? Comes from off of the vines. Sometimes it smells like koocumbers, and sometimes," he added, with an unaccountable solemnity, "like melons."

Now whether or not he, of all his family, was the only one who detected the odor, and proclaimed its existence against their united contradictions, which from the zeal of his concurrence seemed likely, it is impossible to say, but we had struck an apparently congenial topic, and trusted that it would lead on to something else. He did tell us that he paid twenty-five dollars a year ground-rent for each lot, and that some of his neighbors paid as much as fifty dollars a lot; that he sold all his produce at Washington Market, and had no dealing with street hucksters; but his communicativeness was factitious, and though no doubt grateful for our confirmation of his perceptions, he very soon relapsed into his previous unapproachableness.

Perhaps the reader, wondering at the silence that met us, will think that we must have fallen among fools, but the taciturnity concealed uncommon shrewdness, thrift, and cunning.

Whoever would explore this queer neighborhood must not only be prepared

for rebuffs if he seeks information, but, so vicious are the innumerable dogs, he must also remember Achilles, and armor both heels, to say nothing of providing himself, if feasible, with extra calves. Some dogs we know in good society measure a stranger by the quality of his coat, and with them to be well dressed oft supersedes the rest, but these scavengers—our respect for dog nature, even when it is partially depraved, is such that we hesitate to use the opprobrious word—are envious *communards*, and become frantic at the sight of decent clothing. An exploration is fully worth while, however, and though you wander without any definite plan, and without any severe concentration of the attention, you can not fail to be interested and amused at the unfamiliar sights and sounds of the neighborhood.

Sometimes the little shanties have been treated to a coat of whitewash, which makes them glare in the sunshine, and brings out all their angularity and "fragmentariness"; but generally they have been left to the weather, which has toned the rough clapboards to a soft gray or slate-color. It is evident that the uncertainty of the squatter's tenure has been recognized at the time of building, and no idea of permanence has guided the selection of material, or the manner in which the heterogeneous odds and ends have been put together. Inequalities of the surface have not been smoothed or removed, but the structures have been accommodated to them; and one end of the floor is often several feet below the other, with perhaps a knob of the Laurentian gneiss protruding in the middle. Old and battered stove-pipes have been utilized as chimneys, a few abandoned lengths of an old drain have been used for the same purpose in another case, and beyond the timber in the walls few of the materials of construction are original. If, when a young man falls in love with a squatter's daughter, and marries her, it is incumbent upon him to build a home for her, an excursion among the junk-shops will enable him to secure all the hardware necessary for this dove-cote, and most of the other

PLANTING.

GOING TO MARKET.

materials may be picked up in the wanderings of any clear-sighted *chiffonier*. We saw a good-natured-looking fellow sprawling over the shingles of his roof, and patching it with a very dilapidated carpet; and as the afternoon was sunny, and no winter snows could be dreamed of from the violet sky, he did the work easily, and puffed at his pipe as he hammered in the nails.

But time and the weather have been helped in giving picturesqueness to the nondescript little houses by the vines planted around the walls, and a few flowers. The beauty of a flower would seem to be a constant stimulus to cleanliness, a silent appeal for order and improvement. It has no practical effect here, however; and the squatters are deplorably careless in their habits, eating and sleeping with no more decency than the goats, pigs, geese, and dogs that take "pot-luck" with them. Once we saw a pretty girl standing in a doorway, and the interior behind her was dirty and dark enough. But she wore a fine merino dress of claret-color, with gilt necklace and pink Hessian boots. Her hair was smoothly braided, and it was quite evident that she was being brought up with a design of her parents to make some sort of a lady of her. No doubt those were her parents whom we saw working in the garden—a rough and sour old man, with a brown and wrinkled helpmate; and there is this to the credit of these ignorant people, which shows how far-reaching and penetrating the influence of American philoprogenitiveness is, that though barbarian themselves, they desire their children to have the benefits of education, and clothe them with a fond generosity. We met a procession of children coming home from a German-American School, which is kept over a disreputable little grog-shop at Sixty-seventh Street and the Boulevard, and though their homes were in the hollows, they were as blithe and as prosperous in appearance as any children who could be found coming out of a public school. But the boys are monsters, with shrill voices and aggressive manners. It was with immense satisfaction that we saw a gang of them dispersed and stoned by a furious old man whom they had been tormenting, and who, in admonishing them, projected a missile between every word, like a hyphen, with unfailing accuracy.

But, as the amiable constable said, there

AN INTERIOR.

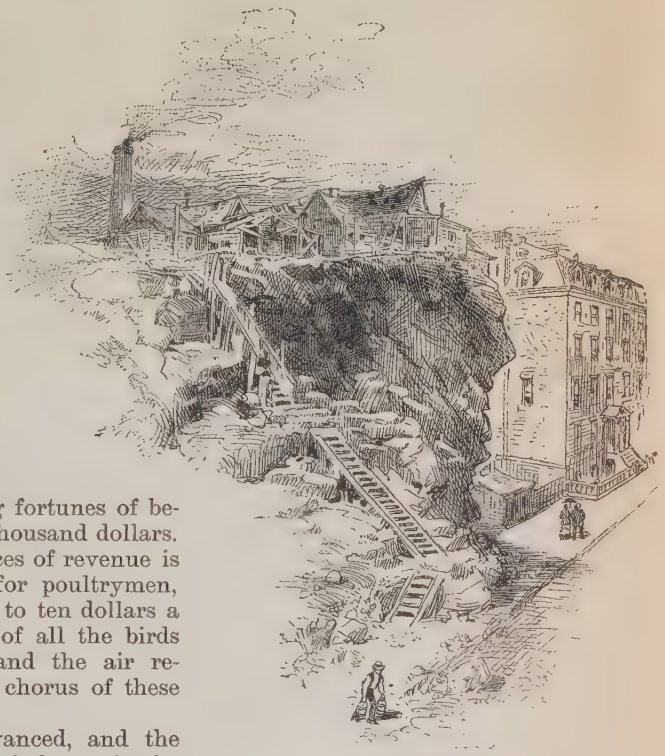
is little strife in the neighborhood; and saving the greetings of the dogs, you may wander all day long without hearing a sound to distress the nerves. There will be many predatory goats in your path, and the flocks of geese are everywhere, flapping their wings with a make-believe air in wholly impracticable puddles. Mingling with the voices of these, you may hear a ploughman speaking to his horse as he turns from furrow to furrow, and you seem to be far away from the noise of the city. Early in the morning the wagons come home from market, whither they go between three and four o'clock. There are lights glimmering in the hollows soon after midnight, and the teams are on the move long before dawn. Many people in the immediate neighborhood are supplied with their vegetables direct from the gardens, and among the sights that you may see is a fair-sized wagon drawn by two mastiffs, which, so far from finding the harness irksome, trot along with a load of green stuff, wagging their tails and barking, as if the work was the veriest pleasantry in the world. If you stand in the hollow at the corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, you will see a long reach of garden, with a weathered old cottage near the middle, and if you do not raise your eyes, it will seem to you that you are in Ireland. But the actual locality is recalled to you by the elevated trains buzzing to and fro on Ninth Avenue; and through the thread-like trestle-work you can see, still farther away, an abandoned mansion, with an aristocratic cupola blinking in the sunshine. When the shadows fall, the land has a sear and brown look, and the hollows remind one of Ireland more than ever. But later in the afternoon the crimson splendor in the west is reflected upon the old shanties perched above the level, and their frail and weather-beaten shingles glow with the transmitted warmth.

The natural conformation of the land has been preserved here and there, and the squatters have been kept away. A pretty corner has been protected at Seventieth Street and Eleventh Avenue, with an old homestead on the hill behind it, and several willows of enormous girth and extraordinary beauty bend over the soft grassy slope. Where some new streets have cleaved it, cross-sections of the former Croton Aqueduct are revealed, with immense foundations, and in one part of the tunnel we discovered some adventurous boys, who were evidently enacting a day-dream of a smugglers' cave. At Sixty-eighth Street and the Boulevard we toiled

up a hill, and, behold! here was an old grave-yard, with the inscriptions nearly all obliterated from the stones, and the rank grass growing over them. On the edge of an upright tablet an old woman was sitting, milking a goat, and some children were playing around a fire near the middle. At one side was the house of a squatter, with a vegetable patch before it, and not far away across the spacious Boulevard were handsome modern villas, with ornamental gates and beds of flowers. These contrasts are not exceptional; they characterize the whole neighborhood; and the old and the new, the evanescent and the permanent, that which has been achieved and that which awaits completion, are seen side by side.

Below Seventieth Street the shanties are poorer and denser, and the garden spaces are smaller. From time to time a nest of them is demolished by the police, and the occupants are turned out by force and bloodshed. In a little while all will have disappeared; but in the mean time whoever is interested in social studies may find them here. Not all of the inhabitants are gardeners. Some are laborers, hucksters, and rag-pickers, and many of them are rich, having fortunes of between one and sixteen thousand dollars. Among their other sources of revenue is the fattening of geese for poultrymen, who pay them from five to ten dollars a month for taking care of all the birds their yards will hold, and the air resounds with the tireless chorus of these feathered boarders.

The afternoon is advanced, and the squatters are lighting their lamps in the shanties. A door is open, and we peep in. The furniture is scant, and much the worse for wear. A goat is curled up before the rusty little stove, and a mummy-like old woman is talking Celtic between the puffs of her pipe to a barefooted girl who is kneading bread. Two minutes later we are crossing the greensward of Central Park, where the branches stand out in black lines against a saffron sky; and as we reach the end of the Mall, a great cluster of spires and the white marble mass of the Cathedral loom up in the south. Which is the dream—this fair prospect of a city, or the anachronistic interior that we have just left? Neither, dear reader. Both are realities; and what we have seen is paradoxical New York.



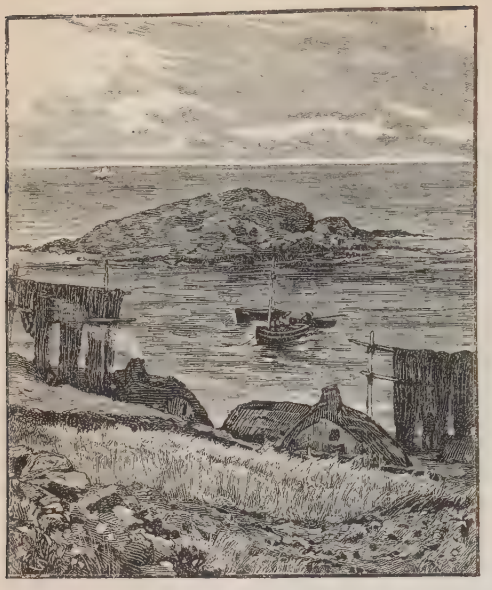
CLIFF DWELLINGS.

MOTHERHOOD.

I GAVE my maiden-love tender and shy,
And yet I was sad. Why? O why?

I gave my wife-love pure and true,
And yet—and yet I was longing too!

God gave me mother-love, warm and strong,
And my sadness was lost in my lullaby song.



CHAPTER XLI.

BACKWARD THOUGHTS.

THAT was a beautiful morning on which we got up at an unearthly hour to see the Youth depart—all of us, that is to say, except Mary Avon. And yet she was not usually late. The Laird could not understand it. He kept walking from one room to another, or hovering about the hall; and when the breakfast gong sounded, he refused to come in and take his place without his accustomed companion. But just at this moment whom should he behold entering by the open door but Mary Avon herself, laden with her artistic impedimenta? He pounced on her at once, and seized the canvas.

"Bless me, lassie, what have ye been about? Have ye done all this this morning? Ye must have got up in the middle of the night."

It was but a rough sketch, after all—or the beginnings of a sketch rather—of the wide, beautiful sea and mountain view from the garden of Castle Osprey.

"I thought, sir," said she, in a somewhat hesitating way, "that you might perhaps be so kind as to accept from me those sketches I have made on board the *White Dove*—and—and if they were at Denny-mains, I should like to have the series complete—and—and it would naturally begin with a sketch from the garden here—"

He looked at her for a moment, with a grave, perhaps wistful, kindness in his face.

"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

That was the very last word he ever uttered concerning the dream that had just been disturbed. And it was only about this time, I think, that we began to recognize the simple, large, noble nature of this man. We had been too much inclined to regard the mere husks and externals of his character—to laugh at his assumption of parochial importance, his solemn discussions of the Semple case, his idiotic stories about Homesh. And it was not a mere freak of generosity that revealed to us something of the finer nature of this old Scotchman. People as rich as he have often paid bigger sums than £10,300 for the furtherance of a hobby. But it was to put away his hobby—it was to destroy forever the "dream of his old age"—that he had been thus munificent toward this girl. And there was no complaint or regret. He had told us it was time for him to put away childish things. And this was the last word said—"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

The Laird was exceedingly facetious at this breakfast party, and his nephew had a bad time of it. There were mysterious questions about Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes; as to whether consultations were best held in stubble or in turnips; or whether No. 5 shot was the best for bringing down briefs; and so forth.

"Never mind, uncle," said the Youth, good-naturedly. "I will send you some partridges for the larder of the yacht."

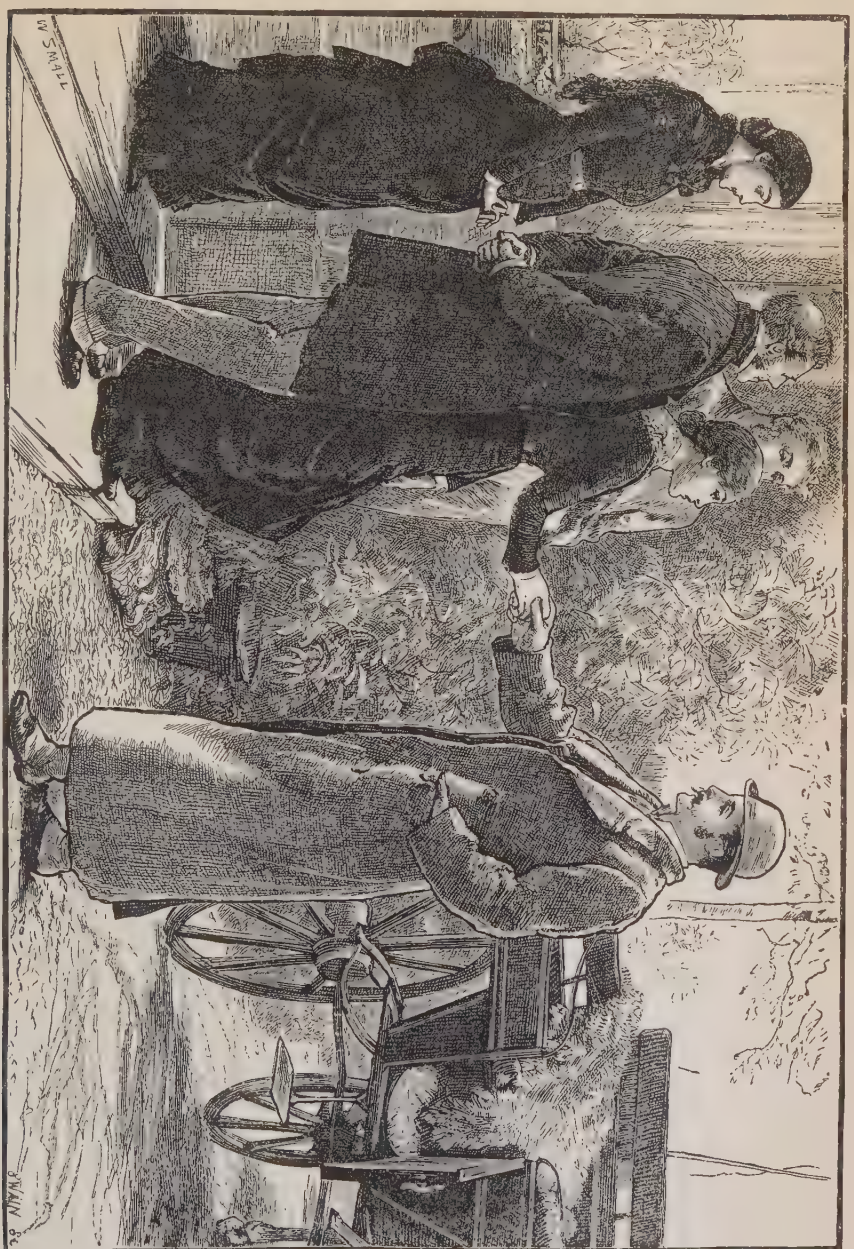
"You need not do anything of the kind," said the Laird; "before you are in Bedfordshire, the *White Dove* will be many a mile away from the course of luggage steamers."

"Oh, are you ready to start, then, sir?" said his hostess.

"This very meenute, if it pleases you," said he.

She looked rather alarmed, but said nothing. In the mean time the wagonette had come to the door.

By-and-by there was a small party assembled on the steps to see the Youth drive off. And now the time had come how his nephew would acquit himself. Perhaps the Youth had forgotten. At all events, having bidden good-by to the



"THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I HAVE ENJOYED THE WHOLE THING TREMENDOUSLY."

for him to make that speech of thanks which his uncle had pointed out was distinctly due from him. The Laird, indeed, regarded his departure with a critical air; and no doubt waited to see others, he shook hands last of all with his hostess, and said, lightly:

"Thank you very much. I have enjoyed the whole thing tremendously."

Then he jumped into the wagonette,

and took off his cap as a parting salute; and away he went. The Laird frowned. When he was a young man that was not the way in which hospitality was acknowledged.

Then Mary Avon turned from regarding the departing wagonette.

"Are we to get ready to start?" said she.

"What do you say, sir?" asks the hostess of the Laird.

"I am at your service," he replies.

And so it appeared to be arranged. But still Queen Titania looked irresolute and uneasy. She did not at once set the whole house in an uproar, or send down for the men, or begin herself to harry the garden. She kept loitering about the door, pretending to look at the signs of the weather. At last Mary said,

"Well, in any case, you will be more than an hour in having the things carried down; so I will do a little bit more to that sketch in the mean time."

The moment she was gone, her hostess says, in a hurried whisper, to the Laird,

"Will you come into the library, sir, for a moment?"

He obediently followed her; and she shut the door.

"Are we to start without Angus Sutherland?" she asked, without circumlocution.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the wily Laird.

Then she was forced to explain, which she did in a somewhat nervous manner.

"Mary has told me, sir, of your very, very great generosity to her. I hope you will let me thank you too."

"There is not another word to be said about it," he said, simply. "I found a small matter wrong in the world that I thought I could put right; and I did it; and now we start fresh and straight again. That is all."

"But about Angus Sutherland," said she, still more timidly. "You were quite right in your conjectures—at least I imagine so—indeed, I am sure of it. And now, don't you think we should send for him?"

"The other day, ma'am," said he, slowly, "I informed ye that when I considered my part done, I would leave the matter in your hands entirely. I had to ask some questions of the lass, no doubt, to make sure of my ground; but I felt it was not a business fit for an old bachelor like me to intermeddle wi'. I am now of opinion that it would be better, as I say, to leave the matter in your hands entirely."

The woman looked rather bewildered.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Mary will never allow me to send for him; and I have not his address in any case—"

The Laird took a telegram from his breast pocket.

"There it is," said he, "until the end of this week, at all events."

She looked at it hesitatingly; it was from the office of the magazine that Angus Sutherland edited, and was in reply to a question of the Laird's. Then she lifted her eyes.

"Do you think I might ask Mary herself?"

"That is for a woman to decide," said he; and again she was thrown back on her own resources.

Well, this midge of a woman has some courage too. She began to reflect on what the Laird had adventured, and done, for the sake of this girl; and was she not prepared to risk something also? After all, if these two had been fostering a vain delusion, it would be better to have it destroyed at once.

And so she went out into the garden, where she found Miss Avon again seated at her easel. She went gently over to her; she had the telegram in her hand. For a second or two she stood irresolute; then she boldly walked across the lawn, and put her hand on the girl's shoulder. With the other hand she held the telegram before Mary Avon's eyes.

"Mary," said she, in a very low and gentle voice, "will you write to him now and ask him to come back?"

The girl dropped the brush she had been holding on to the grass, and her face got very pale.

"Oh, how could I do that?" said she, in an equally low—and frightened—voice.

"You sent him away."

There was no answer. The elder woman waited; she only saw that Mary Avon's fingers were working nervously with the edge of the palette.

"Mary," said she at length, "am I right in imagining the cause of your sending him away? May I write and explain, if you will not?"

"Oh, how can you explain?" the girl

said, almost piteously. "It is better as it is. Did you not hear what the kindest friend I ever found in the world had to say of me yesterday—about young people who were too prudent, and were mercenary; and how he had no respect for young people who thought too much about money—"

"Mary! Mary!" the other said, "he was not speaking about you. You mercenary! He was speaking about a young man who would throw over his sweetheart for the sake of money. You mercenary! Well, let me appeal to Angus! When I explain to him, and ask him what he thinks of you, I will abide by his answer."

"Well, I did not think of myself; it was for his sake I did it," said the girl, in a somewhat broken voice; and tears began to steal down her cheeks, and she held her head away.

"Well, then, I won't bother you any more, Mary," said the other, in her kindliest way. "I won't ask you to do anything, except to get ready to get down to the yacht."

"At once?" said the girl, instantly getting up, and drying her eyes. She seemed greatly relieved by this intimation of an immediate start.

"As soon as the men have the luggage taken down."

"Oh, that will be very pleasant," said she, immediately beginning to put away her colors. "What a fine breeze! I am sure I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

Then the usual bustle began; messages flying up and down, and the gig and dingey racing each other to the shore and back again. By twelve o'clock everything had been got on board. Then the *White Dove* gently glided away from her moorings; we had started on our last and longest voyage.

It seemed innumerable ages since we had been in our sea-home. And that first glance round the saloon—as our absent friend the doctor had remarked—called up a multitude of recollections, mostly converging to a general sense of snugness, and remoteness, and good-fellowship. The Laird sank down into a corner of one of the couches, and said:

"Well, I think I could spend the rest of my days in this yacht. It seems as if I had lived in it for many, many years."

But Miss Avon would not let him remain below; it was a fine sailing day, and very soon we were all on deck. A familiar scene?—this expanse of blue sea, curling with white here and there, with a dark blue sky overhead, and all around the grand panorama of mountains in their rich September hues? The sea is never familiar. In its constant and moving change, its secret and slumbering power, its connection with the great unknown beyond the visible horizon, you never become familiar with the sea. We may recognize the well-known landmarks as we steal away to the north—the long promontory and white light-house of Lismore, the ruins of Duart, the woods of Scallasdale, the glimpse into Loch Aline—and we may use these things only to calculate our progress; but always around us is the strange life, and motion, and infinitude of the sea, which never becomes familiar.

We had started with a light favorable wind, of the sort that we had come to call a Mary-Avon-steering breeze; but after luncheon this died away, and we lay idly for a long time opposite the dark green woods of Fuinary. However, there was a wan and spectral look about the sunshine of this afternoon, and there were some long ragged shreds of cloud in the southern heavens—just over the huge round shoulders of the Mull mountains—that told us we were not likely to be harassed by any protracted calms. And, in fact, occasional puffs and squalls came over from the south, which, if they did not send us on much farther, at least kept everybody on the alert.

And at length we got it. The gloom over the mountains had deepened, and the streaks of sun-lit sky that were visible here and there had a curious coppery tinge about them. Then we heard a hissing in toward the shore, and the darkening band on the sea spread rapidly out to us; then there was a violent shaking of blocks and spars, and as the *White Dove* bent to the squall, a most frightful clatter was heard below, showing that some careless people had been about. Then away went the yacht like an arrow! We cared little for the gusts of rain that came whipping across from time to time. We would not even go down to see what damage had been done in the cabins. John of Skye, with his savage hatred of the long calms we had endured, refused to lower his gaff-topsail. At last he was "letting her have it."

We spun along, with the water hissing away from our wake; but the squall had

not had time to raise anything of a sea, so there was but little need for the women to duck their heads to the spray. Promontory after promontory, bay after bay, was passed, until far ahead of us, through the driving mists of rain, we could make out the white shaft of Ru-na-Gaul light-house. But here another condition of affairs confronted us. When we turned her nose to the south, to beat in to Tobermory Harbor, the squall was coming tearing out of that cup among the hills with an exceeding violence. When the spray sprang high at the bows, the flying shreds of it that reached us bore an uncommon resemblance to the thong of a whip. The topsail was got down, the mizzen taken in, and then we proceeded to fight our way into the harbor in a series of tacks that seemed to last only a quarter of a second. What with the howling of the wind, that blew back his orders in his face, and what with the wet decks, that caused the men to stumble now and again, and what with the number of vessels in the bay, that cut short his tacks at every turn, Captain John of Skye had an exciting time of it. But we knew him of old. He "put on" an extra tack, when there was no need for it, and slipped through between a fishing-smack and a large schooner, merely for the sake of "showing off." And then the *White Dove* was allowed to go up to the wind, and slowly slackened her pace, and the anchor went out with a roar. We were probably within a yard of the precise spot where we had last anchored in the Tobermory Bay.

It blew and rained hard all that evening, and we did not even think of going on deck after dinner. We were quite content as we were. Somehow a new and secret spirit of cheerfulness had got possession of certain members of this party, without any ostensible cause. There was no longer the depression that had prevailed about West Loch Tarbert. When Mary Avon played bézique with the Laird, it was to a scarcely audible accompaniment of "The Queen's Maries."

Nor did the evening pass without an incident worthy of some brief mention. There is in the *White Dove* a state-room which really acts as a passage, during the day, between the saloon and the forecastle; and when this state-room is not in use, Master Fred is in the habit of converting it into a sort of pantry, seeing that it adjoins his galley. Now on this evening, when our shifty Friedrich d'or came in with soda-water and such like things, he took occasion to say to the Rear-Admiral of the Fleet on board,

"I beg your pardon, mem, but there is no one now in this state-room, and will I use it for a pantry?"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Fred," said she, quite sharply.

CHAPTER XLII.

SAILING NORTHWARD.

"I AM almost afraid of what I have done; but it is past recall now:" this is the mysterious sentence one hears on climbing up the companion next morning. It is Queen Titania and the Laird who are talking; but as soon as a third person appears, they become consciously and guiltily silent. What does it matter? We have other work on hand than prying into twopenny-halfpenny secrets.

For we have resolved on starting away for the north in spite of this fractious weather. A more unpromising-looking morning, indeed, for setting out could not well be imagined—windy, and wet, and squally; the driven green sea outside springing white where it meets the line of the coast; Loch Sunart and its mountains hidden away altogether behind the mists of rain; wan flashes of sunlight here and there only serving to show how swiftly the clouds are flying. But the *White Dove* has been drying her wings all the summer; she can afford to face a shower now. And while the men are hoisting the sail, and getting the anchor hove short, our two women-folk array themselves in tightly shaped Ulsters, with hoods drawn over their heads; and the Laird appears in a water-proof reaching to his heels; and even the sky-lights have their tarpaulins thrown over. Dirty weather or no, we mean to start.

There are two or three yachts in the bay, the last of the summer fleet, all hastening away to the south. There is no movement on the decks of any one of them. Here and there, however, in sheltered places—under a bit of awning, or standing by the doors of deck saloons—we can make out huddled groups of people, who are regarding, with a pardonable curiosity, the operations of John of Skye and his merry men.

"They take us for maniacs," says Queen Titania, from out of her hood, "to be setting out for the north in such weather."

And we were nearly affording those amiable spectators a pretty sight. The wind coming in variable gusts, the sails failed to fill at the proper moment, and the *White Dove* drifted right on to the bows of a great schooner, whose bowsprit loomed portentous overhead. There was a wild stampede for boat-hooks and oars; and then, with arms, and feet, and poles—aided by the swarming crew of the schooner—we managed to clear her with nothing more serious than an ominous grating along the gig. And then the wind catching her, she gradually came under the control of Captain John; and away we went for the north, beating right in the teeth of the gusts that came tearing over from the mouth of Loch Sunart.

"It's a bad wind, mem, for getting up to Isle Ornsay," says John of Skye to the Admiral. "Ay, and the sea pretty coorse too, when we get outside Ardnamurchan."

"Now listen to me, John," she says, severely, and with an air of authority—as much authority, that is to say, as can be assumed by a midge inclosed in an Ulster. "I am not going to have any of that. I know you of old. As soon as you get out of Tobermory, you immediately discover that the wind is against our going north; and we turn round, and run away down to Iona and the Bull-hole. I will not go to the Bull-hole. If I have to sail this yacht myself, night and day, I will go to Isle Ornsay."

"If ye please, mem," says John of Skye, grinning with great delight over her facetiousness. "Oh, I will tek the yat to Isle Ornsay very well, if the leddies not afraid of a little coorse sea. And you will not need to sail the yat at all, mem. But I not afraid to let you sail the yat. You will know about the sailing now shist as much as Mr. Sutherland."

At the mention of this name Queen Titania glanced at Mary Avon, perceived she was not listening, and went nearer to John of Skye, and said something to him in a lower voice. There was a quick look of surprise and pleasure on the handsome, brown-bearded face.

"Oh, I ferry glad of that, mem," said he.

"Hush, John! Not a word to anybody," said she.

By this time we had beat out of the harbor, and were now getting longer tacks; so that, when the sheets were properly coiled, it was possible for the Laird and Miss Avon to attempt a series of short promenades on the wet decks. It was an uncertain and unstable performance, to be sure, for the sea was tumultuous; but it served.

"Mutual help—that's the thing," said the Laird to his companion, as together they staggered along, or stood steady to confront a particularly fierce gust of wind. "We are independent of the world—this solitary vessel out in the waste of waters—but we are not independent of each other. It just reminds me of the small burghs outside Glasgow; we wish to be independent of the great ceety lying near us; we prefer to have a separate existence; but we can help each other, for all that, in a most unmistakable way—"

Here the Laird was interrupted by the calling out of Captain John—"*Ready about!*"—and he and his companion had to get out of the way of the boom. Then they resumed their promenade, and he his discourse.

"Do ye think, for example," said this profound philosopher, "that any one burgh would have been competent to decide on a large question like the clauses of the Police Act that refer to cleansing and lighting?"

"I am not sure," Miss Avon admitted.

"No, no," said he, confidently, "large questions should be considered in common council, with every opportunity of free discussion. I do not much like to speak about local matters, or of my own share in them, but I must take credit for this, that it was myself recommended to the Commissioners to summon a public meeting. It was so, and the meeting was quite unanimous. It was Provost McKendrick, ye must understand, who formally made the proposal that the consideration of those clauses should be remitted to the clerks of the various burghs, who were to report; but the suggestion was really mine—I make no scruple in claiming it. And then, see the result! When the six clerks were agreed, and sent in their report, look at the authority of such a document! Who but an ass would make freevolous objections?"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"It was that crayture, Johnny Guthrie," said he, "as usual. I am not sure

that I have mentioned his name to ye before?"

"Oh yes, I think so, sir," remarked Miss Avon.

"It was that crayture, Johnny Guthrie—in the face of the unanimous report of the whole six clerks! Why, what could be more reasonable than that the lighting of closes and common stairs should fall on the landlords, but with power to recover from the tenants; while the cleansing of back courts—being a larger and more general measure—should be the work of the Commissioners, and chargeable in the police rates? It is a great sanitary work that benefits every one: why should not all have a hand in paying for it?"

Miss Avon was understood to assent; but the fact was that the small portion of her face left uncovered by her hood had just then received an unexpected bath of salt-water; and she had to halt for a moment to get out a handkerchief from some sub-Ulsterian recess.

"Well," continued the Laird, as they resumed their walk, "what does this body Guthrie do but rise and propose that the landlords—mind ye, the landlords alone—should be rated for the expense of cleaning the back courts! I declare there are some folk seem to think that a landlord is made of nothing but money, and that it is everybody's business to harry him, and worry him, and screw every farthing out of him. If Johnny Guthrie had half a dozen lands of houses himself, what would he say about the back courts then?"

This triumphant question settled the matter; and we haled the Laird below for luncheon. Our last glance round showed us the Atlantic of a silvery gray, and looking particularly squally, with here and there a gleam of pale sunshine falling on the long headland of Ardnamurchan.

There was evidently some profound secret about.

"Well, ma'am, and where will we get to the night, do ye think?" said the Laird, cheerfully, as he proceeded to carve a cold fowl.

"It is of no consequence," said the other, with equal carelessness. "You know we must idle away a few days somewhere."

Idle away a few days?—and this *White Dove* bent on a voyage to the far north when the very last of the yachts were fleeing south?

"I mean," said she, hastily, in order to retrieve her blunder, "that Captain John is not likely to go far away from the chance of a harbor until he sees whether this is the beginning of the equinoctials or not."

"The equinoctials!" said the Laird, anxiously.

"They sometimes begin as early as this, but not often. However, there will always be some place where we can run in to."

The equinoctials indeed! When we went on deck again we found not only that those angry squalls had ceased, but that the wind had veered very considerably in our favor, and we were now running and plunging past Ardnamurchan Point. The rain had ceased too; the clouds had gathered themselves up in heavy folds; and their reflected blackness lay over the dark and heaving Atlantic plain. Well was it for these two women that luncheon had been taken in time. What one of them had dubbed the Ardnamurchan Wobble—which she declared to be as good a name for a waltz as the Liverpool Lurch—had begun in good earnest; and the *White Dove* was dipping and rolling and springing in the most lively fashion. There was not much chance for the Laird and Mary Avon to resume their promenade; when one of the men came aft to relieve John of Skye at the wheel, he had to watch his chance, and come clambering along by holding on to the shrouds, the rail of the gig, and so forth. But Dr. Sutherland's prescription had its effect. Despite the Ardnamurchan Wobble and all its deeds, there was no ghostly and silent disappearance.

And so we ploughed on our way during the afternoon, the Atlantic appearing to grow darker and darker, as the clouds overhead seemed to get banked up more thickly. The only cheerful bit of light in this gloomy picture was a streak or two of sand at the foot of the sheer and rocky cliffs north of Ardnamurchan light; and those we were rapidly leaving behind as the brisk breeze—with a kindness to which we were wholly strangers—kept steadily creeping round to the south.

The dark evening wore on, and we were getting well up toward Eigg, when a strange thing became visible along the western horizon. First the heavy purple clouds showed a tinge of crimson, and

then a sort of yellow smoke appeared close down at the sea. This golden vapor widened, cleared, until there was a broad belt of lemon-colored sky all along the edge of the world; and in this wonder of shining light appeared the island of Rum —to all appearance as transparent as a bit of the thinnest gelatine, and in color a light purple-rose. It was really a most extraordinary sight. The vast bulk of this mountainous island, including the sombre giants Haleval and Haskeval, seemed to have less than the consistency of a cathedral window; it resembled more a pale, rose-colored cloud; and the splendor of it, and the glow of the golden sky beyond, were all the more bewildering by reason of the gloom of the impending clouds that lay across like a black bar.

"Well," said the Laird, and here he paused, for the amazement in his face could not at once find fitting words. "That beats a'!"

And it was a cheerful and friendly light too, that now came streaming over to us from beyond the horizon line. It touched the sails and the varnished spars with a pleasant color. It seemed to warm and dry the air, and tempted the women to put aside their Ulsters. Then began a series of wild endeavors to achieve a walk on deck, interrupted every second or two by some one or other being thrown against the boom, or having to grasp at the shrouds in passing. But it resulted in exercise, at all events; and meanwhile we were still making our way northward, with the yellow star of Isle Ornsay light-house beginning to be visible in the dusk.

That evening at dinner the secret came out. There can not be the slightest doubt that the disclosure of it had been carefully planned by these two conspirators, and that they considered themselves amazingly profound in giving to it a careless and improvised air.

"I never sit down to dinner now, ma'am," observed the Laird, in a light and graceful manner, "without a feeling that there is something wanting in the saloon. The table is not symmetrical. That should occur to Miss Mary's eye at once. One at the head, one my side, two yours; no, that is not as symmetrical as it used to be."

"Do you think I do not feel that too?" says his hostess. "And that is not the only time at which I wish that Angus were back with us."

No one had a word to say for poor Howard Smith, who used to sit at the foot of the table in a meek and helpful capacity. No one thought of summoning him back to make the arrangement symmetrical. Perhaps he was being consoled by Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes.

"And the longer the nights are growing, I get to miss him more and more," she says, with a beautiful pathos in her look. "He was always so full of activity and cheerfulness: the way he enjoyed life on board the yacht was quite infectious; and then his constant plans and suggestions! And how he looked forward to this long trip! though, to be sure, he struggled hard against the temptation. I know the least thing would have turned the scale—Italy or no Italy."

"Why, ma'am," says the Laird, laughing prodigiously, "I should not wonder, if you sent him a message at this minute, to find him coming along post-haste and joining us after all. What is Eetaly? I have been in Eetaly myself. Ye might live there a hundred years, and never see anything so fine in color as that sunset we saw this very evening. And if it is business he is after, bless me! can not a young man be a young man sometimes, and have the courage to do something imprudent? Come, now, write to him at once. I will take the responsibility myself."

"To tell you the truth, sir," said the other, timidly—but she pretends she is very anxious about the safety of a certain distant wine-glass—"I took a sudden notion into my head yesterday morning, and sent him a message."

"Dear me!" he cries. The hypocrite!

And Mary Avon all the while sits mute, dismayed, not daring to turn her face to the light. And the small white hand that holds the knife—why does it tremble so?

"The fact is," says Queen Titania, carelessly, just as if she were reading a bit out of a newspaper, "I sent him a telegram, to save time. And I thought it would be more impressive if I made it a sort of round robin, don't you know—as far as that can be done on a square telegraph form—and I said that each and all of us demanded his instant return, and that we should wait about Isle Ornsay or Loch Hourn until he joined us. So you see,

sir, we may have to try your patience for a day or two."

"Ye may try it, but ye will not find it wanting," said the Laird, with serious courtesy. "I do not care how long I wait for the young man, so long as I am in such pleasant society. Ye forget, ma'am, what life one is obliged to live at Dennymains, with public affairs worrying one from the morning till the night. Patience? I have plenty of patience. But all the same I would like to see the young man here. I have a great respect for him, though I consider that some of his views may not be quite sound: that will mend—that will mend; and now, my good friends, I will take leave to propose a toast to ye."

We knew the Laird's old-fashioned ways, and had grown to humor them. There was a pretense of solemnly filling glasses.

"I am going," said the Laird, in a formal manner, "to propose to ye the quick and safe return of a friend. May all good fortune attend him on his way, and may happiness await him at the end of his journey!"

There was no dissentient; but there was one small white hand somewhat unsteady, as the girl, abashed and trembling and silent, touched the glass with her lips.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN FAIRY-LAND.

It was a fine piece of acting. These two continued to talk about the coming of our young doctor as if it were the most simple and ordinary affair possible. All its bearings were discussed openly, to give you to understand that Mary Avon had nothing in the world to do with it. It was entirely a practical arrangement for the saving of time. By running across to Paris he would jump over the interval between our leaving West Loch Tarbert and this present setting out for the north. Mary Avon was asked about this point and that point: there was no reason why she should not talk about Angus Sutherland just like any other.

And indeed there was little call for any pale apprehension on the face of the girl, or for any quick look round when a sudden sound was heard. It was not possible for Angus to be anywhere in our neighborhood as yet. When we went on deck next morning, we found that we had been idly drifting about all night, and that we were now far away from any land. The morning sun was shining on the dark green woods of Armadale, and on the little white sharp point of Isle Ornsay light-house, and on the vast heather-purpled hills in the north; while over there the mountains above Loch Hourn were steeped in a soft mysterious shadow. And then, by-and-by, after breakfast, some light puffs of westerly wind began to ruffle the glassy surface of the sea; and the *White Dove* almost insensibly drew nearer and nearer to the entrance of that winding loch that disappeared away within the dusky shadows of those overhanging hills. Late on as it was in the autumn, the sun was hot on the sails and the deck; and these cool breezes were welcome in a double sense.

We saw nothing of the accustomed gloom of Loch Hourn. The sheer sides of the great mountains were mostly in shadow, it is true; but then the ridges and plateaus were burning in the sunlight, and the waters of the loch around us were blue and lapping and cheerful. We knew only that the place was vast and still and silent; we could make out scarcely any sign of habitation.

Then, as the *White Dove* still glided on her way, we opened out a little indentation of the land behind an island; and there, nestled at the foot of the hill, we descried a small fishing village. The cottages, the nets drying on the poles, the tiny patches of cultivated ground behind, all seemed quite toy-like against the giant and overhanging bulk of the hills. But again we drew away from Camus Ban—that is, the White Bay—and got further and further into the solitudes of the mountains, and away from any traces of human life. When, about mid-day, we came to anchor, we found ourselves in a sort of cup within the hills, apparently shut off from all the outer world, and in a stillness so intense that the distant whistle of a curlew was quite startling. A breath of wind that blew over from the shore brought us a scent of honeysuckle.

At luncheon we found, to our amazement, that a fifth seat had been placed at table, and that plates, glasses, and what not had been laid for a guest. A guest in these wilds?—there was not much chance of such a thing, unless the King of the

Seals or the Queen of the Mermaids were to come on board.

But when we had taken our seats, and were still regarding the vacant chair with some curiosity, the Laird's hostess was pleased to explain. She said to him, with a shy smile,

"I have not forgotten what you said; and I quite agree with you that it balances the table better."

"But not an empty chair," said the Laird, severely; perhaps thinking it was an evil omen.

"You know the German song," said she, "and how the last remaining of the comrades filled the glasses with wine, and how the ghosts rattled the glasses. Would you kindly fill that glass, sir?"

She passed the decanter.

"I will not, begging your pardon," said the Laird, sternly, for he did not approve of these superstitions. And forthwith he took the deck chair, and doubled it up, and threw it on the couch. "We want the young man Sutherland here, and not any ghost. I doubt not but that he has reached London by now."

After that a dead silence. Were there any calculations about time, or were we wondering whether, amid the roar and whirl and moving life of the great city, he was thinking of the small floating home far away amid the solitude of the seas and the hills? The deck chair was put aside, it is true, for the Laird shrank from superstition; but the empty glass, and the plates and knives, and so forth, remained, and they seemed to say that our expected guest was drawing nearer and nearer.

"Well, John," said Queen Titania, getting on deck again, and looking round, "I think we have got into fairy-land at last."

John of Skye did not seem quite to understand, for his answer was,

"Oh, yes, mem, it iss a fearful place for squahls."

"For squalls!" said she.

No wonder she was surprised. The sea around us was so smooth that the only motion visible on it was caused by an exhausted wasp that had fallen on the glassy surface, and was making a series of small ripples in trying to get free again. And then, could anything be more soft and beautiful than the scene around us—the great mountains clad to the summit with the light foliage of the birch; silver water-falls that made a vague murmur in the air; an island right ahead with picturesquely wooded rocks; an absolutely cloudless sky above—altogether a wonder of sunlight and fair colors. Squalls? The strange thing was, not that we had ventured into a region of unruly winds, but that we had got enough wind to bring us in at all. There was now not even enough to bring us the scent of honeysuckle from the shore.

In the afternoon we set out on an expedition, nominally after wild-duck, but in reality in exploration of the upper reaches of the loch. We found a narrow channel between the island and the mainland, and penetrated into the calm and silent waters of Loch Hourn Beg. And still less did this offshoot of the larger loch accord with that gloomy name—the Lake of Hell. Even where the mountains were bare and forbidding, the warm evening light touched the granite with a soft rosy gray, and reflections of this beautiful color were here and there visible amid the clear blue of the water. We followed the windings of the narrow and tortuous loch, but found no wild-duck at all. Here and there a seal stared at us as we passed. Then we found a crofter's cottage, and landed, to the consternation of one or two handsome wild-eyed children. A purchase of eggs ensued, after much voluble Gaelic. We returned to the yacht.

That evening, as we sat on deck, watching the first stars beginning to tremble in the blue, some one called attention to a singular light that was beginning to appear along the summits of the mountains just over us—a silvery gray light that showed us the soft foliage of the birches, while below, the steep slopes grew more sombre as the night fell. And then we guessed that the moon was somewhere on the other side of the loch, as yet hidden from us by those black crags that pierced into the calm blue vault of the sky. This the Lake of Hell, indeed! By-and-by we saw the silver rim appear above the black line of the hills, and a pale glory was presently shining around us, particularly noticeable along the varnished spars. As the white moon sailed up, this solitary cup in the mountains was filled with the clear radiance, and the silence seemed to increase. We could hear more distinctly than ever the various water-falls. The two women were walking up and down the deck; and each time that Mary Avon turned her profile to the light, the dark

eyebrows and dark eyelashes seemed darker than ever against the pale, sensitive, sweet face.

But after a while she gently disengaged herself from her friend, and came and sat down by the Laird: quite mutely, and waiting for him to speak. It is not to be supposed that she had been in any way more demonstrative toward him since his great act of kindness, or that there was any need for him to have purchased her affection. That was of older date. Perhaps, if the truth were told, she was rather less demonstrative now; for we had all discovered that the Laird had a nervous horror of anything that seemed to imply a recognition of what he had done. It was merely, he had told us, a certain wrong thing he had put right: there was no more to be said about it.

However, her coming and sitting down by him was no unusual circumstance; and she meekly left him his own choice, to speak to her or not, as he pleased. And he did speak—after a time.

"I was thinking," said he, "what a strange feeling ye get in living on board a yacht in these wilds: it is just as if ye were the only craytures in the world. Would ye not think, now, that the moon there belonged to this circle of hills, and could not be seen by any one outside it? It looks as if it were coming close to the topmast; how can ye believe that it is shining over Trafalgar Square in London?"

"It seems very close to us on so clear a night," says Mary Avon.

"And in a short time now," continued the Laird, "this little world of ours—I mean the little company on board the yacht—must be dashed into fragments, as it were; and ye will be away in London, and I will be at Denny-mains, and who knows whether we may ever see each other again? We must not grumble. It is the fate of the best friends. But there is one grand consolation—think what a consolation it must have been to many of the poor people who were driven away from these Highlands—to Canada, and Australia, and elsewhere—that after all the partings and sorrows of this world, there is the great meeting-place at last. I would just ask this favor frae ye, my lass, that when ye go back to London, ye would get a book of our old Scotch psalm-tunes, and learn the tune that is called 'Comfort.' It begins, 'Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.' It is a grand tune, that: I would like ye to learn it."

"Oh, certainly I will," said the girl.

"And I have been thinking," continued the Laird, "that I would get Tom Galbraith to make ye a bit sketch of Denny-mains, that ye might hang up in London, if ye were so minded. It would show ye what the place was like; and after some years ye might begin to believe that ye really had been there, and that ye were familiar with it, as the home of an old friend o' yours."

"But I hope to see Denny-mains for myself, sir," said she, with some surprise.

A quick, strange look appeared for a moment on the old Laird's face. But presently he said:

"No, no, lass, ye will have other interests and other duties. That is but proper and natural. How would the world get on at all if we were not to be dragged here and there by diverse occupations?"

Then the girl spoke, proudly and bravely:

"And if I have any duties in the world, I think I know to whom I owe them. And it is not a duty at all, but a great pleasure; and you promised me, sir, that I was to see Denny-mains; and I wish to pay you a long, long, long visit."

"A long, long, long visit?" said the Laird, cheerfully. "No, no, lass. I just couldna be bothered with ye. Ye would be in my way. What interest could ye take in our parish meetings, and the church soirées, and the like? No, no. But if ye like to pay me a short, short, short visit—at your own convenience—at your own convenience, mind—I will get Tom Galbraith through from Edinburgh, and I will get out some of the younger Glasgow men; and if we do not, you and me, show them something in the way of landscape sketching that will just frighten them out of their very wits, why, then I will give ye leave to say that my name is not Mary Avon."

He rose then and took her hand, and began to walk with her up and down the moon-lit deck. We heard something about the Haughs o' Cromdale. The Laird was obviously not ill pleased that she had boldly claimed that promised visit to Denny-mains.

AMANDAR.

"What's in a name?"

"'TAIN'T no use, Keery; you needn't take me to do no more. I shall hev that young un called accordin' to the counsel of my own will, as Cat'chism says. If a man hain't got a right to put a name to his own child, I don' know who hes."

"Well, well, talk, do talk, Bezy Hills. Who said you shouldn't? I jest kinder throwed in an idee, as ye may say. I think Scripter names are seemly for deacons' folks, an' ef you don't want no Scripter names round, why, I can't help it. Folks will be folksy, I s'pose, an' mother she always said 'twas rule or ruin with Bezy, when you wa'n't more'n knee-high to a grasshopper, an' what's bred in the bone 'll come out in the flesh, I've always heered, an'—"

The monologue was cut short here by the slam of the kitchen door, as Bezaleel Hills fled into the shed from the scourge of tongues.

Widow Walker was his elder sister, a weakly, buzzing, fluent, but not unprincipled woman. She had a long nose, a fallen-in and yet wide mouth, a distinct chin, and a pair of weak gray eyes with red lids, all overshadowed by a severe front of false chestnut hair set in stiff puffs, making her face look like those triangular heads which the school-boy's pencil bestows upon a cat when he solaces the dull hours of his education by means of a slate, meant for far other purposes.

Bezaleel had lost his wife six months ago, exchanging her for the fat baby now lying in his sister's lap before the fire. He was a silent man in regard to his affections, though voluble enough as to his will and opinions. Sister Kerenhappuch had not the least idea how his soul was bound up in the delicate shy creature who had been his wife only five years, or how he had labored to give her such rude comforts as a country village could afford. It had been the one joy of his life to see the dark soft eyes shine when he entered the door, and his solitary reward to know that even in the delirium of death his voice could quiet her, and her last conscious word was, "Dear!"

When he banged the door to-day, Keery did not know that his cold eyes were dim with tears, thinking of Amanda and his own solitude. She gave a sigh of obtrusive length and volume, as who should say, "Such is life," and slowly squeaking to and fro in the old rocker, began to sing to the baby—who threatened to awake when the door slammed—that excellent but unpleasant old hymn,

"Broad is the road that leads to death,"

to the equally unpleasant, if not as excellent, tune of "Windham."

As the long-drawn doleful whine of the cadences kept tune to the slow squeak of the rocker, the baby, like a child of sense, objected, and not only woke, but set up a scream so lively and so sharp that the wail of his aunt's voice hushed before the fresh life of this infantine chorus; she stopped singing, reversed her charge across her knee, gave him two smart resounding slaps, and tucking him vigorously under one arm, proceeded to warm his supper in the flat silver porringer that was an heir-loom of unknown antiquity, and so appease his temper.

A week after, having relegated him to the care of a poor neighbor, paid for the office with a peck of turnips, she betook herself to sewing society, a big silk bag on her left arm, a calash on her head, and her Sunday gown of black bombazine adorned by a vast tamboured muslin collar, while her chestnut front looked sterner than ever surmounted by a structure of black lace and hard dark purple satin ribbons.

Five old women about a quilt! Can the pen of one give a tithe of their conversation record? Let us attempt but a part of it. Mrs. Green began the tournament.

"I hain't seen ye a month o' Sundays, Miss Walker; where do ye keep yerself?"

"Why, I've ben to hum. 'Tain't real handy to take to baby-tendin' when ye git along in years a spell; but there don't seem to be nobody else to take care of Bezy's babe but me. Bezy's as pernickity as a woman about the child; he won't lemme give it a speck of nothin' but red cow's milk, an' he's nigh about seven months old, an' he'd oughter set in lap to the table, an' take a taste o' vittles along with us. My land! my children used to set to an' grab things as quick as ever I fetched 'em where they could. Little Jemimy was the greatest hand for b'iled cabbage ye ever did see; an' pork! how that child would holler for fried pork! There wa'n't no peace to the wicked till she got it; she'd ha' ben a splendid child ef she'd lived; but

the summer complaint was dreadful prevalent that year, an' it took her off in the wink of an eye, as ye may say: allers doos the healthy children. Then my Samwell, why, he was the greatest hand for pickles that ever was; he'd git a hunk o' fried steak into one leetle hand an' a pickle into t'other, an' he would crow an' squeal. Cuttin' of his stomach teeth was the end o' him: got 'em too early, was took with convulsions, an' died right off. An' the twins: well, they favored beans—baked beans an' minute puddin'; they was eighteen months old when they died, an' they eet toast an' cider like good fellers only the day they was took sick; we'd hed buckwheats an' tree molasses for breakfast that day, an' I expect they'd eet so much sweet it kinder made 'em squeamy, so 't the hard cider jest hed the right tang. Poor little creturs! mabbe 'twas the bilious colic a-comin' on made 'em dry; anyway they was awful sick with 't, an' they died a Sunday week, for they was took of a Sunday, an'—"

Miss Polly Paine, a short, plump old maid, gently interrupted here: she thought Widow Walker had occupied the floor long enough.

"But, say, what do ye give it *red* cow's milk for? I never knowed there was any great o' virtoo in red cows."

"Sakes alive!" Here Semanthy House, Deacon House's wife, took up the thread of conversation. "I want to know ef ye didn't? Why, red's the powerfulest thing! You jest put a red flannel round your throat, an' it won't never be sore; an' a red string in your ears 'll keep off fever, everybody knows; but then I don't hold to fetchin' up a child on milk altogether; they won't never make old bones that way. I b'lieve in hearty vittles for everybody. Pie's real hearty ef ye make it good, an' so's cheese, when ye can't git butcher's-meat. I b'lieve I could stan' it the year round on pie an' cheese an' baked beans."

"Well, ye see," pottered on Mrs. Walker, who seized a chance to begin again, "Bezy he won't hear to no reason; he claims he knows more about fetchin' up children than I do, spite of my hevin' hed four on 'em: he speaks about their all dyin' off, an' says he wants his'n to live—a-flyin' in the face of Providence, as ye may say, for we all know folks die by the dispensations of Providence, an' mortal man can't say, 'Why do ye so?' to the Lord; but I don' know but what brother Bezy thinks he can; he sets dreadful loose to religion, 'specially doctrines an' sech; says he wishes 't Parson Pine wouldn't say sech a lot about 'lection, an' hell, an' decrees, an' more about mercy an' lovin'-kindness. Land! I want to know how you're goin' to fetch hardened old sinners like some ye could mention ef ye was a-min' to—an' I guess we all know who they be without namin' of 'em—inter the kingdom, ef ye couldn't scare 'em out of their seven senses, a-shakin' of 'em over the pit, as ye may say. They don't mind nothin' but a real scare, an' they don't mind that no great. I feel to wonder real often why sech folks is spared to—"

Polly Paine broke in again. She knew by experience that Widow Walker would talk interminably if they waited for her easy tongue to stop of itself.

"Say, what be you a-goin' to call that child? I hain't heerd it spoke of save an' except 'baby,' sence ever 'twas born. I s'pose it's got to hev some handle to 't, ha'n't it?"

"Well, now, there!" said Kerenhappuch, heaving a long and quavering sigh—"there's Bezy agin! He's most too cur'us to live. I wanted he should give the child a real good Scripter name, sech as mine an' his'n is. It seems as though it give a child a kind of a pious start in this world to call it out o' Scripter; but he's jest as sot! I don' know's you know 'twas so, but so it was, he made a reg'lar idle out of 'Mandy. He a'most said his prayers to her, I do b'lieve. She was a good enough gal, for't I know, but he took on real foolish about her. The washing was did for her; an' he didn't keep but two cows, because he wouldn't let her be overdid."

"Dew tell!" "Well, I never!" "That doos beat all!" "Sakes alive!" echoed round the quilt, as the old ladies glared over their spectacles, and suspended their needles, in the great shock of learning that a man could consider his wife's comfort before the fullness of his pocket. But they did not stop the flow of Keery's mild, incessant gabble: she went right on:

"Well, she wa'n't real strong; kinder weakly from the fust; an' when she up an' died, seemed as though Bezy couldn't stand it no way in the mortal world. He was cut down dreadful; the consolations of religion wa'n't of no account to him. He behaved around a sight worse 'n Job in the Bible did. Why, I tell ye, I was

skeert for a spell; an' then I up and I took him to do, I tell ye. I says, says I, 'Bezaleel Hills,' says I, 'be ye a perfesser or not? I don't see how ye can fly inter the face o' Providence this way. Don't ye know ye made a idle of 'Mandy?' says I, 'so the Lord he took her away from ye. Ye thought a heap too much of her.' 'Git out!' says he, a-snappin' at me so quick I screeched a little screech, an' he banged the door, an' you nor I nor nobody knows where under the canopy he went to; but he never come in till dark night, an' his eyes was as red as a rabbit's, an' there was hay seed onto his head. I mistrust he'd ben into the mow a-cryin', but—"

Miss Polly, who saw she must fetch the widow back to her subject-matter of discourse, interposed again:

"Well, he can't call the boy after her, seein' 'tain't a girl, an' her t'other name was Smith. I guess he wouldn't never yoke Smith an' Hills up together."

A faint smile relaxed the severe wrinkles of Keery's sallow forehead. "I don't suppose ye ever would guess, nor nobody else neither, but he doos act like all possessed about it: he says—and when he doos say a thing he sticks to't like shoemaker's wax—that he's a-goin' to call that poor babe Amandar."

A chorus of exclamations again went round the quilt. Mrs. Green, in the very act of snapping the chalked twine that marked the quilters' pattern, lifted her head and forgot to let go of the string.

"For mercy's sakes, what do you mean?" she said, sharply. "Call a boy babe Amandy?"

"No, it ain't Amandy, but it's as nigh to't as ye can turn your tongue an' not say it, an'—"

"What upon the face of the yerth do ye let him do it for?" severely inquired Mrs. Green.

Keery's eyes opened as far as the secretive narrow lids would allow.

"'Let him!' Hear that! I want to know ef ye think any mortal bein' can stop Bezy Hills from doin' what he's got a mind to?"

"Or any other man," purred Miss Polly, who had an elderly maiden's contempt for the sex.

"They ain't all jest alike," dryly remarked Mrs. Green.

A look of intelligence passed round the table: it was well known in Hampton that Mrs. Green was the head of the family, and instead of rejoicing in her supremacy as a tribute to her abused sex, and a prophecy of hope, the women who should have sympathized sniffed at her: such is human nature.

"But what will folks say when the child is presented for baptism?" asked the deacon's wife.

"There 'tis agin," wailed Keery. "Bezy don't b'lieve in infant baptism; he says the' ain't no sech thing told about in the Bible, an' he don't b'lieve 'twas ever meant for folks to be baptized till they was converted; an' he won't never have it done to the babe no way, for he's got a conscience about it; an' I've talked, an' talked, an' talked to him, an' I might jest as well ha' talked to the side o' White Mounting, for—"

"I'll send the deacon over to deal with him," said Mrs. House, to whom the deacon was the end of the law, for which the rest of her sisters secretly sniffed at *her*. The happy medium of a bland indifference was "the thing" as to marital relations in Hampton.

"H'm!" said Miss Polly. "I don't b'lieve talk 'll turn him. I've seen quite a few men-folks, bein' as I go out nursin' by spells, an' I've seen pretty clear that it takes science to manage of 'em. The mortal! I've seen a feller go boastin' around that he would be master in his own house, he would be minded or things would crack, an' come to find out he was jest twisted round his wife's finger, like a hank o' darnin' cotton, all the time he was bustin' with boastin'. They're queer creturs. Like enough, now, if you let Bezaleel alone, an' keep a-peggin' at the boy how't he's got a girl's name tacked onto him, why, he'll git sick on't himself when he comes to years, an' drop it."

"Well, I declare for't! I never thought o' that," responded the astonished widow; and just then being called to help roll the quilt, she had no chance to say any more on the matter, for the minister's wife came in, and the state of religion in the village became the topic of conversation, in deference to her official position.

But the stubborn fact remained that Bezy Hills would call his boy Amandar—a name he had, indeed, invented, after much study, and a dull sort of sense that few if any feminine names ended in r, and several masculine ones had that termination. Possibly Keery might have taken the counsel of the serpent from Polly

Paine, but she did not live to try the force of iteration: before Amandar was five years old his aunt died, and her place in the family was taken by a fat and kindly woman whose husband had run away and left her in a drunken fit, and never been heard of since. Indeed Sally Swett took no pains to discover him: she did not wish to marry again: and in taking care of Bezaleel's house, and bringing up little 'Mandy, she was happy as she never had been during her married life, the only skeleton in her closet being the fear that Apollos might yet appear on the stage, and deprive her of a home.

'Mandy grew up as most country children grow, sunburned, ragged, dirty, but by no means neglected, for the motherly heart of "Aunt Sally," never comforted with offspring of her own, went out to the motherless boy, for whom she delighted to make and mend, to concoct pies, turnovers, gingerbread, and fantastic doughnuts; she let him make endless work for her in the kitchen with his pans of molasses candy, kettles of syrup to sugar off, pots of evil-smelling ointment for his little boots, and roastings of chestnuts that would explode and fly in savory fragments all over the kitchen floor. But for all Sally's indulgence she did not wean Amandar from his father: no temptation of food or fun could keep him from the lonely man's side. Together they went to salt the sheep, to mend the rail fences, to sow rye, or plant corn and potatoes, and it was Bezy's great solace to tell "'Mandy," as he got to call his boy, all about his dead mother. The squirrel-cups, lifting soft gray buds and blooms of pink and purple from the dead leaves, reminded him how glad she always was to find them, and how her eyes sparkled when he brought them in first; he planted them all about her low grave on the hill-side, and 'Mandy helped him. Not a thing was done about the farm without some reference to the past.

"Yer ma liked them peach-blow potaters first best: I guess we'll set 'em agin this year;" or, "Mother she took to rye bread amazin', ef 'twas new rye: we'll sow some onto that hill lot."

Great white-rose bushes were trained each year higher and higher by the door, because the dear dead wife had loved them; and by the time 'Mandy was fifteen it seemed to him that the whole farm was linked to such tender associations of his unknown mother, and her memory made so living to him by the iterations of his father's love and loss, that it would scarcely have startled him to see the delicate face waiting at the window, or hear the young fresh voice call from his door.

Perhaps he loved her all the more from the fact that he had borne her name at the expense of much tribulation; for from the moment he began to attend the district school, that name had been the scorn and jest of all the other boys. Day after day he came home, his lips set with indignation, and his eyes red with tears, but never could his father get a word of complaint out of him, except, "Them boys plague me."

The child, young as he was, felt that his father would be even more hurt than he to find this dear memorial name had become only occasion of anger and shame to the son who bore it.

But Sally was a woman, and finding it in vain to question or coax 'Mandy, her curiosity was fired at once, and by various feminine arts and stratagems she succeeded in discovering the secret from some of his playfellows; and one night when 'Mandy was safe asleep up stairs, and his father toasting his feet by the kitchen fire preparatory to his own retirement, she laid down her knitting, and blandly plunged into the middle of things at once.

"I've got to the bottom of 'Mandy's red eyes now, I tell ye, Square Hills. I set a sight by that youngster, an' it's took me aback to hev him come home every mortal day a-lookin' mad, and sorry too. It's them boys to the school. I say for't, I don't want to fault Providence, but I do wish the Lord hed kinder contrived some way to carry on the world 'thout boys. They're the most trouble, to the least puppus, of anything that ever was created, except mabbe Dutchmen an' muskeeters; but seein' they *be* here, the matter in hand 'pears to be to do a body's darn'dest to sarcumvent 'em, as you may say. But I'm beat ef I know what to do about these here boys. They've got hold o' 'Mandy's name, it 'pears—I guess 'twas writ into his speller—an' they're a-plaguin' of him to pieces: callin' of him 'Miss Hills,' an' 'lovely 'Manda,' an' a-askin' of him ef he's a-makin' a quilt aginst his weddin', an' all sorts o' talk like that, an' wuss, if wuss can be. The little feller can't thrash 'em; he's the smallest of the hull lot; an' I've figgered on't all day, but *I* can't do

nothin' as I know of, so I thought I'd tell you about it, for I vum I'm to my wits' ends."

A look of keen pain flitted across Bezy Hills's face as Sally prattled on. He had not thought of this contingency. He was a slow-minded man, possessed all these years by one dominant idea, and everything else fell into the background. His daily duties had been done because they must be; his sole enjoyment had been thinking of his wife, and talking about her to his boy. He had given him her name, as nearly as he could, in order to make her near to the child who had never seen her, and the appellation was sacred to him. He had never thought it could be made the jest and weapon of rough boys, or a torment instead of a pride to 'Mandy.

Perhaps if Amanda had lived, become the mother of other children, grown old and sad with hard work and the hard life of a farmer's wife, this devotion of her husband would not have endured the wear and tear of so many years. Probably he would have lost his patience with her headaches and groans, and learned the grim silence or the bitter speech that love never knows. He might have become not only indifferent, but unkind: men do. But the sweet memory of their brief love and companionship became ideal because it was a memory, and he clung to it with a persistence reality never knows or inspires. Had she died at forty, and left him with two or three children and ten cows, he would have looked about him in a very few months to find some one who should fill her place; as it was, his days went on unsolaced in that way, and he was as much an Amandian as he was a Christian—perhaps more so.

But as he sat by the fire to-night in silence—for he made no answer to Sally, and she was too used to his silences, and cared too little for him, to resent them—his startled soul was forced to own that he had not been judicious or considerate in making his boy wear his mother's name, dear and sacred as it was.

Nothing could be done about it now; the name was given, and he had sense enough to see that for him to interfere in the affair would only exasperate it; perhaps he had better not speak of it even to 'Mandy.

Rising, with a long sigh, at length, he took the tallow candle and stole up the stair into his boy's room, to take a good-night look.

The child lay with his cheek on one hand, the dark lashes—so like his mother's—fallen on to the rose-tinted cheek, and the red lips just parted with an even breath of young health; but the lashes were still wet, and while his father gazed at him fondly, thinking how like his mother he looked in that rest and position, a low sob, like the last swell of a storm, shook the boy's chest, and a look of anger swept across his placid forehead. Bezy Hills was grieved to the heart. Long and late he pondered what he should do, and even in his troubled sleep, when at last it came, he was haunted by 'Mandy's angry face and tearful eyes.

The next day was Saturday, and as it was good sap weather—weather that "friz by night an' thew by day," as Sally said—'Mandy went up to the sugar camp with his father to stay till Sunday morning. The hut was substantial, and a standing bed-place, laid thick with spruce boughs and sheep-skins, was delightful hardship to the boy. He stirred the kettles, fetched sap in his small pail, and carried a milk pan of snow from a hidden drift between two rocks at the north foot of Black Mountain, in which to cool his share of syrup, and harden it to wax—delicious, deleterious compound, that sticks the organs of speech together, and forbids deglutition to the strongest jaw, but has withal the flavor of wild honey, and the sweetness of nectar Olympus never knew.

When noon-mark was straightened out by the great gnomon of a tulip-tree on the turf dial where the shanty stood, Bezy set some apples to roast before the fire, placed his tin pot of coffee on the ashes, and toasted some thick slices of cheese at the coals to eat with their rye bread and doughnuts—a meal fit for any king, 'Mandy thought, its only objection being that a hearty dinner did somewhat limit the possibilities of eating maple wax; but the keen air edged his appetite, and demanded solids as well as sweets.

While he was munching his last doughnut, the silence of the repast was suddenly broken by his father.

"'Mandy," said he, "I've heerd tell that the boys to school plague ye a heap about your given name?"

'Mandy blushed up to the roots of his yellow hair. "They do plague some, pa,"

he said, honestly, though choking a little, perhaps from the overdry doughnut.

"Well, I've figgered on't some, an' I don't see but what ye'll hev to stan' it for a spell. Ye ain't big enough to thrash 'em, nor to knock 'em over: when you be, I s'pose you will."

"You bet," exclaimed the eight-year-old hero.

"But meantime don't ye fret about it no more'n ye can help. Ye've got mother's name as near as I could fix it, an' ye an' me think a sight o' mother, don't we?"

'Mandy nodded: his mouth was still full, and pathos was not his forte.

"Ye see, ef ye'd ben a little gal, why, 'twould hev come right; but ye wa'n't, an' I don't know as I wanted for ye to be."

"*I* didn't," shouted the indignant boy.

"But, for all, I wanted ye to hev mother's name. She was the best an' the beautifulest cretur ever was, an' them boys hain't any one on 'em got no sech a mother. I expect if they hed they'd be proper glad to hev her given name tacked to 'em."

"Hullo! there's a 'chuck," shouted 'Mandy, and off he went, seizing a stake, and knocking over the apples, to wage war with a sober old woodchuck that had come out to inspect the savory odors in his usually quiet haunts.

Bezy sighed, but the sugar needed stirring, and when 'Mandy came back from the chase, disgusted that the froward beast would not stop to be killed, his father said no more to him about his school troubles; but what he had said dwelt long in the child's mind, and had its effect.

The old saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" is as applicable to other affections as to religion: the more the boys reviled and laughed at 'Mandy for wearing his mother's name, the more closely he became attached to it; and when time came to his aid with its slow security, and his thews and sinews were both strong and hard with his sturdy life and free growth, the boys of Hampton began to respect the "dynamic reasons of larger bones," and be careful how they roused the wrath they found latent under Amandar's kindly, handsome visage.

About the time he was seventeen years old there came to the village a distant relative of Bezaleel Hills, of the same surname. Samuel Hills had lived hitherto by the sea-side, but malaria, creeping slowly up the Connecticut coast, had laid its chilly, withering finger on him after he was fifty years old, and driven him northward into the pure mountain air which his father had left, a long time since, to settle on a fat farm near Guilford. He exchanged these green acres now for as many of mountain pasture on the outskirts of Hampton, and under the care of his wife and daughter the old brown house put on a new aspect; morning-glories twined over the windows, the white-rose trees were pruned and trained, and a "posy bed" by the south door made the yard gay and fragrant.

It was not strange that Samuel Hills's daughter should be named Amanda, though to her relatives it seemed a peculiar and startling coincidence. Amanda was as common in those days as Sus*ie*, All*ie*, Sall*ie*, or any other absurdity ending in *ie* is in these; and to the cultivated ear there is a far greater decency in the whole of any feminine appellative than in the nicknames that should be kept for household usage and private fondness. Amanda wore her grandmother's name, who received it from her mother; and so little did she know of her relatives that till she came to Hampton she was all unaware of having a distant cousin of almost her own name. It was a passport at once to the good graces of Bezaleel and his son that this bright, pretty young girl should so recall the wife and mother they both idolized. Amandar, just budding into manhood, was carried away captive at once. And Amanda, who was his own age, rather looked down upon him in point of years, because a woman is always so much older than a man, whatever equality of age may be shared by the two.

Yet she was by no means unwilling to add another trophy to those already dangling at her belt, and she smiled, dimpled, coquetted, till the handsome, awkward boy, who took the serious side of the matter, felt like a bewitched creature, and wore his chains with a silent joy, not yet knowing that they were chains.

But while he was falling fathoms deep in love with Amanda, other youths in Hampton discovered how pleasant it was to be welcomed in the cheery brown house by such sparkling eyes and red lips, and she had a welcome for all.

Amandar began to feel pangs of jealous fury, to lose his sleep by night and his

appetite by day. Being, however, a practical youth, instead of wasting his time in sighs and philandering, he worked harder than ever, and "laid about him," as Robinson Crusoe says, to discover how he should be soonest able to marry, and so carry his idol off from all competitors.

The farm was his father's; he could not ask him to give it up, nor would its sterile acres ever furnish more than the barest support to their family as it was. Amandar's desire was to go into some sort of business, and make money more rapidly; and to this end he at last persuaded Bezy to let him go to work in the iron furnace at Hampton Falls—a little offshoot of Hampton, on the Black River, only two miles from Bezy Hills's farm.

He worked in the furnace four years, his intelligence and strength bringing gradual promotion, and his wages accumulating in the Rutland savings-bank; but he had not the faith or the patience (whichever it was) of Jacob, for the time he served for his Rachel seemed interminable, and was rendered even more tantalizing by that young woman's persistent coquetry with other men. It was true she did not engage herself to any of them; there were too many delights in having a train of lovers for Amanda to sacrifice all to one; but no man likes to have his own idol set up for public worship, and 'Mandy was too young and too dreadfully in earnest to be philosophical about the matter.

It happened soon after he was twenty-one that his brooding jealousy exploded, and brought his affairs to a crisis. He had been away from home on some affair of the furnace, for he had now advanced so far as to have all the outside business in his hands, and he was mounted on top of the lumbering "stage" that for a few miles carried passengers between the railroad station and Hampton Falls. Before him, on either side of the driver, who happened to be a new man on the line, and quite ignorant of Hampton people, sat two young men of that class whom the English call bagmen and the Americans drummers. Their conversation was not peculiarly interesting at first, but as Hampton steeple came in sight, one said to the other,

"What takes *you* to this little hole, Harris?"

"I'm going to see 'Mandy Hills," answered the other, with a smirk of such meaning that Amandar's blood boiled.

"After a girl, eh? I thought you was drummin'."

Harris chuckled, and the other went on. "Pretty, is she?"

"You bet," replied the indiscreet youth, with still another laugh.

"What style?"

"Why, Smith, I don't know: photographs haven't been exchanged yet; that is"—chuckling again—"no colored ones."

"Just like all country girls, I dare say—hair straight as a candle, and nose the length of your arm."

"Not a bit. Hair curly, and nose a little turned up."

Here Harris laughed uproariously, and Amandar clinched his fist, and straightened out his arm dangerously near the young man's head.

"Well, good luck to you! Hope she won't put on airs, and mitten you, to wind up."

"Not she," laughed Harris, as if the idea was the most exquisite of jokes. "She ain't that kind. She'll fall into my mouth quick as ever I open it, you bet your head."

The words had scarce left his lips when Amandar's hand clutched his collar, and he was flung off the seat just as the stage drew up at the Hampton tavern, and our hero, jumping down after him, administered a sound pummelling to the surprised drummer before interfering spectators could pull him off.

The bruised and bleeding youth was rescued, done up in vinegar and brown paper, and put to bed up stairs, and a justice of the peace brought immediately to deal with the assailant, who, having washed his hands at the pump, sat down and waited for arrest as calmly as if assault and battery were his profession.

However, the battered party could not appear against him that day, and there was no place to shut him up, so he gave bail, went to the office for an hour, and thence walked home to tea.

Hampton, of course, was all alive with the affair before morning, and early next day Amandar appeared before the justice, with his disfigured adversary, who had his temple covered with wet brown paper, and diffused a mingled odor of cider vinegar and New England rum through the assembly that crammed the little court-room. Amandar could not bring him-

self to confess the motive for his apparently unprovoked assault, so he submitted to the heavy fine imposed, and privately sought occasion to apologize to Harris, or rather to explain. The young man burst into a roar of laughter, all the more uncontrollable that Amandar's face blazed all over at this unseemly levity, till Harris at last caught breath.

"My dear fellow, I never saw Miss Hills in my life, nor ever knew there was such a person; but you and I have corresponded about that pig-iron, though of course as I only signed my letter Fowle, Norris, and Co., per H., you could not know my name; but I had seen yours, and been rather—beg pardon—rather amused at it; so when Jack began to question me (which he is mighty apt to do), I thought I'd blind him, and answered as I did. Particulars were made to order; I don't see how they came to fit. Honest, now, *did* they?"

"Well, her hair does curl some," awkwardly admitted Amandar, unconscious of nightly papering and pinching; "and I didn't know but you'd call her nose pug. I don't."

Harris could not help another laugh, and Amandar almost said, "Confound my name!" but just as his lips opened, loyalty and love for the dead mother closed them, and he only said, "Well, I was a fool, and I own it."

"You can't say no fairer than that, old fellow. Shake hands on it, will you?"

And Amandar and Harris "made up," as children say; but the unlucky name had not yet done its work. Somebody overheard this conversation, or "Jack," sharing in the explanation, betrayed it with his easy tongue, for in twenty-four hours it had reached Amanda, and made her furious. New England, as a rule, does not take kindly to sentiment, even of the chivalric sort; and Hampton people were only too glad to get a laugh on Amandar, who had always, as their phrase went, "kept himself to himself." And Amanda well knew she would be teased and laughed at unmercifully; but her namesake, unconscious of her wrath, and feeling that the time had come when he had courage to ask her, since the blow he struck for her sake seemed to have roused his dormant manhood, and proved to himself that he had at last the daring to

> "put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all,"

betook himself to the hill farm that very night.

He was too absorbed in his purpose to understand Amanda's silence and the flash of her eyes, but the moment they were alone, in good set terms he asked her to marry him.

"I guess not!" she retorted, bitterly. "I don' know how you ask. Hain't you made my name a by-word and a hissin' already down to the village? I've heerd, sir, about your knockin' down that city feller, and I don't think it's no great recommend to a man to have him ready to quarrel for a breath, as you may say."

"But, 'Mandy," gasped the astonished suitor, "I couldn't set such store by you as I do, and hear a man speak light of you that way."

"Then stop a-settin' store by me, 's all I've got to say."

"I can't do it, I can't; I'd as lief root out twitch-grass out o' a ten-acre lot. I can't no more stop likin' of ye 'n I can stop breathin'."

"Well, I don' know's that's my blame," retorted Amanda, with genuine scorn.

It seemed to her this man was a weak fool; a Scythian wooer who would have knocked her down and carried her away across his saddle, would have commanded her respect much more. Amandar was far too much in love to perceive the trait in his charmer's character which would have made his marriage with her emphatically "the curse of a granted prayer." He could not yet take no for an answer; his misery and his passion made him abject. He went on: "Maybe I've hurried up matters too much; try and think on't, Amandy. I'll wait; I can wait; I'd wait seven year, like the man in the Bible, if so be you'd take me to the end on't, as he was took."

There is a curious provision of Providence in the nature of girls who are not sophisticated by life or education, which makes a man whom they do not love, but who loves them, actually hateful and disgusting the moment he betrays his devotion. It seemed to Amanda that her lover was intolerable; she would have liked to drive him out of the house; her whole nature rose up in an instinctive revolt against him; she shuddered inwardly at the idea of his presence continually before her, and her wrath found words.

"Hain't you got eyes, Amandar Hills?" she said, with cold fury. "Don't you see

I mean no when I say no? Let alone that I wouldn't marry you ef you was the last created critter of the masculine sect in the hull universe—I wouldn't never marry a man that I set by like all possessed ef he hed a girl's name: so there now!"

This was brutal, but convincing. Amandar's head dropped on his breast. He picked up his hat and loitered out of the door, feeling strangely weak and uncertain, yet withal a little indignant, from an odd consciousness that his mother's memory had not been respected. He was not given to analyzing his sensations; he could feel, but he could not "peep and botanize" in his own soul; he could only cast a wistful glance at the green flower-set mound in the grave-yard as he went by, and send a tender thought to the memory that was so far the only religion he possessed, but, like all human religions, had no power to heal the hurt within him.

It happened that Sally had been at the hill-side farm that evening to return some yeast borrowed in an emergency, and not finding Amanda's mother in the kitchen, and hearing voices in the front room, she naturally went to the door to see if Mrs. Hills was there, and in the little entry her steps were arrested by the pleading sound of her boy's voice. She loved Amandar little less than if he had been her own child, and her faithful old heart sank as she gathered the sense of his low, eager words. It did not occur to her to go away; she had not been educated into that sense of honor, which is not a native trait of women, and her blood boiled as she heard Amanda's cruel words, so distinctly and curtly uttered that they were like so many blows. Instinct taught her not to follow the rejected lover and offer him comfort; she only set down her yeast pitcher and left the house, feeling that she could not restrain her tongue if she met Amanda then and there.

Poor old Sally! Amandar writhed and groaned and tossed all night in purely self-centred misery; but she, in the next chamber, sighed and woke also; tears of deep pity and grief stole from her dim eyes, and wet her sallow, wrinkled cheeks with the most unselfish of all suffering, yet the pathos and the picturesqueness of the situation all lay with him; for is not a despairing lover by far a finer figure than a sympathizing old woman?

Yet could we but look at the pair, having our sight purged by some diviner euphrasy than conventional literature or romantic poetry supplies, would not Sally appear the nobler and lovelier of the sufferers? However that may be, Amandar never knew what pure tears were shed for him that night, or what honest pangs tortured poor Sally for his sake. He got up the next morning and went to his work as usual, but the spring of his life was broken, its interest gone; nothing from within could help him, nothing without offered aid. He set himself with listless quiet to endure: that alone was left to him, the resource of a dumb animal, the *vis inertia* of the tree that lies where it falls. If help was ever to come, it must seek him and save him without his will or wish. His father looked at him with sad eyes, but said nothing. Sally cooked every dainty dish she could remember or invent from her small resource of material, but all was alike to the weary body that held this stricken soul. That the two who idolized and attended him never offered tender speech, gentle caress, loving look or touch, was not for want of love, but from the dreadful reticence that underlies all New England character, and forbids it to blossom in expression, though like some abnormal plant it may bear fruit abundantly in deeds, from the most insignificant or unlovely flowers.

So the summer went on drearily enough: the routine of seed-time and harvest, old as the world's gray ribs, recurrent as the sad story of life, occupied Bezaleel Hills as it had done over and over before; into many a furrow he ploughed useless regrets and defeated hopes, for he was hardly less disappointed than his son, though the bitterest element of Amandar's trouble, the love that he had wasted, was not a part of his father's pain; yet, for all the ache of the sower, the regardless seed absorbed dews of night and summer showers, softened, sprouted, burst into the blade, shot into the stalk, swelled into the heavy-freighted ear with the divine sequences of nature as gladly as if there were no humanity in the atmosphere; also the fair pink blooms of the orchards painted the knotted old boughs, wiled the bees with their delicate bitter perfume and drop of limpid honey, faded, fell, gave way to small green spheres rounding daily to full-orbed fruit that lay at last in heaps of gold and crimson on the long scant grass below; the forests feathered into waving verdant plumes, darkened,

rioted in brilliance indescribable, and whirled away their finery on the wild autumnal winds; but there was no parallel growth or loss in the dull sorrow that had taken hold of Amandar's strong nature. Humanity is not the flower of an hour or a season; it takes a lifetime for development, a long tale of years for its growth, fruitage, and death; its harvests are sudden, and it sleeps long ages in the dust before any resurrection; but then comes another and eternal up-springing, a bloom that knows no harvest, a perennial spring.

It was in the bitter days of November that Sally heard of her sister's death in a remote village of Maine. Hepsy was her only living relative, and the stringent separation of poverty had kept them apart since they were children; occasionally a letter had passed between them, but further than these brief, clumsy, ill-spelled messages, Sally knew nothing of her sister's life except its bare circumstances. She had married Sam Tucker, a poor, amiable, "shiftless" creature, half farmer, half fisherman, and had the poor man's blessing, ten children; but six of these lay buried in Fosdick Island grave-yard, three had been lost in a boat out blue-fishing. Sam had been dead ten years, and there was left of all the tribe only the fifth child, Love, a girl of eighteen, who had been her mother's sole comfort and company since the last baby was laid beside its father.

Hepsy had known she was about to die, and with much pain and delay penned a short good-by to Sally, begging her to find some place for Love where she could earn her living and be near her aunt.

"For she's a kinder cossit, Sary, and I mistrust she'll hanker after me sum. I want you should be muther to her nigh as ken be, and sorter harten of her upp when she taiks on, as mabbe she will. Poor cretur! I hate to hev to leave her, but I hoap the Lord and you'll take keer on her."

This letter came inclosed in one from a neighbor announcing Mrs. Tucker's death, and Sally, with red eyes and mild snuffles, put it into Bezy's hand to read.

He puzzled through it, and wiped the back of his hand across his eyes, muttering under his breath, "Darn them cobwebs!" though he knew, and Sally knew, that no spider that ever was laid in egg was the author of the dimness he was ashamed to own.

"Well, Sally, the' ain't but one thing for to do, an' that is for you to go to the island, an' fetch the poor gal hum with ye. Fetch her here, I say, till she finds a better place. She'll be dreadful lonesome an' scary, to begin with: you must get her used to folks gradooal. There's plenty room in this old barrack, an' enough vittles, an' she's welcome. Nuf said."

So Sally, who had made a perfect autocrat of Bezy of late years, meekly obeyed, drew out her small savings from the bank, and with trembling ignorance went her way, managing to reach Fosdick Island safely, and in a week returned with her charge to Hampton, slipping back into her old place with a sigh of satisfaction. Love was a great surprise to the squire, who had thought of her as a lank, frightened, homely down East girl, and stared in amaze at the quiet, sweet face that smiled up at him so modestly, the trim plump figure, the exquisitely neat dress, and shining hair.

"I swan!" he said to Amandar, "she's the most like one of them blue pidgins of anything I ever see in a woman."

But Amandar did not care.

As the year went on a new sense of comfort stole into the house. Love had that inborn power of making any place she inhabited attractive and home-like, which is a greater gift to a woman than any artistic faculty. She brightened up the dark kitchen with gay patchwork cushions in the arm-chairs, set two scarlet-flowered geraniums in the south window which she had fetched from her old home, and pinned up some chintz curtains to the windows, relics of Sally's former housekeeping; then she scoured up the old pewter platters to silvery brightness, and made the brass tops of shovel and tongs radiant. A red shawl served for stand cover, and a few books always lay on it. The kitchen looked like a place to live in, not a mere shelter and feeding trough; and not its least ornament was Love's calm sweet face, the brown eyes shining a welcome to each comer, the brown hair braided and pinned up with that smooth glitter carefully kept hair shows; and the white apron, cuffs, and collar spotlessly pure against her black woollen dress. Her very face expressed the atmosphere that she seemed to dwell in, and to spread about her a sense of peace, composure, and rest.

She reminded Bezy of his lost wife many and many a time. Her eyes were

like Amanda's; so was her shining hair; and though Love's health and plumpness were as unlike Amanda's frail delicacy as could be, Bezy did not place any stress on that: he thought it merely the natural distinction between the girl and the young mother. At any rate, she was like his 'Mandy, almost as gentle and sweet, and his old young life came back to him like a lovely mournful dream as he looked at Love sitting where his wife had sat in their brief happiness, flitting in and out at little household cares just as she did, and making the house home again, as in all these years it had never been. And as the days went on, a subtle sense of comfort and peace stole, even against his will, into Amandar's heart. He scarce ever looked at Love or spoke to her; but he could not help hearing his father's voice soften when he said "Lovey," nor could he fail to see how the pucker was getting smoothed out of Sally's forehead, or ignore the fact that the daily meals were better cooked, more neatly served, more savory of smell—in every way more appetizing—than before. A man's heart and his stomach are said to be interchangeable terms. I would not so malign the sterner sex as to indorse this fact, yet I certainly know of more than one instance where a woman's sole tie to an unloving, selfish, cold husband has been her power of ministering deftly to his chronic dyspepsia. I am sure that I have seen this despised faculty avert divorce and preserve family unity where all else failed, and love had never been. The moral of which is—young ladies, learn to cook well.

And how was it with Lovey? Dear girl reader, how would it have been with you, if, homeless, almost friendless, you had been brought into the daily society of a youth good-looking enough, well to do, intelligent, and the victim of an unfortunate attachment?

Dear little Lovey! she pitied Amandar with all her sweet gentle heart. She thought Amanda Hills a cruel, heartless coquette, which was rather unjust to 'Mandy, at her worst a mere coarse, commonplace girl, not at all the being Amandar painted her. So her beautiful pity worked itself out in gentle deeds; it was she who darned the youth's stockings with such an even lattice of yarn, so smoothly ended or begun that his foot never felt the new fabric—probably it never would have troubled him if she had put on flannel patches; but there are as many works of supererogation in love as in the Romish religion.

She, too, saw that no button ever missed its duty, no string was ever torn off or knotted on any of his clothes. She brushed his Sunday suit every Saturday with a little of the same devotion that impelled her prayers, and stitched his collars with a tender thought to every two threads as well as a stitch, and hemming his handkerchiefs gave her a more exquisite joy than the finest Kensington embroidery ever confers on its votaries.

Yes, Lovey was in love; in love after the genuine old fashion of Eden, when there was but one man for one woman; in love without an alloy of diamonds or settlements, trousseau, or lace and white satin; in love in that divine, almighty, absorbing, unselfish way that counts not its own life dear unto itself in comparison with the lightest wish or want of the beloved: and Amandar, feeling the sun rise on him, did not see it; growing warm and light of heart as he went on with his back to the east, he yet wist not that it shone.

But spring at last kissed the land, the brown sad fields softened in tint, the brooks laughed, the winter grain sprung up afresh on hill and dale, and bluebirds ventured to call out their small encouragements from leafless trees. Work at the forge was dull, and Amandar staid at home to help his father plough. The first few days of May were warm even to sultriness, and holding a plough on the hillside in the blaze of noon proved too much for his unaccustomed head; a sudden ache smote him, so severe that he had to stop and sit down to recover from the shock, which almost amounted to sun-stroke. His father was startled at the pale face and blue lips that told their own story, and sent him home at once. When he reached the house, Sally and Love were taking in the wash from the lines in the orchard, and Amandar went up to his room without seeing them. The cool shade and soft air flowing through his blinds relieved and soothed him so that he fell asleep at once, and awoke some hours afterward to the sound of voices; the two women were sitting on the back door-steps, and before he was really conscious of where he was and whose voices he heard, Sally said to Love,

"The meat-man told me a piece o' news to-day."

Lovey laughed like a song-sparrow, for it was the joke of the house to call the meat-man Sally's newspaper.

"Well, he did, really, this time: he says for true that Amandy Hills is a-goin' to marry old Square Shores down to Ludlow."

The listener felt a dull pang in his heart, and a thrill of sharp surprise followed to feel the pang *was* so dull.

"Isn't she goin' to do well?" asked Love, rather as a matter of course than for any deep interest in the subject.

"Well, I don' know's she is, an' I don' know *as* she is. He's got means—he's got a sight of means—if that's all; an' he lives into a two-story yaller brick house, with a big gardin, and a picket fence all round on't; but he's cur'us, dark complected, an' jest as pernickity as an old maid, and meaner!—my land!—meaner'n dirt. If she's marryin' on him for money, she won't get none on't."

"I hope she won't," burst out Love, in a righteous indignation. "I think anybody that marries anybody for money ought to get come up with every time."

"Highty-tighty! why, Lovey, you ain't riled none, be ye? Money's like fried cakes, real handy to hev in the house, now I tell ye. 'F I was a gal agin, I'd keep an eye out to't, you'd better believe, when folks come a-foolin' round me. 'Tain't to be sneezed at."

"I don't believe you would one bit, Aunt Sally. I know you, and you wouldn't marry a man for his money no more'n I would."

"Well, ef you know so much, child, what on airth would *you* marry a man for, ef I may be so bold?"

Lovey's fair sweet face colored like a peach blossom, from soft round throat to shining hair, as she answered, "For nothing only because I loved him so I couldn't help it."

"My land! seems to know a heap about it. Well, 'Mandy ain't that sort; she wouldn't hev our 'Mandar jest cos he's got a queer name."

"Aunt Sally! Is that what makes him so awful sober?"

"Jest exactly that. I heerd her tellin' of him myself, accidental like, as ye may say; an' she done it as though she knocked him down with a stun, an' kinder liked to. I tell ye I never heerd a woman no harder spoken than 'Mandy Hills was, in this mortal world."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, how hateful! I should have thought she'd ha' liked him all the better for thinkin' so much of his dead mother. I'm sure I felt just like cryin' when you told me about the squire's namin' of him after the one he set such store by; seemed as though 'twas most worth while to die if it made folks think so much of you."

"Why, how you talk, child! You ain't dreadful way-wise yet, it's plain to behold. It's a sight better to hev 'em set by ye whilst ye live. It don't do Miss Hills no good up there under the mulleins an' burdocks to hev the square allers thinkin' about her and mournin' after her."

"I don't believe it," retorted Lovey, her soft voice thrilled with indignation. "I don't believe but what she knows all about it, and is sort of comforted by it. *She* ain't up there in the forlorn old graveyard; she's in a better place, and I know she likes to be loved more'n ever. My gracious! do you think I shouldn't know, if I was ever so dead, that anybody I set my life by had forgot me, and taken another into my place?"

"Well, well, well, child, don't be so stirred up. I don't know nothin' about it, nor you don't nuther, an' it's time to put the tea to draw. Fetch up the butter, will ye? and cut the bread." And Sally walked off to her work, unable to cope with the ardent young heart that life and grief had not yet tamed down to hard sense and practical philosophy.

But there was another heart, still young, if wounded, that heard and responded in the chamber overhead, where Amandar lay in the cool silence, listening—very dishonorably, no doubt—to the door-step conversation. If he had read Shakspeare, probably he would have quoted that well-worn passage,

> "Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets."

As it was, he had a sense of comfort and peace enter his very soul from the genuine and tender sympathy Love bestowed on him; there was a woman, then, who not only did not despise his name, but could love him the better for it—a heart that knew what a beloved memory was, and admired the respect in which the living held it.

Yes, Amandar began to see the sun. There is no creature on earth so consolable as man. A dog will mourn his lost

master to the death, and a woman bewail her husband till she rejoins him; but in man there lies a sublime store of affection that must expend itself on somebody—generally on some woman. Amandar was no exception to this great compensatory rule; he had resisted it longer than usual, because of a certain trait in his nature—a tendency to monotony, which he inherited, diminished in descent, from his father; but now resistance fell, like the walls of Jericho, before the blast of a breath. The queen was dead: long live the queen! He began from that hour to recognize and cultivate a sort of healthy hatred of Amanda, to wonder that he had never understood her character before, and to draw daily the most odious of comparisons between her and Lovey.

In short, he fell manfully in love again, and before the ploughed land was well harrowed and seeded the new passion had sprouted so well that he himself recognized it, and began to wonder if it would be successful. But Lovey was timid, shy, and evasive as a nestling partridge. It was, or seemed, many a long day before Amandar could detain her from her occupations long enough to tell the old story; and when, one day, with masculine will, he swept the clothes off the line himself, and took possession of the small schemer who had made their in-gathering an excuse to avoid him, it was a matter of hours to persuade her that he really was in deep earnest. She could not understand that the love which had shipwrecked him was a thing of the past, and a new passion as genuine as the first had taken true hold of him. It was only after long argument and iterated assurances that Lovey, moved no doubt by the conviction so earnestly expressed that she alone of all women could have availed to heal his wound, consented to believe in him, and revealed her own honest tender heart with a gentle shyness that became it as moss does a rose-bud.

It was a day of rejoicing in that house when Amandar told his father and Sally that Love had consented to be his wife. Bezaleel already loved her as a daughter, and she only disputed Sally's heart with Amandar. And as for the lover, he was happy; in this case it was he who held the cheek out, and Lovey who kissed it. He was not now slave, but master, and the natural position set him at ease, and restored the self-respect Amanda had from the beginning trampled on, and at last outraged. Before the harvest came they were married, and under Love's household reign peace and brightness came permanently to live in the old farm-house. Amandar's mother found another worshipper at her homely shrine, and if there was a thorn in Lovey's roses, it was the fact that no little girl was given her to wear the sacred appellation of its grandmother. And of all the fine boys who made in their turn a temporary bedlam of the farm, not one was permitted to be called after his father, for Amandar had answered for himself the old question, and found out that there is a great deal in a name.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

XIII.

IT may be thought the Doctor was too positive, and Mrs. Almond intimated as much. But as he said, he had his impression; it seemed to him sufficient, and he had no wish to modify it. He had passed his life in estimating people (it was part of the medical trade), and in nineteen cases out of twenty he was right.

"Perhaps Mr. Townsend is the twentieth case," said Mrs. Almond.

"Perhaps he is, though he doesn't look to me at all like a twentieth case. But I will give him the benefit of the doubt, and, to make sure, I will go and talk with Mrs. Montgomery. She will almost certainly tell me I have done right; but it is just possible that she will prove to me that I have made the greatest mistake of my life. If she does, I will beg Mr. Townsend's pardon. You needn't invite her to meet me, as you kindly proposed; I will write her a frank letter, telling her how matters stand, and asking leave to come and see her."

"I am afraid the frankness will be chiefly on your side. The poor little woman will stand up for her brother, whatever he may be."

"Whatever he may be? I doubt that. People are not always so fond of their brothers."

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"Ah," said Mrs. Almond, "when it's a question of thirty thousand a year coming into a family—"

"If she stands up for him on account of the money, she will be a humbug. If she is a humbug, I shall see it. If I see it, I won't waste time with her."

"She is not a humbug—she is an exemplary woman. She will not wish to play her brother a trick simply because he is selfish."

"If she is worth talking to, she will sooner play him a trick than that he should play Catherine one. Has she seen Catherine, by-the-way?—does she know her?"

"Not to my knowledge. Mr. Townsend can have had no particular interest in bringing them together."

"If she is an exemplary woman, no. But we shall see to what extent she answers your description."

"I shall be curious to hear her description of you," said Mrs. Almond, with a laugh. "And, meanwhile, how is Catherine taking it?"

"As she takes everything—as a matter of course."

"Doesn't she make a noise? Hasn't she made a scene?"

"She is not scenic."

"I thought a love-lorn maiden was always scenic."

"A ridiculous widow is more so. Lavinia has made me a speech: she thinks me very arbitrary."

"She has a talent for being in the wrong," said Mrs. Almond. "But I am very sorry for Catherine, all the same."

"So am I. But she will get over it."

"You believe she will give him up?"

"I count upon it. She has such an admiration for her father."

"Oh, we know all about that! But it only makes me pity her the more. It makes her dilemma the more painful, and the effort of choosing between you and her lover almost impossible."

"If she can't choose, all the better."

"Yes, but he will stand there entreating her to choose, and Lavinia will pull on that side."

"I am glad she is not on my side; she is capable of ruining an excellent cause. The day Lavinia gets into your boat, it capsizes. But she had better be careful," said the Doctor. "I will have no treason in my house."

"I suspect she will be careful, for she is at bottom very much afraid of you."

"They are both afraid of me—harmless as I am," the Doctor answered. "And it is on that that I build—on the salutary terror I inspire."

XIV.

He wrote his frank letter to Mrs. Montgomery, who punctually answered it, mentioning an hour at which he might present himself in the Second Avenue. She lived in a neat little house of red brick, which had been freshly painted, with the edges of the bricks very sharply marked out in white. It has now disappeared, with its companions, to make room for a row of structures more majestic. There were green shutters upon the windows, without slats, but pierced with little holes, arranged in groups; and before the house was a diminutive "yard," ornamented with a bush of mysterious character, and surrounded by a low wooden paling, painted in the same green as the shutters. The place looked like a magnified baby-house, and might have been taken down from a shelf in a toy-shop. Doctor Sloper, when he went to call, said to himself, as he glanced at the objects I have enumerated, that Mrs. Montgomery was evidently a thrifty and self-respecting little person—the modest proportions of her dwelling seemed to indicate that she was of small stature—who took a virtuous satisfaction in keeping herself tidy, and had resolved that, since she might not be splendid, she would at least be immaculate. She received him in a little parlor, which was precisely the parlor he had expected: a small unspeckled bower, ornamented with a desultory foliage of tissue-paper, and with clusters of glass drops, amid which—to carry out the analogy—the temperature of the leafy season was maintained by means of a cast-iron stove, emitting a dry blue flame, and smelling strongly of varnish. The walls were embellished with engravings swathed in pink gauze, and the tables ornamented with volumes of extracts from the poets, usually bound in black cloth stamped with florid designs in jaundiced gilt. The Doctor had time to take cognizance of these details; for Mrs. Montgomery, whose conduct he pronounced under the circumstances inexcusable, kept him waiting some ten minutes before she appeared. At last, however, she rustled in, smoothing down a stiff poplin dress, with a little

frightened flush in a gracefully rounded cheek.

She was a small, plump, fair woman, with a bright, clear eye, and an extraordinary air of neatness and briskness. But these qualities were evidently combined with an unaffected humility, and the Doctor gave her his esteem as soon as he had looked at her. A brave little person, with lively perceptions, and yet a disbelief in her own talent for social, as distinguished from practical, affairs—this was his rapid mental *résumé* of Mrs. Montgomery, who, as he saw, was flattered by what she regarded as the honor of his visit. Mrs. Montgomery, in her little red house in the Second Avenue, was a person for whom Dr. Sloper was one of the great men, one of the fine gentlemen of New York; and while she fixed her agitated eyes upon him, while she clasped her mittened hands together in her glossy poplin lap, she had the appearance of saying to herself that he quite answered her idea of what a distinguished guest would naturally be. She apologized for being late; but he interrupted her.

"It doesn't matter," he said; "for while I sat here I had time to think over what I wish to say to you, and to make up my mind how to begin."

"Oh, do begin," murmured Mrs. Montgomery.

"It is not so easy," said the Doctor, smiling. "You will have gathered from my letter that I wish to ask you a few questions, and you may not find it very comfortable to answer them."

"Yes, I have thought what I should say. It is not very easy."

"But you must understand my situation—my state of mind. Your brother wishes to marry my daughter, and I wish to find out what sort of a young man he is. A good way to do so seemed to be to come and ask you, which I have proceeded to do."

Mrs. Montgomery evidently took the situation very seriously; she was in a state of extreme moral concentration. She kept her pretty eyes, which were illumined by a sort of brilliant modesty, attached to his own countenance, and evidently paid the most earnest attention to each of his words. Her expression indicated that she thought his idea of coming to see her a very superior conception, but that she was really afraid to have opinions on strange subjects.

"I am extremely glad to see you," she said, in a tone which seemed to admit, at the same time, that this had nothing to do with the question.

The Doctor took advantage of this admission. "I didn't come to see you for your pleasure; I came to make you say disagreeable things—and you can't like that. What sort of a gentleman is your brother?"

Mrs. Montgomery's illuminated gaze grew vague, and began to wander. She smiled a little, and for some time made no answer, so that the Doctor at last became impatient. And her answer, when it came, was not satisfactory. "It is difficult to talk about one's brother."

"Not when one is fond of him, and when one has plenty of good to say."

"Yes, even then, when a good deal depends on it," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Nothing depends on it, for you."

"I mean for—for—" and she hesitated.

"For your brother himself. I see."

"I mean for Miss Sloper," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor liked this; it had the accent of sincerity. "Exactly; that's the point. If my poor girl should marry your brother, everything—as regards her happiness—would depend on his being a good fellow. She is the best creature in the world, and she could never do him a grain of injury. He, on the other hand, if he should not be all that we desire, might make her very miserable. That is why I want you to throw some light upon his character, you know. Of course you are not bound to do it. My daughter, whom you have never seen, is nothing to you; and I, possibly, am only an indiscreet and impertinent old man. It is perfectly open to you to tell me that my visit is in very bad taste, and that I had better go about my business. But I don't think you will do this, because I think we shall interest you, my poor girl and I. I am sure that if you were to see Catherine, she would interest you very much. I don't mean because she is interesting in the usual sense of the word, but because you would feel sorry for her. She is so soft, so simple-minded, she would be such an easy victim. A bad husband would have remarkable facilities for making her miserable; for she would have neither the intelligence nor the resolution to get the better of him, and yet she would have an exaggerated power of suffering. I see,"

added the Doctor, with his most insinuating, his most professional, laugh, "you are already interested."

"I have been interested from the moment he told me he was engaged," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Ah! he says that—he calls it an engagement?"

"Oh, he has told me you didn't like it."

"Did he tell you that I don't like *him*?"

"Yes, he told me that too. I said I couldn't help it," added Mrs. Montgomery.

"Of course you can't. But what you can do is to tell me I am right; to give me an attestation, as it were." And the Doctor accompanied this remark with another professional smile.

Mrs. Montgomery, however, smiled not at all; it was obvious that she could not take the humorous view of his appeal. "That is a good deal to ask," she said at last.

"There can be no doubt of that; and I must, in conscience, remind you of the advantages a young man marrying my daughter would enjoy. She has an income of ten thousand dollars in her own right, left her by her mother. If she marries a husband I approve, she will come into almost twice as much more at my death."

Mrs. Montgomery listened in great earnestness to this splendid financial statement; she had never heard thousands of dollars so familiarly talked about. She flushed a little with excitement. "Your daughter will be immensely rich," she said, softly.

"Precisely—that's the bother of it."

"And if Morris should marry her, he—he—" And she hesitated timidly.

"He would be master of all that money? By no means. He would be master of the ten thousand a year that she has from her mother; but I should leave every penny of my own fortune, earned in the laborious exercise of my profession, to my nephews and nieces."

Mrs. Montgomery dropped her eyes at this, and sat for some time gazing at the straw matting which covered her floor.

"I suppose it seems to you," said the Doctor, laughing, "that in so doing I should play your brother a very shabby trick?"

"Not at all. That is too much money to get possession of so easily, by marrying. I don't think it would be right."

"It's right to get all one can. But in this case your brother wouldn't be able. If Catherine marries without my consent, she doesn't get a penny from my own pocket."

"Is that certain?" asked Mrs. Montgomery, looking up.

"As certain as that I sit here."

"Even if she should pine away?"

"Even if she should pine to a shadow, which isn't probable."

"Does Morris know this?"

"I shall be most happy to inform him," the Doctor exclaimed.

Mrs. Montgomery resumed her meditations, and her visitor, who was prepared to give time to the affair, asked himself whether, in spite of her little conscientious air, she was not playing into her brother's hands. At the same time he was half ashamed of the ordeal to which he had subjected her, and was touched by the gentleness with which she bore it. "If she were a humbug," he said, "she would get angry: unless she be very deep indeed. It is not probable that she is as deep as that."

"What makes you dislike Morris so much?" she presently asked, emerging from her reflections.

"I don't dislike him in the least as a friend, as a companion. He seems to me a charming fellow, and I should think he would be excellent company. I dislike him, exclusively, as a son-in-law. If the only office of a son-in-law were to dine at the paternal table, I should set a high value upon your brother. He dines capitally. But that is a small part of his function, which, in general, is to be a protector and care-taker of my child, who is singularly ill adapted to take care of herself. It is there that he doesn't satisfy me. I confess I have nothing but my impression to go by; but I am in the habit of trusting my impression. Of course you are at liberty to contradict it flat. He strikes me as selfish and shallow."

Mrs. Montgomery's eyes expanded a little, and the Doctor fancied he saw the light of admiration in them. "I wonder you have discovered he is selfish!" she exclaimed.

"Do you think he hides it so well?"

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And I think we are all rather selfish," she added, quickly.

"I think so too; but I have seen people hide it better than he. You see, I am helped by a habit I have of dividing peo-

ple into classes, into types. I may easily be mistaken about your brother as an individual, but his type is written on his whole person."

"He is very good-looking," said Mrs. Montgomery.

The Doctor eyed her a moment. "You women are all the same. But the type to which your brother belongs was made to be the ruin of you, and you were made to be its handmaids and victims. The sign of the type in question is the determination—sometimes terrible in its quiet intensity—to accept nothing of life but its pleasures, and to secure these pleasures chiefly by the aid of your complaisant sex. Young men of this class never do anything for themselves that they can get other people to do for them, and it is the infatuation, the devotion, the superstition of others that keeps them going. These others, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are women. What our young friends chiefly insist upon is that some one else shall suffer for them; and women do that sort of thing, as you must know, wonderfully well." The Doctor paused a moment, and then he added, abruptly, "You have suffered immensely for your brother!"

This exclamation was abrupt, as I say, but it was also perfectly calculated. The Doctor had been rather disappointed at not finding his compact and comfortable little hostess surrounded in a more visible degree by the ravages of Morris Townsend's immorality; but he had said to himself that this was not because the young man had spared her, but because she had contrived to plaster up her wounds. They were aching there, behind the varnished stove, the festooned engravings, beneath her own neat little poplin bosom; and if he could only touch the tender spot, she would make a movement that would betray her. The words I have just quoted were an attempt to put his finger suddenly upon the place; and they had some of the success that he looked for. The tears sprang for a moment to Mrs. Montgomery's eyes, and she indulged in a proud little jerk of the head.

"I don't know how you have found that out," she exclaimed.

"By a philosophic trick—by what they call induction. You know you have always your option of contradicting me. But kindly answer me a question. Don't you give your brother money? I think you ought to answer that."

"Yes, I have given him money," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"And you have not had much to give him?"

She was silent a moment. "If you ask me for a confession of poverty, that is easily made. I am very poor."

"One would never suppose it from your—your charming house," said the Doctor. "I learned from my sister that your income was moderate, and your family numerous."

"I have five children," Mrs. Montgomery observed; "but I am happy to say I can bring them up decently."

"Of course you can—accomplished and devoted as you are! But your brother has counted them over, I suppose?"

"Counted them over?"

"He knows there are five, I mean. He tells me it is he that brings them up."

Mrs. Montgomery stared a moment, and then, quickly, "Oh, yes; he teaches them—Spanish."

The Doctor laughed out. "That must take a great deal off your hands! Your brother also knows, of course, that you have very little money."

"I have often told him so," Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed, more unreservedly than she had yet spoken. She was apparently taking some comfort in the Doctor's clairvoyance.

"Which means that you have often occasion to, and that he often sponges on you. Excuse the crudity of my language; I simply express a fact. I don't ask you how much of your money he has had; it is none of my business. I have ascertained what I suspected—what I wished." And the Doctor got up, gently smoothing his hat. "Your brother lives on you," he said, as he stood there.

Mrs. Montgomery quickly rose from her chair, following her visitor's movements with a look of fascination. But then, with a certain inconsequence, "I have never complained of him," she said.

"You needn't protest—you have not betrayed him. But I advise you not to give him any more money."

"Don't you see it is in my interest that he should marry a rich person?" she asked. "If, as you say, he lives on me, I can only wish to get rid of him, and to put obstacles in the way of his marrying is to increase my own difficulties."

"I wish very much you would come to me with your difficulties," said the Doc-

tor. "Certainly, if I throw him back on your hands, the least I can do is to help you to bear the burden. If you will allow me to say so, then, I shall take the liberty of placing in your hands, for the present, a certain fund for your brother's support."

Mrs. Montgomery stared; she evidently thought he was jesting; but she presently saw that he was not, and the complication of her feelings became painful. "It seems to me that I ought to be very much offended with you," she murmured.

"Because I have offered you money? That's a superstition," said the Doctor. "You must let me come and see you again, and we will talk about these things. I suppose that some of your children are girls?"

"I have two little girls," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Well, when they grow up, and begin to think of taking husbands, you will see how anxious you will be about the moral character of these husbands. Then you will understand this visit of mine."

"Ah, you are not to believe that Morris's moral character is bad!"

The Doctor looked at her a little, with folded arms. "There is something I should greatly like—as a moral satisfaction. I should like to hear you say, 'He is abominably selfish.'"

The words came out with the grave distinctness of his voice, and they seemed for an instant to create, to poor Mrs. Montgomery's troubled visage, a material image. She gazed at it an instant, and then she turned away. "You distress me, sir!" she exclaimed. "He is, after all, my brother, and his talents—his talents—" On these last words her voice quavered, and before he knew it she had burst into tears.

"His talents are first-rate," said the Doctor. "We must find the proper field for them." And he assured her most respectfully of his regret at having so greatly discomposed her. "It's all for my poor Catherine," he went on. "You must know her, and you will see."

Mrs. Montgomery brushed away her tears, and blushed at having shed them. "I should like to know your daughter," she answered. And then, in an instant, "Don't let her marry him!"

Doctor Sloper went away with the words gently humming in his ears—"Don't let her marry him!" They gave him the moral satisfaction of which he had just spoken, and their value was the greater that they had evidently cost a pang to poor little Mrs. Montgomery's family pride.

XV.

He had been puzzled by the way that Catherine carried herself; her attitude at this sentimental crisis seemed to him unnaturally passive. She had not spoken to him again after that scene in the library, the day before his interview with Morris; and a week had elapsed without making any change in her manner. There was nothing in it that appealed for pity, and he was even a little disappointed at her not giving him an opportunity to make up for his harshness by some manifestation of liberality which should operate as a compensation. He thought a little of offering to take her for a tour in Europe; but he was determined to do this only in case she should seem mutely to reproach him. He had an idea that she would display a talent for mute reproaches, and he was surprised at not finding himself exposed to these silent batteries. She said nothing, either tacitly or explicitly, and as she was never very talkative, there was now no especial eloquence in her reserve. And poor Catherine was not sulky—a style of behavior for which she had too little histrionic talent; she was simply very patient. Of course she was thinking over her situation, and she was apparently doing so in a deliberate and unimpassioned manner, with a view of making the best of it.

"She will do as I have bidden her," said the Doctor, and he made the further reflection that his daughter was not a woman of great spirit.

I know not whether he had hoped for a little more resistance for the sake of a little more entertainment, but he said to himself, as he had said before, that though it might have its momentary alarms, paternity was, after all, not an exciting vocation.

Catherine meanwhile had made a discovery of a very different sort; it had become vivid to her that there was a great excitement in trying to be a good daughter. She had an entirely new feeling, which may be described as a state of expectant suspense about her own actions. She watched herself as she would have watched another person, and wondered what she would do. It was as if this oth-

er person, who was both herself and not herself, had suddenly sprung into being, inspiring her with a natural curiosity as to the performance of untested functions.

"I am glad I have such a good daughter," said her father, kissing her, after the lapse of several days.

"I am trying to be good," she answered, turning away, with a conscience not altogether clear.

"If there is anything you would like to say to me, you know you must not hesitate. You needn't feel obliged to be so quiet. I shouldn't care that Mr. Townsend should be a frequent topic of conversation, but whenever you have anything particular to say about him, I shall be very glad to hear it."

"Thank you," said Catherine; "I have nothing particular at present."

He never asked her whether she had seen Morris again, because he was sure that if this had been the case she would tell him. She had in fact not seen him; she had only written him a long letter. The letter at least was long for her, and it may be added that it was long for Morris; it consisted of five pages, in a remarkably neat and handsome hand. Catherine's handwriting was beautiful, and she was even a little proud of it; she was extremely fond of copying, and possessed volumes of extracts which testified to this accomplishment—volumes which she had exhibited one day to her lover, when the bliss of feeling that she was important in his eyes was exceptionally keen. She told Morris in writing that her father had expressed the wish that she should not see him again, and she begged that he would not come to the house until she should have "made up her mind." Morris replied with a passionate epistle, in which he asked to what, in Heaven's name, she wished to make up her mind. Had not her mind been made up two weeks before, and could it be possible that she entertained the idea of throwing him off? Did she mean to break down at the very beginning of their ordeal, after all the promises of fidelity she had both given and extracted? And he gave an account of his own interview with her father—an account not identical at all points with that offered in these pages. "He was terribly violent," Morris wrote, "but you know my self-control. I have need of it all when I remember that I have it in my power to break in upon your cruel captivity." Catherine sent him, in answer to this, a note of three lines. "I am in great trouble; do not doubt of my affection, but let me wait a little and think." The idea of a struggle with her father, of setting up her will against his own, was heavy on her soul, and it kept her quiet, as a great physical weight keeps us motionless. It never entered into her mind to throw her lover off, but from the first she tried to assure herself that there would be a peaceful way out of their difficulty. The assurance was vague, for it contained no element of positive conviction that her father would change his mind. She only had an idea that if she should be very good, the situation would in some mysterious manner improve. To be good, she must be patient, outwardly submissive, abstain from judging her father too harshly, and from committing any act of open defiance. He was perhaps right, after all, to think as he did; by which Catherine meant not in the least that his judgment of Morris's motives in seeking to marry her was perhaps a just one, but that it was probably natural and proper that conscientious parents should be suspicious, and even unjust. There were probably people in the world as bad as her father supposed Morris to be, and if there were the slightest chance of Morris being one of these sinister persons, the Doctor was right in taking it into account. Of course he could not know what she knew, how the purest love and truth were seated in the young man's eyes; but Heaven, in its own time, might appoint a way of bringing him to such knowledge. Catherine expected a good deal of Heaven, and referred to the skies the initiative, as the French say, in dealing with her dilemma. She could not imagine herself imparting any kind of knowledge to her father; there was something superior even in his injustice, and absolute in his mistakes. But she could at least be good, and if she were only good enough, Heaven would invent some way of reconciling all things—the dignity of her father's errors and the sweetness of her own confidence, the strict performance of her filial duties and the enjoyment of Morris Townsend's affection. Poor Catherine would have been glad to regard Mrs. Penniman as an illuminating agent—a part which this lady herself, indeed, was but imperfectly prepared to play. Mrs. Penniman took too much satisfaction in the

sentimental shadows of this little drama to have, for the moment, any great interest in dissipating them. She wished the plot to thicken, and the advice that she gave her niece tended, in her own imagination, to produce this result. It was rather incoherent counsel, and from one day to another it contradicted itself; but it was pervaded by an earnest desire that Catherine should do something striking. "You must *act*, my dear; in your situation the great thing is to act," said Mrs. Penniman, who found her niece altogether beneath her opportunities. Mrs. Penniman's real hope was that the girl would make a secret marriage, at which she should officiate as brides-woman or duenna. She had a vision of this ceremony being performed in some subterranean chapel (subterranean chapels in New York were not frequent, but Mrs. Penniman's imagination was not chilled by trifles), and of the guilty couple—she liked to think of poor Catherine and her suitor as the guilty couple—being shuffled away in a fast-whirling vehicle to some obscure lodging in the suburbs, where she would pay them (in a thick veil) clandestine visits, where they would endure a period of romantic privation, and when ultimately, after she should have been their earthly providence, their intercessor, their advocate, and their medium of communication with the world, they would be reconciled to her brother in an artistic tableau, in which she herself should be somehow the central figure. She hesitated as yet to recommend this course to Catherine, but she attempted to draw an attractive picture of it to Morris Townsend. She was in daily communication with the young man, whom she kept informed by letters of the state of affairs in Washington Square. As he had been banished, as she said, from the house, she no longer saw him, but she ended by writing to him that she longed for an interview. This interview could take place only on neutral ground, and she bethought herself greatly before selecting a place of meeting. She had an inclination for Greenwood Cemetery, but she gave it up as too distant; she could not absent herself for so long, as she said, without exciting suspicion. Then she thought of the Battery, but that was rather cold and windy, besides one's being exposed to intrusion from the Irish emigrants who at this point alight, with large appetites, in the New World; and at last she fixed upon an oyster saloon in the Seventh Avenue, kept by a negro—an establishment of which she knew nothing save that she had noticed it in passing. She made an appointment with Morris Townsend to meet him there, and she went to the tryst at dusk, enveloped in an impenetrable veil. He kept her waiting for half an hour—he had almost the whole width of the city to traverse—but she liked to wait; it seemed to intensify the situation. She ordered a cup of tea, which proved excessively bad, and this gave her a sense that she was suffering in a romantic cause. When Morris at last arrived, they sat together for half an hour in the duskiest corner of the back shop; and it is hardly too much to say that this was the happiest half-hour that Mrs. Penniman had known for years. The situation was really thrilling, and it scarcely seemed to her a false note when her companion asked for an oyster stew, and proceeded to consume it before her eyes. Morris, indeed, needed all the satisfaction that stewed oysters could give him, for it may be intimated to the reader that he regarded Mrs. Penniman in the light of a fifth wheel to his coach. He was in a state of irritation natural to a gentleman of fine parts who had been snubbed in a benevolent attempt to confer a distinction upon a young woman of inferior characteristics, and the insinuating sympathy of this somewhat desiccated matron appeared to offer him no practical relief. He thought her a humbug, and he judged of humbugs with a good deal of confidence. He had listened and made himself agreeable to her at first, in order to get a footing in Washington Square; and at present he needed all his self-command to be decently civil. It would have gratified him to tell her that she was a fantastic old woman, and that he would like to put her into an omnibus and send her home. We know, however, that Morris possessed the virtue of self-control, and he had, moreover, the constant habit of seeking to be agreeable; so that, although Mrs. Penniman's demeanor only exasperated his already unquiet nerves, he listened to her with a sombre deference in which she found much to admire.

XVI.

They had, of course, immediately spoken of Catherine. "Did she send me a message, or—or anything?" Morris asked. He appeared to think that she might

have sent him a trinket or a lock of her hair.

Mrs. Penniman was slightly embarrassed, for she had not told her niece of her intended expedition. "Not exactly a message," she said; "I didn't ask her for one, because I was afraid to—to excite her."

"I am afraid she is not very excitable." And Morris gave a smile of some bitterness.

"She is better than that. She is steadfast—she is true."

"Do you think she will hold fast, then?"

"To the death!"

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that," said Morris.

"We must be prepared for the worst, and that is what I wish to speak to you about."

"What do you call the worst?"

"Well," said Mrs. Penniman, "my brother's hard, intellectual nature."

"Oh, the devil!"

"He is impervious to pity," Mrs. Penniman added, by way of explanation.

"Do you mean that he won't come round?"

"He will never be vanquished by argument. I have studied him. He will be vanquished only by the accomplished fact."

"The accomplished fact?"

"He will come round afterward," said Mrs. Penniman, with extreme significance. "He cares for nothing but facts—he must be met by facts."

"Well," rejoined Morris, "it is a fact that I wish to marry his daughter. I met him with that the other day, but he was not at all vanquished."

Mrs. Penniman was silent a little, and her smile beneath the shadow of her capacious bonnet, on the edge of which her black veil was arranged curtainwise, fixed itself upon Morris's face with a still more tender brilliancy. "Marry Catherine first, and meet him afterward," she exclaimed.

"Do you recommend that?" asked the young man, frowning heavily.

She was a little frightened, but she went on with considerable boldness. "That is the way I see it: a private marriage—a private marriage." She repeated the phrase because she liked it.

"Do you mean that I should carry Catherine off? What do they call it—elope with her?"

"It is not a crime when you are driven to it," said Mrs. Penniman. "My husband, as I have told you, was a distinguished clergyman—one of the most eloquent men of his day. He once married a young couple that had fled from the house of the young lady's father; he was so interested in their story. He had no hesitation, and everything came out beautifully. The father was afterward reconciled, and thought everything of the young man. Mr. Penniman married them in the evening, about seven o'clock. The church was so dark you could scarcely see; and Mr. Penniman was intensely agitated—he was so sympathetic. I don't believe he could have done it again."

"Unfortunately Catherine and I have not Mr. Penniman to marry us," said Morris.

"No, but you have me," rejoined Mrs. Penniman, expressively. "I can't perform the ceremony, but I can help you; I can watch."

"The woman's an idiot," thought Morris; but he was obliged to say something different. It was not, however, materially more civil. "Was it in order to tell me this that you requested I would meet you here?"

Mrs. Penniman had been conscious of a certain vagueness in her errand, and of not being able to offer him any very tangible reward for his long walk. "I thought perhaps you would like to see one who is so near to Catherine," she observed, with considerable majesty. "And also," she added, "that you would value an opportunity of sending her something."

Morris extended his empty hands with a melancholy smile. "I am greatly obliged to you, but I have nothing to send."

"Haven't you a *word*?" asked his companion, with her suggestive smile coming back.

Morris frowned again. "Tell her to hold fast," he said, rather curtly.

"That is a good word—a noble word. It will make her happy for many days. She is very touching, very brave," Mrs. Penniman went on, arranging her mantle and preparing to depart. While she was so engaged she had an inspiration; she found the phrase that she could boldly offer as a vindication of the step she had taken. "If you marry Catherine at all risks," she said, "you will give my bro-

ther a proof of your being what he pretends to doubt."

"What he pretends to doubt?"

"Don't you know what that is?" Mrs. Penniman asked, almost playfully.

"It does not concern me to know," said Morris, grandly.

"Of course it makes you angry."

"I despise it," Morris declared.

"Ah, you know what it is, then," said Mrs. Penniman, shaking her finger at him. "He pretends that you like—you like the money."

Morris hesitated a moment; and then, as if he spoke advisedly, "I *do* like the money!"

"Ah, but not—but not as he means it. You don't like it more than Catherine."

He leaned his elbows on the table, and buried his head in his hands. "You torture me," he murmured. And indeed this was almost the effect of the poor lady's too importunate interest in his situation.

But she insisted on making her point. "If you marry her in spite of him, he will take for granted that you expect nothing of him, and are prepared to do without it. And so he will see that you are disinterested."

Morris raised his head a little, following this argument. "And what shall I gain by that?"

"Why, that he will see that he has been wrong in thinking that you wished to get his money."

"And seeing that I wish he would go to the deuce with it, he will leave it to a hospital. Is that what you mean?" asked Morris.

"No, I don't mean that; though that would be very grand." Mrs. Penniman quickly added, "I mean that having done you such an injustice, he will think it his duty, at the end, to make some amends."

Morris shook his head, though it must be confessed he was a little struck with this idea. "Do you think he is so sentimental?"

"He is not sentimental," said Mrs. Penniman; "but, to be perfectly fair to him, I think he has, in his own narrow way, a certain sense of duty."

There passed through Morris Townsend's mind a rapid wonder as to what he might, even under a remote contingency, be indebted to from the action of this principle in Doctor Sloper's breast, and the inquiry exhausted itself in his sense of the ludicrous. "Your brother has no duties to me," he said, presently, "and I none to him."

"Ah, but he has duties to Catherine."

"Yes, but you see, on that principle, Catherine has duties to him as well."

Mrs. Penniman got up, with a melancholy sigh, as if she thought him very unimaginative. "She has always performed them faithfully; and now do you think she has no duties to *you*?" Mrs. Penniman always, even in conversation, italicized her personal pronouns.

"It would sound harsh to say so. I am so grateful for her love," Morris added.

"I will tell her you said that. And now, remember that if you need me, I am there." And Mrs. Penniman, who could think of nothing more to say, nodded vaguely in the direction of Washington Square.

Morris looked some moments at the sanded floor of the shop; he seemed to be disposed to linger a moment. At last, looking up with a certain abruptness, "It is your belief that if she marries me he will cut her off?" he asked.

Mrs. Penniman stared a little, and smiled. "Why, I have explained to you what I think would happen—that in the end it would be the best thing to do."

"You mean that, whatever she does, in the long-run she will get the money?"

"It doesn't depend upon her, but upon you. Venture to appear as disinterested as you are," said Mrs. Penniman, ingeniously. Morris dropped his eyes on the sanded floor again, pondering this; and she pursued. "Mr. Penniman and I had nothing, and we were very happy. Catherine, moreover, has her mother's fortune, which, at the time my sister-in-law married, was considered a very handsome one."

"Oh, don't speak of that!" said Morris; and indeed it was quite superfluous, for he had contemplated the fact in all its lights.

"Austin married a wife with money—why shouldn't you?"

"Ah! but your brother was a doctor," Morris objected.

"Well, all young men can't be doctors."

"I should think it an extremely loathsome profession," said Morris, with an air of intellectual independence; then, in a moment, he went on rather inconsequently, "Do you suppose there is a will already made in Catherine's favor?"

"I suppose so—even doctors must die; and perhaps a little in mine," Mrs. Penniman frankly added.

"And you believe he would certainly change it—as regards Catherine?"

"Yes; and then change it back again."

"Ah, but one can't depend on that," said Morris.

"Do you want to *depend* on it?" Mrs. Penniman asked.

Morris blushed a little. "Well, I am certainly afraid of being the cause of an injury to Catherine."

"Ah! you must not be afraid. Be afraid of nothing, and everything will go well."

And then Mrs. Penniman paid for her cup of tea, and Morris paid for his oyster stew, and they went out together into the dimly lighted wilderness of the Seventh Avenue. The dusk had closed in completely, and the street lamps were separated by wide intervals of a pavement in which cavities and fissures played a disproportionate part. An omnibus, emblazoned with strange pictures, went tumbling over the dislocated cobble-stones.

"How will you go home?" Morris asked, following this vehicle with an interested eye. Mrs. Penniman had taken his arm.

She hesitated a moment. "I think this manner would be pleasant," she said; and she continued to let him feel the value of his support.

So he walked with her through the devious ways of the west side of the town, and through the bustle of gathering nightfall in populous streets, to the quiet precinct of Washington Square. They lingered a moment at the foot of Doctor Sloper's white marble steps, above which a spotless white door, adorned with a glittering silver plate, seemed to figure, for Morris, the closed portal of happiness; and then Mrs. Penniman's companion rested a melancholy eye upon a lighted window in the upper part of the house.

"That is my room—my dear little room!" Mrs. Penniman remarked.

Morris started. "Then I needn't come walking round the square to gaze at it."

"That's as you please. But Catherine's is behind; two noble windows on the second floor. I think you can see them from the other street."

"I don't want to see them, ma'am." And Morris turned his back to the house.

"I will tell her you have been *here*, at any rate," said Mrs. Penniman, pointing to the spot where they stood; "and I will give her your message—that she is to hold fast."

"Oh yes, of course. You know I write her all that."

"It seems to say more when it is spoken. And remember, if you need me, that I am *there*," and Mrs. Penniman glanced at the third floor.

On this they separated, and Morris, left to himself, stood looking at the house a moment; after which he turned away, and took a gloomy walk round the square, on the opposite side, close to the wooden fence. Then he came back, and paused for a minute in front of Doctor Sloper's dwelling. His eyes travelled over it; they even rested on the ruddy windows of Mrs. Penniman's apartment. He thought it a devilish comfortable house.

XVII.

Mrs. Penniman told Catherine that evening—the two ladies were sitting in the back parlor—that she had had an interview with Morris Townsend; and on receiving this news the girl started with a sense of pain. She felt angry for the moment: it was almost the first time she had ever felt angry. It seemed to her that her aunt was meddlesome; and from this came a vague apprehension that she would spoil something.

"I don't see why you should have seen him. I don't think it was right," Catherine said.

"I was so sorry for him; it seemed to me some one ought to see him."

"No one but I," said Catherine, who felt as if she were making the most presumptuous speech of her life, and yet at the same time had an instinct that she was right in doing so.

"But you wouldn't, my dear," Aunt Lavinia rejoined; "and I didn't know what might have become of him."

"I have not seen him, because my father has forbidden it," Catherine said, very simply.

There was a simplicity in this, indeed, which fairly vexed Mrs. Penniman. "If your father forbade you to go to sleep, I suppose you would keep awake," she commented.

Catherine looked at her. "I don't understand you. You seem to me very strange."

"Well, my dear, you will understand

me some day." And Mrs. Penniman, who was reading the evening paper, which she perused daily from the first line to the last, resumed her occupation. She wrapped herself in silence; she was determined Catherine should ask her for an account of her interview with Morris. But Catherine was silent for so long that she almost lost patience; and she was on the point of remarking to her that she was very heartless, when the girl at last spoke.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He said he is ready to marry you any day, in spite of everything."

Catherine made no answer to this, and Mrs. Penniman almost lost patience again; owing to which she at last volunteered the information that Morris looked very handsome, but terribly haggard.

"Did he seem sad?" asked her niece.

"He was dark under the eyes," said Mrs. Penniman. "So different from when I first saw him; though I am not sure that if I had seen him in this condition the first time, I should not have been even more struck with him. There is something brilliant in his very misery."

This was, to Catherine's sense, a vivid picture; and though she disapproved, she felt herself gazing at it. "Where did you see him?" she asked, presently.

"In—in the Bowery; at a confectioner's," said Mrs. Penniman, who had a general idea that she ought to dissemble a little.

"Whereabouts is the place?" Catherine inquired, after another pause.

"Do you wish to go there, my dear?" said her aunt.

"Oh no!" And Catherine got up from her seat and went to the fire, where she stood looking awhile at the glowing coals.

"Why are you so dry, Catherine?" Mrs. Penniman said at last.

"So dry?"

"So cold—so irresponsive."

The girl turned, very quickly. "Did *he* say that?"

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a moment. "I will tell you what he said. He said he feared only one thing—that you would be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of your father."

Catherine turned back to the fire again, and then, after a pause, she said, "I *am* afraid of my father."

Mrs. Penniman got quickly up from her chair and approached her niece. "Do you mean to give him up, then?"

Catherine for some time never moved; she kept her eyes on the coals. At last she raised her head and looked at her aunt. "Why do you push me so?" she asked.

"I don't push you. When have I spoken to you before?"

"It seems to me that you have spoken to me several times."

"I am afraid it is necessary, then, Catherine," said Mrs. Penniman, with a good deal of solemnity. "I am afraid you don't feel the importance—" She paused a little; Catherine was looking at her. "The importance of not disappointing that gallant young heart." And Mrs. Penniman went back to her chair by the lamp, and, with a little jerk, picked up the evening paper again.

Catherine stood there before the fire, with her hands behind her, looking at her aunt, to whom it seemed that the girl had never had just this dark fixedness in her gaze. "I don't think you understand—or that you know me," she said.

"If I don't, it is not wonderful: you trust me so little."

Catherine made no attempt to deny this charge, and for some time more nothing was said. But Mrs. Penniman's imagination was restless, and the evening paper failed on this occasion to enchain it.

"If you succumb to the dread of your father's wrath," she said, "I don't know what will become of us."

"Did *he* tell you to say these things to me?"

"He told me to use my influence."

"You must be mistaken," said Catherine. "He trusts me."

"I hope he may never repent of it." And Mrs. Penniman gave a little sharp slap to her newspaper. She knew not what to make of her niece, who had suddenly become stern and contradictious.

This tendency on Catherine's part was presently even more apparent. "You had much better not make any more appointments with Mr. Townsend," she said. "I don't think it is right."

Mrs. Penniman rose with considerable majesty. "My poor child, are you jealous of me?" she inquired.

"Oh, Aunt Lavinia!" murmured Catherine, blushing.

"I don't think it is your place to teach me what is right."

On this point Catherine made no concession. "It can't be right to deceive."

"I certainly have not deceived *you*."

"Yes; but I promised my father—"

"I have no doubt you promised your father. But I have promised him nothing."

Catherine had to admit this, and she did so in silence. "I don't believe Mr. Townsend himself likes it," she said at last.

"Doesn't like meeting me?"

"Not in secret."

"It was not in secret; the place was full of people."

"But it was a secret place—away off in the Bowery."

Mrs. Penniman flinched a little. "Gentlemen enjoy such things," she remarked, presently. "I know what gentlemen like."

"My father wouldn't like it, if he knew."

"Pray do you propose to inform him?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"No, Aunt Lavinia. But please don't do it again."

"If I do it again, you will inform him: is that what you mean? I do not share your dread of my brother; I have always known how to defend my own position. But I shall certainly never again take any step on your behalf; you are much too thankless. I knew you were not a spontaneous nature, but I believed you were firm, and I told your father that he would find you so. I am disappointed—but your father will not be." And with this Mrs. Penniman offered her niece a brief good-night, and withdrew to her own apartment.

XVIII.

Catherine sat alone by the parlor fire—sat there for more than an hour, lost in her meditations. Her aunt seemed to her aggressive and foolish, and to see it so clearly—to judge Mrs. Penniman so positively—made her feel old and grave. She did not resent the imputation of weakness; it made no impression on her, for she had not the sense of weakness, and she was not hurt at not being appreciated. She had an immense respect for her father, and she felt that to displease him would be a misdemeanor analogous to an act of profanity in a great temple; but her purpose had slowly ripened, and she believed that her prayers had purified it of its violence. The evening advanced, and the lamp burned dim without her noticing it; her eyes were fixed upon her terrible plan. She knew her father was in his study—that he had been there all the evening; from time to time she expected to hear him move. She thought he would perhaps come, as he sometimes came, into the parlor. At last the clock struck eleven, and the house was wrapped in silence; the servants had gone to bed. Catherine got up and went slowly to the door of the library, where she waited a moment, motionless. Then she knocked, and then she waited again. Her father had answered her, but she had not the courage to turn the latch. What she had said to her aunt was true enough—she was afraid of him; and in saying that she had no sense of weakness she meant that she was not afraid of herself. She heard him move within, and he came and opened the door for her.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor. "You are standing there like a ghost."

She went into the room, but it was some time before she contrived to say what she had come to say. Her father, who was in his dressing-gown and slippers, had been busy at his writing-table, and after looking at her for some moments, and waiting for her to speak, he went and seated himself at his papers again. His back was turned to her—she began to hear the scratching of his pen. She remained near the door, with her heart thumping beneath her bodice; and she was very glad that his back was turned, for it seemed to her that she could more easily address herself to this portion of his person than to his face. At last she began, watching it while she spoke:

"You told me that if I should have anything more to say about Mr. Townsend, you would be glad to listen to it."

"Exactly, my dear," said the Doctor, not turning round, but stopping his pen.

Catherine wished it would go on, but she herself continued: "I thought I would tell you that I have not seen him again, but that I should like to do so."

"To bid him good-by?" asked the Doctor.

The girl hesitated a moment. "He is not going away."

The Doctor wheeled slowly round in his chair, with a smile that seemed to accuse her of an epigram; but extremes meet, and Catherine had not intended

one. "It is not to bid him good-by, then?" her father said.

"No, father, not that; at least not forever. I have not seen him again, but I should like to see him," Catherine repeated.

The Doctor slowly rubbed his under lip with the feather of his quill.

"Have you written to him?"

"Yes, four times."

"You have not dismissed him, then. Once would have done that."

"No," said Catherine; "I have asked him—asked him to wait."

Her father sat looking at her, and she was afraid he was going to break out into wrath; his eyes were so fine and cold.

"You are a dear, faithful child," he said at last. "Come here to your father." And he got up, holding out his hands toward her.

The words were a surprise, and they gave her an exquisite joy. She went to him, and he put his arm round her tenderly, soothingly; and then he kissed her. After this he said,

"Do you wish to make me very happy?"

"I should like to—but I am afraid I can't," Catherine answered.

"You can if you will. It all depends on your will."

"Is it to give him up?" said Catherine.

"Yes, it is to give him up."

And he held her still, with the same tenderness, looking into her face and resting his eyes on her averted eyes. There was a long silence; she wished he would release her.

"You are happier than I, father," she said at last.

"I have no doubt you are unhappy just now. But it is better to be unhappy for three months, and get over it, than for many years, and never get over it."

"Yes, if that were so," said Catherine.

"It would be so; I am sure of that." She answered nothing, and he went on: "Have you no faith in my wisdom, in my tenderness, in my solicitude for your future?"

"Oh, father!" murmured the girl.

"Don't you suppose that I know something of men?—their vices, their follies, their falsities?"

She detached herself, and turned upon him. "He is not vicious—he is not false!"

Her father kept looking at her with his sharp, pure eye. "You make nothing of my judgment, then?"

"I can't believe that."

"I don't ask you to believe it, but to take it on trust."

Catherine was far from saying to herself that this was an ingenious sophism; but she met the appeal none the less squarely. "What has he done—what do you know?"

"He has never done anything—he is a selfish idler."

"Oh, father, don't abuse him!" she exclaimed, pleadingly.

"I don't mean to abuse him; it would be a great mistake. You may do as you choose," he added, turning away.

"I may see him again?"

"Just as you choose."

"Will you forgive me?"

"By no means."

"It will only be for once."

"I don't know what you mean by once. You must either give him up or continue the acquaintance."

"I wish to explain—to tell him to wait."

"To wait for what?"

"Till you know him better—till you consent."

"Don't tell him any such nonsense as that. I know him well enough, and I shall never consent."

"But we can wait a long time," said poor Catherine, in a tone which was meant to express the humblest conciliation, but which had upon her father's nerves the effect of an iteration not characterized by tact.

The Doctor answered, however, quietly enough, "Of course you can wait till I die, if you like."

Catherine gave a cry of natural horror.

"Your engagement will have one delightful effect upon you: it will make you extremely impatient for that event."

Catherine stood staring, and the Doctor enjoyed the point he had made. It came to Catherine with the force—or rather with the vague impressiveness—of a logical axiom which it was not in her province to controvert; and yet, though it was a scientific truth, she felt wholly unable to accept it.

"I would rather not marry, if that were true," she said.

"Give me a proof of it, then; for it is beyond a question that by engaging yourself to Morris Townsend you simply wait for my death."

She turned away, feeling sick and faint; and the Doctor went on: "And if you

wait for it with impatience, judge, if you please, what *his* eagerness will be!"

Catherine turned it over—her father's words had such an authority for her that her very thoughts were capable of obeying him. There was a dreadful ugliness in it, which seemed to glare at her through the interposing medium of her own feebler reason. Suddenly, however, she had an inspiration—she almost knew it to be an inspiration.

"If I don't marry before your death, I will not after," she said.

To her father, it must be admitted, this seemed only another epigram; and as obstinacy, in unaccomplished minds, does not usually select such a mode of expression, he was the more surprised at this wanton play of a fixed idea.

"Do you mean that for an impertinence?" he inquired—an inquiry of which, as he made it, he quite perceived the grossness.

"An impertinence? Oh, father, what terrible things you say!"

"If you don't wait for my death, you might as well marry immediately: there is nothing else to wait for."

For some time Catherine made no answer; but finally she said,

"I think Morris—little by little—might persuade you."

"I shall never let him speak to me again. I dislike him too much."

Catherine gave a long, low sigh; she tried to stifle it, for she had made up her mind that it was wrong to make a parade of her trouble, and to endeavor to act upon her father by the meretricious aid of emotion. Indeed, she even thought it wrong—in the sense of being inconsiderate—to attempt to act upon his feelings at all; her part was to effect some gentle, gradual change in his intellectual perception of poor Morris's character. But the means of effecting such a change were at present shrouded in mystery, and she felt miserably helpless and hopeless. She had exhausted all arguments, all replies. Her father might have pitied her, and in fact he did so; but he was sure he was right.

"There is one thing you can tell Mr. Townsend, when you see him again," he said: "that if you marry without my consent, I don't leave you a farthing of money. That will interest him more than anything else you can tell him."

"That would be very right," Catherine answered. "I ought not in that case to have a farthing of your money."

"My dear child," the Doctor observed, laughing, "your simplicity is touching. Make that remark, in that tone, and with that expression of countenance, to Mr. Townsend, and take a note of his answer. It won't be polite; it will express irritation; and I shall be glad of that, as it will put me in the right; unless, indeed—which is perfectly possible—you should like him the better for being rude to you."

"He will never be rude to me," said Catherine, gently.

"Tell him what I say, all the same."

She looked at her father, and her quiet eyes filled with tears.

"I think I will see him, then," she murmured, in her timid voice.

"Exactly as you choose." And he went to the door and opened it for her to go out. The movement gave her a terrible sense of his turning her off.

"It will be only once, for the present," she added, lingering a moment.

"Exactly as you choose," he repeated, standing there with his hand on the door. "I have told you what I think. If you see him, you will be an ungrateful, cruel child; you will have given your old father the greatest pain of his life."

This was more than the poor girl could bear; her tears overflowed, and she moved toward her grimly consistent parent with a pitiful cry. Her hands were raised in supplication, but he sternly evaded this appeal. Instead of letting her sob out her misery on his shoulder, he simply took her by the arm and directed her course across the threshold, closing the door gently but firmly behind her. After he had done so, he remained listening. For a long time there was no sound; he knew that she was standing outside. He was sorry for her, as I have said; but he was so sure he was right. At last he heard her move away, and then her footstep creaked faintly upon the stairs.

The Doctor took several turns round his study, with his hands in his pockets, and a thin sparkle, possibly of irritation, but partly also of something like humor, in his eye. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "I believe she will stick—I believe she will stick!" And this idea of Catherine "sticking" appeared to have a comical side, and to offer a prospect of entertainment. He determined, as he said to himself, to see it out.

THE RED HORSE TAVERN.

SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I HAVE almost come to read history as if it were a novel. When from my own little and limited experience I receive such false images and such disproportionate accounts of those events of which I have the fondest and keenest personal recollections, I imagine through what discrepancies and prejudices the annals of more important events may have passed in being handed down from the records of ages. For instance, how many persons observing the title of this sketch know to what it refers? Had I written, instead, Longfellow's Way-side Inn, every one would at once recognize and comprehend it, and few know that these places are identical. The old family of Howe, who kept the first-named place, could it travel earthward again, would assuredly linger with loving interest upon its name, but little would it imagine that the last had any connection with its old home, might it be permitted to look with present eyes upon the past.

Thus here, and on a small scale, and in feeble comparison with greater historical annals, walks abroad an illusion that is borne from tongue to tongue, and is handed down as fact to posterity within so brief a period of time. I can imagine the lecturer of the future addressing his audience in this fashion, "Here in this old inn Longfellow was wont to pass many a summer's day, and undoubtedly some of his finest poems were conceived under the shadow of these old elms that surge and sweep about his Way-side Inn." I would not venture to say how many times the story has been told me that our poet laureate once lived there, and hence the poem. "The Way-side Inn" of Longfellow is purely a work of the imagination; nor does it commemorate or embody forth in the faintest manner any real events that ever happened there. After the last male descendant, an old bachelor, had died, after the auction sale of his scanty effects, and the lease of the house to a stranger, who knew nothing of its past history, the poet visited the shorn mansion.

The more wonder that out of such bare stuff such a poem was woven! Now for the prose story of the Way-side Inn under its original unpoetic title, Howe's Tavern, the sign of the Red Horse, A.D. 1690. Long before the days of railways this was a popular and well-kept hostelry, situated on the high-road between Boston and the Connecticut Valley. It was a place busy with custom, and proud in being so. Mr. Howe was a prosperous and painstaking farmer, and his broad acres stretched through meadow and woodland for miles away. His good wife, with ample force of male and female accessories, conducted the ménage, and their two sons, Lyman and Adam, and one daughter, Jerusha, made up the perfect family picture. They were indeed a pleasing representative type of old-fashioned New England respectability and prosperity in its best sense, combined with domestic happiness and virtue. Miss Jerusha was for that period far above the average country girl, and one might as well say of a later or present period. She possessed great common-sense, combined with refined tastes, musical accomplishments, and rare domestic qualities. She had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school in a distant city, and in many families of the merchants of the day she was always a welcome guest. She was delicate in person, and not of robust constitution, which kept her much at home under the care of watchful parents. And it may well be understood that in the neighborhood of the surrounding country she was looked up to with much respect, and regarded as an authority and model in all matters of superior taste. Her home was truly a happy one. With devoted parents, two brothers who worshipped her as if she were a creature almost too bright and good for human nature's daily food, she was indeed the very queen of the mansion. While the other inmates presided over the domestic routine incident upon the bustling claims of a thriving public-house, she, like a sort of home Minerva, consecrated herself to the more elevated and graceful occupations, not neglecting those important functions among which was the weaving of linen for the household use.

A ring that now sparkles from my finger, a Maltese cross in rubies set with pearls, gives evidence of the style of jewelry that Miss Jerusha Howe, of Howe's Tavern, possessed. Well do I recall the piles of music-books that lay upon her piano in the old inn parlor, handsomely bound, with her name outside in gilt letters. And what a marvel in those days was this same instrument! The only one in the town at that time, what visitors

flocked to see it! "Wa'al, I've seen Jerushy's pianny, and heerd her play on't too," was the consecutive ejaculation of every gossiping woman in the town, as the uneventful weeks went on. We are all more or less familiar, if not in real life, in romance and fiction, with those country inns where the daughter of the host plays usually a leading part in the entertainment of guests, and is familiarly regarded by them all. But a contrast—certainly a striking one for that period—is here presented. The daughter of our host in this case did not wait in person upon her father's guests; but, aloof from those who visited it in this capacity, she pursued her quiet and maidenly duties without touching the roughness of life that was so commonly playing a part under the same roof. Here in the popular resort, the old bar-room, nightly sat the miscellaneous groups made up of teamsters, horse-jockeys, travelling agents, itinerant showmen, cattle-drivers, peddlers, or mysterious strangers. Never a night passed but the blaze from the broad hearth glowed and glanced upon the faces of the motley crew that assembled there. The discussions that arose, the stories told, the jokes that were cracked, as the foaming flip went round, have never been placed on record. Forsooth,

"A jolly place in times of old."

One important functionary, in the old days, assisting in household duties, was an ancient nurse, who had been in at the birth of all the Howes, and who was endowed with a living in the family. She had at one time officiated (and she was very proud of telling it, since he had become distinguished) in the capacity of nurse to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the eminent and scholarly physician, lately deceased at a great age in Boston. She was known to all as "Aunt Margey." Her surname was Carter, but it was long since hidden under the more familiar title. By-and-by I shall speak of some of her peculiarities. Lyman and Adam Howe were helpful in the farm-work in a moderate degree, but not at all given to hard work of any description. During the winters Lyman sometimes taught school, and there was nothing he enjoyed more than to drill a class of boys in arithmetic. They were both simple-hearted and extremely good-natured, and pleasant and genial in manner. Adam was unpretentious in tastes, and possessed no longings beyond his own home, which was to him the only place on earth. Lyman, on the other hand, had aspirations, and was fond of the acquaintanceship of superior men, and those of higher caste than those with whom he was commonly thrown, as the ordinary frequenters of his father's house.

And the children of Mr. Howe were refined by nature, of gentle tone and manner, not commonly met with in ordinary country life. They had none of that coarseness of voice, or nasal twang, or roughness of diction, that characterizes so many of our home-bred youths in New England. Their voices were of a quality that bespoke pure ancestry, and there is surely no more convincing argument for birth and blood than the voice. These brothers were passionately fond of music, and to them their gentle sister Jerusha, when she sat at the old Clementi piano and warbled forth the air of "Brignal Banks" or "Bonnie Doon," was a half-inspired being to whom it might not be thought idolatry to kneel.

They were, indeed, for those rougher days (as they are generally considered), a pleasant picture of a superior New England family in prosperous circumstances, of peaceful home-bred natures, exhibiting both in parents and children uncommon qualities of devotion, affection, and good-breeding. It is hardly to be supposed that our poet visited the inn in those halcyon days. But many years after this, when the old folks had died, and Jerusha, pale primrose that died unmarried, had sung her soul away, a gentleman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Daniel Treadwell, Rumford professor at Harvard College, chanced, in making a carriage journey with his family to the interior of the State, to pass a night at Howe's Tavern. He became at once so charmed with its seclusion and rural beauty that he resolved to pass some time there during the heat of summer.

Accordingly, with a little circle of intimate friends, he secured a sort of home at this old place, which, with every successive year, became more dear and delightful.

Indeed, the place with its surroundings —the whole lay of the land about it—was a little nook of peace and natural beauty. The pastoral picture, warmed into attractiveness by its varied aspects of meadow, woodland, hill, and valley, was intersected

by a running brook of romantic windings. Although just before the approach to the house, or beyond, the landscape was of no marked character, yet at this particular spot nature seemed to have lavished careless beauty enough to make the place thoroughly charming and inviting. There was a natural welcome and air of hospitality about it in keeping with the place. Alas! little of this do we meet with nowadays in our travels!

Gigantic oaks flanked the road-side as one approached, their huge trunks and brawny limbs seeming to offer a giant's welcome to the ancient hostelry. Just beyond, abruptly on the road, stands the plain old house with its small-paned windows, many of them discolored and prismatic-hued from age. On one of the parlor panes is cut with a diamond, by one who calls himself William Molyneux, the following lines, which I quote from memory:

"What do you think?
Here is good drink.
Perhaps you do not know it.
If not in haste,
Pray stop and taste;
Ye merry folks will show it."

Just beyond the house the road slopes and curves in a peculiarly graceful and picturesque way, and an L of the house withdraws us somewhat from the high-road; and here, at the edge of a turfy slope, rises up an enormous elm, which might be twenty feet or more in circumference, whose massive roots and tributary trunks protrude like sons and daughters of the great sire, forming knolls and nooks and crannies suitable for seats and resting-places under the swaying branches. On the opposite side of the road another elm, though less in size, forms a crescent overhead where the topmost branches intertwine and mingle. Since that time, I am sorry to say, a stroke of lightning has somewhat damaged the noble tree. But few now seek its shadow, which formerly of a summer's day was so complete and delightful. It was not strange that the Professor, seeking rest from the "burden and heat of the day," should have secured it here under these relics of antiquity.

So, summer after summer, the little family group visited the spot, and for the nonce it was to them in every respect a home. Everything about the interior was plain, and little of the ornament of life had yet crept in here. There was no remarkable old furniture, except it might be the old clock ever ticking away behind the door of the room called, for its one piece of furniture, the clock-room. Yet do I remember some of the delicately pretty china, some specimens of which are now in my possession, that used to be our common tea-table service, and also some curious glass mugs and decanters and rare old wine-glasses that in these times would hold high position in any loan exhibition. There were also some quaint looking-glasses, and the famous piano; but in nothing else was the furniture antique or curious. The very fact of its being a house public to all necessitated plain material to be used by all travellers. Yet it is a curious fact that a certain Boston gentleman residing for a time in the town, many years after the old place had passed into other hands, prepared for an evening paper an article describing the elegant antique furniture that he saw there at the auction sale. He described draperies, laces, jewelry, carved furniture, which would have sent all Boston flying on the wings of steam to buy it, and which might be picked up only in a Louis Quatorze villa.

The drives about the place were in all directions very agreeable, and a great part of every fine day was spent in this pursuit. At no great distance from the house one might drive for miles through most enchanting woods, leading to Peacham Plains, so called—wild tracts of sandy, uncultivated land. White Pond, deriving its name from its white sandy bottom and beach-like borders, almost entirely surrounded by dense woods, was a resort of extraordinary beauty. The old mill (and is ever a country picture perfect without one?), ruinous and romantic, was yet near enough to the house to make it a favorite stroll for moon-lit evenings or sunset sittings. Then there was the wonderful rock, where, led across open fields and woodland paths, one finally came to an almost circular opening, which revealed this colossal and enormous bowlder. This was a favorite Sunday forenoon stroll with the Professor and his little coterie, where, seated on the mossy turf, they were wont to find their sermons, as well as good in everything.

In course of time Adam Howe, the younger brother, became engaged to a young lady of good family in a neighboring town. He thereupon set about build-

ing a modern house of somewhat pretentious character within sight of his old home. When everything was finished and ready for occupancy, the young lady grew sick and died. Thus were blasted the fond hopes of Adam—a blow from which his mind never fully recovered. The vacant house, conspicuous on a prominent slope, was a sad and constant monument of all his worldly dreams of happiness. There was always after this a touch of sadness and a tearful expression in his tone and look.

Yet ever at the sound of the old piano he would slip softly into the room, and, seating himself by the door, leaning upon his stick, listen eagerly to the sounds, while the tears fell fast down his woe-worn cheeks, and the old times fraught with associations of the past, and the weight of his treble grief in loss of parents, sister, and sweetheart, were brought to his mind.

Lyman, universally called "The Squire," was somewhat looked up to in the town as a person of an uncommon capacity for subjects quite above the range of ordinary country minds or occupations. He served on the School Committee, on the Board of Selectmen, and in matters of more abstruse character he was interested and well versed. Indeed, he was a curious mixture. He had natural brightness, but he was somewhat vain, and overrated himself. He assumed a pedantry with a class that might not know the meaning of the word, and yet discerned his boastful sense of superiority, which oftentimes made him their theme for ridicule. With one lofty science he was indeed strangely familiar —that of astronomy.

On brilliant star-lit nights he was always with telescope in hand gazing at the heights above, and not a star, or a planet, or a constellation, but he could tell you its name, its orbits, its motions, or its velocities. What wonder that one who lived so much in these lofty realms, on terms of such familiarity with Spica Virginis, Corona Borealis, Aldebaran, Bootes, Auriga, Vega, and so on, should have felt the descent to earth, and the "slings and arrows" of a fortune that brought him in another moment to fill a mug of cider for some clown of the road! On one bright night I beheld him enter the house with his telescope in his hand, seeming sadly dejected. "Oh dear!" he ejaculated, with a profound sigh. Upon inquiry it proved to be a constellation that he had failed to find, and then suddenly seizing the instrument again, he started off, exclaiming, "*Oh, if I only could see Andromedy's breast!*" Fancy a man with aspirations of this sort entertaining drovers and teamsters on the road to Worcester! He was so fond of pressing his knowledge upon others, that our Professor was sometimes particular in his inquiries of planetary lore, and upon one occasion asked him in what constellation the star Wormwood might be found, and he answered correctly—"In the constellation of Revelation." There were other things of which he was vain: he was proud of his family, and of his coat of arms, which hung in the old parlor next to a picture of Queen Mary, which was to him an emblem of future as well as of past honors, and he pleased himself with the thought of the way in which he might be received by Lord Howe, of England, should he, the American cousin, take it into his head to cross the seas; or how some English maiden of high degree might be pleased to wed him and endow him with her fortune. Meantime, while such ideas floated through his chimerical brain, the maidens, both young and old, of Sudbury town flattered the soft-mannered Squire. Indeed, he was deemed a *bon parti;* and yet had they but known, while he responded so graciously to their invitations, and joined them with his sonorous bass voice (another thing of which he was proud) in singing circles, the contempt which, matrimonially considered, he felt for a mere country girl! Squire Howe's wife should be city bred, musical to the finest degree, amiable, and accomplished. He had, nevertheless, a chivalrous devotion to women, and the tenderest recollections of mother and sister. Jerusha's name was oftener on his lips than any less of kin, and with fond tears in his eyes he seemed never tired of telling anecdotes of her life, her gentle goodness, and her Christian virtues. He sometimes seemed like some child early bereft of all that earth gave him of protection. Among the class of persons who visited his house, he evinced a taste for ladies of position—not rustic. And so, as years went on, the poor country maidens' chances grew less and less. For he continued a hopeless bachelor, and presided, *en vieux garçon*, over the old place, now sadly fallen from its former business-like character.

The natural consequences of a blighted youth had fallen to the lot of Adam. Like his great progenitor, he was overpersuaded: a woman persuaded him, and he did marry. Is it necessary to explain that it was the housekeeper?

The Squire, now left alone to preside over the house, had not inherited any capacity for keeping a hotel, and the moderate ripple of business that came in those days to the house was almost too much for his faculties. For was he not a star-gazer, a mathematician, a philosopher? How could he consider the vulgar daily food of such a class as claimed his special consideration?

And now began struggles with housekeepers. It was easier to combat one helpless bachelor than two, and although Lyman had thus far escaped the matrimonial meshes, he was none the less a target for domestic broils. Oh! the wars of words that sometimes rose up in that homely battle-field, the old inn kitchen! After some *grande scena* and *aria* from some prima donna of that lively department, philosophically shaking his head he would retreat, repeating to himself these consoling words: "All women are warriors."

Naturally of a peaceful and gentle disposition, abhorring jarring words, especially from women, he endured much from those who were his inferiors and his servants rather than have war. A strange life it was, those days of the decline and fall of the old tavern. With summer came its guests—a quiet coterie that brought a certain life and air of indolent ease and leisure to the old place, which for the time was as their own domain.

The old, low, beam-browed parlor glowed with a fresh domestic charm, and the old piano sent out astonishing bursts of sound after long silences—they, perhaps, more musical than its sound; the open fire blazed on the hearth in the chill evenings with a color that seemed like none else; and the conversation and the *bonhomie* and the *abandon* of all hearts to the genuine spirit of the place itself were undisguised and natural. The range of the house and the grounds was the guests' prerogative. The Squire and his servants occupied a portion somewhat removed, and the main body of the house was given up to the guests. The chambers were large and airy, and one of these that had formerly been a dancing hall, with lights hanging from the ceiling, a musicians' stand at one end, and seats placed for the dancers all around the sides, served as a delightful bedroom for a July day or an August night, with its twelve windows looking out upon the natural beauties below. It does not seem strange that these summer flitters chose a retreat like this rather than the cramped and stilted pleasures of more fashionable resorts. There was character to life here, and there was freedom and *laissez-aller*, and an easy indolence that our New England summers seem to require, rather than the activities that our colder seasons inspire us to indulge in. The very fact of the landlord being a bachelor placed life there on a very different basis from that which it would have undoubtedly assumed had he been the head of a family, and everything in the regular *comme-il-faut* fashion. The irregularity of life, the contretemps, the bizarre situations, the humor of it, made it attractive from its very contrast to other households. There was, of course, a freedom of the house, and a management and direction of its affairs by the guests, that under different circumstances would not have existed.

The Squire regarded their wishes as paramount, and perhaps it was through this very deference he paid to them that the jealous differences grew up in the kitchen department. The housekeepers too often proved refractory, and took advantage of his weak, pacific nature. Some one said that each one came with a determination to marry him, and finding this a failure, she avenged herself by torturing her difficult victim. Poor bachelor! He dreaded marriage lest he should be entrapped, but instead of being the victim of one, he was sacrificed to *one every season.* They treated him at times as if he were a little unruly boy. "Well, well, all women are warriors"—and seizing his telescope, his ever-constant solace, he would retire, saying, "By Jupiter! I'll have a look at Mars!" and in this way he philosophically soothed his ruffled dignity. On one occasion preparations were being made by a certain housekeeper, who was a widow with one daughter, to send the girl, who had attained the dignity of sixteen years, to a distant boarding-school. The fond mother was one day explaining to some ladies what her daughter required, and expressed herself in this way:

"She is a good girl, is Sophrony; there ain't a better girl in the world 'n she is; but she doos want morals."

A shadow of horror passed over the faces of the listeners, while the Squire, in his kindly way, ventured to explain, for he was most anxious always that his domestics should appear to the best advantage. "Ah, you don't mean that, you mean she wants polish; she wants—" but it was of no use.

"Lyman Howe," she broke in, "I ain't a fool. I don't mean nothin' of the sort. I mean just what I say. She wants morals, and she shall go where she can git 'em."

Shall I describe the most remarkable specimen of the Yankee who long after this presided over the Squire's house?

She was tall and gaunt, but not glum, and in truth very good-natured, but so crude, and seemingly devoid of all knowledge of the world, that it scarce seemed credible that within twenty-five miles of a city such a specimen could exist. Her management of the English language was marvellous beyond anything ever imagined, and the intonation with which her crudities were delivered was a constant amusement to those who sought for original specimens of human nature. The familiar twang given to the Yankee speech of words like *now* and *cow*, in her case and that of her young daughter, a child of ten or twelve, was extended beyond the limits of perversion. The girl was an anomaly. She seemed to have had no religious instruction whatever, and proved a perfect skeptic in being taught. On one occasion, in trying to enlighten her, a lady told her of the Father of all, of His omnipotence and omnipresence, and to illustrate it said, "He is everywhere: do you not know that God is in this room at this moment?" With a dogged look of incredulity she replied, "*Guess so; whare'baaouts?*" and she half stooped down and looked under the table at the further side of the room. Indeed, she had never heard of the Lord's Prayer, and I would venture to assert that the Ten Commandments had not made any part of her studies. The mother of the child kept us well informed of the current news of the town, and dished up to us little *entremets* of gossip from day to day. At one time a neighboring farmer's wife lay for weeks at the point of death, and every morning during the tedious and protracted situation she informed us (after the fashion of the boy in Todgers's boarding-house informing the Pecksniff girls of the domestic situations), and in that inimitable twang of hers, of the condition of the patient. Thus without any previous mention of the subject, which was paramount in her own mind, or inquiries of the case from those whom she informed, she linked together her chain of narrative and launched forth her information as if it was the one thing that we desired to know, and while she entered the room to announce breakfast, she would take occasion to deliver herself of her phrases after this sort: "*She ain't dead yet!* It *doos* beat all—*now don't it?*—how she doos *hold aaout*. But she can't much longer, *nohaaow*."

It so happened that a nephew of the sick woman worked for the Squire, and when finally she died and was to be buried, this fellow asked to borrow the Squire's only horse to go some distance to the funeral. This being refused for more urgent claims, the man vented his wrath upon the Squire behind his back, appealing to others in this way, "Won't lend me a hoss to go to a funeral! Now isn't that a pooty way—a d——d pooty way—to treat a *man in mo'rnin'?*"

This "man in mo'rnin'" has been made the subject of a humorous poem by Mr. T. W. Parsons, who was there at the time, and who had been a constant visitor, being an intimate friend of the Professor, from the very first of his journeyings to the old place. Another characteristic poem of the place, by the same author, was one entitled the "Shoc o' Num Palsy," so named from the description given by the girl already mentioned of the disease of which her grandmother died. She had to repeat the story pretty often, and at last seemed to have some idea that there was some quizzing in the oft-repeated question, as when some one said to her,

"Josephine, tell me once more—of what did your grandmother die?"

"I tell'd ye once, and I won't tell ye agen."

"But, my child—"

"Wa'al, she died of the shoc o' num palsy." *Shock of numb palsy*—though why it should have ever been deemed necessary to prefix the adjective *numb* to anything so demonstrably dead as palsy I could never understand; but this was in former days the universal form of description of this then not so common disease.

No insignificant character in the domestic *mise en scene* was the nonagenarian nurse, "Aunt Margey." I never saw so perfect a likeness of one of Macbeth's witches on any stage as she in reality represented. The concerns of the house had now passed, by reason of her great age, out of her supervision, and her chief occupation was to sit in the kitchen chimney-corner—a looker-on in domestic matters. But she was not at all scrupulous of criticism and comment upon the way affairs went on, and had an answer for every one. She was small in stature, and bent nearly double; and when she started out from the house to make a journey to the barn to search for eggs, she invariably enveloped herself in a scarlet cape, and carried in her hand a crooked staff, which seemed to intensify the determinate aspect of her exterior, and give the air and character of a witch going to execute vengeance upon something more deep and desperate than a hen's nest. She was, I regret to say, no specimen of lovely old age. She had little consideration for young persons, and at times showed symptoms of excessive spite toward them. She was in constant fear that the Squire would be entrapped by some young and frivolous person, and it was an agony to her to see him in such company. She was passionately fond of money; all the affection of her human nature seemed to have been brought to one focus in this passion. To guard her little stipend and the Squire's was her chief care, and she showed symptoms of liking for strangers according to their pecuniary condition. On one occasion a gentleman from California was visiting at the house, who was reported to have made an immense fortune there. Some one asked her if she liked his appearance. "I don't care nothin' about him, but I love his money pus," was the reply. Her voice was so trembling and incoherent that few persons could comprehend her, excepting those who had become quite accustomed to her tones. I confess to have never had any difficulty in distinguishing her dialect, which was not always choice or complimentary to myself, to whom she thought the Squire was too considerate. One could hardly believe that such hard things as she habitually uttered could have been tolerated, were it not that the fact of her age and decrepitude not only excused, but rendered them harmless.

It was sufficient provocation for her wrath for any young person to be seen in company with the Squire, whose interests she so jealously guarded; and oftentimes she followed him about the house warning him against the evil to come. She had a fashion of putting up one finger and shaking it while talking, which only added the more to her personification of witch. Some young girls set out one morning in pursuit of lilies in a neighboring lake, but one of them, in reaching out for the tempting beauties, stepped on some deceptive earth, and sunk quickly in deep black mud. With the ugly stuff clinging to her bright summer garments, she reached the house in her woful plight just in time to meet Aunt Margey at the kitchen door, who offered her sympathy in these words: "I'm glad on't. Good enough for ye."

The Squire's house being three miles or more from the village, it was of course something of an expedition to go daily for the mail, and for the many articles required from the country store. These little journeys were sources of pleasure to the young persons who frequented the place, and they usually accompanied the Squire on these necessary trips. Sometimes the old lady, when feeling in particularly good health and spirits, would creep out from her kitchen corner to see the starting off, and at the last moment, when perhaps some lively girl would call out, "Good-by, Aunt Margey," up went the finger, and out came the malediction, "I h-o-p-e y-o-u'l-l b-r-e-a-k y-o-u-r n-e-c-k-s." With this passing valedictory she retired to her corner again. One might be tempted to say that a place could hardly have been so delightful that was liable to such encroachments and *désagréments;* but these were only the incidental characteristics of the place that might be picked up by one who was very familiar in the domestic bearings of the family, and by young persons who perhaps sought from these very elements a little sport. One might have staid there and seen or heard nothing of these peculiar traits. Such would have no story now to tell of the Way-side Inn or its odd inmates. The Squire was very much afraid of lightning—so much so that during the continuance of any very violent thunder-storms he had the habit of securing what he considered the safest position by placing his chair in the very centre of the bar-room, between

two well-polished nails that protruded to the surface. Here, with his feet up on the rounds of his chair, he counted and calculated the distance and the danger of every successive flash and report. On one particular occasion, when the thunder was roaring and the lightning flashing, he was found sitting in the dark in a small passageway that separated the bar-room from the clock-room, so called. Aunt Margey herself, uneasy from the violence of the storm, in wandering from her kitchen corner, found the Squire in his retreat. Putting up the finger, she ejaculated, "H-a-a! y-o-u c-a-n't g-e-t a-w-a-y f-r-o-m t-h-e w-r-a-a-t-h of God." She had one expression that always struck me as peculiarly comical. I had heard the word "bunkum" often used by bumpkins, but always with reference to something of an edible character, as an apple being "bunkum," or a piece of cake or pie. But Aunt Margey, when asked how her health was, always replied, "Wa'al, I'm pooty bunkum"; and of the Squire, "Wa'al, he's pooty bunkum too."

So the poor old nurse was cared for through her long life by the patient Squire, who bore much from her, and who was indeed fond of her, for to him she was the only living link of that past which he so much cherished, and he knew that her interest in him was sincere and charitable, if roughly demonstrated; and to her he was always the child at whose birth she had presided. So she went the way of all the earth, and it is a pleasure to record of her, after all that has been said, that a year or more before her death she softened so much in spirit that she became almost amiable.

Then there was Buckley—Buckley Parmenter—a faithful male servant of the Squire, and who had a home with him as long as he lived, and who would have laid down his life to serve him. He was near seventy, but as nimble as a squirrel, and as spasmodic in his movements. He had a remarkable accomplishment, which was to take a board nail between his teeth and bite it in two! Yet he was vulnerable, for one summer night he set to work to demolish a hornets' nest from the corner of the house, and after getting it down he put it quietly under his arm and strolled toward the brook to deposit it there. But the hornets were not disposed to take things thus quietly, and before he had half reached the spot, out they flew in every direction, stinging him fearfully. And there were the dogs, two of them—young Pete and old Pete—and for these the Professor evinced great fondness and devotion. He was more than kind to animals. He pitied their limited natures, while he admired their intelligence. Out of his devoted kindness to them a popular delusion sprang up, and was always supported by the domestics in charge there, and even by the Squire. The Professor was very abstemious in his diet, never tasting cake or pastry or rich food of any sort, and he was very fond of feeding poor old Pete, who oftentimes stole into the room at the close of a meal to secure a tid-bit which he felt sure of receiving from the Professor.

Now bakers' buns being often upon the table, and the Professor, accounting them the least worthy to be partaken of by others, was accustomed to lavish them in small detachments upon his favorite. The consequence was, that all the kitchen department believed that the Professor could not be deprived of his buns, as there were never any left, and many times have servants or housekeepers been heard to say, as his carriage was seen coming toward the house, after a few days' visit to town, "What shall we do?—there comes the Professor, and we ain't got no buns!"

On one occasion I heard the Squire, at the request of some of his servants, say, "You must excuse us, Mr. Treadwell: we are very sorry that we have no buns for you to-day." One would have supposed that he partook of nothing else, and I doubt if he ever tasted of one during his entire visiting there. But old Pete—he knew the difference.

As an illustration of the way little things, after the fashion of *les petites misères*, fall under human observation in life of this sort, I could not help being amused at seeing the Professor speculatively standing at the window one day, and in the most deeply interested and absorbed tone inquire aloud, "Where can old Pete be going so fast down the road?" I confess it seemed to me at the time a matter of very trifling importance where this old creature was going, and it was not of sufficient interest to induce one to contemplate him; but this little incident afterward developed into a curious discovery. This old dog had a fashion of barking over a stone that any one chanced to throw at him, or that he might of himself

pick up. He held it in his mouth, hugged it tight with his teeth for some time, and was always seen to go in one direction after the performance. Our Professor had the curiosity to watch his movements and to follow him, and in a loft of the barn he found a large fortification of these same stones that the dog had deposited there from time to time, and evidently had his own ideas respecting them. These little trifles of natural piquancy became of interest there where life was so simple and smacked of the soil, and they served as agreeable breaks in the continuity of those intellectual enjoyments which were not lost sight of in this genial assemblage of friends.

But change, that spectre grim that had long been hovering over the old place, came gradually upon it. Foreign lands had claimed some of those who frequented it, and the great unknown shore others. The summers came beautiful as before, but they brought not all that gave to life here its charm. They came not back with the voice of the bird or the bloom of the flower—

"But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

The drop scene in that pleasing pastoral drama had fallen for the last time, and dark was the curtain that soon shut out life, light, pleasure, here for evermore. The blow came in a moment. One March morning the Squire was found insensible in his bed, and before the day closed, the last of that family was lying dead.

They who are left of that circle look back fondly and reverently upon those days which held for them so much of simple happiness. In the retrospect that passage of life seems dearer than anything since, and they turn to it as to an old picture animated and glowing with warm rich color.

Among them all there was one left to tell the story, one who, forsaking the town, ventured to the test of a winter in the old place, and even then, without society, found a charm in the woodland ways, where the wood-cutter's axe rung through the silence, and the lofty pines were piled with their snowy plumes, and the icy lakes invited the skater's skill, and the bare freedom of nature's existence became a fascination. Thus was it the fate of one to stay through the tragedy—the tragedy that came after the comedy. For what could be sadder than the funeral of the Squire, and that last drearier scene, the auction! Oh, the pity of it, when the boors and the clowns, and the carpers and the curious, and the malign and the mannerless, had a right to walk through the sacred corners of the old inn, and make their petty bids and their ghastly jokes upon the dead man's chattels! And now it is added to the list of New England's show places, like many others, when there is nothing left to show. The poet touched it with his wand, and like the Tabard of Chaucer has it blossomed into immortality. Now people make visits to it, not for what they know of it, but for what has been built upon it. And the pilgrim who wanders there to-day will find some modern toiler of the soil sitting in the old bar-room, shorn of its character, smoking his penny pipe after his mid-day meal, and a young woman, stepping forward, will ask him if he will be pleased to see the Lafayette chamber, "where it is well known that the Frenchman lay one night at least." Shade of Clio, how does thy scroll unroll! What a pity that the Squire, who was so fond of greatness, could not have enjoyed the possession of this interesting incident! Having assented to this invitation with an air of solemnity which seems to say, "Now I am treading upon historic ground," following his guide, he enters the awful chamber, and looks. What great thoughts stir him as he surveys those beams, and reflects that under them once an ambassador slept, and perhaps dreamed! Depositing his shilling with the young woman, he retires with a sense of satisfied pride that for so small a sum he has purchased a glory which while memory endures may not be effaced. He can say to his grandchildren, "I have seen the room where Lafayette slept." This is but a small part of the farce now played there. I am told that there is much more that is curious and historic. Did not somebody ask me the other day if I had ever been to Longfellow's Wayside Inn, and recommend me to go there?

He had been there, and had seen the Washington chamber as well as that already mentioned. Had I ever been there?

What a chord was touched in that careless question! So through life are tenderest memories breathed upon. I had almost replied, "I was born there." Certainly it was the very blossom-ground of my life. But I answered: "No, I had never been to *Longfellow's Way-side Inn.* Where is it? I thought it was in a book."

The following poem by Parsons expresses better than any more words of my own the feelings of those who cherished a love for the spot:

THE OLD HOUSE AT SUDBURY.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.

Thunder-clouds may roll above him,
  And the bolt may rend his oak:
Lyman lieth where no longer
  He shall dread the lightning stroke.

Never to his father's hostel
  Comes a kinsman or a guest;
Midnight calls for no more candles—
  House and landlord both have rest.

Adam's love and Adam's trouble
  Are a scarce-remembered tale;
No more wine-cups brightly bubble,
  No more healths, nor cakes, nor ale.

On the broken hearth a stranger
  Sits and fancies foolish things;
And the poet weaves romances,
  Which the maiden fondly sings:

All about the ancient hostel
  And its legends and its oaks,
And the quaint old-bachelor brothers,
  And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer;
  All are gone; and I remain
Reading, as 'twere, mine epitaph
  On the rainbow-colored pane.

Blessings on them, dear initials—
  Henry W., Daniel T.,
E. and L.: I'll not interpret:
  Let men wonder who they be.

Some are in their graves, and many
  Buried in their books and cares;
In the tropics, in Archangel:
  Our thoughts are no longer theirs.

God, have mercy! all are sinful:
  Christ, conform our lives to Thine;
Keep us from all strife, ill-speaking,
  Envy, and the curse of wine!

Fetch my steed; I can not linger:
  Buckley, quick; I must away.
Good old groom, take thou this nothing—
  Millions could not make me stay.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

"IT'S abominable! It's outrageous! There isn't a thing on the table fit for a decent man to eat. The cook ought to be put to death. Hanging would be too good for her—for I'll be bound it's a woman; no man would have the effrontery to send up such disgraceful stuff. She ought to be strangled, and with her own food. Bah! that dreadful breakfast is sticking in my throat yet."

The above-uttered words, spoken with vehement emphasis of irritability, were accompanied by an energetic pushing aside of the various platters of leathery beef, underdone potatoes, and bullet-headed peas. For Mr. Hugh Wilder had arrived at an age and to proportions of rotundity when a man takes serious views of the dinner question. No wonder, then, that he found himself wholly unable to accept in the true spirit of resignation the scant accommodation in edibles offered the Mount Desert summer boarder.

"Heavens!" he was continuing, preparing to fire off another volley of disgust, "I shall die of indigestion if I stay here another week."

"But you know you *would* come," bleated a lady by this protesting gentleman's side, softly and inoffensively, as if fearing to excite him the more. She was presumably his wife, if one were only to infer such a conclusion from the general rule governing the matrimonial choice. She belonged to him by every law of contrast. She looked as mild as he was explosive, as bleached as he was highly colored, and had the air of being one of those marital moons that only shine by reflected light. A close observer might have discovered that the moral atmosphere of this moon-lit character was of a depressingly exhausted nature. There was a hopeless look of resignation emitted through the medium of her pale blue eye. She had an extinguished air, as if her previous efforts to throw cold water on the volcanic ebullitions of her lord had, so to speak, worn her out. She was administering now a feebly repressive glance, that carried no hope of success in it.

"Would come," the explosive gentleman replied, echoing her words. "Do you suppose I expected this?" with a comprehensive sweep of his fork over the half-cooked food before him. "I supposed at least we should be able to live like Christians; but a Turk couldn't stand this. Pie, do you say?"—to the waitress, who was passing him various specimens of that

truly characteristic American pastry. "Yes, I'll take some pie. It's the only good thing there is here. Some mince, please. One is sure of getting at least a bit of meat—and cooked—in a mince-pie. Coffee? No, thank you. We make our own. There's where we showed a grain of wisdom. Violet"—turning to a young lady at his left—"send for the hot water, will you? Drink their coffee! It's the most infernal—"

"Uncle!" exclaimed the young girl addressed as Violet, in a tone of commanding remonstrance—a tone singularly soft, and of contralto richness. For all its softness, her single word produced its effect. The volcano was extinguished, and Mr. Wilder continued to eat his repast in silence; with something, it is true, of that dejected air a man wears who has been successfully snubbed into silence by two women.

This little domestic episode had served as the *sauce piquante* to the mid-day meal of a certain light-haired young gentleman who sat a few seats removed from the Wilder party. Mr. Rutherford Payson had, indeed, been so thoroughly entertained with the lively play of the gentleman's ill-humor, the elder lady's look of uneasy, helpless irritation, and the young girl's air of composed disapproval, that he had quite forgotten to grumble on his own account.

Upon seating himself at the table his eyes had naturally wandered to this party, Miss Violet's attractions being, indeed, of an order to make her the focal point of observation. She was handsome rather than pretty, of the richly colored, abundant-tressed type. It was the sort of beauty which made a little show of anger wonderfully becoming; that hint of indignation had lent a smothered fire of splendor to the dark deep eye; and to the rich chestnut hue of the cheek was added a color which made it wear the ripe, fruity, luscious bloom which so delights the eye in a Vandyck canvas. The young girl's efforts to maintain an air of serene self-control made her square a little defiantly a pair of finely turned shoulders, and gave to her charming round head, with its masses of low-looped hair, a bird-like erectness. Altogether, Payson felt that the moment of observation had been a singularly fortuitous one. A closer observation revealed to Payson that the other features of the face were not up to the scale of beauty attained by the expressive character of her superb eyes. But one could hardly be coldly critical of the faults in the face when one was under the influence of its charm; and the charm was one evoked by the play of sensibility that revealed itself in every changeful expression. This young gentleman was rather given to the interesting pastime of classifying pretty women's faces, and he put Miss Violet's along with those faces that had a soul in them. He suspected she might, upon acquaintance, be found to have a taste for a serious moment.

She was anything but serious now. She was laughing heartily, and making the others laugh. The irascible uncle had lost all traces of his former irritability. He was leading the laughter with trumpet-like blasts of merriment, his anger being, presumably, like the rage of certain beasts of prey, confined to quarrelling over his food.

Payson had his own reasons for being thoroughly out of humor with Mount Desert; but his grievances were based on higher grounds than the dismal failures before him in the culinary art.

After a five years' absence abroad, he had returned hoping to find Mount Desert as primitive as he had left it. Fresh from the débris of ruins, there had been bred in him an appetite for the wilderness; and he had caressed his fancy with the hope of finding Mount Desert—that charming marriage of mountain and sea—still fresh with its perfume of savage sanctity. The very pines, he remembered, had waved with an air of virginal primeval grace. But behold! the wilderness was a wilderness no longer. The place was swarming, not with the flannel-shirted mountaineers, but with myriads of charming girls and handsome women in irreproachable French toilets. The wilderness, indeed, might be said to blossom like the rose, in view of the fact of the number of pretty girls with whom it abounded.

In re-adjusting his mental focus, Payson was forced to admit he lost nothing in point of amusement. He was conscious of being most delightfully entertained. If America was the country of surprises—indeed, the very genius of the unexpected—his native land certainly yielded compensating stores of pleasure. Mount Desert, the discovered, the appropriated, the fash-

ionable Mount Desert, was only another name for a carnival of pleasure, a Turk's paradise of beauties. Wherever he went, Payson's eyes and ears were greeted with the same sights and sounds. From the caves there came the echo of gay laughter; through the forest there moved the flutter of French gowns. The rocks were made picturesquely alive with vivid, brilliant splashes of color, and a perfectly bewildering maze of loveliness was to be gazed upon at the hops and Germans.

As for the naked little god, he did a most thriving business. Payson had not been many hours on the island before he made the interesting discovery that flirtation, that peculiarly American pastime, was the pivot on which swung all fashionable existence at Mount Desert. Flirtations, indeed, were being carried on in open court, so to speak. This summer operetta seemed to be universally sung in duets; and to a fine ear the active flutter of Monsieur Cupidon's fleet little wings was to be heard in brisk circulation beneath all those widely spread bandanna sun-shades, which Payson had come to look upon as an indispensable adjunct to Mount Desert scenery.

To Payson there was something infectious in breathing this air of sentiment. As the days went on he found himself thinking with flattering pertinacity of a certain dark-eyed, brown-haired young woman. And she was no other than the charming Miss Wilder. He was only happy when yielding to "the spirit in his feet" which led him to become the shadow of her movements. A glimpse of her on some distant bluff, as she stood, the high light of a perfect picture, the lines of her figure delightfully defined against the superb blue of sea and sky, the flutter of her scarf—a scarf he had grown to have a fondness for—flying in the breeze of some mountain altitude, were things he was beginning to feed on. Naturally what he longed for was more substantial diet. But the approaches to knowing her seemed all cut off. They appeared to have no mutual friends. And perhaps the fact that the Wilders came from Boston was sufficient to account for a certain aloofness in their manner. There was, indeed, a touch of New England reserve about them all. Even the expansive uncle seemed awed, when it came to social amenities, by the consciousness that he came from the Hub.

But to Payson, Boston carried no terrors. He had acquired that fine freemasonry of social spirit which comes to a travelled being, and was he to be chilled by a Boston east wind? He recognized no such petty social impediments, and Miss Wilder might be twenty times the haughty Puritan maiden she gave evidence of being, and he would know her.

The following day at dinner he was in the very act of opening fire, when, chancing to look up at Miss Wilder's charming face, an idea—an utterly absurd idea—struck him, and he began to smile. To his confusion, she was returning his look, and for the first time. To his horror, before he could check himself, his smile had broadened, and he was conscious of having very nearly laughed in her face.

He had a vague sense that Miss Wilder's eyes had flashed out at him in mingled surprise and indignation, and that she had colored, and colored deeply, under her perfectly justifiable annoyance. But he had already hastily quitted the table. For the next few moments Mr. Rutherford Payson might have been found at the back door of the hotel apostrophizing the innocent mountains with great fluency of speech—a fluency which rarely comes to a man in trying moments unless he yield to the cheering effects of a discreet profanity.

But he could not have helped it if he had tried. His rudeness had come from an uncontrollable attack of his sense of the ridiculous. That morning on the beach he had fallen into conversation with a native who was busily engaged in shovelling sea-weed. Payson fell to wondering how any man could eke out a living on this barren coast. Then he had asked the man how he managed to make a living at all.

"Wa'al, neighbor," the man had answered him, "there bean't nuthin' ter make hereabouts, an' that's a fact. But, yer see, in winter I haul logs, and in summer I haul mealers, and 'twixt the two I dew manage ter squint along." Be it added that in the elegant and realistic vernacular of Mount Desert the term "mealer" is applied to those boarders living outside in the cottages, for whom, in wet weather, the typical local vehicle—the buckboard—is sent by the hotel-keepers.

When Payson had looked at Miss Wilder's refined, aristocratic turn of feature, and then thought of her as classed under

the generic name of "hauled mealer," it had proved too much for him. But at least he could repair his error; he would go and apologize; he would go now.

In his zeal to acquit himself, he rushed toward the piazza. But two ladies, with their arms linked in one another's, blocked the doorway leading to it. As he stood behind them, he caught sight of the profile of one of the ladies. It was that of Miss Wilder's aunt, and she was saying,

"But you thought him so handsome."

And he only too distinctly heard Miss Violet's answer, with its touch of careless disdain: "Which fact doesn't preclude the possibility of his having the worst manners in the world. He is the rudest man I have ever seen." With that, both ladies stepped out, and were soon slowly pacing the long length of the piazza.

Of course, now, he could not have the face to present himself. She had condemned him unheard, and her verdict had been like a blow. All he could do was to keep away. He would see to it that at least she should not even be annoyed by his presence.

Meanwhile he was walking, aimlessly, he hardly knew where. He was conscious only of having as his companions the lively play of his self-reproaches, his futile regrets. He had made a fool of himself —a fact he was communicating with more or less vehemence of utterance to every tree on the road-side. He had made an idiot of himself, and he was taking the very flowers into his confidence. Then with a vicious switch of his cane he would snap off the pretty heads of these innocent offenders, after the fashion of the kings of old, who beheaded a man possessed of too dangerous a secret.

After an hour's walk or so he suddenly determined to turn back. What was the use of wandering about cursing one's folly? He would go back: something might happen. He might meet her, and then—who knows? He might find courage to confront her with his excuses and repentance.

As he was sauntering by the wharf, crowded with the usual number of parties about to set off for their afternoon sail, a man whom he knew—Clinton Youngs—rushed hastily past him. Catching sight of Payson, he seized him by the arm, accosting him with: "Just the man! For Heaven's sake help us out, Payson. There isn't an inch of room in one of the boats for that pretty Boston girl, and there isn't a soul to row her over. We're off for the Porcupines. Tea on the rocks, and that sort of thing. It promises to be rather jolly. Come, you must," dragging him along. Before Payson could fairly begin his expostulatory refusal, Clinton Youngs had him confronting the entire party.

"Here's your boat. Do you know the girl—Miss Wilder? No? How awkward! I supposed of course you knew her. She's at your hotel. Miss Wilder, allow me to present Mr. Payson. He insists upon rowing you over"—by way of making things easier. Payson could have crushed him. "Remember, we're to meet at the Rocks. I must go up for another pair of oars." And Mr. Clinton Youngs was off.

Payson stood still. He felt himself for the moment seized by a kind of masterly indecision. Miss Wilder had only acknowledged his presence by the slightest of slight inclinations: the most ingenious imagination could not call it a bow. Then she had gone on quietly amusing herself with her previous occupation of dabbling with her white fingers in the waters. What should he do? Obey his orders? Or—no! here was his chance, his opportunity. Fate had been kinder to him than his wildest dreams. He was hardly the man to fly now. He had certainly given Miss Wilder time and chance to object to his entering the boat had she so chosen. He had waited a full long moment. But there was no sign, either of consent or dissent, to be read from that down-sweeping glance.

The next instant he had leaped in, and had pushed the boat off. A few vigorous strokes, and they were well out in the bay.

"Miss Wilder," he began, with a kind of desperate directness, after a few seconds of death-like silence—she had not even looked at him yet—"you have every right to think me the rudest man in the world." She blushed at this, slowly raising her eyes. "But won't you suspend a severer judgment until you hear a little story?"

With deliberate frankness he related the history of his morning's adventure, and its tragic consequences. His recital could hardly be called a comic rendering of the situation. He was too terribly in earnest for that. Certain it is that Miss Wilder did not find anything in it to cause her to smile. But when he began to upbraid himself with his dreadful, his in-

excusable rudeness, and to tell her how hopeless he felt the situation to be, she smiled radiantly, and answered him, with a delightfully re-assuring mockery in her tone:

"Yes, it *is* hopeless. Perfectly so. Hadn't we better leave it alone? And don't you think, considering we're off on a pleasure-jaunt, we ought to try to think of something a little more cheering than our mutual mistakes? Isn't the weather superb? In such a climate one can forgive its mention."

"I suppose Mount Desert is an old story to you?"

"Oh no. We're just being introduced."

"Of course you like it?"

"Oh, it's a paradise—to be young in."

"A paradise, where, it appears, only man is vile," laughingly responded Payson.

"Whose vileness, though, appears to have a saving charm, if one is to believe the evidence of one's senses," brightly retorted the girl. "But," she continued, "I should hate to come here a middle-aged party, shouldn't you? Imagine confronting this sentimental *entourage* with one's worn-out illusions!"

"It would be committing a kind of moral anachronism," answered Payson, sweeping the boat along in easy sculling motion. He was hardly conscious of making any physical exertion to speed their going. He was only delightfully, sentiently stirred with an exhilarating sense of joy and an unwonted elation at carrying away with him over this wide waste of the summer sea so beautiful and charming a girl.

"But where are you going?" she was asking him. "Are you heading right? Aren't you taking us out to sea?"

"You can hardly have the heart to blame me for taking the longest way round. I'll turn about, though, if you say so, if you fear the motion of the waves. But this will bring us round all right, and we'll have a fine view of the sea."

"I'm not afraid; and it is—oh, isn't it *too* beautiful!" ejaculated the girl, as she caught her first full glimpse of the open ocean.

But what Payson preferred to look at was the girl herself. She certainly had the art, whether a conscious or an unconscious one, of making pictures for the eyes to delight in. She wore to-day the hat with the famous veil about it—the veil he had grown to be fond of—and its blue gauze wound round her throat was the only touch of color about her. All the rest was white and pale yellow. Her clinging white draperies were gathered close about her feet and knees, outlining the perfect proportions. In one hand she held a large creamy yellow sun-shade, against whose round disk of pale gold the girl's face shone out as shines on certain world-famous canvases the face of a mediæval saint with its aureole of glory. Just now the enthusiasm of her delight had kindled the flame of a beautiful moment of emotion—a flame that lit the face into a glow of ardor. And this girl was no mediæval saint, but a breathing woman with a supremely human charm.

Was it any wonder that Payson felt as if he had entered some charmed land? that merely to listen to the lapping and beating of the waves was to hear the voices of enchantment?

"But what is that?" suddenly cried the young girl. "See! look! Can it be a cave?"—pointing to an opening in the great wall of rock beneath which they were passing. They were under the shadow of the Porcupine Cliff.

"It looks suspiciously like one;" and Payson rowed his boat farther out into the sea to be safe from the treachery of the rocks.

"Oh, don't go out!" the girl pleaded; "it looks so awfully mysterious and romantic. It looks positively weird. Do go just near enough to see *what* it is."

"I'll cheerfully row you to Chin—But, good heavens! there goes my oar!" As Payson had turned the boat to head in toward the opening, one of his oars, catching between two submerged rocks, had snapped in two. "We're in a pretty fix now."

"And it's all my fault. I'm so sor—"

"My God! we're being sucked in!"

It was true. The great swelling force of the inrushing waters was hurrying their frail bark into the dark cavernous depth. They both had a terrifying sense of the day turning to night, of a vast yawning chasm, of a deafening swash of waters, when the girl suddenly felt herself seized. Clasping her in his arms, Payson had but time for a swift, vigorous spring—a spring which landed them on a projecting ledge of rock—and the next instant there was a crash, and their boat

was floating past them, dashed into a thousand splintered bits.

"Good heavens! what an escape!" Payson muttered, with a kind of gasp. But neither of them could speak quite yet. It had all been so sudden, the sense of their danger, and the horrible fate from which they had been delivered, that they were stunned for the moment, nerveless and dazed.

Payson was the first to recover himself. He was brought back to acute consciousness by the shivering of the girl beside him. "Are you hurt? are you cold?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, I'm not hurt; but I believe I am cold. There seems to be water somewhere"—with a glance at her feet, over which the incoming waters were breaking every few moments.

"Come, we must go up higher. Give me your hand"—as he helped her to scale the rocks above them. "This is better. I—I hope you're not going to suffer for this," with an anxious look at her.

"Oh, I'm not a frail being. I shall not catch cold. What I'm wondering at is how we're ever to get out," recovering some of her natural buoyancy, with a comprehensive glance about the great, dark, dismal rocky chamber in which they found themselves.

"The situation does look appalling, I'll allow."

"I suppose there's no chance of our climbing up that cliff?" pointing to the great façade of rock behind them.

"No, it would be impossible. There isn't a foot-hold anywhere," replied Payson, who had already scanned that loop-hole of escape with the eye of a practiced Alpine climber. "Miss Wilder, there's no use of holding out to you false hopes. We're in a pretty serious plight. We can't get back by water, since our boat's gone; and we can't climb to the earth's surface, for the rocks are simply unscalable. The only thing we can do is to wait for something to turn up."

"You mean till some one comes after us?"

"I do. And the probabilities are, we sha'n't be kept waiting long. Our party will soon find us missing, and will begin to look us up. Meanwhile, what can I do to make you comfortable?"

"Nothing, thanks. I'm as comfortable as I feel a right to be—under the circumstances."

What a blessing it was she took it all so sensibly! Payson shuddered to think what it would have been with a hysterical young woman on his hands.

"If that's the case, the proper thing for me to do is to make a tour of inspection. My objective point is a pile of drift-wood, my intentions a fire, Miss Wilder."

"That's as it should be. We must see to it we do the correct shipwrecked thing."

"Yes, I should hate to feel afterward that we had missed anything." His efforts were rewarded beyond his hopes. He returned with his arms laden with dried sea-weed and drift-wood. "You see, Miss Wilder, the advantage of having as your fellow-comrade an experienced ancient mariner. The sea yields up its treasures to the wise."

"I don't wish to dampen your ardor," returned the girl, demurely, "but have you such a thing as a match about you? Otherwise—"

That was an appalling contingency; but some furious dives into Payson's vest pocket produced—*three*. "And I usually am laden down with a bushel," he groaned.

"With good management, we'll make those three do the work of a bushel," encouragingly responded the girl. Wrapping two of them for safe-keeping in her handkerchief, Violet faced about, spreading her skirts wide out to protect her from the wind, and struck the remaining match so close to the dry drift-wood that at the first spark the little pile was in a blaze.

"That was beautifully done. As a shipwrecked mariner you're an enormous success, Miss Wilder."

She laughed, seating herself close to the fire.

"I suppose you know this fire is designed to attract the eye of our discoverer," continued Payson, pointing to the thin wisp of smoke curling upward, which was making its way to heaven through an opening in the rocks just above them. "Seeing that, they'll begin to suspect our whereabouts. At present life has but two duties—the feeding of this fire, and making things as endurable for you as you will let me."

But, indeed, the girl's cheerfulness was robbing the situation of all its objectionable features. Payson, naturally, found the adventure full of a certain charm—as well, indeed, it might be, with so admira-

bly pretty and brave a girl as his companion. She met his lively sallies more than half way. She forestalled him in his attempts to take a humorous view of the affair. With sportive grace she gayly descanted upon the merits of cave scenery, the beauties of rocky elevations, and soliloquized upon the fact of what a really comfortable time witches must have.

"Doesn't it seem to you it's getting very dark?" suddenly asked the girl. "Why, look! the stars are out."

Payson took out his watch. "It's nearly nine, by Jove!"

"And—and they've never come for us. They've— Oh, Mr. Payson," cried the girl, starting wildly to her feet, with a ring of distress in her voice, "do you suppose— What if we should have to pass the night here?"

Payson grasped the girl's trembling hands, hoping to calm her. "My dear Miss Wilder, there is no such possibility. Pray sit down, and let's be reasonable. Our friends, when we failed to appear, concluded we had turned back. They are expecting to meet us at the hotel. Failing to find us there, they'll then begin their search. And that smoke," pointing to the circling column, "will sufficiently proclaim our dilemma. Before midnight you'll be sleeping quietly in your bed. But, in the mean time, it's getting colder. Here, you must wrap this about you," proceeding to divest himself of his Knickerbocker jacket.

"Mr. Payson, I'll do nothing of the kind. Do you take me for an inhuman?"

"I take you to be what you are, a perfectly reasonable young woman. You're about to prove your reasonableness by doing as I say."

"I will never wear it," insistently, with something of the defiant look he had seen on her face the first day.

"But you will. And now, at once. I'm used to being obeyed." He spoke in a tone not to be made light of. She could see the determination flaming in his eye.

"Oh, well, if it's as bad as that. If it's become a habit"—submitting gracefully then to his putting it about her, with a touch of mock submission in her voice.

But she was not wholly insensible to his thoughtful act of self-denial. There was in it the element of the heroic, and when was a woman ever known to be coldly indifferent to the exhibition of man's heroism?

And so the night wore on. They talked and chatted, and drew closer to the slowly dying fire; and soon there was no denying the stubborn fact that there was indeed every prospect of their spending the night in their grewsome surroundings. When this fate stared them full in the face, Miss Wilder bore the unwelcome prospect with astonishing composure. She grew quite calm, and showed, to Payson's thought, a surprising pluck. She was the first to suggest they should harbor their fuel resources, and herself extinguished the fire. Later, she submitted very acquiescingly to Payson's suggestion to rest her head on a little pillow he made for her of the dried sea-weed. After a little the soft and gentle breathing that came from her lips told him that she slept.

It seemed to the man who watched over her as if some invisible power guarded her slumbers. As if Nature herself lent a helping hand, the god of the winds, or some Triton, mayhap, had with his conch bade the waves be still. For the sea lay like a sleeping lake at their feet, and some spirit of peace seemed to have entered into the air. The night grew warmer, and the wind and the waves made but a soft lullaby of sound.

A few hours later, when the dawn broke, it brought beauty and calm and cheer. All the hideousness of the night was gone. In its place was the sparkle of bright waters and the golden shimmer of the breaking sunlight. With the first rays of that rosy light Miss Wilder stirred. What Payson dreaded was her first awakening, fearing she might feel some sudden alarm. But when she opened her eyes there was no terror in them; only the beautiful bright light that comes to youth after the rest of a long sweet sleep.

"Have I really been asleep? And—oh, is it— Why, it's morning!" turning a glowing face to the daylight.

"You and Aurora must have some secret sign of communication, Miss Wilder. You make your débuts at the same moment. Are you rested? Do you feel better?"

"I never felt better. I'm beginning to believe I have missed my true sphere," she gayly responded. "I should have been born a gnome. Caves seem to be my natural element. But oughtn't we to light the fire?"

"With your permission. You are keeper of the matches, you know."

In another instant the fire was lighted, and the smoke curling in great wreaths up through the opening.

"How long do you suppose it will be before— Surely I hear voices. Look! Out there! Don't you see something?" cried Miss Wilder, in uncontrollable excitement, pointing to the mouth of the cave. The "something" proved to be some men in a boat.

Their rescuers had come at last.

A few moments later there were several heads peering down through the cleft in the rocks. And next a long rope was lowered to them.

"They're sending us a rope—but what for? You can't possibly be hauled up in that way. You'd be afraid."

"Oh no, I sha'n't be a bit afraid," cried the girl, to whom rescue in any shape meant a Heaven-sent deliverance.

There really seemed to be no other way, and it was not many seconds before the girl was fairly seated, holding on bravely to two long ropes, securely tied and girded in by extra ones.

"I must tie you once more about the shoulders. And remember, Miss Wilder, don't look down. Keep your eyes fixed above you at the sky through the opening," was his parting injunction.

All went well till she had nearly reached the top, when, to protect herself against the jagged rocks that projected from the sides of the cleft, the girl used her hands and feet, pushing herself away from them. One particularly vigorous push loosened one of the great heavy stones. It detached itself, and the next instant was rattling down, with terrific velocity, through the great fissure.

Horror-stricken, Violet looked down. It was falling directly upon the spot where Payson was standing.

But Payson's thought, as he saw it coming, was as swift as the rock itself Before the stone had touched the place where he stood he had flung himself into the sea. In a few seconds he had scrambled back upon the rocks again, dripping, but safe. Upon the rope's being again lowered, he was soon standing once more upon *terra firma*. His first inquiries of the men about him—men he had never seen before, fishermen apparently—was for Miss Wilder. They told him that upon the stone's falling she had fainted. She was still unconscious when her uncle had carried her off in the boat, but otherwise she was unharmed.

When Payson reached his room at the hotel, two hours after, he found himself staggering about the room. His legs seemed to be parting company with his body, and his head to belong to some one else. Fatigue, hunger, and excitement had worn him out. But a light repast and a long twelve-hour sleep were all the medicine he needed. He awoke to find he had never felt in a more robust or sound condition. He could hardly wait to fling on his garments to learn how his companion had fared.

As he passed down the stairway, from the manner in which the servant-women and waiters eyed him he concluded that the story of their adventure had already become public property. He was convinced of it when, stepping out upon the piazza, ladies stopped in their promenade and their gossip to stare him out of countenance. He knew then he was a doomed man. The thing had started into its nine days' wonder of life. For himself he cared little; the battle of the tongues might wage. But he divined that Miss Wilder might not find the situation quite pleasant.

The next moment he found himself face to face with that young lady's uncle. Mr. Wilder greeted him with an outstretched hand and a vigorous shake of good-fellowship.

"My dear fellow, I've been looking everywhere for you. We've been greatly concerned about you. You got off scot-free, hey? Not a scratch or a bruise? And you slept like a top, you say? That's fine—that's glorious. Yes, yes. Violet's coming round all right. A little upset, you know—cold and a bit of fever. But that 'll wear off—that 'll wear off. She'll be all right in a day or so. Now, my dear sir, let me make you my deepest thanks for your kindness, and for the care you took of her. She has told us everything; how you made her take your coat, and how you kept her courage up. You behaved like a man, sir, and here's my hand on it," giving Payson an elephantine grasp. He was evidently bent upon treating Payson with the tenderest consideration.

At supper, Mrs. Wilder's manner was equally cordial, if less effusive. She

even linked her arm in his, later in the evening, to take a turn on the piazza with him, that she might deliver a message from Violet—a message full of kindness and friendliness. Payson divined Mrs. Wilder had noticed the questioning of those hundred inquisitive eyes, and had known how best to answer them. Payson went to bed that night in a happy dream of expectancy, the dream of seeing Violet on the morrow.

At his late breakfast he found two notes awaiting his perusal. As they bore no postmarks, he felt an ominous thrill of foreboding.

The Wilders had left; and the notes were notes of courteous, kindly, friendly farewell. Mr. Wilder explained their abrupt haste of departure by the fact of his being suddenly recalled to Boston on important business. And Miss Violet had written a line of gratitude, coupled with the assurance that she was quite herself, and perfectly well able to bear the journey. And that was all. And Payson was left with a great ache in his heart. He had counted so on seeing her again, on the friends they would grow to be, on the walks they would take, on the talks they would have. Now it was all at an end. Even the hope of seeing her again was as faint and shadowy as the making of the dream a reality.

That day and the following one seemed to Payson the longest he had ever passed. The place was becoming detestable. The truth dawned upon him that he was being profoundly bored. There was nothing left to be seen, nothing to be done, except to leave, and that he should do at once.

Awaiting the next morning the arrival of the boat, Payson strolled about the rocks. Involuntarily his steps turned toward the cliffs where he had been wont to catch his earlier glimpses of Miss Violet before he knew her. As he stood there, thinking of her, recalling just how she used to look, with her robes afloat, and her scarf floating to the breeze, like the pennant of some beautiful craft, with the rapt dream in her eyes, as if the loveliness of the scene were suffusing her in a soft rapture of content, Payson found the ache in his heart turn to a passionate thrill—a thrill that electrified every fibre of his being. Then he knew that he loved her, and that the thrill was the conscious awakening of a deep and ardent passion. He was willing now to confess to himself it had been so from the first, from the moment he had seen her. But that nascent liking had, during the long hours they had spent in the cave together, when he had had revealed to him the beautiful traits of her charming character, grown to a deeper feeling. He must see her now; he must find her, even if he went to the uttermost parts of the earth to seek her.

He would start upon the lover's pilgrimage—the pilgrimage which leads to confession.

The modern Athens has been, as a rule, more looked upon as the shrine of the Muses than as the abode of the tenderer goddess. But to Payson, Boston meant only Violet Wilder. She lived there, and the city was set about with a halo of glory. Upon his arrival it was easy enough to discover the mundane residence of his divinity, but a much more difficult one to discover her actual whereabouts. Inquiries at a large forbidding-looking mansion fronting on the lovely Public Gardens resulted in nothing more satisfactory than the tantalizing information that the Wilders had just left Boston—for Manchester, the man-servant thought, but was not quite sure.

The nearest Manchester was the one down by the sea, and Payson went there by the next train. Manchester—West Manchester—was a lovely bit of shore, close to the half-moon beach of which had been built a really capital hotel. Payson found the air of the place most delicious, and the tints along the shore reminded him of the Mediterranean. But he had not come to make discoveries either in air or in tints. He had come to seek for that which he feared he should never find. His seeking her here was indeed beginning to seem a most senseless bit of folly. How could he hope, he soliloquized to himself, as he strolled later along the wide piazza of the hotel in the dawning moonlight—how could he hope, when, behold! what he hoped for stood before him. The god of love had guided his steps aright. At the farther end of the piazza a party of people were in the act of alighting from a carriage. And among them Payson's quick eye—the lover's eye—had discerned Miss Wilder. She detached herself from the party, and the next instant was coming toward him with a swift and hurried footstep. In her haste she had almost passed him by. But Payson moved toward her.

"Miss Wilder!" She started, stopped, and turned upon him an almost wildly startled glance. When she fully recognized him, she paled visibly, shaming the white roses that drooped at her belt. But she recovered herself on the instant.

"Mr. Payson, do you drop from the clouds?" holding out her hand of greeting.

"Only when I follow in the wake of a shooting-star, Miss Wilder," was his gallant but somewhat agitated rejoinder. "How good it seems to see you again! When did you come?"

"I've been here a week. Ever since—ever since leaving Bar Harbor." She paled again. But Payson would not spare her.

"Don't you think your going away was just a trifle cruel?—without giving a fellow a chance to see you or to say good-by? How was I to know whether you were really well or not?"

"I am sorry if you thought it rude or unkind. But"—with a slight chill in her voice—"we were obliged to go. My uncle was needed at home. Shall you be here long? I am at a friend's cottage. I must go in now. But you will come and see me, perhaps," giving him her address.

For the next week he saw her every day. But for all the progress he made, he might as well have been the other side of the moon. She seemed determined to establish spacial distances between them, yet apparently she never avoided him. On the contrary, she was not only approachable, but kind, adorably kind. She let no opportunity pass to make him the recipient of some pleasant favor. But, in spite of it all, Payson was vividly conscious he was made also the victim of a hundred subtle artifices, all of which succeeded so admirably that never by any hap-hazard or chance did he succeed in finding himself alone with her.

But one evening Payson's patience—the lover's patience that knows how to wait—was rewarded. Going to the cottage, on the pretense of borrowing a book, he found Miss Wilder on the veranda, looking out upon the moon-lit sea. And she was alone, and there was no escape. The others had gone out to tea, she explained as she greeted him.

Perhaps it was because his chance had come, but for the first few moments Payson felt his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth. Perhaps it was the moonlight, and the lapping of those waves, with the memories that sound held in it for both of them.

"Miss Wilder—Miss Violet," at last Payson burst out, "tell me—tell me what it is that I have done—of what crime am I guilty?"

"Crime? Are you out of your senses, Mr. Payson?"

"No, not yet; but your manner is fast driving me out of them. Do you think it is nothing to me to know you avoid me all you can, that you put me away—"

"Oh, Mr. Payson," cried the girl, with a thrill of contrition in her voice, "I—I don't do that. I only thought—I meant—"

"And what I mean is this," said Payson, the wave of emotion so swollen it must break at last: "I mean that I have found out something since you went away from Mount Desert. I have found out that I love you as a man only can love the woman who is the one woman in the world for him. And that is what I came here to tell you."

The girl started, and stood up, stretching out her hands before her, as if to put him and his words the farther away.

"Oh, you must not—you must not say—say such things to me!"

"Why? For Heaven's sake tell me, is there any reason? You are not—" But Payson's voice broke there. He had no courage to confront the thought of her not being free.

"You must not, because," the girl went on, with a passionate, tortured ring in her tone—"because— Oh, can't you see the reason? You say this because you feel you must. You think—you think people may have said— Your sense of honor impels you."

"Violet, what madness are you talking? Sense of honor!" almost dazed at the joy there was in him. Then grasping the girl's hands in his trembling palm, he held them to his breast. "Listen: can a mere sense of honor make a man feel that?"

Upon the girl's upturned face Payson saw the light of his own great joy reflected.

"Ah! you believe—and, Violet, you will?"

For a moment she only looked at him, a deep, unutterable look of love, and held him still away from her as she pressed her hands against his breast. Then her answer was the droop of her beautiful head upon his shoulder.

INDIAN AND NEGRO.

IN these words are suggested two of the great problems which our nation has had persistently set before it. The satisfactory solutions which will answer all the conditions are yet by no means reached, though the effort toward those solutions may be said to be in the right direction. The attempt is now to do something toward educating the two races, and so fitting them in a measure to carry on their own lives with some degree of intelligence. They are like two wards of the nation; but how different, and needing what different treatment! To see them together, as at the Hampton School, is to feel this with a new strength.

There, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, almost under the guns of Fortress Monroe, we find one of the old family mansions of Virginia filled with quite different work from that to which its original owners had probably destined it. In its busy rooms, looking out between lofty pillars on the quiet water of the bay, are classes of the race born into bondage all over the South, how few years ago! Dusky faces of all shades throng its passageways, and the walls, probably once ornamented with paintings, now covered with blackboards, are used daily for maps, sentences, and illustrations.

Only a few steps from the old mansion rises a large brick building, full of the same faces, and full also of work, intellectual and manual. The ruins of Academy Hall tell where a few months ago the large school-house stood, and where the new one is to rise out of its ashes, while scattered about are the cottages occupied as dormitories by the negro men and boys, and the so-called wigwam. Here the effort is being made to fit these young men and women in some degree as teachers, so that they may go out into the far-off places and teach the colored children. Who are the teachers there? Young women who have left luxurious homes in the North, and who are throwing all their courage and endurance into every day's demands; who are influencing their classes quite as much by the refining power of their personal characters as by the lessons which they teach. At the head is a clear brain and an iron will. Such is the Hampton School, as far as the negro race is concerned. The characteristics of this race we know sufficiently well. They are light-hearted and happy, easily impressible, ambitious to be better than they are, and as willing as a child to let that ambition be seen. Desirous of improving their language, they imitate the long words which they may have noticed used by the whites, and persist in their use without a meaning till finally a meaning creeps into them, and they have a real addition to their vocabulary. In this, again, they follow the universal practice of ambitious children in their efforts to talk. Everything is facile in them. They are easily moulded, are anxious to be moulded, and every feeling shows itself on their faces without any effort at concealment. They come to Hampton, and go to their class recitations just as they go to their washing or ironing, sewing, planting, or reaping, between class hours, with a never-failing courage in spite of all difficulties, a cheerful, sunny humor, and yet with a sense of responsibility delightful to see and feel.

Such is the negro race in its essential characteristics.

Confronted with this race, which is like a well-known inhabitant of our dwelling, we have the other ward, the Indian; for the United States government is trying also to do something in the way of education for this far-off and little-understood representative of the former owners of its land. While the negro has to pay his way at Hampton, the Indian is paid for by government. The Indians come from the far-off reservations escorted by the Indian agent who may have had orders to bring them on. They are to be kept in Hampton two years, and then sent back to their tribe to be as a little leaven. Perhaps it is not all we ought to do, but it is certainly something. It is at present an experiment on a very small scale for so large a government, but it is a beginning of what may be a large success.

There is no difficulty in finding boys whose families are willing to let them come, though it is only to the boys that any sign of affection is usually shown at parting. But to send a girl out of an Indian family means more work for all that are left. To diminish the number of bringers of wood and drawers of water is to impose additional burdens on all who remain. Thus in the last collection of Sioux youths from the Yankton agency there were only nine girls out of sixteen, though the agent made special efforts to

find sixteen girls, and kept the chance open till the last minute. Again, the traditional want of respect for the intellectual capacity of the girls may be a reason why the Indian hesitates before tacitly admitting that it is worth while to try to do anything with a girl. Here, again, is another wide difference between the two races, for, while in no race more than in the negro is woman recognized to be on a full equality with man, in none more than the Indian is she looked upon with contempt.

This is no race with long years of servitude behind them, and with the instincts of servitude burned into them by the fateful laws of heredity. But by these same laws they have burned into them a sense of wrong and injustice. They have stealthily watched the white man, and in their inmost souls they find a reluctant admission of the fact that he is their superior. They see that to hold their own, or even any smallest fraction of their own, they must learn his language and his ways. The admission is wrung from them by long years of steady watching of the tide of events. Like discrowned kings, their chiefs treat with the United States government. They do not want to yield, but the logic of facts is too strong for them to resist. In their inmost hearts they, too, are ambitious to go the "white man's road," because they dimly feel that that is the channel in which the stream of the time runs. But they do not want to *appear* to want this or to acknowledge it.

While thus one of our wards comes to us trustfully and unconsciously to be petted, to be taught and praised, the other withdraws from our touch, stands aside, and assumes indifference to our words. But we may be very sure that nothing escapes that watchful eye or that tense ear. She does not want us to think she listens or cares. But she does not forget. She can not come to our side, like the other. She is a little afraid to acknowledge that she cares for us or for anything. She is too proud to ask a favor or to thank us for a kindness.

There seems to be a sort of intense self-consciousness in the Indian. He watches not only us, but himself, and in this again he is the exact opposite of the negro.

Is it not evident that for natures so entirely different, entirely different methods must be used?

When visitors are in the rooms of the colored classes at Hampton, the pupils are only stimulated to more activity. There is no sense of antagonism. But when visitors are in the Indian classes, the pupils become shy and distrustful. They seem conscious that they are the objects of curiosity and attention, and this, instead of pleasing them, frets them. They can not be unconscious of themselves, and so they make very hard work for the teacher. The visitor feels as if in the way, and as if forced to retire. And I can not believe it good for them to be visited in their classrooms. Had I the power, I would put on the doors, "Positively no admittance," and they should be alone with their teacher, in whom they soon grow to have confidence. It seems a positive blocking of the road to subject them to scrutiny in the painful effort of their stiff minds to grasp a new language. The Indian does not mind being noticed if he is doing anything in which he excels. But when he does not excel, and is painfully conscious that he is doing his work very poorly, when he can follow so slowly the clear utterances of his teacher, and she only a young girl, his sense of mortification and humiliation makes him sullen.

Laughing Face will not even smile or show any sign of intelligence, nor will he condescend to respond in any way except by a grunt to his teacher's effort. All this before strangers. But when they are gone, Laughing Face, with much difficulty, writes on the board, "I sorry I not try," for his teacher.

Is it possible for us to imagine the state of bewilderment in the minds of these blanketed forest people as, led by the Indian agent, they leave everything and every person they know, and travel for six days by steamboat and steam-cars on their way to Hampton and their first sight of the ocean? Do they not notice what they see? On the journey they are seated for the first time in their lives at a table with some order in the food and dishes, and with knives and forks. Once only—the first time—tired and hungry, they make an involuntary movement to take the meat in their fingers: once only, for the observant eye notes that the "white man's road" is by knives and forks; they furtively study his mode of handling these tools, and by the next meal handle them as if they had never eaten otherwise. They will touch no dishes except those with which they are familiar, till some white man has eaten of

them. They watch, and then copy. And so, after days and nights, watchful of everything and everybody, but drawing their blankets over their heads if they observe any one watching them, they are landed at Old Point Comfort, and ride over the smooth white road in the early morning through the salt-scented air to the school which is to be their home for two years. And there, what first awaits them?

There is a ceremony observed once a year in Rome which typifies Christian love and humility. Dirty and diseased beggars sit down, the men in one room, the women in another, and before them kneel volunteers, who have never known poverty or distress, to wash their feet. There, before an old woman, ragged and filthy, kneels a countess in silk and jewels, and she seeks to imitate her Master by following His example in the washing of feet. Spectators are admitted to this strange scene, and look on, half disgusted, half touched, half in pity, half in reverence. But one need not go to Rome to have the lesson taught that all men are brothers, and that he is the true follower of the Master who shrinks from no help. The dirty pilgrims and beggars we shall find at Hampton, waiting shyly on the green before the door. And the noble lady is not wanting; only, instead of being an Italian, she is a New England girl, a princess in her own right, and instead of silks and jewels, she wears a calico dress. The countess daintily pours the water over the soiled feet, and returns to her carriage and her palace. The New England girl works for hours, and then goes into her class-room with weary feet and a tired flush all over her fine face; and the windows of heaven look out on both Rome and Hampton.

First, cleanliness. That is the primary lesson, and taught by hands which shrink from no duty, and voices touched by love and pity. Then, freshly clothed from head to foot, helped and smiled upon by every Indian and every negro that they meet, but saddened a little by the close cutting of the long black hair, the girls are left free to wander about for the day, and learn a little of their surroundings.

There is a great difference between the full-blooded Indian and the half-breed in the matter of exhibiting their curiosity. An Indian girl stands leaning on the balustrade of the piazza, her eyes turned toward the waters of the bay, but seemingly seeing nothing. She might as well be behind a red mask, for any shadow of expression on her face. You speak to her; she does not understand one word that you say, nor does she turn her head or eyes. Even a dog recognizes kindness in the tones of a voice, and the horse responds to a gentle hand. But her face is utterly expressionless. You touch the dusky cheek. You might as well touch a stone. But behind that mask she is watching you. She is learning every minute, but she will not let you know it. If she is touched, you will be none the wiser. If she is sorry, she will not ask your sympathy. Perhaps if the horse and dog had been kept on reservations, they might not be as appreciative as they are. You leave the girl and go into the knitting-room to see the busy machines and the growing piles of mittens. At the door timidly stands another Indian girl, of a lighter shade, who asks, curiously, "What is them girls doing?" Encouraged, she goes up to a machine, and the negro girl who is turning it welcomes her, and talks pleasantly to her. "You speak English?" we say. "Oh yes," with a conscious pride of superiority; "my father and mother talk English." Her ears have been pierced, we notice, and they look as if she had worn very heavy rings. I touch them, saying, "What did you have your ears bored for?" She draws her head away impatiently. "Oh, I don't wear ear-rings. *Too much like Indian!* There ain't any holes there now." If she should happen into a fashionable reception, she might be sadly confused in her ideas. Now she is sure that ear-rings are "too much like Indian," and she is eager to go on the "white man's road," and so is proud that there are no longer any holes in her ears. She sat behind the girls and listened while they sang at their work.

The next day the Indian boys and girls gather in their class-rooms. Girls of the normal schools of America, how would you teach them? Are you teachers enough for that? Do you know what that teaching is? There they sit before you. They do not understand one word of your spoken language. How will you go to work? There is real teaching to be done—no assigning of lessons. You are to teach them to speak, read, and write all at once. Could you do it? How would you do it? Where will you begin? That is what the teachers at Hampton are doing—doing

with a patience that never tires, with an energy that controls impossibilities, with a sympathy that wins its way behind that mask, and brings out feeling from apparent coldness. They are doing it for the Indian; but no one can work for another without working for himself, and they are growing into real living teachers with a rapidity that no other work could give them, while to the Indian, the heard, the spoken, and the written word are growing into one in his struggling mind. Does he appreciate it?

On Christmas night the Indian boys at Hampton contributed their share to the amusement of the occasion by a war-dance. They prepared their costumes unaided, and executed the dance with so much truth that it was absolutely frightful. But the next morning, when "clothed and in their right mind," they sat in their class-room, and their teacher said: "I was afraid I had lost my boys last night. I am glad to get you back again." They answered as with one voice, "We are so glad to get back."

No, the Indian does not want to keep his own old track. He wants to go the "white man's road." Discrowned, disinherited, he stands, asking for help to travel on that road. But he is proud. He will not pick up the crust if we fling it to him in contempt. If we would help him, we must learn to feel his nature. If we treat him as we would treat the negro, we shall fail. We must respect his self-respect, and he will take our hand. We must respect his pride, and not complain that he has no feeling because he does not show it in our way. Far more than the negro he needs *fine* natures to deal with him. The negro laughs at his own mistakes; the Indian is fretted and irritated by his. In his original sovereignty he was hospitable, kindly, and unsuspicious; in a position of inferiority he is treacherous, cruel, and doubting. He can be won by honest dealing, and a voice which comes from a heart really anxious to help him. We are to set ourselves to discover how to meet him in his own way, and the universal solvent of all different ways is the earnest love and sympathy which are now at work at Hampton.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO him who remembers the Newport of more than a generation ago there is something delightful in the tributes of the younger loiterers along those enchanted shores. The other day—one of the burning days that Mr. Vennor too truthfully foretold—the Easy Chair met a friend who had just returned to town from a yacht cruise to Rhode Island, and whose sincere praise of the happy island was like a breath of the soft racy ocean air that envelops it. "There is no place like it in the world, I am sure," said Telemachus, whose heart still mirrored Calypso, "and I don't see why everybody who can afford it does not pass his summer at Newport."

But there are several Newports even on the one spot. There is the historic Newport, the picturesque Newport, and the fashionable Newport. Some pilgrims see them all, and enjoy them blended. But the fashionable Newport really knows very little of the historic; and if, in the pause of the waltz or on the polo ground, Romeo should ask Juliet if she has ever seen or heard of the window-pane at Rochambeau's head-quarters on which the name of Polly Lawton is scratched with a diamond, Juliet would probably propose another turn, and wonder, as she whirled, who was Polly Lawton and who Rochambeau. The pictures in the Revolutionary memoirs of the gay French camp on Rhode Island, the dances by moonlight, and the French admiration for the Yankee life and the Yankee beauties, are very pretty and pleasing among the general rather grim reminiscences of that time.

Polly Lawton was a Quakeress, a Quaker belle, who lives in the memoirs of the French officers and in local traditions, and the contrast is very quaint between her simplicity and the gallantry of her adorers. She was the reigning toast, and her figure is one of the most fascinating that moves across that long-vanished scene. There was Samuel Elam also, who made the beautiful estate of Vaucluse, on the eastern shore of the island, beyond the town. In the last generation, and perhaps in this—for change is gradual upon that coast—the stiff old garden and plantation, with which Evelyn would have been solemnly pleased, and along whose paths the dames of Versailles might have walked and felt themselves at home, still recalled the earlier day in which they were laid out. To this sylvan retreat and to its generous hospitality all noted strangers were bidden. Every Saturday, according to the legend, the stately equipage of Mr. Elam appeared in the streets of Newport, and returned with distinguished guests to feast at Vaucluse. The old gentleman, a Quaker, we believe, bidding the unknown strangers to his

table, recalls Montaigne, upon his journey to Italy, stopping at all the castles and fine houses to pay the respects of one gentleman to another. Montaigne and Elam lived before the days of the I-am-as-good-as-you spirit which is now described as distinctively American.

It would be pleasant to compare a Vaucluse dinner with a dinner at a cliff villa to-day. If De Lauzun had kept his youth until now, and had daily known the most exquisite of Parisian dinners, he would yet be amazed as he sat dining at some Newport table, upon which the spray of the ocean waves might be almost dashed from the neighboring rocks. Such elaborate summer houses by the sea, such luxury and comfort, were never elsewhere known. A distinguished Englishman and his wife strolled along the cliff, passing from one finished and beautiful estate to another, at every step surprised and fascinated, and at last he exclaimed, "We know every sea-side resort in England and on the Continent, and nowhere is there anything comparable to Newport."

This lavish and fashionable Newport, those clusters of elaborate and costly houses, this concentration of wealth, are, however, modern. The Newport of the last generation was a quiet Newport, and even its summer houses scarcely stretched beyond the Ocean House. The great hotels of that time were nearer the old town, the State-House, and the Parade. There was Whitfield's, a high, white, factory-like building; and Townsend's, on the main street of the town, near the Custom-house; and the old Bellevue, earliest of the great hotels. On the Parade there was Miss Dillon's, where the lawyers stopped for the courts, and some of the legislators when the General Assembly met in Newport. But the cliff from the beach around to the Spouting Horn was a long stretch of solitary pasture. The high-road did not reach even to the Fish-house Point, and the magnificent ocean drive by Bateman's and the shore was not even imagined.

In that day Newport had something of the air of drowsy decay which belongs, perhaps, to Portsmouth and Newburyport. It had been a busy sea-port, its shipping at one time surpassing in numbers that of New York, but the sceptre of trade had now been seized by New York. As a mart Newport had an emeritus air. It was haunted by the ghost of a past prosperity. This pensive tranquillity was not disturbed by the summer life. The day of "cottages" had not yet dawned, nor that of many great fortunes. The strangers were quartered in different lodgings and in the hotels, and in the afternoon, when the tide was out, there was modest driving upon the beach. Many guests came from the Southern States, and some of the earliest cottages were built by Southerners. It had been always a resort for them, and there was a decided Southern social atmosphere. Newport had been one of the last of the slave-trading ports. Its public opinion was of Southern sympathy, and a hundred years ago, when the famous Dr. Hopkins thundered against slave-trading, he found himself opposing the town.

It was not surprising that the Southern political leaders were deceived about public opinion. They knew that they represented the real feeling of their own section, and they naturally supposed that the opinion of "good society" was the opinion of this other section. They always found it at Newport and Saratoga, and at New York and Boston tables, courteous, acquiescent, and decided in sympathy with themselves. Thirty years ago a Newport dinner was ruled by any Southern guest of distinction, and he and his friends not only found Northern opinion to be in apparent accord with their own, but they had perhaps a secret surprise and even contempt at the discovery. They did not sufficiently observe that while politics was a chief interest of "society" in the Southern States, the same society in the Northern States was very little interested in politics. The Southern guests had their own way, therefore, partly from courtesy and consideration toward strangers, partly from indifference, partly from conservative dislike of agitation and disturbance, partly from sincere sympathy of conviction. The misfortune was that the Georgia or Carolina Senator or leader supposed that in the well-bred, easy, self-indulgent Newport world he saw "the North." He could hardly help despising the respectable servility which he beheld, and from the obsequious deference of manner he not unnaturally inferred the soul of a huckster and a peddler. It was remarked of the late English election that the result was an astounding discovery made by the clubs that "society" was not England. They will not, probably, believe it. The habitual tippler will always attribute his headache, not to the liquor, but to the confounded strawberry in it. Newport, with all its charms, was not a good place in which to study characteristic Northern sentiment and character, but it was the most delightful spot for summer loitering.

It is doubtful whether there are any fields left for such loitering. Perhaps there may be upon the uplands of Honeyman's Hill, but they are far from the sea. Seclusion and solitude in the old sense have probably become impossible. They must be sought elsewhere, and Newport must be treated as a marine villa—ample, elaborate, beautiful, with a thousand charms, but a villa still. Yet the pilgrim to Long Branch and Cape May and Coney Island and Rockaway and Long Beach, with their vast bright pavilions in the sand, and their swarming crowds dining to music in the briny air, must not suppose that they gain from such pleasant resorts any idea of the singular and varied beauty and delight of Newport.

When an English critic of Trollope's *Duke's Family* (his last story) says of the American girl that she has no respect for a duke as a duke,

does he not say that the American girl is not a snob? This question recently led to a very lively discussion. What is a snob? was asked, and answered in a way that showed great differences of opinion. Thackeray is the great authority upon the subject, although Disraeli, in *Henrietta Temple*, speaks of the vast social division into nobs and snobs. Now when Thackeray suddenly stops in the midst of his gibes and denunciations of the snob, and says that he should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, what does he mean? What is the nature of the gratification which he confesses? The answer to this question would seem to involve his conception of the nature of snobbery.

It is plain that Thackeray means that he should like the public evidence of the highest social standing, which would be furnished by his apparent intimacy with two dukes. But is that snobbish? Would it be snobbish in a stranger to wish to see the highest society in England, irrespective of its intellectual character, and merely as a phenomenon and social spectacle and study? Certainly not; but to care whether other people know that he has that entrée is a very different thing, and that is what Thackeray had in mind. It is very natural to desire to see and know the best of everything, but to desire that others shall know that you know it is to desire the gratification of a very small vanity. It is a mean wish. It is not, indeed, a wish to be thought to be what you are not, but it is a wish to be honored for something which is not essentially honorable, and which may be as true of the most despicable persons as of you.

Is snobbery, then, merely the desire of high social position, or of the reputation of it, and nothing more? When the American girl lavishes her smiles and her preference upon the handsome youth of good family and great fortune, does she prove herself to be a snob? If her feeling could be analyzed, it would be simply this, that she would willingly marry him as the condition of an ample gratification of her social ambitions and tastes. Her marriage would secure her the best social position, and supply her with the splendid environment which she desires. The young English girl sets all her smiles in the same way for a dissipated young marquis, let us suppose, ignorant and boorish and poor. But are not her feeling and purpose the same as those of her American sister? Is not her motive the same desire of the best social position and the gratification of splendid tastes? And is this what is meant by snobbery?

Evidently Thackeray's lance was thrown at something more than this, and one of the shrewdest of women says that very snobbery is worship of rank as marking a higher order of humanity. The English girl, says this authority, does not look upon the marquis as the American girl looks upon the young millionaire, but she thinks him to be a superior being, and his willingness to marry her a condescension. This is the degradation of snobbery, she argues, that a mere accident, or something wholly apart from the character or endowment of the person, like the form of his nose or the color of his hair, should overcome another person as a kind of celestial superiority. No American girl can understand that anybody is her superior merely because he is of a certain family or of a recognized rank, and she would laugh until sunset at the suggestion that a man called a duke did her a favor, or condescended to her, when he proposed to marry her. Snobbery, according to this view, is the worship of rank as rank—a worship which levels all moral and mental distinctions, and eats up the soul.

But the desire of money in the case of the American also levels such distinctions, and in the same way. There is not an essential difference between the feeling which impels a woman to marry a marquis because of his rank, however poor and ignorant and repulsive he may be, and that which persuades her to marry a millionaire because of his money. Snobbishness is the sacrifice of time and labor and thought and energy—in fact, of life—to mere worldly display. The woman who laughs at the pretensions of social rank and noble title, yet who gives herself for a fortune, is no less a snob than her sister who gives herself for a coronet. In the one case the coronet stands for all that the fortune implies in the other. If, indeed, rank be held to be indicative of something essentially superior, yielding to it is more respectable than surrender to mere money.

And it is fairly to be considered that rank, while it is at present a purely artificial social distinction, yet represents originally a real superiority. A duke is a dux, or chief, or leader, and the title originally designates a man who leads his fellows. The dukedoms of Marlborough and of Wellington commemorate great public services in the field, and the heir of a title inherits an actual distinction. The contrast may be absurd between his puerile insignificance and the heroic quality which his title imports. But as an office is honored when the incumbent is unworthy, a title may dazzle because of the greatness which it recalls. Yet to admire the unworthy heir equally with him of whose service the title is a reward and a memorial is snobbishness itself. *Noblesse oblige*, and the man who unworthily wears a title conferred for real service stands in the pillory of honest censure. A cynic roughly says that there is not a woman in England who would refuse a duke's offer, merely because he is a duke. It is doubtless a gross libel upon the English woman. It might be as truly said that there is not a woman in America who would refuse a millionaire. It would be a calumny. There are scores of such young persons clustered at this moment upon every piazza and in every great drawing-room at Saratoga, and

Newport, and Long Branch, and the Sulphur Springs, and the White Mountains, and wherever the young person is passing the delightful summer, and the Easy Chair, in the words of the great historian of Snobs, offers them its respectful homage.

THE tender tone of Mr. Collyer's address at the funeral of George Ripley was that of the general remembrance of that modest and accomplished scholar. He had been long confined to the house, and probably he, as well as his friends, doubted if he would ever rally; but the indefatigable worker worked to the last, and a review in the *Tribune* of the *Life of Horace Bushnell*, published but a few days before his death, showed the freshness and vigor of his mind, and his unwearied interest in the great subjects which always commanded its attention. The life of a huge city like New York seems very much richer when it is remembered that a man like Ripley may be one of its almost unnoted citizens. To a certain circle, indeed, his mind, his learning, and his charming society were familiar. But he was so absolutely free from all self-seeking and love of notoriety and display that his name seldom appeared in the newspapers, and he was, therefore, outside of his literary and friendly circle, comparatively unknown.

This fact marks by contrast a local notoriety which has no relation to character or service. There are men who make themselves conspicuous on Broadway by some eccentricity of costume or appearance. They wear their hair very long when hair is generally trimmed close, or their hats are peculiar, or their clothes are meant to catch the eye. Some of them are walking advertisements of a kind which makes their eccentricity still more undignified; some are exhibitions of mere vanity, and all have a pitiful air of saying, "This is the only way in which I can attract attention." There is a similar class who are conspicuous solely by the frequent appearance of their names in the papers, and who are in that way familiar figures to the newspaper reader, but wholly without individual significance. Mr. Ripley, however, who made an important part of a great journal, was always personally veiled. He was not an orator, nor an attendant at public meetings, nor an officer of public institutions. He shunned personal publicity for himself, while his good word gave it to others.

As his body lay in the church on that beautiful summer morning, and Mr. Collyer spoke those most fitting and affectionate words, it was a tender and impressive scene. Mr. Ripley was an old man, and he had no children. His wife, exhausted with long and sorrowful care, was prostrated with illness, and he had few near kindred; but how many of that silent throng felt as if they had lost a brother or a father! Mr. Collyer began his address by wishing that some of his old comrades in the pulpit might have spoken the last word for Ripley, but before he had said many words it was plain that even so new a friend as he had all the feeling of the oldest friend for the brave scholar who had trusted Truth to the end, and followed whither she led.

The general course of his life has been made familiar by many notices in the daily and weekly press. In this Magazine, also, his name shall be mentioned with love and honor, for he was long connected with the house that issues it, and for some time he was a regular editorial contributor to these pages. His perfect independence, a total freedom from any kind of illicit influence, even of the most involuntary form, were as conspicuous as his affluent knowledge and familiarity with various literature, and a cheerful gayety of address was as characteristic as his manly modesty. His association with the house began upon his removal to New York, about 1849. In 1847 the experiment at Brook Farm ended, and Mr. Ripley was employed, we believe, upon the press in Boston. For many reasons, however, New York was a more grateful residence, and the sympathy of Mr. Greeley with the convictions and impulse from which Brook Farm sprang naturally opened the *Tribune* for the co-operation of so accomplished a writer as Mr. Ripley. For some time before, Margaret Fuller had been the chief literary editor of the *Tribune*, and her articles, with her peculiar signature, introduced many of the most noted of the modern English authors to the American reader. But Mr. Ripley had extraordinary fitness for the place which he filled for so many years. The natural reserve of a busy scholar, and a reticence which was never betrayed by *bonhomie*, with the severity of a well-trained mind, sometimes gave to his manner an air of hardness, or even of coldness, which was, however, altogether illusory. His critical reviews, like his opinions as the literary adviser of a publishing house, were thorough and detailed, but their spirit was singularly gentle and kindly and generous. No man detected sham more surely or despised it more utterly, but he never forgot that the function of a critic is not to "serve up" the author for the amusement of the reader, and he would have regarded the reckless wits of *Blackwood* and *Fraser* as mere literary wreckers and pirates. His sympathy with young writers was exhaustless. He saw whatever good thing they had done, and extolled it. It was not his fault if it was not generally recognized.

Few of those with whom Mr. Ripley was associated in later years were familiar with his controversial prime, when he entered the lists with so redoubtable a philosophical and theological antagonist as Andrews Norton, as the thoroughly equipped champion of the new thought in the Transcendental revival of forty years ago. That debate had a deep influence upon the intellectual development of the country. It liberalized thought, and stimu-

lated humane activity of every kind; and one of its chief forces was the courage, the ample resources, the well-ordered learning, and unquailing faith of George Ripley. Coleridge and Southey had dreamed of a Pantisocracy, an ideal community upon some remote shore of the Susquehanna. The American Coleridgeans, or humane spiritualists, founded their new world at Brook Farm. It was the social enterprise in which much of the hope and aspiration of that time, the American moral and political Renaissance, took form. Its history will never be written more fully than it has been, nor need it be. It was one of the experiments, which will be constantly renewed until the hope of humanity is extinguished, to base society upon juster relations by a general sharing of the manual and mental labor of the world. It was a co-operative association of persons drawn together by a common conviction and purpose. They were generally highly educated and refined, and their life had a charm which is immortal in every memory of those early days. They were mostly persons wholly unknown. Even Hawthorne, who was at the farm for a few months, had then little fame, and he was never one in faith with the Brook Farmers. There was a blended romance and humor in the enterprise which touched his imagination; but he had, in fact, some difficult passages with the leaders. Of this Arcadia—for such it was in the early time—Mr. Ripley was the head. One of the laughing philosophers at the farm, coming upon a child playing in the sand, lying in the lap of the great mother, asked him, gayly, "Well, Tom, who is the common mother of us all?" "Mr. Ripley," promptly answered the child.

Life at Brook Farm was naturally eventless. There are excellent glimpses of it in some papers by Miss Amelia Russell, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a few years ago, and in a series of articles, still earlier, in the *Old and New*, by Mrs. Kirby, of California. Both of the writers were at the farm, Mrs. Kirby, indeed, being one of its earliest and latest and most devoted friends. The awakening of the time included music, and Beethoven's Symphonies were regularly played for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Academy, in the old Odeon Theatre, and certain extraordinary youth in the audience, with long hair and dark blouses, were pointed out as Brook Farmers. Their eccentric appearance naturally shocked the conventional taste of society, and inevitably "the community," as it was generally, but in a technical sense incorrectly, called, was held to be a kind of outlandish Alsatia, rather than Arcadia, of whimsical idlers and impracticable dreamers. On their side, the Brook Farmers regarded their critics as poor victims of a grinding tyranny of competition which degraded humanity. The life at Brook Farm was, in fact, that of a highly educated and delightful society—a life of labor, varied with study and accomplishment and amusement, singularly free from scandal and reproach. Theodore Parker, who was a steadfast friend of Mr. Ripley, leaning upon his counsel and support in the sharpest conflict of his career, preached at West Roxbury, the "Spring Street" of an earlier date, a mile or two from the farm. The church, or meeting-house, is, we believe, still standing, a mile beyond "Taft's" or "Swallow's" tavern. It is, or was, a plain wooden building, very broad for its length, and, as we remember it, almost a square. The congregation in those days was not large—a grave rural assembly. Parker's sturdy rustic figure stood in the white pulpit, clad in black, and without robes; and no one who ever saw or heard him will forget the gladiatorial aspect of the round baldish head, set low upon broad square shoulders, and the clear, aggressive, half-nasal tone of his voice. But there was a sweet gentleness and tenderness, the final grace of manliness, in the impression of the service, and the invocation to the "infinite father and mother" was but a natural, instinctive expression of a soul peculiarly sensitive to the depth and purity of feminine nature.

"They are all gone, the old familiar faces." In the summer morning, while Mr. Collyer spoke over the friend whom Parker should have outlived, instead of going first by twenty years, there were those listening whose memories were full of vanished summers, and of noble men and women who are seen no more, but whose works do follow them. No man was ever truer and more intrepid than he whose body lay in that oaken coffin, none was more diligent and faithful, none purer and more unselfish. The noble endeavor of his life was not lost because one effort failed. The faith that could not serve men in one way served no less in another. It was a faith founded beyond corroding disappointment. Mr. Ripley's co-worker in the great intellectual movement of forty years ago, Mr. Emerson, wrote at that very time, what might well be written above Ripley: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe—that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being."

THE Fourth of July of this year will be long remembered for the grateful rain which fell upon the 5th, for that was the day that we

celebrated. So copious and renewing a rain had not fallen in the neighborhood of New York for many months, and its steady beat all the afternoon and all night was unwelcome only to the pleasure-seekers, and they, unhappily, were an enormous number this year. Why, then, should it be thought that the observance of the day is declining? It is true that the oration of other years is not now held to be essential to a proper celebration, and in New York the old military display is discontinued. But so are the booths about the Park, which men who would not admit themselves to be old remember, and a humane municipality has interfered to save the peace of the city from the fire-cracker. But these changes do not show that we are ceasing to celebrate, but only that we celebrate more wisely.

There are towns, doubtless, in which the placard still announces to the eager children that "Independence-day will be ushered in with the ringing of the church-bells for an hour at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, and the procession will be formed at 10½ A.M." It is a kindly and venerable custom, and the orator and poet and reader of the Declaration do a patriotic service. There is no fear that the day will not be duly commemorated; and if at some points the voice of the orator is silent, it is not still forever, and at a thousand others it is heard with all the old eloquent fervor. There was the usual dinner in New York of the veterans of 1812, which is becoming rather a melancholy banquet, recalling Hawthorne's gloomy fancy of the dinner party that gradually dwindled to one guest. There were some guests, however, among whom was Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was a soldier of the war, and who said, in a pleasant speech, that the celebration of the Fourth was sadly declining.

Yet had he sat upon the shadiest and airiest of balconies overhanging any of the neighboring waters of the river or the bay, and watched the constant passage of barges and steamers thronged with passengers escaping from the close air of the city to breathe that of the ocean and the country, he would have felt that the day was most wisely observed. It has become a universal holiday, and never before were there so many pilgrims of pleasure out of town, while the town itself was more reasonably tranquil than for many a year. There was, indeed, the petulant popping noise which is the odd expression of joy among the English-speaking races, and this year there was a new form of it. The fire-cracker has been banned in the streets, and some ingenious limb has devised a detonating wafer, which, placed in the mouth of a small metal human head, and dropped briskly upon the pavement, explodes as sharply as a cracker, and conveys intense happiness to the Anglo-American child. The head is attached to a string, and can be instantly recovered and charged for a fresh pop. It is a cheap form of Fourth-of-July delight, costing but five cents. The lower and busier parts of the city were intolerable, except for those who like that kind of pleasure, for two days before the Fourth, and no ear that heard the sound would endure the remark that the observance of the day is declining.

Old John Adams's famous wish was substantially that America would always make a great noise on Independence-day, and amuse itself with bell-ringing and music and fire-works. If his venerable shade could look in upon us on the sacred day, it would be satisfied, and the old patriot would bless his children. It would rejoice his heart to behold the great city given up to universal popping and pleasure. He would not quarrel with the form, and he would agree that what we all saw on the last Fourth was what he desired to see always.

Except—said Sydney Smith—these bonds! Except, we must say, this rain. While nothing could be more grateful to the imagination than the picture of thousands of men, women, and children, generally "in the close city pent," associating the national Independence-day with their own independence, nothing probably could be less grateful to those thousands than the relentless drip of the afternoon. It was pitiful to think of them on the sandy shore, or under the trees on the grass, or running wet and bedraggled for the boat or the train. The sorrowful barges, with canvas sides tied down, moved slowly, slowly by. Their streamers hung down. Their music was silent. Under the canvas curtain, it must have been very warm. The prospect was limited. Perhaps the decks were wet. The puffing tugs that draw them never can make haste. It was a dismal close to the delightful day. The moist pleasure-seekers made no noise, and so far they would have disappointed the venerable shade of the old patriot and President, who, despite his enthusiasm for the Declaration, left Washington at midnight rather than remain and see his successor, the author of the Declaration, inaugurated as President.

In the former days the observer of our celebrations must have concluded that we have no genius for holidays. But even Froissart would agree that we no longer take our pleasure sadly. Coney Island is not precisely a hanging garden, nor are the neighboring shores the banks of Abana and Pharpar, but they are as merry as ever Babylon or Damascus was, and the general enjoyment of the people is the best celebration of the Fourth.

So Mistress Sara Bernhardt is coming, after all, although the French court has decided substantially that she is a woman who has broken faith with the theatre company to which she was bound; and Mistress Sara Bernhardt is reported to have snapped her fingers gayly, and to have said to the court, "Fine me as heavily as you please: America will pay it all, and more too." The lady of the hour proposes to do what Rachel did. It was a

doubtful experiment with Rachel. Perhaps it will be surer with Bernhardt.

Yet her name has not the glamour of Rachel's. Probably none at the French theatre ever will have, because as fame passes into tradition it is immensely enlarged. No English actor ever seems to be as great as Garrick, but we shall never know how it really is. Nobody ever rivals Mrs. Siddons, yet who knows? somebody may be even better. When her niece, Fanny Kemble, returned for a few nights to the stage, her failure was preordained. For she had to play not only as well as when she was younger, but as well as the popular imagination believed that she played. Rachel was unique. The Easy Chair saw all her great contemporaries. But those who saw Ristori will understand how incomparable Rachel was. There was a Lamia quality in her look, in her movement, and in her voice. It was *diablerie*, it was uncanny, but it was prodigiously powerful. In different ways her Adrienne, Tisbe, Medea, were incomparable. It was art, obviously art, but it was perfect and overwhelming. The penetrating pathos of her voice was, like her consummate grace, the gift of nature. But every such gift was trained by a marvellous instinct and capacity.

The first night she played in America the drama was Corneille's *Les Horaces*. It was at the old Metropolitan Theatre, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street, early in September, before the world had returned to town. But the world hastened back for that evening, and it was a very brilliant audience. The play was to be spoken, of course, in French, and as the amateur French of New York society was that of Stratford-at-ye-bow, everybody in the house was provided with a pamphlet of the play in the original and with a translation. It was a pleasant theatre, not too large, and it was very broad, so that the stage was agreeably commanded from every part of the house. The scene was very simply set in the classical French manner, and after the instinctive hush which precedes the entrance of a great actor, a figure glided from the wing toward the centre of the stage. There was a great acclamation, during which Rachel stood absolutely still. She had conquered before a word was spoken.

In speaking of the Venus Anadyomene, Shelley, in that delightful prose which should be better known, describes "her pointed and pear-like person; her attitude modesty itself." So of Rachel's entrance and pose. It was grace itself. The drapery, of some woollen texture, hung in the perfectly simple lines of the most delicate robe of an antique statue. Her slight and erect figure, exquisitely poised, was crowned with the small head, the hair intensely black, and the melancholy eyes, very close together, half closed with piercing intentness. When she spoke, her voice was low, and of a clear, rich, mournful cadence, in thrilling accord with the whole impression of the figure. It was of no importance whether or not you understood French, or knew the plot of the play. Supreme grace, pathetic beauty, the wonderfully vibrating voice, were of the universal language, and interpreted themselves.

Rachel was almost startled by the extraordinary and unaccustomed rustling sound when everybody turned the page of his pamphlet. But her triumph was wholly personal. Corneille had no part in it. The scenery was bare, as in all the French classical plays. The long monotonous swing of the Alexandrine in a foreign language was perilous. The action is stately and artificial. But the audience were enchanted by the wonderful woman. Her genius, without regard to what she was saying or doing as the heroine of the play, melted and fired the audience like the voice of a great singer, whatever the opera may be. It was this which had made her one of the chief attractions of the city that likes to call itself the chief city of the world. Nobody who saw Rachel believes that Mademoiselle Mars, whom he did not see, was so great an actress!

Since Rachel no French actress has been so noted as Sara Bernhardt, and a year ago in London she was "the rage." Evidently she also is brilliant, and she goes forth to find new worlds to fascinate. It is a new generation, to which Rachel is a tradition. Although old fogies are virtuous, there may still be cakes and ale. Although old Easy Chairs recall Rachel, Bernhardt may be worth the seeing.

Editor's Literary Record.

THOSE who are curious to see how airily the destructive school of Biblical criticism can sweep away the historical narratives of the Old Testament, and treat them as legendary myths, either adopted by the Hebrews from surrounding nations or gradually woven by themselves out of commingled and uncertain traditions, should examine Mr. Heilprin's *Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*.[1] The author presents the speculative results of Buttman, Ewald, Kuenen, Oort, Graetz, Kiepert, Seinecke, A. Bernstein, Duncker, Nöldke, Graf, Hoffmann, Steinthal, and others, pursuing the same bold but unsatisfactory methods. Doing little if any original work himself, he indorses the most extreme conclusions of these guides. Thus, he thinks Buttman correct in

[1] *The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*. Translated and Critically Examined by Michael Heilprin. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 243 and 213. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

considering the mythical character of the account of Lamech and his address to his two wives as long since established; he praises the "solid judgment" of Kuenen for "rejecting the authenticity of the account of the patriarchs, because founded upon a theory of the origin of nations which the historical science of the present day rejects without the slightest hesitation"; and he agrees with Dr. Oort in saying, "It needs no proof that stories in which a Deity goes about with men, holds communion with them, and even eats in their tents, do not give us an accurate account of real events." In his view it "requires little critical acumen to discern" that the words conveying Jacob's blessing to his children were not composed during any Egyptian period, but after the Jewish tribes had become fully established in their own land, and certainly not till after or during the time of Jeroboam; and it is his still easier conviction that "the story of Samson is overloaded with fabulous features." By the use of this same wonder-working critical faculty it appears that Moses must lose his well-earned title of Lawgiver, for, according to Mr. Heilprin, he is not the author of the Law at all, nor "a single line of it"; that David must cease to be called the Sweet Singer of Israel, for he did not write one of the Psalms, although he is expressly named in over seventy of them as their composer; and that Solomon is no longer to be regarded as the wise originator of Proverbs, since it can not be proved that he uttered a single one. Whether the Hebrews ever lived on Egyptian territory is considered doubtful, and their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness is pronounced unhistorical. That part of the Mosaic history relating to Balaam was created out of nothing, perhaps at the late period of the Syrian invasion, in order to furnish a frame-work for the introduction of "the rhythmic strains of prophecy" attributed to Balaam, who himself may be a mythical character for anything we know to the contrary. Moses was a stranger to the Song (Deuteronomy, xxxii.) which he taught the children of Israel, and also to the Blessing (Deuteronomy, xxxiii.) which he pronounced upon the tribes, since both the Song and the Blessing were interpolated by some modern redactor. Whoever wrote the poem describing Joshua's command to the sun and moon to stand still "never thought of relating a cosmic revolution; he merely meant to make Joshua tell his warriors, in powerfully figurative language, that there was still time to complete the destruction of the enemy before sunset put a stop to the pursuit, and to add in the same strain that as the heroic commander spoke, so it was." Indeed, the whole Book of Joshua is deserving of no more credit as history than the stories of Livy about Romulus and the founding of Rome, while "the unparalleled story of the death of Uriah is undoubtedly a fiction," and David's alleged conduct is denied as a piece of court scandal. The above statements give a fair idea of the tenor and aim of Mr. Heilprin's work. He seems not to be aware that the latest and most learned archæologists are now decisively contradicting many of these conclusions, some of which were always on their very face purely fanciful and unwarranted. Whilst the literary critics have been spinning wholesale denials of the historical verity of the Pentateuch, such archæologists as Brugsch, and Lepsius, and Chabas, and Mariette, have been at work among actually existing ancient monuments and inscriptions, confirming the Pentateuch as authentic history, and exalting it as both relatively and intrinsically important. To quote the exact language of one of the best Egyptologists: "The latest Egyptian scholars find themselves compelled to place implicit reliance on the general history recorded in Genesis and Exodus." Mr. Heilprin's appreciation of the poetry of the Hebrews is as high and sincere as it is calmly expressed. The value of his new translations, however, is not great.

It is an interesting coincidence that, almost simultaneously with the publication of Mr. Heilprin's work casting doubt upon or denying the historical verity of certain books of the Old Testament, and especially of the Pentateuch, another work should appear containing the most conclusive testimony to the veracity of the Biblical narrative. We refer to Dr. Brugsch's profoundly able work, *Egypt Under the Pharaohs*, a compendious view of which, and of its record of the researches and explorations of that patient and indefatigable scholar, is given to American readers in a convenient and very judicious compilation by Mr. Francis H. Underwood, which he entitles *The True Story of the Exodus of Israel.*[2] Mr. Underwood's volume contains so much of Dr. Brugsch's work as relates to the settlement of the family of Jacob, and to their exodus, as a people, under Moses. And, that he may assist the reader to understand the historic connection, the editor prefaces his condensed statements of these occurrences with an intelligent summary of other leading events in Egyptian history, including accounts of the most eminent of the Pharaohs, of the early races, of the royal races, and of the Hyksos. While the results of Dr. Brugsch's investigations triumphantly vindicate the historical verity of the Scripture narrative, they run counter to many of the interpretations that commentators and translators have put upon particular incidents and events described in the accepted version; and therefore, while their general drift affords an unanswerable reply to those critics who resolve the narratives of the sacred canon into mere myths or legends, his deductions and conclusions will be received with some reserve by that large body of Chris-

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[2] *The True Story of the Exodus of Israel*, Together with a Brief View of the History of Monumental Egypt. Compiled from the Work of Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Francis H. Underwood. 12mo, pp. 260. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

tians who pertinaciously adhere to the traditional versions and interpretations. Dr. Brugsch claims that Egypt was the place where written language and the science and arts of the ancient world had their origin; and that the Hebrews derived their sacrifices and offerings, the rite of circumcision, the form of their temples, the use of incense, their ceremonies and priestly dress, from the Egyptians. He further asserts that the Hebrews were indebted to the Egyptians for the idea of one God, and that the Ten Commandments, with the exception of the precepts relative to keeping the seventh day holy, and prohibiting the worship of images, are found, in all their essential features, in an Egyptian ritual many centuries older than Abraham. He also adduces a large amount of evidence discrediting the traditional belief that the Egyptians who pursued the Hebrews at the exodus were drowned in the Red Sea, and showing that the scene of the catastrophe was at Lake Sirbonis, near the Mediterranean. In arriving at this conclusion, Dr. Brugsch emphatically declares that he does no violence to the sacred text; but that, adhering closely to it, and accepting it as entirely accurate, he merely corrects the erroneous interpretations of it made by writers whose knowledge of Egyptian antiquities and ancient geography has been defective. After a comparison of the Scripture narrative with ancient Egyptian remains—monuments, inscriptions, tables, charts, papyri, etc.—Dr. Brugsch traces the course of the Hebrews and Egyptians at the exodus step by step, finding at every point confirmation of the historical accuracy of the Bible account, but arriving at the conclusion not only that the Egyptians were not overwhelmed in the Red Sea, but that the Israelites themselves did not come near it until some days after the Egyptian army was drowned. He accepts the destruction of the Egyptian host as an unimpeachable historical fact, and merely discredits the traditional theory, derived from interpreters who have misunderstood and mistranslated the geographical references in the Scriptures, by transferring the scene of the catastrophe. He is careful to point out that the errors in the account are not due to the sacred historian, and he declares with great earnestness that, so far from diminishing the value of the sacred records on the subject of the departure of the Hebrews out of Egypt, the Egyptian monuments, on the faith of which he is compelled to change his ideas respecting the passage of the Red Sea, "contribute rather to furnish the most striking proofs of the veracity of the Biblical narratives, and thus to re-assure weak and skeptical minds of the supreme authority and authenticity of the sacred books."

Six lectures on *The Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt*,[3] by P. Le Page Renouf, form an interesting chapter in the history of religious belief, and more especially in the history of ancient Egyptian religion. The first two lectures are appropriated severally to a statement of the sources from which our information is derived respecting this ancient religion, and to an account of the antiquity and characteristics of Egyptian civilization. The question of the antiquity of this civilization is examined in the light of the evidence afforded by the monuments, by extant royal lists and genealogies, and by the language, and by exhumed ethnological and art remains; and the lecturer arrives at the conclusion that the Egyptian monarchy, according to the most moderate calculation, must have already been in existence at least 1500, and probably more than 2000, years before the Book of Exodus was written, and the date of the Great Pyramid can not be more recent than 3000 B.C. With this antiquity ascribed to the historical period of Egypt, it is impossible to conjecture the antiquity of the race which inhabited it in the prehistoric times, nor is the inquiry strictly pertinent, since there is no proof that the Egyptians revealed to us by history were descended from the prehistoric men who first inhabited the country. Mr. Renouf adopts the views held by most modern scholars, that the interior of Asia was the cradle of the ancient Egyptians of the historic period, that Ethiopian civilization was the child and not the parent of Egyptian civilization, and that the farther we penetrate antiquity, the more closely does the Egyptian type approach the European. The remaining lectures are more exclusively devoted to the religion of ancient Egypt, and comprise a close outline of the Egyptian mythology, and of the origin of the myths and legends that inspired or were grafted upon it; an elaborate statement of the Egyptian ideas of immortality, and of the agencies by which they assumed to hold communion with the unseen world; and an account of that portion of the Egyptian literature—their religious books and hymns—in which their hopes and fears with reference to the world beyond the grave are revealed to us. Mr. Renouf does not admit that the religion of the Egyptians was the pure monotheism asserted by Dr. Brugsch, nor that they attached the same meaning to the word God that we do. Their religion was not, however, the mere worship of brutes which signalized its decline; their mythology had the same origin as that of our Aryan ancestors; their worship of animals and of nature was not a principle, but a consequence, and was due to the fact that their early language had no words to express abstract conceptions. Mr. Renouf also differs widely from Dr. Brugsch as to the effect of Egyptian thought upon Hebrew ideas and institutions. He confidently asserts that the

[3] *The Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* (Hibbert Lectures for 1879.) By P. Le Page Renouf. 12mo, pp. 270. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hebrews did not borrow their ideas from the Egyptians, and instances the fact that after their long bondage the Israelites left Egypt without having learned even the length of the year. As to the alleged adoption by the Hebrews of Egyptian institutions, he declares that although pure external resemblances may no doubt be discovered in abundance, he has found nothing worth controverting.

THE *Life and Letters*[4] of the Rev. Dr. Bushnell has a triple interest: as the record of the development of an intellect of phenomenal vigor; as the history of a phase of religious opinion and of a system of logically compacted theological reasoning which have exerted a powerful influence upon the thought and practice of a generation of men; and as the personal memoirs of a man in whose nature sweetness and hardness, gentleness and energy, were most attractively blended, whose moral fibre was of the firmest and yet finest texture, whose piety was accompanied by the most catholic toleration for the opinions of others, and whose attachments were life-long, and unaffected by the widest divergencies of those he loved from the convictions of which he was the ardent advocate and masterly expounder. The editor of the volume rightly says of it that it is a more composite work than is usual with a biography; and it is to the credit of her good sense and the discreetness of her literary perception that she has permitted it to be so. As there were many aspects of the life and character of Dr. Bushnell to be interpreted and considered, the editor has employed many hands to paint his picture, confining herself to the task of fashioning the material derived from a variety of sources into a symmetrical whole. The picture thus painted leaves no feature of Dr. Bushnell's many-sided character untouched. The free and familiar home touches, suggested by family and filial love, are supplemented by the numerous pencillings of old and dear friends—friends of his early prime and of his riper years—and who regarded him from points of view as various as they are opposing. The volume is enriched with a number of Dr. Bushnell's letters, scarcely one of which fails to embody some characteristic trait, or to record some interesting observation upon passing political, religious, and other public events. The chapter of "household recollections," by the editor, in which she recalls her earliest recollections of her father as he surrendered himself unreservedly to the serene joys of home, and the final chapter, by Miss F. L. Bushnell, describing the doctor's declining years, from 1870 to 1876, when he was seen and watched with gentle affection by those of his own household, are fine examples of biographical composition, fragrant with delightful memories, and written in a style of unaffected elegance.

[4] *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.* 8vo, pp. 579. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE key-note of Mr. Leslie Stephen's sketch of the life and characteristics of Alexander Pope[5] is sounded when he tells us that "in Pope's life, almost more than in that of any other poet, the history of the author is the history of the man," and that "the ideal biographer of Pope, if he ever appears, must be endowed with the qualities of an acute critic and a patient antiquarian." Pope was an author before he was fairly graduated from the nursery; and the bent of his callow years became not merely the business and habit, but the very pabulum, of his after-life. Life would have been an intolerable burden to him—all his defects would have been aggravated, and all his better qualities still more dwarfed and stunted—if it had not been for his literary resources, the delight they afforded, and the extravagant applause their exercise evoked. In an unusual degree his literary performances reflect the minutest personal, moral, and intellectual traits of the man, and reciprocally borrow color and meaning from and heighten or exasperate them; and if to this it be added that the events of Pope's life, apart from those immediately connected with his writings, were unmarked by any imposing incidents, but were noteworthy for the penury of their interest, the course elected by Mr. Stephen of making the "history of the author the history of the man" will seem all that was possible or desirable. Whether Mr. Stephen has performed his task well or ill may admit of controversy; and ardent admirers of Pope will probably insist that he has shown himself to be more of the critic and censor than of the biographer, and that he has converted Pope's writings into a pillory for their author, rather than a medium for giving us a knowledge of his personal and intellectual life and characteristics. But although the life of Pope, as interpreted by Mr. Stephen, is the reverse of a lofty and honorable one, and is defaced by intolerable meanness, inordinate vanity, unprincipled trickeries, and deliberate mendacity, and although his estimate of Pope's rank as a poet is a low one, the candid reader will be obliged to admit that he has fully made out his case. The careful study Mr. Stephen has made of the poet's life from the larger works of Mr. R. Carruthers, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Mr. Croker, and Mr. Cunningham, and especially of Mr. Elwin—whose laborious and impartial investigations have thrown a new light on Pope's career—clears up many doubtful or disputed points, and justifies the unfavorable verdict he renders upon the poet's character. Mr. Stephen's criticisms of Pope's productions, and his estimate of his poetical powers, fairly reflect the opinions that now prevail among those who are the most sensitive to poetical genius, and the best judges of its quality.

[5] *Alexander Pope.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 209. New York: Harper and Brothers.

WHOEVER at this day reads Madame D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*,[6] fresh from a perusal of Macaulay's splendid and generous essay, will be unable to escape the impression that his praise of the work was extravagant. Doubtless much of his glowing eulogy was due to his genuine admiration of his subject, and his determination to drag it from its modest retirement, and gild it to the utmost with his brilliant rhetoric; but we doubt if so much pains would have been taken with the essay if it were not for the opportunity it afforded him to air and gratify his splenetic dislike of Queen Charlotte and her partisans. Portions of the Diary and of the letters which supplement it are certainly deserving of praise for the purity of their language and the delicacy and judicious reserve of their sentiments, as well as for the tenderness and self-devotion of which they are the record, and for the minute descriptions they give of the varied society in which their author revolved. They are, however, specially interesting for their full and trustworthy accounts of the incidents of her five years of slavery at court, and her descriptions of the persons, manners, and familiar traits of character of the members of the royal family with whom she came in close contact during that trying period of her life. But, after all is said, she is prolix, superficial, and oftentimes tedious. This is conspicuously the case with the earlier portion of the diary, with the further criticism that it is an involuntary exhibition of the sort of vanity that lurks beneath the guise of modesty, though it must be conceded that never was vanity milder or more inoffensive. The monotony of this part of the Diary is mitigated by numerous entertaining glimpses of Dr. Johnson when in his most amiable moods, and by descriptions of the circle of friends and admirers by whom he was at once adored and feared. The portion of the work which most nearly merits the encomiums that Macaulay lavished indiscriminately upon the entire performance is that which describes her intimacy with Mrs. Delany, and the relations of that perfect gentlewoman with the royal family and her young protégée and memorialist. Miss Burney's account of her court life would be curious rather than entertaining were it not for the graphic passages to be found on nearly every page of it, introducing us to such men as Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, Warren Hastings, Boswell, Dr. Herschel, and George III., and to such women as the beautiful Miss Port, and the scarcely less beautiful Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Crewe, to Mrs. Chapone, Madame De Staël, Mrs. Thrale, and the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire.

THE late Samuel Lover once gayly described a letter that he had received from his friend Andrew James Symington, of Glasgow, as a "nice, long, chatty, and rambling *mixumgatherum*," and the term may be appropriately applied to the agreeable medley of personal incident and recollections and of literary and epistolary pickings which this same Mr. Symington has now presented for our entertainment in his biographical sketch[7] of Lover. Mr. Symington enjoyed the intimate friendship of the versatile and genial Irishman in the later years of his life; and by the kindness of Mrs. Lover, who placed her husband's unpublished letters and manuscripts at his disposal, he has been enabled to give us a brief and exceedingly interesting outline of Lover's career as painter, poet, musician, novelist, and dramatist. This outline is pleasantly diversified with choice and characteristic selections from Lover's writings, which exhibit his powers to the best advantage as a racy and rollicking story-teller, and as a tender or archly humorous song-writer. Lover's character, as depicted by Mr. Symington, is a most lovable one, and the excerpts which he has given from his writings form a thoroughly delightful melange.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to descry any resemblance to the style, treatment, or historical spirit and methods of Plutarch in such of the volumes of "The New Plutarch Series" as have come under our observation, several of them are exceedingly well executed historical and biographical summaries, specially suited to the tastes and needs of intelligent youthful readers and students. One of the most instructive and interesting of the series is the fine portrait of the brave Coligny,[8] by Walter Besant, briefly noticed in this Record upon its publication in "Harper's Half-hour Series." Coligny's imposing and inspiring figure—imposing by his grand patience and his tragic fate, and inspiring by his patriotism, personal purity, and religious steadfastness—is sketched by Mr. Besant in clear and distinct outline, and with great simplicity of color, and presents an invigorating example of moral greatness in an age that was leprous with degrading vice and immorality; when crimes as hideous as they were ignoble were perpetrated without remorse, and regarded with indifference; and when religion and patriotism, together with public and private virtue, seemed extinct among the gentry and royal families of the greatest and most polished nation of Christendom.—In no wise inferior in interest to Mr. Besant's spirited and judicious outline of the life of Coligny, and of the events of the French Reformation, is the story of the life of *Judas Maccabæus*[9] by Mr. Conder, well known as the ca-

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[6] *The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney* (Madame D'Arblay). Revised and Edited by SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY. In Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 483 and 552. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[7] *Samuel Lover.* A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. 18mo, pp. 255. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Gaspard de Coligny* (Marquis de Chatillon), Admiral of France, etc. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, pp. 232. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[9] *Judas Maccabæus*, and the Jewish War of Independ-

pable engineer of the English expedition for the exploration of Palestine. Relying very largely upon the First Book of Maccabees and the *Antiquities* of Josephus for the sources of his historic information, Mr. Conder has sketched the career of the great Jewish hero, and the incidents of which he was the animating spirit, with warmth and dignity; and his recital is made the more vivid by careful descriptions of the present aspect of the picturesque scenes in which the events he records were laid, and by authentic reproductions of the contemporaneous national, social, intellectual, and religious life of the Jewish people. Mr. Conder's account of the country, and of its venerable remains of historic or religious interest, is profoundly interesting, and its accuracy may be accepted as indisputable—his connection with the survey of Palestine, and the exhumation of its ancient sites, having given him unusual advantages for the prosecution of such inquiries, and his sterling good sense having preserved him from exaggerated or merely conjectural conclusions. The influence of the Jewish struggle for independence upon the course of history, and in particular its relation to the origin and growth of Christianity, is traced in a luminous and thoughtful chapter that forms a natural sequel to the striking episode he describes.—The life of *Joan of Arc*,[10] which is another of this series, is an agreeable blending of legend and fact, of romance and history, told with graceful simplicity and sympathetic earnestness. If the author's womanly sympathies and religious enthusiasm sometimes lead her to lend a willing and perhaps credulous ear to the marvels of miracle and inspiration that are claimed for "The Maid," the reader will be tolerant of the generous delusion because of the glow of light and color they add to the picture, more especially as the substantial facts of the heroine's true and beautiful life are related with a strict regard to historical accuracy.

THE *Memories of My Exile*,[11] by Louis Kossuth, might be more accurately denominated his protest against the surrender by the European powers of the existence of Hungary as an independent nation, and his vindication of his course in opposing the events which have extinguished the distinctive nationality of Hungary by merging it with Austria. Fully recognizing the changed opinions growing out of the course of political events in Europe, by which he has been placed in antagonism with many of his old compatriots and with the will of Hungary, and which, as he pathetically tells us, have made him an outcast, he still resolutely refuses to acknowledge the present state of Hungary to be *legitimate*, because it clashes with the inalienable right of the existence of the Hungarian nation. For the same reason he refuses to become a member of the Hungarian community, or to accept its protection, since he would thereby incur obligations which are opposed to his national feeling of justice. He prefers to remain an *outcast*, in voluntary exile from the land for which he yearns, rather than be an *apostate* to his duty and his principles. The volume is an expansion of the maxim that has governed Kossuth throughout his stormy and patriotic career—that "the power the Hungarian question possessed as a factor in political calculations was a great acquisition, and that to surrender it would be a crime." The memoirs, judging by this first volume, which carries the history of his labors for his country down to 1859 only, are a valuable record of the diplomatic and other measures that have altered the map of Europe during Kossuth's expatriation of over thirty years, and which have had a more or less direct bearing upon Hungarian interests. It is particularly full in its account of the diplomatic and other incidents that preceded, attended, and followed the war of France and Sardinia against Austria, and which culminated in the unity and independence of Italy.

WE are indebted to Mr. Richard Grant White for two volumes[12] [13] upon the right use of our English tongue, with instances of the misuse and perversion of particular words, which are as agreeable as they are instructive and easy of popular comprehension. It has not been Mr. White's object in preparing these volumes to furnish a manual of grammar, spelling, or pronunciation, much less to set himself up as an infallible standard or authoritative censor; but simply, as he tells us, "to lead intelligent and fairly well educated persons, who had made no special study of language, and who were perhaps acquainted with no language but their own, to a knowledge of good English, to help them to protect themselves against the contamination of debasing influences in speech, and to show them the virtue and beauty of a plain, simple, direct, and exact use of the mother-tongue, which has been for three hundred years the noblest, strongest, richest, most largely capable language ever uttered by man." Mr. White does not believe that this object can be secured by devising a system of grammar; for it is his conviction that English grammar is to all intents and purposes dead, and that whoever writes as grammarians teach men to write will be sure never to produce a sentence worth reading. Those, therefore, who pine to parse elegantly must look for help elsewhere. Nor does he

ence. By CLAUDE REIGNIER CONDER, R.E. 12mo, pp. 218. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[10] *Joan of Arc*, "The Maid." By JANET TUCKEY. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[11] *Memories of My Exile*. By LOUIS KOSSUTH. Translated by FERENCZ JANSZ. 8vo, pp. 446. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[12] *Words and Their Uses*, Past and Present. A Study of the English Language. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. 12mo, pp. 467. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[13] *Every-day English*. A Sequel to *Words and Their Uses*. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. 12mo, pp. 511. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

believe that his purposes will be advanced by creating a generation of faultless spellers, since, while he considers uniformity in spelling desirable, he does not think an occasional lapse from the received orthography a matter of such grave importance that it should fill any one with shame, or be made the subject of ridicule. He has almost as little respect for any system of phonetics that shall distort the forms or abbreviate the proportions of our comely vernacular. What he undertakes to do, and what he intelligently accomplishes, is to assist us to check the vulgar perversion of our language, and to use it reasonably, consistently, normally, without coarseness on one side, or affectation of elegance on the other. Specially genial and profitable are the four essays in *Words and Their Uses* forming its second, fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters, treating respectively on "newspaper English," "style," "misused words," and "words that are not words." Equally genial and instructive are the related essays on "words and phrases," which constitute the whole of the fourth division of the supplemental volume, *Every-day English*, and also the chapters in the first division of the same volume which, under the head of "Speech," treat upon the offices and functions of vowels and consonants, and their true relation to pronunciation. Of the substantial merits of the final essay in this division, being the chapter on "reading," we can not speak too warmly. There is scarcely an adult reader but may derive profit from its wise and practical suggestions, and it is so admirably adapted to the needs of the young and inexperienced that we should be glad to see it printed separately, and placed in the hands of every pupil in our public or private schools who is learning to speak or write our English tongue. We dismiss these agreeable and useful volumes with the assurance, addressed to those who have a wholesome dread of the acrid controversies which usually accompany philological discussions, that we have seldom met any volumes, in or out of the department of philology, freer than they from dogmatism and sour disputatiousness, or that are more genial and good-tempered.

Mr. H. W. Richardson has contributed to "Harper's Half-hour Series" a review of the main facts concerning the origin and practical working of the national banking system,[14] which contains a large amount of interesting and valuable information in a condensed and convenient form. Mr. Richardson is a judicious advocate of the system that he describes, and an opponent of an unlimited and unsecured issue of paper money, and he states his views with moderation and intelligence. Several of the chapters of his modest little volume have a substantial historical interest, as, for instance, those which recite the history of American currency prior to the late civil war, and which summarize the discussions that resulted in the bank acts of 1863 and 1864. Other chapters have a practical value for the information they embody concerning the present banking system, comprising a succinct analysis of the banking law, a brief synoptical view of the legal-tender cases and the decisions thereon, and suggestive essays on the relative profits on circulation and taxes on circulation of the National and the State banks.

Simplicity, clearness, and conciseness of style, without any sacrifice of fullness, and within the briefest space, are indispensable in a Parliamentary manual designed for popular use. All these are combined in a judicious little volume by Mr. George T. Fish, entitled an *American Manual of Parliamentary Law*.[15] As to size, it is so small that it may be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, and as to statement, it is so clear and precise, and its classifications are so natural and suggestive, that by its aid a tyro may easily become familiar with Parliamentary usage, the rules that regulate it, and their practical application. While Mr. Fish's manual is adapted to use in large popular assemblies, it is peculiarly suited to the needs of debating or college societies, and of the governing bodies of incorporated companies. By a careful perusal of it the novice may be enabled to master the general principles which lie at the foundation of Parliamentary law, and thus be prepared for extraordinary emergencies, as well as for the current and ordinary occasions of a deliberative body.

Mr. Arthur Nicols has compressed into a volume[16] of modest dimensions the sum of the varied information which lies dispersed over manifold scientific works, comprising the results of the investigations of modern inquirers, and their conclusions as to the physical and biological history of our planet. In the preparation of the work he has avoided technicalities as far as is compatible with the nature of the subject, and has aimed to elucidate the leading principles of geology, and give the intelligent general reader such a comprehensive outline of the earth's history from the earliest times to the present as may serve for an introduction to the study of the more elaborate treatises that deal with the subject on a larger and more systematic scale. Under the head of "Geology," in the first part of the volume, beginning with the unstratified rocks, and passing through the stratified series, Mr. Nicols examines and describes the origin and mode of formation of each, the physical forces which

[14] *The National Banks.* By H. W. Richardson. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 212. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *American Manual of Parliamentary Law; or, the Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies.* By George T. Fish. 24mo, pp. 140. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth.* By Arthur Nicols. 12mo, pp. 281. New York: Harper and Brothers.

shaped them, and the fluctuations in the tide of life in them, till he finally arrives at the surface. This naturally prepares the way for the second part, which is devoted to paleontology, and in which the author outlines the stages in the history of vegetable and animal life upon the earth from the earliest times, and traces the succession of the rocks and the progressive development of life from lower to higher types of organization throughout the whole series. Mr. Nicols adopts Professor Huxley's theory of the resemblances between man and the anthropoid apes, and the theories which postulate the vast antiquity of the earth and its prehistoric inhabitants, as representing the conclusions of the ablest osteologists. He also adopts the theory of the "continuity of life," that is, that all living beings are the result of a continuous development instead of a sudden impulse of creation, in conformity with Darwin's idea that all living forms, instead of being special creation, are the lineal descendants of those lower forms which lived at or before the Cambrian epoch.

In his latest novel, *The Duke's Children*,[17] Mr. Anthony Trollope continues the chronicles of the family of the Duke of Omnium to the second generation. How much farther he will proceed with them will probably only be determined by the duration of his own lease of life, since the vein that he has worked so long and industriously betrays no signs of giving out, and is even increasing in the breadth and richness of its deposits. Doubtless, if he live long enough, his Omnium chronicles will cover as many generations as we read of in the Second Commandment. In this new variation upon his old and favorite theme Mr. Trollope brings several of our old acquaintances upon the scene, prominent among them being the Duke himself, the Duchess, and Phineas and Mrs. Finn; and with the exception of the Duchess, who appears on the stage only long enough to initiate a new complication and make her final exit, they are even more influential factors in the mild drama that is enacted than either of the double set of new heroes and heroines of whose foibles and virtues and vicissitudes of love and fortune we are invited to be the spectators. The problem that Mr. Trollope has set himself to solve is how to reconcile the Duke—proud and fastidious but honorable and high-minded old aristocrat that he is—to the predestinated mésalliances of two of his children. There is nothing disgraceful in either of these mésalliances; they merely run athwart the Duke's most cherished prejudices and plans. After severely trying the feelings of all concerned, and subjecting them to needlessly protracted tortures, the Duke gives in with the dignity and courtesy that belong to his character, and the lovers are permitted to be happy in their own way. The variety and action of the drama are contributed to by graphic episodes descriptive of university, racing, hunting, and gambling incidents, and of club life.—Mrs. Beauchamp Brown,[18] after whom the novel of that title in the "No Name Series" is named, is a worldly woman who, for the time, is decidedly tired of worldly annoyances; and partly to escape from them, partly to separate two lovers for whom she has other designs, she determines to exile herself and the feminine portion of her family from the paradise of Boston, and to bury herself and them in the solitude of an unfrequented island on the coast of Maine, where, as she herself tells us, "there is nothing to do and nothing to see, and card-cases are unknown." This lady—who, by-the-way, has her "little tempers," and while professing an ardent desire to get away from civilization, is bent upon carrying all its conveniences along with her—has a co-operator in a young and perhaps too superbly beautiful widow, her niece. She too is jaded by society, and, besides, is somewhat remorseful of her monotonous and butterfly-like life, and its wasted or misused opportunities. By a coincidence that is too artificial to impress us as purely fortuitous, various others—among whom are the lovers Mrs. Beauchamp had planned to separate, and some whom her beautiful niece was equally anxious to avoid—have pitched upon the same secluded spot for their sojourn. By another coincidence nearly all reach there simultaneously, and by a succession of marvellously opportune incidents, one of which is unequivocally stagy, the exiles are increased by other arrivals, till the party is large enough to furnish the *dramatis personæ* for a drama in which there is falling in love by the wholesale, and an abundance of emotional by-play. Aside from its artificiality and its final tendency to the sensational, the tale is clever and brilliant.—Mr. Howells has wrought into a tale[19] of curious psychological interest the case, real or imaginary, of a man whose illusions on the subject of spiritualism, though honestly entertained, are as cruel in their effects upon his sensitively organized daughter as they were so intrinsically insane as to make him a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum. As a novel, the performance is feverish rather than dramatic; and although it has numerous extended passages of quaint beauty and pathos, it is too suggestive of an essay on spiritualism dressed up in narrative form to be greatly attractive as a romance.—The remaining novels of the month which deserve to be noticed at greater length than we have at our command are *The Sisters*,[20] and *Homo Sum*,[21] two histor-

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[17] *The Duke's Children.* By Anthony Trollope. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 105. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Mrs. Beauchamp Brown.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 319. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *The Undiscovered Country.* By W. D. Howells. 12mo, pp. 419. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *The Sisters.* A Romance. By Georg Ebers. 16mo, pp. 352. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[21] *Homo Sum.* A Novel. By Georg Ebers. 16mo, pp. 299. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

ical romances by the celebrated Egyptologist Georg Ebers, the scenes of which are laid respectively in Egypt and the Sinaitic Peninsula; *Miss Bouverie*,[22] a love story, by Mrs. Molesworth, which is told with great spirit and delicacy; *George Bailey*,[23] a novel of New York mercantile life, written with such downright vigor and earnestness that the reader loses sight of the fact that the actors are mere coinages of the author's fancy, and move his sympathy, love, pity, contempt, or aversion as actively as if they were real men and women; and finally, *Beauty's Daughters*,[24] a tale by the author of *Molly Bawn* and *Fairy Lilian*, written with all that sprightly writer's accustomed grace and lightness, with a superadded touch of tenderness that lends a new charm to her spirited characterizations.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of July.—State Conventions were held as follows, viz.: Maine Republican, Augusta, June 23, renominating Governor Davis; Vermont Republican, Burlington, nominating Colonel Roswell Farnham for Governor; Connecticut Greenback, New Haven, July 5, nominating Henry C. Baldwin for Governor.

An analytical statement of the public debt of the United States issued by Secretary Sherman shows that the highest point was reached August 31, 1865, when the total debt, less cash in the Treasury, amounted to $2,756,431,571 43. In fourteen years and ten months this has been reduced nearly one-third, the debt, less cash in the Treasury, July 1, 1880, being $1,919,326,747 75. The annual interest charge has been reduced nearly one-half in the same time, or from $150,977,697 87 to $79,633,981.

King Humbert of Italy has signed the decree for the abolition of the grist tax.

The three months' term of grace accorded to the French Jesuits to leave their establishments having expired on the 30th of June, the government proceeded to a forcible execution of the decrees of expulsion. On the morning of July 1 every Jesuit convent throughout France was entered by police agents, and their inmates were compelled to leave the building. The Jesuits protested, and in many instances appealed to the legal tribunals. One hundred and ten magistrates resigned rather than enforce the decrees.

The French Legislature passed a bill—the Senate July 9, and the Chamber of Deputies July 10—granting amnesty to all persons condemned for participating in the insurrections of 1870–71, and who shall have been pardoned up to July 14. The official decree was published July 11.

Prince Bismarck's bill to amend the Falk Laws passed both Houses of the Prussian Diet—one June 28, and the other July 3—and was sanctioned by the Emperor. Five of its most important articles out of twelve were stricken out, including those dispensing with educational tests for the clergy, and conferring on the king the right to re-instate deposed bishops.

The International Conference to define the new boundary of Greece met at Berlin, and on July 1 signed the final protocol, and agreed upon the terms of an identical note to be addressed to the Porte. The new frontier commences on the east at the mouth of the Maurolongos, and passes thence over the highest peaks of the Olympus and Pindus ranges; at Kanhalbacki it strikes the river Kalamas, the course of which it follows to its mouth. Turkey retains the Zagori district. The award adds about 390 square miles of territory and 400,000 inhabitants to the Grecian possessions.

The British House of Lords, June 24, passed the Burials Bill, and June 25 rejected the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister.—The House of Commons, June 25, passed a resolution declaring in favor of closing public-houses in England and Wales on Sunday.—Mr. Bradlaugh, June 23, protested in the House of Commons against its right to refuse him his seat. He was ordered to withdraw, and declining to do so, was arrested, and imprisoned in the tower. The next day he was released. On July 1 the House adopted a resolution, proposed by Mr. Gladstone, to allow members who chose to do so to affirm instead of taking the oath, and on July 2 Mr. Bradlaugh made affirmation, and took his seat.

The Belgian government ceased diplomatic relations with the Vatican on June 28.

General Gonzales has been elected President of Mexico by a large majority. An unsuccessful attempt was made to shoot him July 13, while he was on a balcony receiving an ovation. He has appointed a distinguished Roman Catholic priest to be a judge of the Supreme Court. He has also appointed a commission to study the railroad question in its relation to agriculture and commerce, and with regard to gauges, finances, and government.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Czar has declined to receive the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, declaring that in view of the Chinese rejection of the former treaty, St. Petersburg is no longer the place for the solution of the Kuldja difficulty.

[22] *Miss Bouverie.* A Novel. By Mrs. Molesworth. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 48. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *George Bailey.* A Novel. By Oliver Oldboy. 12mo, pp. 288. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Beauty's Daughters.* A Novel. By the Author of *Phyllis*, etc. 12mo, pp. 326. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

The canton of Geneva, July 4, voted against the bill to abolish the budget of public worship, and thus separate church and state.

The provincial forces laid down their arms in Buenos Ayres July 1, and a treaty of peace was signed.

DISASTERS.

June 23.—Steam-ship *City of New York*, of the Alexandre Line, burned, with her cargo, in the East River.

June 28.—Steamboat *Seawanhaka*, running between New York and Glen Cove, burned in the East River, off Randall's Island. About fifty lives lost.

July 13.—Earthquake in Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands. Eleven persons killed and sixty-one injured.

July 15.—Explosion in the London and South Wales Colliery Company's pit at Risca, caused by lightning. One hundred and nineteen men killed.

July 16.—Bottle picked up off the Irish coast containing memorandum, signed by the engineer, stating that the steamer *Zanzibar* was sinking. The vessel left New York for Glasgow January 11, 1879, and has not been heard from since.

July 21.—Twenty men killed by the caving in of the temporary entrance of the Hudson River Tunnel, on the Jersey City side.

OBITUARY.

June 22.—In Springfield, Massachusetts, George Merriam, publisher, aged seventy-eight years.

June 28.—In Leadville, J. B. Omahundro, better known as "Texas Jack," the noted scout.

July 6.—In Bergen Point, New Jersey, Brigadier-General William L. Morris, a veteran of the war of 1812, aged eighty-six years.

July 11.—News of death, in Paris, of Dr. Paul Broca, anthropologist and statesman, aged fifty-six years.

July 12.—In London, England, Tom Taylor, dramatist, aged sixty-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

SAY not there is no fun in the furniture-maker of Paris, particularly in him who maketh the *old* furniture. On this side the water it is concurrently admitted that the Yankee is equal to almost any "'cuteness" required by demand and supply, but his Parisian brother is quite his equal. The latter is now largely in the way of inventing antiquities. We are told of a party who the other day went into a shop near the Boulevard Montmartre. There was a woman in the shop.

"Has your husband gone out?" was asked.

"No; he is in the back shop. Do you want to speak to him?"

"What is he doing?"

"He is working," she replied; and at the same moment an explosion was heard in the back shop.

"Ah! what is that?"

"Oh, it is nothing—simply my husband finishing a Gothic cabinet."

And lifting up the curtain, her worthy husband was seen firing small shot into a pseudo-Gothic cabinet, in order to give it an appearance of worm-eaten antiquity. The Parisians are very sly. One of their favorite tricks is to place these "antiquities" in country inns and cottages. The tourist sees them; the innkeeper says they have been in his family for hundreds of years; the amateur pays a long price for them, and restores them to their native Paris, which they had left only a few weeks before. Talk of Yankee 'cuteness!

THE following amusing examination recently occurred in a court-room in one of the Blue Grass counties of Kentucky. General H——, a prominent lawyer of that region, was defending a prisoner charged with horse-stealing, and the witness was swearing as to the identity of the stolen horse.

GENERAL H. "How do you know this is the same horse?"

WITNESS (*hesitating*). "Well, I just know it is."

GENERAL H. "Well, how?"

WITNESS. "I can't tell exactly how; but I know it as well as I know you, General H——."

GENERAL H. "Well, how do you know that I am General H——?"

WITNESS. "Because, just before dinner, I heard Mr. C—— say, 'General H——, let's go and take a drink,' *and you went.*"

The identity was satisfactory to the Blue Grass jury.

THUS writes a clerical gentleman of New Jersey to the Drawer:

The Rev. Daniel W. Poor, D.D., is known among his clerical associates as an inveterate punster. On one occasion, after preaching a glowing sermon, he was met, as he descended from the pulpit, by a gentleman who commenced a somewhat fulsome laudation of the discourse. An intimate friend of the doctor tapped him on the shoulder, with the remark, "Dr. Poor, can you stand as much soft-soap as that?"

"Why, yes, if there is not too much *lye* in it," was the quick response.

On another occasion, being at a bridal reception of a couple of the name of Moore, he, in saluting the bride, remarked, "Madam, you are one of the few who can say, The More I want, the More I have."

The doctor was once asked why it was that

he took such an interest in indigent students. "Why," said he, "I was myself born in a Poor house, and I expect to die in one."

On another occasion he remarked: "They say that figures won't lie; but they will lie; at any rate, they are very *liable* to be *unreliable*."

It is said that the following old English poem was the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and was first discovered in one of the Harleian Manuscripts, now in the British Museum:

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Summer is i-comen in.
Lhude sing cuccu.
Groweth fed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb;
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, buck verteth;
Mur'e sing cuccu.
Cuccu cuccu.
Wel singes the cuccu.
Ne swik thow nawer nu.
Sing, cuccu nu.
Sing, cuccu.

The following is a literal modern prose version: "Summer is coming. Loudly sing cuckoo. Groweth feed, and bloweth meed, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb; loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth," *i. e.*, harboreth among the ferns. "Merrily sing cuckoo. Well sings the cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo now. Sing cuckoo."

Very concise verdict that of a coroner's jury in Idaho, and racy of the soil: "We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Watlings a liar."

The salubrity of the climate of Minnesota is universally conceded. In the opinion of one Dr. Murphy, it is superior to that of California or any other State. On one occasion he remarked: "Look at me! Behold my rounded form! When I came here I weighed only ninety-seven pounds, and now I weigh two hundred and seventy-five. What do you think of that?"

A young gentleman of the vicinage, standing by, said, "Why, doctor, that's nothing. Look at me; I weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and when *I* came to Minnesota I weighed only six pounds."

He rather had the medical man.

Apropos of Meissonier, the great French painter, the following incident came to the surface recently during a conversation upon antiquities and bric-à-brac. They have at Poissy an ardent "collector," a lady who adores ceramics, Delft-ware, old tapestry, and all that sort of thing. She went one day to Meissonier *père*, and asked him to sell her the iron railing which incloses the burial plot of his ancestors. "It was so curious, so antique had such an expression, and would make such an interesting addition to her collection!"

This is not so very bad, considering it comes from England:

Not long after a learned gentleman of the bar had been deprived of the silk gown which had ornamented his person, the following little witticism emanated from the chairman of a circuit mess. Two gentlemen who had just shed their stuff gowns, and had hardly yet got accustomed to their silks, were called upon in turn for a song. Both began to make excuse, whereupon said the chairman, "Gentlemen, let us hope that amongst the *new* Q.C.'s [Queen's Counsel] there will be no *ex*-cuses" (Q.C.'s).

OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO TOO.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sundays she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?

A Cincinnati correspondent tells us of a prominent and promising young member of the Kentucky Legislature, from the Green River country, who, though small in stature, was

considered a great beau, and quite an acquisition to Frankfort society. One afternoon, while out for a walk, he was passing one of the old residences, when two of the young ladies stepped to the window to get a look at him. On being asked by their mother the cause of their excitement, they answered, "Why, Mr. —— is considered the great catch from Green River."

The mother innocently replied, "Does Green River produce *nothing but minnows?*"

In an article published in the April number of this Magazine, entitled "The Swiss Rhine," allusion was made to the relics of Napoleon in the home of Hortense at Arenenberg. In connection with this the following article, copied from the London *Courier* of April 4, 1827 (kindly sent us by Mr. D. McLachlan, of New York city), will be of interest to our readers:

"The following catalogue of curiosities, said to have been bequeathed to his son by Napoleon, is from a Paris paper. The ex-imperial beard and whiskers, which were cut off and preserved after his death, must be exceedingly precious; equally precious, we should think, must be the affectionate time-piece, which stopped, of its own accord, an hour before its master died, and has never had the heart to go since:

"Paris, *March* 29.

"The son of Napoleon has attained his sixteenth year; he is now of age. The captive of St. Helena left him by his will, along with the memory of a name which he will not bear, some articles of dress and furniture, the possession and use of which will probably not be interdicted him. These articles are at present in the possession of M. Marchand, the Emperor's valet de chambre, who is about to proceed to Vienna to deliver them into the hands of the Duke of Reichstadt. Before carrying away these precious objects, which announce the state of *dénuement* in which the man who once possessed one-half of the world found himself at the moment of his death, M. Marchand permitted some friends to see these veritable robes, consecrated by glory and misfortune. Let us now describe the inheritance left by him who once thought he should have been able to leave his family thrones and nations, and who has bequeathed to his son only some tattered garments—three uniforms—one of the National Guard, another of the Foot Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and the third of the Mounted Chasseurs of the Guard, each bearing the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor; a threadbare black coat, made out of a surtout which the Emperor sometimes wore when he wished to quit the Tuileries incog. (Napoleon, unwilling to be indebted to the English for materials to replenish his wardrobe, had his old clothes repaired and altered, and wore them until they became tattered); a capote of green cloth with two rows of buttons. This was the last garment the Emperor wore; he had it on the day he was forced to take to his death-bed; an old hood (*chaperon*) of a round and shallow shape, somewhat narrower at top than at bottom. A blue cloak, the collar embroidered with gold, which Napoleon wore on the field of battle; it was this cloak, also, that covered him when laid out in state, and served as a pall to his coffin when he was borne to the foot of the willow-tree, the melancholy shade of which he loved so much. Apropos of the bed of state upon which the Emperor lay surrounded by the courtiers of his misfortune, let us mention a fact but little known. The English garrison marched through the chamber of death; each soldier as he passed before the body gave the military salute, and the officers took the frozen hand of Bonaparte and pressed it respectfully; a sergeant, who had with him his son, a child of seven years of age, knelt down at the foot of the bed, and said, while the tears stood in his eyes, "My son, there lies what was Napoleon the Great!" To resume the list—a three-cocked hat, lined with green silk, and padded; this, though in a very bad condition, has something extremely imposing; it is impossible not to imagine, when you regard it, that you see the noble forehead of the hero under its little cockade, before which all the banners of Europe were lowered. A gray capote, the texture of which is so used that one fears to touch it. This article of Napoleon's dress is very curious; it appears the Emperor attached a certain degree of importance to its possession; it, in fact, recalled to him many an extraordinary circumstance. He had it on when he quitted the island of Elba, had traversed Russia with it—he had put it on at the battle of Lutzen, and also wore it at Waterloo. A pair of silver spurs; two silver bottles to contain water for Napoleon's use when he went to hunt; a silver telescope, washhand basin, and camp dressing-case. The cordons and jewels of the Orders which the Emperor wore. Two cases containing snuff-boxes, upon which were the portraits of the princes of Napoleon's family and of those of the house of Bourbon; amongst the latter were the portraits of the Countess of Provence, of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the Duchess d'Angoulême. Several of these snuff-boxes had ancient medals set in them—that which the hero oftenest used had the head of Alexander the Great. A pouncet box filled with candied licorice. The alarm-watch of Frederick the Great. Napoleon got it at Berlin, and had it always in his tent when with the army. A square time-piece (pendule) in gilded bronze, the only one which was at Longwood. A singular coincidence gives particular interest to this piece of clock-work—*it stopped an hour before the death of the Emperor*, though it had been wound up a few hours before, and had never before stopped. It has never gone since, and at present marks the hour at which its movements ceased. Some articles for the toilet table, brushes, etc. Some old broken boots: as Napoleon was unwilling to wear boots of English manufacture, some of the companions of his exile had endeavored to make others to replace those which were no longer fit for the sovereign's use. A piece of the blood-stained shirt which was around the body of the Emperor when it was opened. A locket containing some dark chestnut hair beginning to turn gray. Lastly, the beard and mustaches, which, during the Emperor's last illness, had grown an inch in length, and which M. Marchand cut off and preserved."

Good from Maine. The following, from a friend in Bangor, is quite too good to be lost:

A year or two ago a case was on trial here before Judge ——, in which a certain *horse-doctor* was a witness. The doctor was on the stand, and answered the questions addressed to him in a very low and indistinct voice. He was repeatedly asked to speak louder, but continued his mumbling tones, to the great annoyance of his questioner. The judge interrupted, and addressing the lawyer, said, "Mr. ——, you must really excuse the doctor; his long experience in the *sick-room* has made it his second nature to *speak low*."

The time may arrive, but it will be in the far by-and-by, when the average darky will come to respect the average colored brother who has been elected a justice of the peace. The respect has not yet cropped out to any appreciable extent among the negroes of South Carolina. Not long since, in one of these primary courts in that State, the justice being a

negro, a case was on trial where a colored man was a witness. The lawyers were white. They questioned the witness somewhat too closely, as he thought, and he had to be told by the "jedge" that he must answer promptly and fully. Whereupon he said to the "Court:" "Look heah, niggah, I don't care nuffin 'bout you; I's talkin' to dese white gen'lemen down here. You jest hush up."

The Court didn't exactly see what he could do with the colored brother, so he let him slosh around for a minute, when matters sort o' regulated themselves.

A GOOD friend of the Drawer, one who adorns by his learning, eloquence, and piety the House of Bishops, was visiting one of the outlying parishes of his diocese, where the pastor was a young man of promise, just graduated, but whose sermons were so crowded with rhetoric and words of the "Mesopotamia" sort that the negroes were not able to profit much by his sermons; he preached clean over their heads, and his flock gradually diminished in attendance. The good bishop spoke about this to one of the most influential of the colored brethren, to which the darky replied: "De fact is, Mas'r Bishop, dat Mas'r Watson done use sich high words dat we can't un'stan' him at all. He ain't nuthin' like you, Mas'r Bishop; for when you preaches to us, you preach so like a niggah dat we un'stan' ebbery word you say, suah!"

JOHNNY (*who had been sent on an urgent errand*). "I wouldn't mind it so much if I had my winter clothes on!"

A LAWYER in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who has perhaps the largest professional practice in the vicinity, is very fond of interlarding his pleadings with the phrase, "If your honors please." Not long ago, in a case before the Superior Court, he addressed the jury as follows: "And will you, gentlemen, sit calmly by and see this wrong perpetrated upon my client? God forbid that such injustice should be done! God forbid—*if your honors please!*"

His conception of the will of the Almighty depending upon that of the judges of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut is a little unique.

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THE ASCENT OF FUJIYAMA.

FUJIYAMA, FROM THE OTOMITONGA PASS.

FUJIYAMA! — the Peerless Mountain —the outline of which must be familiar to all who have given the most casual attention to Japanese art in any of its varied applications, and dear to the traveller as the first and last vision of beauty that enchants him as he approaches the Land of the Rising Sun, or watches its receding shores.

I had seen the fair vision while yet distant a hundred miles from its base, and from many nearer points, both on sea and land. I had gazed on its snowy crown when, in the autumn of 1878, I first visited Japan. And yet the hope of ever being myself numbered among its pilgrims had never presented itself as a possibility.

At last I had the good fortune to find a lady as anxious as myself to make the ascent, and a gentleman who had already accomplished it four times, but always in unpropitious weather, volunteered to try his luck once more, and be our escort. So, being duly provided with passports, which ordered us to abstain from scribbling our names on temples, attending fires on horseback, and various other crimes, and empowered us to travel in certain districts for thirty days, we started from Yokohama

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at sunrise on the 7th August, not, however, beginning our journey in true pilgrim style, inasmuch as we had engaged a very good three-horse wagonette to take us as far as Oodiwara, a distance of about forty miles —a very pretty drive through cultivated lands and picturesque villages, among cryptomeria and pine avenues, along the beautiful sea-coast, and past orchards and temples. Amongst the infinite variety of crops, our attention was from time to time arrested by whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, the roots of which are used as food; or else we passed ponds or flooded fields devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose or lemon colored blossoms peeped up from among the large blue-green leaves, which rise to a height of three or four feet above the water: the most lovely of all edible plants.

It was about two o'clock when we reached Oodiwara, the point at which we were to leave our carriage and ponies (for in Japan all horses are mere ponies), and proceed in *jinrikishas*, literally man-power carriages, which are simply Bath-chairs—quite a recent invention, but one which has multiplied all over the land with marvellous rapidity, the men who earn their scanty pittance by doing the work of ponies having in many instances been a few years ago wealthy and in good position, but who lost their all in the sudden overthrow of old feudalism.

On the present occasion, owing to the steepness of the road, we had but a short run in these little carriages, and were next transferred to *kangos*, or mountain chairs, which are basket-work seats slung on a pole, which is borne by two men. Being made for the little Japanese, they are, of course, very uncomfortable for full-grown Europeans, for whose benefit, however, kangos of a larger size are now made, and can be had at Myanoshita, whither we were now bound. It is a pretty village in a wooded valley, noted for its shops for the sale of all manner of fancy wood-work, and much frequented in summer by foreigners, for whose benefit two large hotels are now kept in semi-European style. As we infinitely preferred a purely Japanese tea-house, we pushed on a short distance to the far prettier village of Kinga, where we found excellent quarters, though I confess that the sound of ever-rushing brawling waters in the immediate vicinity is to me anything but a soothing lullaby.

On the following morning, having secured kangos of extra size, three men to each, and a pack-horse to carry our baggage and provisions, we started very leisurely across the plain, and up a very steep ascent to the Otomitonga Pass—a very narrow saddle, from which, on the one side, you look back on the Hakoni Lake and on the valley through which you have travelled, while before you lies outspread the vast level plain from which the faultlessly harmonious curves of the great mountain sweep heavenward. Probably from no other point is so magnificent a view to be obtained as from this, as we acknowledged when, on our homeward route, we contrived to reach this point soon after sunrise, and for a little while beheld the giant revealed in cloudless beauty.

On the present occasion, however, our march was one of simplest faith: not a break was there in the close gray mist which clung around us as a pall, and veiled even the nearest trees. Vainly did we halt at the little rest-house on the summit of the pass, and there linger over luncheon in the hopes that the mist might clear a little. We had to console ourselves, as our coolies assuredly did, with the consequent coolness of the weather, and devote our attention to the beautiful wild flowers which grew so abundantly along our path. There were real thistles and bluebells growing side by side with white, pink, and blue hydrangea, lilac and white hibiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies—greenish and lilac, crimson, orange, and pure white. A few days earlier the splendid *Lilium auratum* had been flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavy with its perfume. I fastened one magnificent spike to the front of my kango, where the white blossoms show in relief against the brown back of my cooly, till, alas! the constant process of changing men crushed my lilies and their lovely buds.

It was already five o'clock when we reached Gotemba, a pretty town lying about half way across the plain, but we had determined to push on to Shibashiri, which is considerably nearer the base of the mountain. Heavy rain came on, and the coolies very sensibly demurred at going further. British obstinacy, however, carried the day, and we subjected

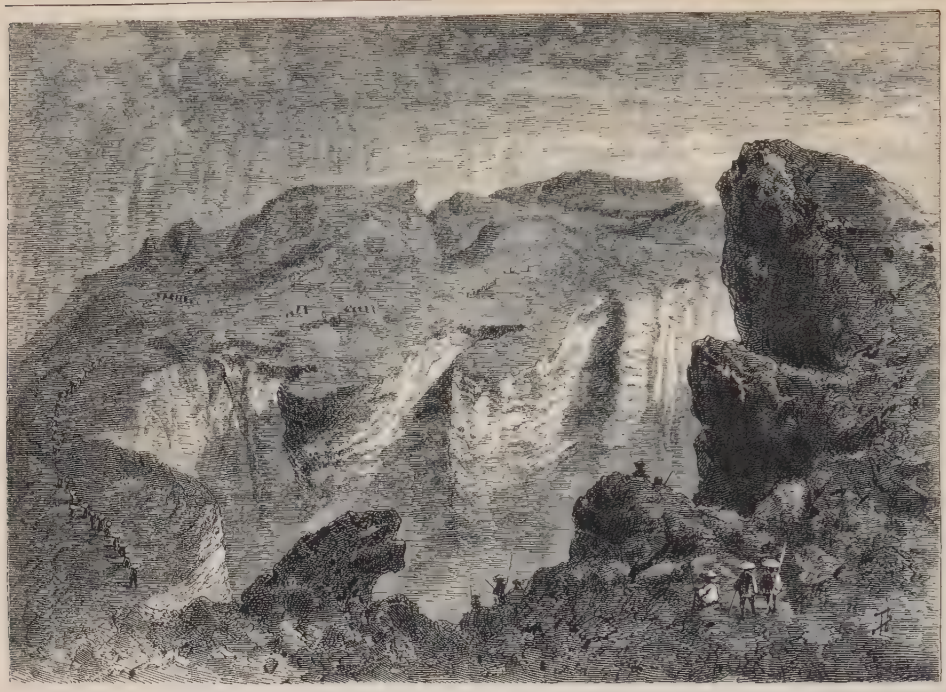
ourselves to the misery of reaching our destination in the dark, to find the only good rooms occupied, and all our clothes and other goods soaked—a serious matter in a Japanese house, where the only means of drying them is over a small hibachi, which is simply a small brass bowl containing a handful of charcoal. We spent a considerable portion of the night at this primitive occupation, aided by a pretty little Japanese damsel, and, as a matter of course, were not inclined for an early start next morning.

The village is a long straggling street, gay with the pilgrim flags which float from its many tea-houses, while from the grove of rich green cryptomerias which clothes the base of the mountain appear the quaint overhanging thatch roofs of a fine old Shinto gateway and temple, at which all devout pilgrims pay their vows ere commencing the ascent. Passing by a shrine which is the stable of the sacred white wooden horse, they perform their ceremonial ablutions at the fountain, where a sacred bronze dragon ceaselessly spouts clear running water into a stone tank, from the wooden canopy of which float bright calico flags, which act as towels. Then the pilgrims, who at this season press on in ceaseless stream, assemble in groups before the temple, or else kneel reverently before the sacred mirror on the altar, while the old priest, rapidly repeating some formula of blessing or of prayer, holds up a great bronze sort of crozier, from which floats an immense *gohei*—a sort of banner of mystically cut paper hanging in very peculiar folds—which is the Shinto symbol of God, supposed to have originated in a play on the word *kami*, which expresses both God and paper. Having thus consecrated the first stage of their pilgrimage, the wayfarers will, on their descent, return here, or else by the sacred village of Yoshida—a very picturesque spot on another spur of the mountain—where the priest will imprint a stamp on their garments which shall prove them true pilgrims in the sight of all men, and the raiment thus sanctified will become a relic and heirloom forever.

It was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. The same gray unpromising weather continued, and our one consolation lay in the cool freshness of the air, knowing how trying would be the ascent over that great expanse of bare lava should the sun blaze with the same fierce intensity that it had been doing for some time previous. We were already at a height of 2500 feet above the sea-level, and our route from this point was a steady ascent over volcanic ash and cinders. The lower slopes of the mountain are all wooded; a good deal of larch mingles with the fir, and raspberries grow abundantly.

About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where by law we were obliged to leave our kangos, as no carrying nor any beast of burden is allowed on the holy mount. Even coolies can not be engaged here; but those which foreigners bring with them are winked at, and ours had agreed to accompany us all the way. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. There are eight rest-houses, at easy intervals, two or three of which collapsed last winter, and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savory accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint drops, and a sort of very strong crystallized peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs beaten up with sugar and hot saki—a sort of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through a pleasant wood, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, blue monk's-hood, and masses of large pink campanula and small bluebells. Further up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder heap. One cooly had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead, carrying the two ends of a hammock, which (as being softer than a rope) I had passed round my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man, who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *fautong*, or quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material



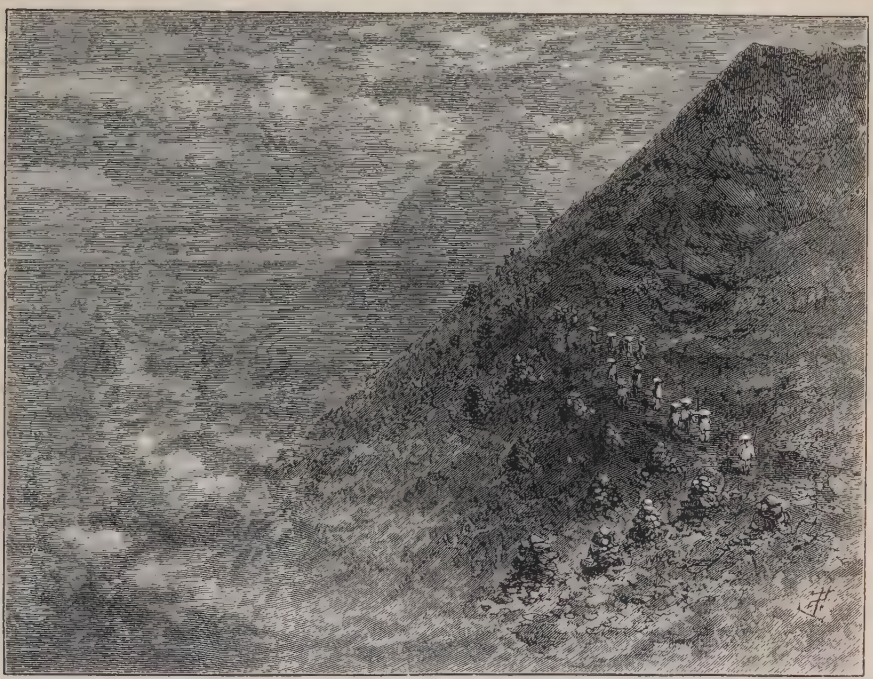
THE CRATER OF FUJIYAMA.

for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower. The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired, and disinclined to go further, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters. Our landlady at Shibashiri had kindly lent us a huge roll of quilts, made up in the form of gigantic wadded dressing-gowns with sleeves, three of which made a very heavy cooly-load. In these we wrapped ourselves up, and lay down in the corner furthest from the wood fire, round which our shivering coolies crouched, but the smoke of which made our eyes ache horribly.

The next morning we started for the last and by far the steepest part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zigzagging, and also leads over very soft decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting. We therefore struck across the cone, and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so thickly strewn with their straw sandals as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As these shoes cost somewhat less than a halfpenny a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveller is wont to carry at least one extra pair: more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upward, and repeating in chorus a sort of chant, "Rokkonshōjo, Rokkonshōjo," which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Toward the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *goheis* floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend, and the curious, whether faithful or not, can

purchase odd pictures and maps of Fujiyama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion, and with the help of my faithful cooly, I managed to reach the summit at 5.30 A.M., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to



THE MORNING SHADOW OF FUJIYAMA.

adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain-top, and chanting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava were singularly suggestive of sea-birds nestling on some high rock—a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats, and covered their heads with a white cloth.

Having chanted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims is to march in procession sunwise round the crater—a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain, the more zealous repeat the sunwise circuit round the base of the cone, which of course implies a very much longer walk.

Being anxious to reach the western side of the crater in time to see the vast triangular shadow cast by the mountain at sunrise as at sunset, I hastened round, and had the good fortune to witness an effect precisely similar to what I had seen from the summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, and which I am told also occurs at Pike's Peak, Colorado, namely, a vast blue triangle lying athwart land and sea and cloud, yet apparently resting on the atmosphere, its outlines being unbroken by any irregularity of hill or valley.

All around us on the steep slopes of the cone were heaped up a multitude of cairns of broken lava—memorials of many a pilgrim band: another link in the chain of curious customs common to so many races. At short intervals all round the crater are tiny shrines, where the devotees halt for the observance of some religious rite of the Shinto faith. One of these crowns the highest peak, and is conspicuous from afar by its quaint wooden torii, a curious specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which forms the invariable gateway to every Shinto and many Buddhist temples, but which to the irreverent foreigner is rather suggestive of a gallows. Another of these structures marks the spot where, on the edge of the crater, a holy well yields pure cold water, with

which the devout fill their gourd-bottles, to be reverently carried home, together with large bundles of charms, as a cure for all manner of ills.

I mentioned that one of my companions had already made the ascent of the mountain several times. On each previous occasion the weather had been so unpropitious that the whole scene had been shrouded in cold gray mist, and he could not even discern the outline of the crater which yawned at his feet. This morning the whole lay bathed in cloudless sunlight, and a clear blue sky threw out yet more vividly the wonderfully varied colors of the lava, great crags of which, red, claret, yellow, sienna, green, gray, and lavender, purple and black, rose perpendicularly from out the deep shadow which still lay, untouched by the morning light, in the depths of the crater. I believe that in reality its depth does not exceed 350 feet, while its greatest length is estimated at 3000 feet, its width 1800 feet. We best realized its size by noting the long lines of figures (their large straw hats giving those near us the appearance of locomotive mushrooms), but which became mere pinpoints when seen against the sky-line on the further side.

Very peaceful and calm was the scene in that clear early morning, without a sound save the tinkling of pilgrims' bells. Yet, by the frequent earthquakes which still cause the land to tremble, we know that the fires which of old desolated this region still smoulder, and may at any time break out again, and repeat the story of 1707, which is the date of the latest eruption.

This eruption was accompanied by a terrific earthquake which well-nigh destroyed the city of Yedo (or, as it is now called, Tokio). Multitudes of persons were crushed in their own falling houses; others fell into clefts and caverns which suddenly opened beneath their feet and swallowed them up. Then fire spread and raged furiously, so that the city was made desolate, the dead being variously estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand. There is, of course, no certainty that such scenes of horror may not at any time be repeated. At present, however, all seems quiet, and the mighty giant sleeps.

Having wandered leisurely round the crater, I began to think of breakfast, and, returning to my companions, found them and our followers already in possession of one of a row of about a dozen small huts facing the rising sun, which form a one-sided street, where the pilgrims lodge. They are tiny stone houses, partly scooped out of the cinder bank, the roof weighted with heavy blocks of lava to resist the force of wild tempests. There is a small space artificially levelled in front of the huts, from which float numbers of the gay pilgrim flags already mentioned. Within each hut is a small space neatly matted; and here, having spread the soft warm quilts brought with us, I gladly lay down for an hour's rest, while my companions made the circuit of the crater. Above my head was the invariable domestic shrine. Here, of course, it was Shinto, and in addition to the small mirror of polished metal was a model of Fujiyama rudely hewn in lava.

PILGRIMS' REST.

AN OLD SAMPLER.

ART-NEEDLEWORK.

THIS subject is one that has been rising to great importance since the Centennial Exhibition displayed here some of the work of the South Kensington school. Even before that time there were some embroiderers among us who had begun to create designs of their own with the needle, and to show the possibility of producing with it artistic effects. Certainly wonderful results have been shown in some of these masterpieces of color. The surface of a leaf worked in flat, without shading, possesses a wonderful power of catching lights and flinging shadows, that is very fascinating to the skillful workwoman. There can be scarcely anything more beautiful than this play of light and shade brought about by the properly trained use of silks or crewels. They give a slight relief to the surface, which does not attempt to imitate nature, but suggests its charms.

It is no wonder, then, that the whole matter has passed into a sort of "rage." Decorative Art societies and schools of Art-needlework are starting up in all our cities; the summer months at the watering-places are spent in lessons in art-embroidery from skilled teachers; every lady, young or old, has her "sampler," and learns the South Kensington stitch, and is asking how she shall get her designs on her material, and where, too, she shall look for her designs. This is a sudden change to bring the needle again into favor. The sewing-machines had flung this little instrument into disrepute. They did not diminish the quantity of work necessary, for ruffles and flounces increased as fast as the sewing-machines. But they banished sewing from the parlor, away among the machines and machine-work. How could one sit and listen to the reading of a play of Shakspeare by the busy whir of a sewing-machine? Or what sort of a gay talk could go on by the side of the click-click of the most noiseless sewing-machine ever patented? No, sewing became too mechanical; even now, in the thick of the rage for embroidery, the pretty chain-stitch that sets off the Oriental decoration of stuffs of brilliant colors is sniffed at because it can be done by the sewing-machine.

The needle has come into fashion again, and the needle, too, of our grandmothers. All the old samplers are hunted up—the old embroidery pieces done in

silks, old counterpanes of cotton, in the days when cotton came from India, softer and looser threaded than the American cotton of the present day, and therefore more easily adapted for the soft folds required in such work.

It is a favorable change, if we do not allow it to be a superficial one. The young girl of the period sees some of this artistic work, and fancies that by paying five dollars for six lessons she can turn out something equally fine and artistic. She has a very "good time" over her lessons, and carries home an embroidered "chair-back" —the more dignified name that she gives nowadays to her "tidy." If she only wanted an amusing occupation for her winter months, and something started for summer entertainment, she has got what she wants. But let us hope that she has hit upon something more—that the word art-needlework has suggested to her higher ideas. When she returns to her own resources, she finds she can not select her colors herself very well; she finds it difficult to decide upon her design. It used to be a "pattern" she worked, in the days of Berlin-work, and she needed only to buy a certain number of shades of wool; now it is a "design" that at least she must copy. And merely to make another "chair-back," we will hope that she concludes that she needs to know something more—that an artistic education even in needlework can not be got in six lessons. She ought to know how to draw, how to combine colors, what is the force and meaning of color, why it is we are going back to the old work for our guide in this matter. Yes, she is disappointed. Instead of branching out into copying the horse-chestnuts in blossom for portières for the family dining-room, as she had planned for this spring, she must begin farther back, and take some lessons in drawing, in water-colors, in perspective; she must read up some books. Happy girl, if her conclusions lead her to pack up in her trunk, with her crewels for the summer, some volumes of Ruskin and Hamerton, some hand-books on art, which will strengthen her resolution to begin in the autumn with solid lessons in art. Indeed, her conclusions may make her see that she wants something besides this before she can become a successful workwoman; she must practice plain needlework before she can use her needle with the freedom that artistic work requires.

Of course there are exceptions everywhere. Just as Benjamin West managed to paint a picture with a cat's tail, we have among us young girls who have surprised us by working lovely flowers with their crewels without a long course of instruction, but we shall generally find even they have had some artistic training, or else the trace of the cat's tail is still seen in their work.

In Vienna, the special school for art-embroidery, under the patronage of the government, offers a course of two years' instruction, and for scholars who present themselves without a sufficient knowledge of drawing, three years are required. Its prospectus states that "it aims to educate work-women in artistic embroidery. The school does not confine itself to one form or method of embroidery, but proposes to give a practice in all its branches, with a restoration of all the old stitches, and an acquaintance with those of other nations; and by the execution of conventional work of suitable designs, as well as by the study of the connection of embroidery with the development of art, it hopes to elevate taste and diffuse a wider cultivation of art."

Some account of this school will show what a contrast its thorough course of two or three years' instruction is to our shorter courses of six lessons in art-needlework. This is a free school for those who take the complete course, while a fee is expected from those who come in for special lessons. The school is open from October to the end of July, from 8 A.M. till 4 P.M. every day, except Sundays and holidays. The instruction is given from 9 A.M. to 12, and from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M. There are therefore thirty-six hours a week given to instruction. Of this time, twenty-four hours are devoted to lessons in embroidery, six to free-hand drawing, two to the study of the transferring of designs to material, one hour a week to instruction in cutting out patterns, one hour to making up note-books, a lecture of one hour upon the adaptation of embroidery to objects of art-industry, and a lecture of an hour upon art-history in connection with the subject.

This instruction for the first year is thus arranged:

In stitches, a study of cross-stitch, or Vienna stitch (both sides alike); Russian and Roumanian and Swedish stitches, both sides alike; linen embroidery, both sides alike, in ancient and mediæval styles; ini-

tials and monograms; Greek braid-work; Oriental tambour stitch; raised and flat embroidery in black and white—four hours a day.

The drawing lessons for this first year teach simple flat ornamentation—one hour a day.

In transferring, that of designs for framed and unframed material—twice a week.

An hour is required for taking notes upon the different kinds of work already learned, and descriptions of work completed, once a week.

Once a week a lecture on the adaptation of embroidery to art-industry (notes to be taken of the lectures), and a lecture on the history of art-embroidery, and upon conventionality in its simplest forms.

The second year advances the classes to fine white and Swiss open-work embroidery, to appliqué-work and some of the old stitches, to raised and flat embroidery of silk, cloth, and leather, Vienna embroidery with gold thread, mode embroidery for dresses, and flat embroidery in shaded colors.

The teaching in drawing advances to flat ornamentation, designs for embroidery, and of letters in the handwritings of different nations.

The transferring of patterns proceeds to large designs upon thick material not transparent.

The cutting of patterns embraces those of sacques, over-jackets, tunics, and the arranging of patterns to the material to be cut.

The note-books, besides describing the work accomplished, must give a representation of what is done in drawings.

The lectures are upon conventional treatment and tasteful arrangement of articles of artistic work, and on the history of embroidery, with occasional instruction in color or some special branch.

The third year embraces instruction in the fine raised and flat embroidery in white and colors; Oriental—that is, Indian and Persian—embroidery; different kinds of fashionable bits of work, fancy and lace-work; old cloth *à l'or battu;* Japanese and Chinese flat embroidery; needle-painting.

The drawing lessons include ornamental embroidery patterns, initials, and monograms.

Transferring is of larger designs upon different materials by the pupil's own manipulation.

Cutting patterns, drawing larger patterns for articles of dress according to a measure (probably what we call cutting

TIDY OF CUT-WORK WITH DRAWN AND KNOTTED FRINGE ON LINEN CLOTH IN BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

by the chart), or after fashion plates, and cutting the pattern from the articles themselves.

The note-books must record the work done, with explanations by patterns, measures, and detailed designs.

The lectures are upon the requirements of taste prevailing at the present time, upon tasteful and conventional disposition of works of artistic embroidery, and upon the history of art and the study of costume.

Here is occupation for thirty-six hours a week for two or three years. What a contrast to the six lessons of two hours each which is what we demand of our proficients in art-embroidery! Of course it is easy to say that this is giving too much time to such an object; that all this careful instruction in white, flat, and raised embroidery is unnecessary; that the whole thing might be accomplished in a shorter time. But it should be noticed that very much else is taught besides the solid practice in embroidery. The scholars from outside need not—probably do not—take all the instruction in cutting out patterns for dresses, which is a subject

apart from art-embroidery. Yet on this point we might question whether such a study would not be a useful one in the education of our girls. All of the instruction in this school does surely give a solid foundation to its pupils, making it possible for them to earn their livelihood, to make a profession from the instruction obtained. It is such an instruction that gives them facility of design. In the days of Berlin-work one of these German girls could sit down by a basket of colored Berlin wools and create with them the pattern which her American sister, without any artistic skill, copied. One of these patterns we remember, of wheat, cornflowers, poppies, artistically shaded, that would make the fortune now of a South Kensington work-woman. It was designed by a German girl, who combined it with the wools from her work-basket as artistically and readily as a painter with the colors of his palette.

Just now art-embroidery with us is too expensive to be put to its highest uses, except in amateur work of ladies who have the time and means to decorate their own houses and those of their friends with it. In England a work-woman can not earn more than two shillings for the work of five hours a day, and she is recommended not to attempt to give more than that time to it. An admirable book of advice* on ladies' work, and how to sell it, suggests this. The author recommends that such work-women should give two hours a day to "steady reading of improving books," recognizing that such work as this, coming into the province of art, needs the cultivation of the mind, as well as perseverance with the needle. Now with us we should have to pay at least fifteen cents an hour for such work. For five hours a day it would give our art-embroiderer only seventy-five cents a day—not $250 a year.

On the other hand, even this is high payment for the purchaser to make. If the work is a large piece of work, it takes a great many days to finish it. The portières will be very expensive in the end, at the rate of only fifteen cents an hour, as he will have an upholsterer's bill to pay besides.

With us, then, this is now a costly luxury, or must be so, if our work-women strive to support themselves by their labors. But there are many ladies, of cultivation too, who have homes and a partial support, yet who must work to earn something to keep themselves along, and who can afford to work at what seems a low price. Our Decorative Art societies are a great help to these. We must be careful that these societies shall multiply and assist the opportunities for thorough instruction of all such work-women. The work need not be mere amateur work; it ought to have the advantage of the highest cultivation and careful education on the best foundations.

We have in America very much smaller demand for such work than is found abroad. The church embroidery gives employment there to a great many hands, while our homes as well as our churches are much more simply decorated.

The exquisite lace works are much less in demand here. This delicate embroidery, however, is more and more coming into favor. It is a work that can be easily taken up, and when it is once begun upon, it is hard to lay it down. It is a quiet companion for reading aloud. The play of Shakspeare, or the latest novel, is not here interrupted by the whir of the sewing-machine, or by the question, "Would you put in this color?" or, "How far up shall I have this pattern?" No, the enticing pattern grows silently and unconsciously under the hand, a little delicate cobweb of a thing, easily transportable. Now that we turn up our noses at all machine-made things, what can be more enchanting than a delicate little bit of lace, all done by a woman's own fingers, with her own needle?

To be sure, we meet with machine help here. The imitations of old point-lace take advantage of a machine-made braid that is so much like the web made by hand that the most fastidious work-women consent to use it. I am sorry to say that our American shops furnish us with only the worst of these braids, which do have a very machine-like expression, but those who are fortunate enough to import the linen braids are able to make with them very charming decorations for furniture and for household use.

With a little more study the more elaborate filling stitches can be learned, and even the linen machine-made braid dispensed with, and any lady can be proud of the lace with which she adorns her own jabot or her baby's cashmere sacque.

* *Ladies' Work: How to Sell it.* By Zeta. London: Hatchards.

We are far, indeed, from the luxuries of this sort of the old countries, and of past centuries. A study of this kind of work in former times ought, however, to excite and inspire the women of our day, now that the needle is being elevated to an instrument of art.

Especially is point-lace to be considered as being entirely worked with the needle, and requiring only one stitch—the button-hole stitch. It is astonishing what varieties can be produced with needle, thread, and this one stitch. The true old lace displays a wonderful variety of pattern and of invention. Ruskin has made an appeal for a revival of this artistic lace-work, pointing out its value in comparison with machine-made lace. "There is some distinction still," he says, "between machine-made and hand-made lace. The real good of a piece of lace, then, you will find is that it shows, first, that the designer had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain, and common-sense enough not to wear it on all occasions."

BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

ROPE STITCH.

ON THREE THREADS.

ON TWO THREADS.

BUTTON-HOLE AND GENOA STITCH.

The designation of Point-lace is properly given only to lace made entirely with the needle on a parchment pattern, although the term is frequently misapplied to pillow laces. It is simply a translation into French of the English word "stitch," and naturally implies lace made with the needle.

In point-lace the solid part of the lace-work, as a whole, is called *pattern;* when worked level, called *flat point;* or partly raised, *raised point.* The intervening spaces are left open, or connected by irregular threads, called *brides;* these worked over in button-hole stitch are called *brides claires*, or variously ornamented with picots, *brides ornées.* They are called *ties* in England, *brides* in France, and *legs* in Italy.

The general outline was traced or designed on a white or green parchment, and the fancy stitches roughly sketched in; the parchment was then tacked firmly to coarse linen folded double, and the outline of the design finally marked out by guiding a strand of two or more threads along the tracery, and well securing it by small stitches at equal intervals of from one-quarter to one-eighth of an inch in length. The holes into which the stitches were fastened were pricked through the mounted parchment before placing and securing the outline threads. By working over the latter in button-hole stitch the cordonnet edge was formed, and appeared more or less raised according to the number and thickness of the underlying threads. Between and parallel to the cordonnet outlines the point-work with its fancy stitches and perforations was worked in. *Brides* on net ground were put in sometimes before button-holing the outlines, and sometimes after the second tier of raised work, and the centres, with their ornamental loops and picots, had to be worked separately and sewn to the cordonnet. By passing a sharp knife between the folds of the underlying linen, the loops that secured the work were cut, and the finished lace came off the parchment.*

In modern work what is called "architect's linen" is used instead of parchment—a transparent linen on which the pattern can be easily traced, and can be conveniently worked. Venice originated *point proper.* The real Spanish point-work closely resembles Venice point, but real brides profusely ornamented and pearled are substituted for the irregular brided net ground.

It was in the seventeenth century, in the days of Louis Quatorze, that the passion for lace was developed to a madness—in the varieties of stitches, that is. The

* This description, with others, of the making of lace is taken from the *Queen Lace-Book*, Queen Office, London. This book gives a careful account of antique laces, with charming illustrations.

VENETIAN RAISED POINT IN YELLOW SILK (RENAISSANCE STYLE).

Points were multiplied. There was the point de Venice, the point de Gènes, the point de Bruxelles, and a dozen others. Besides all these were the gold and silver laces especially fabricated at Lyons.

Not only were dresses covered with lace, but it was put upon sheets and pillow-cases, even upon winding-sheets, upon carriages and horses. This consumption of lace was most injurious to France, for, with the exception of the point de Valenciennes, the richer laces were fabricated abroad. The better part of the money of France went, therefore, to Brussels or Venice, the nobility ruining themselves at the expense of their own country. Colbert wishing to put a rein upon the madness of fashion, Louis XIV. published an ordinance against foreign "points," November 27, 1660. There was an actual revolution. "Nothing equalled the anger of the women, unless it was the satisfaction of their husbands."

"Oh! trois et quatre fois
bien soit cet édit,
Par qui des vêtements le
luxe est interdit!"

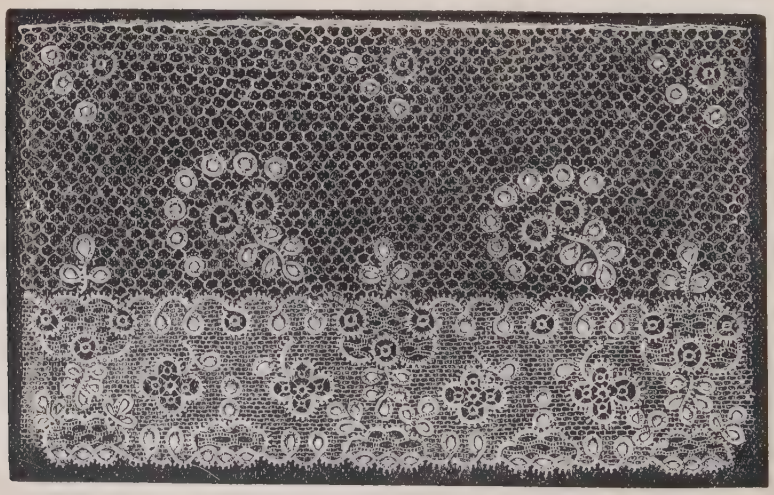
Sganarelle cries, in the *École des Maris:*

"Les peines des maris ne
seront pas si grandes,
Et les femmes auront un
frein à leurs demandes.
Oh! que je fais au roy bon
gré de ces desires!
Et que, pour le repos du ces mêmes maris,
Je voudrois bien qu'on fis't de la coquetterie
Comme de la guipure et de la broderie."

"Would that there were an edict against coquetry, as well as a restriction on *guipure* and *broderie*."

It was in consequence of this edict, celebrated in the history of sumptuary arts, that a wit of the time dedicated to Mlle. De la Trousse, the cousin of Madame De Sévigné, a piquant bit of verse called "La Révolte des Passemens"—"The Revolt of the Laces."

As to the edict of 1660, it met with the fate of all sumptuary laws, that fall into disuse the day after they are published. Colbert undertook to create in France a manufacture of lace capable of rivalry with Venice and Brussels. A lady



ALENCON POINT (ROCOCO STYLE).

SPANISH ROSE POINT (FINEST RENAISSANCE STYLE).

of Alençon, named Gilbert, who knew how to make the point de Venise, was charged to superintend its manufacture in her native city, where thirty Venetian work-women were installed. The first laces were offered by Colbert to Louis XIV., who approved them, wore them, and ordered the court to wear them.

The point d'Alençon, which till 1790 was called point de France, was fabricated by eighteen different work-women; Brussels point employed seventeen; each of these was trained for one special process.

For the Alençon work the pattern was printed from a copper-plate upon numbered strips of white or green parchment, in sections about ten inches long, and then tacked to a piece of linen folded double. The mounted design now passed through the hands of eighteen women, each of whom was trained from early youth to one special part of the work. The "piqueuse" had to prick the holes through parchment and linen for the "traceuse," who traced the outline of the pattern with two threads fixed at narrow intervals with minute stitches.

The "réseleuse" and "fondeuse" put in the réseau proper and any other mesh-work required. The "remplisseuse" filled in the flat or toile of the pattern with close point stitches, and the surrounding cordonnet or brode was finished by the "brodeuse." The "modeuse" made the ornamental fittings or button-holed modes. The "ébouleuse" and "régaleuse" had to prepare the sections of the pattern for assemblage, by cutting the same from the parchment, and arranging them together on a piece of green paper mounted on double-folded linen of the size and shape alternately required.

The "assembleuse" then had the difficult task of joining all the pieces, either by an invisible seam or by the "point de raccroc;" both operations are difficult to describe, but are still practiced by experienced French lace-menders for repairing antique lace. Four more hands—"toucheuse," "brideuse," "boucleuse," and

POINT DE FRANCE (LOUIS XIV. PERIOD).

BRUSSELS NEEDLE POINT (ROCOCO STYLE).

"gaseuse"—were employed to finish the work of the "assembleuse" before it was handed over to the "mignonneuse," who sewed on the engrêlure (purl), and passed it to the "picoteuse," who added the picots to the cordonnet of edge and fillings, keeping the points straight by passing a fine horse-hair through the top loops. This horse-hair is a peculiarity of the Alençon picots, only found in rare cases in Brussels needle point; and in many old specimens it is lost, being either purposely or accidentally drawn out. After a piece of Alençon point had been finished so far, the "affineuse" completed and amended any minor defects in the working, and handed it over to the "affiqueuse," who removed inequalities in the toile (inside the cordonnet) by polishing the surface of the flowers with an instrument called "afficot," made of steel, ivory, or hard wood; teeth of animals or lobster claws were used for the same purpose.*

The patterns of Alençon belong to the rococo, or the dotted style, significant of the early eighteenth century work. The mode of making the true Alençon ground, which defies time or wear, is now lost and forgotten; and modern attempts to rescue this art from oblivion have signally failed. Although Alençon still produces point-lace, the flowers are all applied to machine-made net, and the entire fabric partakes of the flimsy character of modern laces.

The lace generally known under the name of Brussels point is not real point, but is made on the pillow, and can not therefore technically rank among the needle-made laces. Brussels point-lace réseau was a simple needle-made ground done in open button-hole stitch. It is now made on the bobbin-net machine introduced into Belgium in 1834.

The earliest Brussels needle point was made toward the end of the Renaissance period. It closely resembles the grounded point of Venice in workmanship, but essentially differs from it in design, and never shows the small raised knobs in the pattern characteristic of the former. The point d'Alençon, in its day, was excessively dear, when a "parure" would cost 30,000 livres. The Valenciennes, whose fabrication goes back to the fifteenth century, had no less value; for it required more than a year for a work-woman, working fifteen hours a day, to finish a pair of cuffs worth 400 livres. Nowadays no one could be found to make them as beautiful, and few amateurs to buy them as dear. Yet the difficulties of the work should not discourage the modern work-woman. If she begins with the help of the machine-made braids, she will soon be won to the more elaborate works.

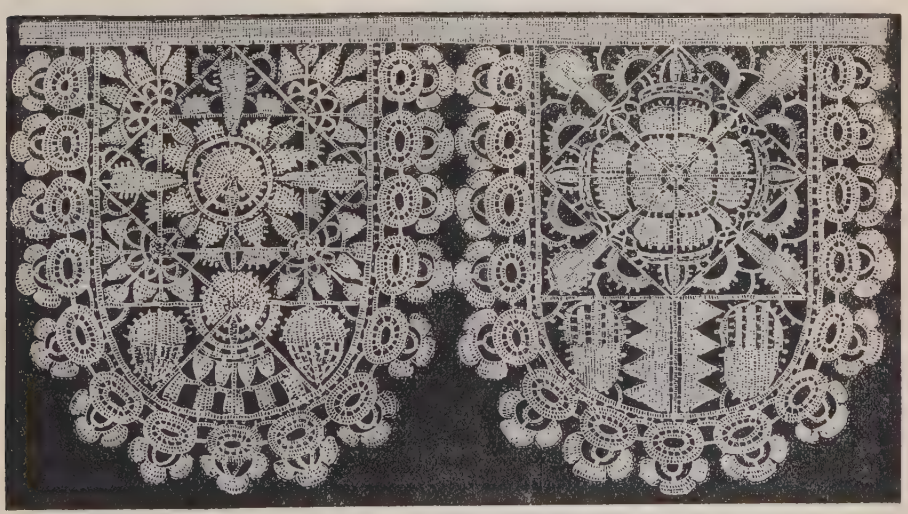
The Greek lace is the Reticella of the olden time, and led the way in laces. It affords charming opportunities for the modern work-woman, with its geometrical designs. The point d'Angleterre is coming into vogue. Its stitch, as the sarcasm of "The Revolt of the Laces" indicates, is not of the most delicate kind, yet

* *Queen Lace-Book.* Queen Office, London.

it is effective, and can be very varied. The bridal veil of the Duchess of Connaught was of the point d'Angleterre. Many books of the present day* give patterns for the "filling" stitches of many of these laces, and any lady of leisure can not find a more charming occupation than to take up the study of the Venice point, Spanish point, point d'Angleterre, and Greek lace, as well as the less artistic work with the braid.

The needle must have been welcomed as a valuable invention in its early days. Women were not trusted with it at first, probably. It was only a prerogative of the manly race. When it was so far refined as to become the delicate steel instrument of nowadays, instead of the thorn earliest used, it must have appeared as wonderful an invention as the sewing-machine of the present day. To take the close "over-and-over" stitches of what is now called "seaming," was probably considered at first a fastidious refinement—a waste of time for those who had not a large leisure. Originally it was enough, and certainly accomplishing a great deal, if the seams were strongly held together, and the advance must have been long and gradual before the days of our grandmothers were reached; and it was a necessary part of a woman's education to put together side by side a number of exquisite stitches that should never be seen. This advance was helped by the feeling that sewing was an admirable occupation for woman, and that it was a very good plan to find some work to keep her out of mischief. The heroines of the Greek poems and of chivalric days passed their lonely hours, when deserted by their heroes, in their tapestry embroidery; the domestic women of later days have their "plain needlework" with which to fill up their solitary days, setting stitch by stitch in long seams of sheets and shirts.

Nowadays we are finding more active occupations for women. In public life and private there is more varied work for them to do, and the modern inventions with the sewing-machine are relieving them from the necessity of spending so many hours over the long seams.



ENGLISH POINT (LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

But plain sewing can not be given up. The sewing-machines can not yet do it all. Nor can our young girls learn by nature how to sew. They have to begin each of them separately to learn how to hold a needle, how to use a thimble, how to take small stitches. Especially they have to learn not to fall into bad habits, not to get into bad ways, which can seldom be unlearned. For it is almost as hard for our young girls to learn how to sew as for the first great-great-granddaughter of Eve, who had a thorn put into her hand

* In America, *Old Point-Lace*, No. 2 of "Tilton's Needlework Series," Boston, gives information of manner of work, with illustrations of numerous "filling" stitches.

FLEMISH LACE EDGING (FROM "TILTON'S NEEDLEWORK SERIES," NO. 2).

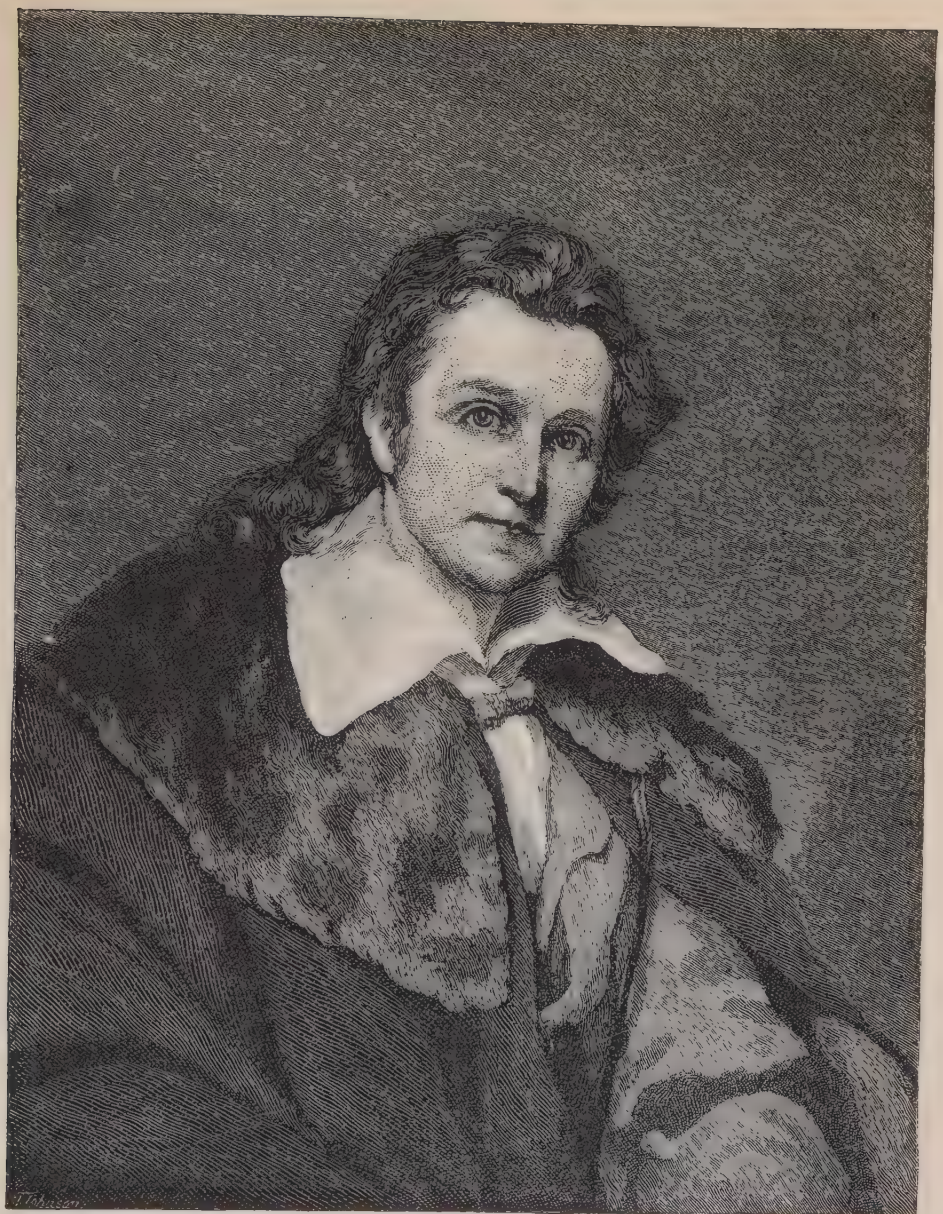
for the purpose, and they are about as awkward as said young woman must have been. It is not quite as hard, for some of our girls do see older sisters and mothers at work, and know what needles and thread are, and are helped by their unconscious imitation of the civilization around them. Some of our girls know! But do they all? Many of them come to the public schools from homes where needles and thread are as much unknown as in the old aboriginal tents. And as for those that come from more fastidious homes, it would astonish many to know how few have ever had a chance to sit and watch the slow and careful passing in and out of the needle and thread through the seam.

We still need a thorough instruction in sewing for our girls in the schools. They need it for the old reason that they may learn how to keep their clothes together, and for the later reason that they may know how to occupy their leisure time. The sewing-machine and the new duties of public and private life do not take from one of our girls the privileges of using that delicate instrument of civilization. It is more helpful to her than the cigar, than the glass of sherry, or tumbler of beer. The plain seam is a sedative for her. How her thoughts can go ambling off into fields of imagination as she sits over a bit of plain work! She can plan out a charming romance, or lay down the project of some helpful reform, as she draws her needle mechanically in and out of her seam.

And besides the sedative power, there can be found an inspiration in the needle. There are so many women of artistic tendencies who have never had a chance to fully cultivate their powers, or who, perhaps, could not have risen to a high point if they had, who do know how to make their homes artistic. They put flowers together so that you remember them—just that bunch of flowers—as you do a picture by a master. Their motion and ordering of a room give an ineffable air of grace to what would be mere "clutter" if otherwise disposed. It is they who are to elevate and exalt our lives by showing how the needle can enter the province of art. But it must be remembered that something must be done for them besides putting "art" with a hyphen before "needlework." Art is long; there is no short road through its "province." A pupil in art-needlework can not graduate in six lessons. Our girls must take example from their German sisters, and begin with a study of drawing and of color; they must learn the history of the whole subject; they must learn how to practice their eyes as well as their hands; and, above all, to remember that they are to put into their handiwork the inspiration of true art.

KEATS.

Upon thy tomb 'tis graven, "Here lies one
  Whose name is writ in water." Could there be
  A flight of Fancy fitlier feigned for thee,
A fairer motto for her favorite son?
For, as the wave, thy varying numbers run—
  Now crested proud in tidal majesty,
  Now tranquil as the twilight reverie
Of some dim lake the white moon looks upon,
While teems the world with silence. Even there,
  In each Protean rainbow-tint that stains
The breathing canvas of the atmosphere,
  We read an exhalation of thy strains:
Thus, on the scroll of Nature, everywhere,
  Thy name, a deathless syllable, remains.



JOHN J. AUDUBON.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

IT is now a little more than half a century since that remarkable man, who united in his own person the rarest of combinations—that of being one of the greatest painters of bird and animal life that the world has ever known, and at the same time one of its most accomplished and self-instructed naturalists—sailed forth on his adventurous voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool. Alone, unknown (save to an admiring few), almost unfriended, poor in purse, though wonderfully buoyant in hopes, knowing no one in all that strange region whither

he had laid out his course, John James Audubon, the first of our American-born ornithologists, went forth with the high resolve to accomplish the great mission of his life. He left the shores of his native Louisiana on the 19th of May, 1826, and two months later, after an uneventful but prosperous voyage, landed in the commercial capital of England. He was then just forty-six years old, and though well past the meridian of life, was in the very prime of a wonderfully well preserved and still vigorous manhood. From early youth up his life had been consecrated to the one great aspiration that had filled all his waking thoughts, and to which he had sacrificed almost everything that man usually holds most dear—position in society, wealth, prosperity in business, and every other ambition. We need not here repeat the story of his wonderful success, the enthusiastic welcome that greeted him everywhere in the Old World, the fame that followed the exhibition of his unequalled bird-paintings, with the final accomplishment of his most sanguine hopes, and the fulfillment of his most ardent wishes. With all these exciting and eventful episodes in his later life, surpassing in their strange interest anything that romance can invent, imagination conceive, or fancy create, the world is already familiar. The only aim of our paper is to draw one side a single fold of the curtain to his inner life, and to give a passing insight into the real nature of one whom it was the writer's privilege to love and cherish, and by whom he was in return honored with a warmth of friendship far beyond his own deserts.

Early in the fall of 1836, the writer, then a mere tyro in the study of ornithology, but an enthusiastic admirer of the great ornithologist and bird-painter, and proud as an American of his countryman's fame and achievements, first met with Mr. Audubon. It had been his privilege in a maiden effort, written when hardly more than a boy, to defend the object of his fervent admiration from the hypercritical attacks of a writer whose sincere friendship for Alexander Wilson seemed to have blinded him to the transcendent merits of Wilson's most worthy successor. He had been more than repaid by the warm and affectionate gratitude with which his feeble tribute had been received by him in whose behalf it had been essayed, and this meeting was followed by a life-long friendship, which terminated only at last when the spirit of his illustrious teacher had "o'erinformed its tenement of clay."

How many and how striking are the contrasts presented in the lives of our two pioneer ornithologists, Alexander Wilson and Audubon! The self-instructed Paisley weaver struggled up to his mission under the gravest disadvantages. By him the art of bird-painting had been acquired with fingers stiffened by toil and manual labor, and late in life—a drawback never to be fully overcome; and all that he had so nobly achieved had been accomplished before he was forty-seven years old, for Wilson died in his forty-eighth year. Audubon, on the other hand, was the son of a gentleman, had been educated with all the advantages that wealth can bestow, and his native taste for painting had been early trained and matured into a rich development under the guidance of the celebrated David. At the age in life when Wilson had been called from his earthly labors, Audubon was really only just entering upon his brilliant career. The one died in the very midst of his labors, his work unfinished; the other saw his mission accomplished, his efforts crowned with a wonderful success, and to him was granted a serene old age.

Audubon was a little more than fifty-six years old at the time our acquaintance began, and yet no one a stranger to this fact would have imagined that so many years of active life could have passed over that brow with its still untinged locks of raven hue. His form was erect, his movements were almost youthful in their ease and activity, and his features were wonderfully fresh in their mature and manly beauty. Everything about him bespoke, in unmistakable tokens, his "simple, single-hearted, enthusiastic, and persevering character, which it was impossible to regard without affectionate admiration."

About ten years before we first met with Mr. Audubon, the author of the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* had first encountered our "American Woodsman," as he then delighted to call himself, in

"Stately Edinborough throned on crags,"

and has given his first impressions of him with a felicitous and graphic fidelity. His vivid portraiture presents a picture of the man identical with our own later recollections, except that those "raven locks" had been shorn and made to con-

form with "the vulgar fashion of the town." In all else he seemed unchanged, and we can not better describe his appearance than by giving, with but slight change, Wilson's life-like portrait. "Though dressed somewhat after the fashion of ourselves, his long raven locks hung curling over his shoulders, yet unshorn from the wilderness. They were shaded across his open forehead with a simple elegance. His sallow, fine-featured face bespoke a sort of wild independence; and then such an eye!—keen as that of the falcon. His foreign accent removed him still farther out of the commonplace circle of this every-day world of ours, and his whole demeanor was colored by a character of conscious freedom and dignity acquired in his long and lonely wanderings among the woods, where he had lived in the uncompanioned love and delight of Nature, and in the studious observation of all the ways of her winged children that fluttered over his paths. We had been told of his wandering life, and his wonderful pencil, and the entire appearance of the man was most appropriate to what had for so many years been his calling, and bore upon it, not to be mistaken for a moment, or overlooked, the impress, not so much of singularity as of originality; of genius self-nursed, self-ripened, and self-tutored among the inexhaustible treasures of the forest, on which, in one soul-engrossing pursuit, it had lavished its dearest and divinest passion."

Such was the personal appearance of the man, and such the striking and ever-to-be-remembered impression left by it upon those whose privilege it was to meet with him. The peculiarities of his character were no less strongly marked and impressive. His enthusiasm had in it something absolutely infectious. It was not possible to be in his company, and hear him converse on his favorite theme, without being strongly moved by it. Even they who before meeting with him had been all unconscious of feeling any interest in natural history, under his inspiring influence became for the moment almost equally enthusiastic. His vivid and ever active imagination, united with his ardent and enthusiastic temperament, was constantly stimulating him to renewed adventures in the search for new discoveries, and also was occasionally the means of leading him to too hastily assume as facts clearly established what were in reality only probable but imperfect conclusions. A striking example of this may be cited in his own account of his first finding the nest of the black-poll warbler. Meeting, for the first time, with the nest and eggs of this species during his explorations in Labrador, his joy seems to have known no bounds at securing what seemed to him so great a prize. His expression of delight was unaffectedly sincere and truthful, but we now know that the nest of this bird is by no means so rare, and its breeding-places are not so remote, as Mr. Audubon so enthusiastically yet honestly assumed.

Added to his ardent enthusiasm, and exerting a no less powerful influence over his life, his labors, and his success, must not be forgotten an untiring perseverance that nothing could discourage, a moral courage which no hinderances could daunt, and an unyielding determination to complete whatever he had resolved upon to do. Sea-voyages were to him interminable seasons of misery, discomfort, and wretchedness. Yet his sufferings were never permitted to deter or delay his movements. Loss of property, the destruction of his drawings, involving years of research and toil, with various other disappointments and disasters that would have overwhelmed any one else with despair, or driven him from his purpose, were all met by Audubon with a serenity that knew no defeat, and with only an added desire and determination to persevere, and to overcome all obstacles, and to make all these losses good. The calm and uncomplaining fortitude with which Audubon received and endured the disastrous results of the panic of 1837, when nearly one-half of all the subscribers to his great work, having become either bankrupt or impoverished, withdrew their subscriptions, exhibited all the attributes of the most sublime heroism.

Whatever others may have believed, or professed to believe, in regard to Mr. Audubon's accuracy as a narrator of facts, no one, in the judgment of the writer, was ever more sincerely truthful and honest in presenting his convictions, and in the expression of his own belief. And to this conviction of his truthfulness all unprejudiced parties must have finally reached. Of course Mr. Audubon has made many mistakes, has stated many things as facts that can not be accepted as such, and has

often been misled by the inaccurate statements of others. But what pioneer explorer in the untrodden domains of nature has there ever been, or can there ever be, without exhibiting the same evidences of the common proneness of humanity to fall into error? The time has surely come when the unworthy detractions, the false judgments, and the unjust misconceptions of Audubon should give place to a more charitable, a more just, appreciation of his truthful, manly, and honest character and purpose.

In this connection we are naturally brought to notice another noble and striking characteristic of the man, the patient, enduring, and silent equanimity with which, if he did not always entirely disarm, he completely baffled, his revilers. To the shame of our common humanity be it confessed, it is the too general fate of men of distinguished genius to be most undeservedly and unworthily carped at and slandered. And this fate the brilliant and successful Audubon could not escape. Indeed, few men have been more persistently assailed with unmerited ridicule, with exaggerated and unjust criticisms, and even with accusations reflecting upon his veracity and his honor as a man. Yet nowhere, either in his private and confidential letters to trusted friends, or in any of his published writings, can we find the least evidence either of his having exhibited any signs of annoyance at even the most aggravating of these attacks, or that they awakened any feelings of resentment or bitterness in his breast against his assailants. If these assaults produced any effect, it was only that of drawing him more closely, in tender and loving friendship, toward those who stood by him and vindicated his good name. Thus, while Philadelphia, in an overjealous regard for the memory of Wilson, stood aloof from and refused its countenance to him upon whom the mantle of Wilson had fallen, and even added its voice to his dispraise, Edward Harris and Dr. Morton were conspicuous exceptions, and all know the sincere and ardent affection which Mr. Audubon ever entertained for these gentlemen. Rev. Dr. John Bachman, Professor Lewis R. Gibbs, and many other friends might be cited as showing that while Mr. Audubon never admitted by word or sign that he had enemies, he held in warmer and closer affection all those who had proved themselves to be his true friends. He was not a "good hater"; he had none of the gall of bitterness in his kindly heart; but he was a most devoted friend. Among those who honored him with their sincere friendship were Nuttall, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Cuvier, McGillivray, Swainson, and many others, like them conspicuous in the world of science. The cordial support of such men, if any such evidence were needed, affords the best refutation of the now forgotten criticisms with which the reputation of Audubon was once assailed. Yet one more prominent trait in the character of Audubon should not be forgotten—his whole-souled and liberal, even lavish, generosity toward those whom he loved. Thus in early life he gave up to his sister's family his entire patrimony in France, resigning at once wealth and high social position. He freely parted with his choicest specimens, which he had secured by large expenditures, after he had described and figured them, refusing all compensation. And to this the National Museum of Washington owes its possession of the "Audubon types." These were presented by Audubon to his "young friend" Spencer F. Baird, now the distinguished head of the Smithsonian Institution, and these types have been transferred by the latter to their present most fitting place of deposit.

But our present purpose is not so much to attempt a full and complete analysis of the character of our distinguished friend as it is to enable Mr. Audubon to speak for himself through a few extracts from letters written by him while engaged in the all-engrossing labors of the publication of his three great works. These letters were all written to one whom, through life, Audubon ever addressed as his "dear young friend." They were not designed for publication, and a large proportion relate to details not interesting to the general public. But among these there are here and there passages which afford a clear insight into the genuine characteristics of the inner man himself. They demonstrate, if nothing else, the ease, correctness, and grace with which Mr. Audubon wrote even his least studied correspondence. They give occasional glimpses of that enthusiastic looking forward to fresh fields of exploration so conspicuous in and so pervading the whole character of the man. They exhibit his eager desire for acquiring, at any reasonable cost,

the means of determining doubtful points of specific characteristics. And while in themselves they may seem to be very incomplete, yet, as supplements to what the world already knows of the history of Audubon's life, the compiler trusts they will not be found to be without some intrinsic interest, all their own, to others besides himself.

The letters from which the following extracts are made were written at intervals between the fall of 1836 and Audubon's final return to America in 1844. During a part of this period, or from 1836 to 1839, the party to whom they were addressed busied himself in the procuring of specimens of various kinds of North American birds, in the flesh, for purposes of anatomical examination and comparison with kindred European species. These examples were preserved in rum, and sent in tightly sealed casks to London. He also caused colored drawings of the eggs of the rarer species to be made, and forwarded to the same destination. The four letters immediately following were written from Philadelphia and Charleston, South Carolina, while their writer was on his way to make his explorations along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in Louisiana and Texas.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 23, 1836.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I thank you for your two letters, both of which I received in course. Ten dollars is certainly a very high price for a golden eagle, but as I am very desirous to compare the anatomy of all our birds with those of the same families found in Europe, should you not be able to purchase Mr. Mann's eagle for less than the price he has asked you for it, pray let it not stop you from securing it at once. Do not forget to call on my worthy friend Dr. George C. Shattuck for money whenever large sums are wanted to secure rare and valuable specimens.

"Where is my learned friend Nuttall? Not a word has any person here received from him as yet, although he himself has been expected here for the last past two weeks. Should you see him, pray give him my kindest remembrances, and communicate to him the following interesting facts:

"Dr. Morton, of this city, who is the corresponding secretary to the Academy of Natural Sciences, has kindly allowed me to portray the species of birds collected by Messrs. Nuttall and Townsend during their expedition to the Rocky Mountains, the shores of the Pacific, etc., found on American grounds. The doctor has done more: he has sold me ninety odd of the skins, forming a portion of the collection. Titian Peale has given me a rail new to our fauna,* found abundant below this city during the breeding season. Young Trudeau,† who is now at the sea-shore with my son, has given me a new *Sterna*, William Cooper, of New York, several very valuable skins, and I will begin again to work to-morrow morning. These additional species will swell my catalogue to the number of 475, all of which must be introduced in my fourth volume.

"The weather is now quite cool here. Many species of ducks and other water-birds are abundant in this market, and I have procured several. I hope you will not forget to call on our enlightened statesman D. Webster, and remind him of his kind promise to assist you in the procuring of specimens for me.‡ This winter and next spring are my only chances, and I beg of you to do all you can for me.

"Mr. Ward, of New York, is also engaged on my account, and has procured many birds already. My friend Thomas McCullough, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, writes me that he also is at work for me there; the Rev. John Bachman likewise, at Charleston, etc. You will be glad to hear that the number of my subscribers added since my return to America is now fifteen. I will remain here about ten days longer, and afterward proceed gradually southward.

"And now, my dear young friend, please to offer my kindest regards to every member of your family, of course including Dr. Storer, and believe me yours, sincerely attached,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON.

"Pray call on Dr. Shattuck,§ and present him my kindest regards and best wishes."

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *Nov.* 27, 1836.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—We have already been here ten days, and although I am extremely busy, drawing the new birds of Townsend and Nuttall, I can not refrain from writing you a few lines. Your letter informing me of what you think a marked difference between the American and the European Scoter ducks reached me in due time, and I am glad to see your notes as regards these birds. Should you have the good fortune of procuring more than a pair, pray save me a pair of the skins, besides those preserved in rum. When

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* Titian R. Peale. The new rail referred to is the little black rail, *Orecisens jamaicensi* of authors.

† Dr. James Trudeau. The new tern is now known as Trudeau's tern, *Sterna trudeani*. It is a South American species, and this is the only instance known of its occurrence in North America.

‡ Mr. Webster, as is well known, was quite a sportsman, and well informed as to the water-fowl of Massachusetts. He had on several occasions secured examples of the Labrador or pyed duck, *Camptolæmus labradorius*, and promised to secure some in the flesh for Mr. Audubon, but he was not able to fulfill this promise. The Labrador duck was even then a very rare species, and is now supposed to be extinct.

§ Dr. George C. Shattuck, of Boston, a warm friend and benefactor of Audubon.

next you favor me with a letter, please to send me an exact list of the birds you now have for me, and whether you have seen or heard from Daniel Webster.

"I have found several species of rare birds' eggs here, especially those of the snake-bird, or *auhinga*, four of which, at least, are for your own collection. I am waiting for more in order to make up a box for you, and also of some birds' skins which you can not procure about Boston. Where we now are the trees are yet in leaf, many warblers flit through the air, and the robins are just making their appearance, though these birds have been in the upper portion of this State for upward of a month. Although we have had two frosty nights, the weather is quite delightful. Would that I could have you near me, and in the company of my worthy friend the learned and reverend John Bachman! Why, my dear young friend, you might listen from morn till night of past ornithological adventures that would make your youthful heart bound with joy. Then how dearly I should like to have you form one of my party when, on the 1st of February next, we move toward the waters of the Mexican Gulf, and there reap the bounties of that nature from which all our pleasures on earth are derived!

"You will before this have heard that our government, ever sensible to the enhancement of science, has once more again granted me the use of the revenue-cutter; that whilst at Washington my son and myself had the honor of dining with the *President of the United States;** that I saw the heads of each of the departments; was kindly received and treated by them all; that I obtained new subscriptions there, etc., etc.

"I have already said to you that while at Philadelphia Mr. T. Peale presented me with a species of rail new to our fauna—the *Rallus jamaicensis* of Edwards, which I drew from adult male and youngling, and have sent to Europe to be engraved. I am very glad indeed that you have the hawk-owl and the great shrike; I also look upon the pine grosbeaks and white-winged cross-bills too as very valuable specimens for me. I am particularly anxious about the gulls and the cormorants; the one you describe is certainly the young of *P. dilophus*. In their winter dress, as you well know, they have no crest, this appendage coming forth only a few weeks before the breeding season.

"My son joins me in best regards to yourself and your family. Pray write to me soon, and believe me always your friend and servant, JOHN J. AUDUBON.

"Please call on Dr. Shattuck, and present him and family my sincerest good wishes."

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *Jan.* 1, 1836 [37].

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—First, I wish you a most happy New-Year, and the return of some fifty and upward more. Secondly, I thank you for your last kind letter's contents. Thirdly, I send you a list of numbers corresponding with the names of certain species of birds' eggs arranged carefully in a box, and addressed to you, care of Dr. S——, to whom please present my best regards. These eggs are some which I gathered and identified whilst on the Florida Keys and elsewhere, excepting those of the *auhinga* (a most precious egg this), collected by my worthy friend the Rev. John Bachman, of this city. I hope the whole will reach you safely, and may please you.....I am sorry that the Hon. D. Webster has not attended to his promises, and will write to him; yet I would like you, being on the spot, *to trouble him a good deal.*

"Have you seen no snowy owls in your market? I am very desirous to have two or three of them. Two pair of *Tetrao umbellus*, and five dollars for a fine pair of *T. cupido*. Ducks and gulls! *Fuligula histrionica* is indeed a prize; and I should like another pair very much, an old loon well spotted, and a pair more of the *carbo* in your waters, which is undoubtedly the *Dilophus*. Please to call on my good friend David Eckley, Esq., present to him and to his family my very best regards, and ask of him whether he has collected any hawks or owls for me. If so, take them from him, and place them in the general receptacle of 'pale-faced rum.' I think you have been very fortunate in securing so many of the white-winged cross-bills. Should you see any more pine grosbeaks, please save me a few *good skins*, and at least another pair in rum. When the spring returns you will have many opportunities of procuring rare birds of passage—curlews, sandpipers, etc.—or many curious land birds. Do not suffer your exertions to flag, and believe me when I assure you that every egg which I find shall be yours. My friend Bachman* has made you some requests, and I back them all. You will find him a zealous friend, and one able to serve you. Present my sincere good wishes to your family, and to Dr. S——, and to George Shattuck, and all others who are mutual friends, and believe me ever your most sincerely attached JOHN J. AUDUBON."

"CHARLESTON, *Feb.* 12, 1837.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Your last painful† letter reached me a few days ago, and I am sorry indeed to know that the valuable box of rare eggs was so shockingly abused and broken.....We are about to leave this for Pensacola in a few days, and there hope to meet

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* General Andrew Jackson.

* Dr. Bachman was then engaged in the preparation of a work on the quadrupeds of North America. It was afterward published in connection with Audubon.

† Reference is here made to the destruction of the valuable box of eggs mentioned in the preceding letter.

a revenue-cutter; but happen what may as regards this, we will proceed along the Gulf of Mexico to the confines of our frontiers, God willing. Every bird's egg procured by myself or party shall be preserved for you, and methinks that you will have a rare mess of these sent to you, probably from New Orleans, where I wish you to write to me, care of James Grimshaw, Esq. Continue, I pray you, to procure or purchase or beg for me birds in the flesh. I am glad Dr. Shattuck has paid you for the cask and expenses, and I wish you to ask him for whatever amounts you may disburse on my account. John Bachman wished to write to you on this sheet, and I therefore conclude this by wishing you health and prosperity. Please to present my best regards to your family, Dr. Shattuck, and other friends, and believe me your truly attached

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

The following letter briefly recapitulates the results of Mr. Audubon's expedition to the coasts of Louisiana and Texas, made in April and May, 1837. General Sam Houston was the President visited by Mr. Audubon, and this at about the time that Texas had been first recognized by the United States as an independent government.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *June* 12, 1837.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—My son and myself returned to this place from our Western expedition two days ago, and although fatigued to a greater degree than usual on such occasions, I have great pleasure in writing at once to you, and in giving you a very brief sketch of our proceedings during our past absence. We sailed from the mouth of the Mississippi on the 1st of April last, and shortly after anchored in Barataria Bay, or Lake. There we procured a few valuable specimens, amongst which were several fine white pelicans. We next anchored under the lee of other islands, following our course, and visiting each nook and harbor in succession, collecting at each place, until we at last anchored in Galveston Bay, in what is now called Texas, but which I can not yet refrain from calling Mexico. We saw much of that country, visiting its principal streams, bays, and its very capital. We saw the President and his whole Secretarial Ring.

"The weather during the principal portion of our absence was unusually cold, even for the season, and this gave us, perhaps, the very best opportunities ever afforded to any student of nature to observe the *inward* migrations of myriads of the birds that visit us from the south and west when the imperative laws of nature force them from their winter retreats toward other countries to multiply. To tell you all regarding this would be more by a thousand times than can be given in a letter written in haste, and I will therefore at once touch the spring with whose sound you are most in harmony. We procured many eggs for you—ay, a great number—and as soon as we reach New York I will make up a large box, and take it to you myself. With the exception of *Ardea exilis*, we have the eggs of every species of North American heron, brown pelicans in abundance, barn owls, marsh hawks, etc., etc. One thing that will interest you most, as it did me, is that we found west of the Mississippi many species of ducks breeding as contented as if in latitude 68° north. There is, after all, nothing like seeing things or countries to enable one to judge of their peculiarities, and I now feel satisfied that through the want of these means many erroneous notions remain in scientific works that can not otherwise be eradicated. We found not one new species, but the mass of observations that we have gathered connected with the ornithology of our country has, I think, never been surpassed. I feel myself now tolerably competent to give an essay on the geographical distribution of the feathered tribes of our dear country, and I promise that I will do so, with naught but facts and notes made on the very spot, and at the fitting time. I may safely say that we met the greater portion, in numbers, of the Mexican and West Indian species that select our Union and the Canadas for the purpose of reproduction; that we saw how each species seemed impelled toward certain parts, south, west, or north, or to remain to a certain extent resident.

"We returned to New Orleans ten days ago, and proceeded at once to this place by the mail *cart and coaches*. I must not forget to say to you that I had the good fortune to procure specimens of my 'CLIMBING RATTLESNAKE with DOUBLE *recurved fangs*,' which, I am told, will prove a new genus! and therefore the Messrs. Ord and Waterton—*good souls!*—will be perfectly delighted at the sight of this strange reptile.*

"I wish you to forward whatever you have collected, in rum, on my account, to Nicholas Berthoud, merchant, New York, by way of railcars and steamers, and not by sea. I will see you at Boston in the early part of July next; and now God bless you, my young and worthy friend. Please to call on Dr. Shattuck, and tell him of our safe return, with kind wishes to him and family. Remember me to the whole of yours, and believe me your sincerely attached friend and servant,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

The following is an extract from a long

* Mr. Audubon had been severely ridiculed for the statement that a rattlesnake had ever been found in the branches of a tree, and Ord, of Philadelphia, and Waterton, of England, had been prominent in these criticisms. This is the only instance in which, so far as I know, Mr. Audubon has ever referred to these writers, or to this controverted point in the history of the rattlesnake.

and carefully prepared series of suggestions for aiding Mr. Audubon in the procuring of examples, notes, etc., to be used by him in the preparation of the last volume of his great work:

"My young friend will oblige me much by attending to the following memorandums for the sake of his friend J. J. Audubon. To wit: I wish him to send me, through Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., of New York, all the observations he can make on the habits, etc., of all such species of birds as he may have had opportunity to study, and that are comprised in my three volumes of ornithological biographies. Also the close descriptions of nests and eggs which he may have identified, with the localities, situations, and dates. I wish him also to try to procure for me and preserve in rum the following species of birds, by pairs where possible, or at all events single.....

"Should any new species present itself, I would recommend its being placed in a bottle or jar, with memoranda of season, etc. I particularly wish him to have accurate drawings of all such birds' eggs as he may have or can procure that are not yet in my possession, recollecting that these drawings must be transmitted to me at London by the first day of April, 1838. And with my sincerest good wishes and esteem I wish him to consider me always as his friend and servant,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON.

"NEW YORK, *July* 13, 1837."

The following letter, dated London, September 14, 1837, after referring to the probable loss, by some unexplained cause, of a large portion of all his collections made in Texas, and the disappointment thereby occasioned to himself and others, adds:

"As to the drawings of eggs for me, I have only to repeat, have them drawn *correctly* by any one you may choose, and make such a bargain as you would make for yourself; but I beg of you to be prompt, as it is now well ascertained that my *engravings* will be finished by the middle of March. Birds in the flesh, and in rum, which you may be able to procure according to the list I gave you—their arrival in England by the 1st of May next will be in good time to answer my purposes. Only try to fill that list, if possible.

"I am ever exceedingly engaged in the arranging and preparing the matter for my fourth volume of text, which I think will prove more laborious than that of any of the preceding, as I have it in contemplation to revise in it all that I have hitherto published. Pray forward to me all your memoranda and observations connected with our birds, and also as complete a list of the birds of Massachusetts as you can obtain. Such a list will prove of great assistance to me in my paper on the geographical distribution of the birds of North America—the dates of their presence in your State, such as breed therein, and those that simply pass over, are all wanted. If I can have this by the 1st of April next in London, it will do.

"God bless you! J. J. A."

"LONDON, *Oct.* 29, 1837.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I have within the course of a fortnight been exceedingly pleased by the receiving of three letters from you, two containing much valuable information connected with several species of our birds, and the other six drawings of eggs, for the whole of which I truly thank you. I wrote to you about a fortnight ago, giving you notice that John Bethune, of Cambridge, will deliver to you a good number of very rare birds' eggs, but that the box containing all those collected during my last expedition to the Gulf of Mexico has never come to hand. I am delighted to see that you have procured specimens of our gannet,* as I think, if I get them here, I shall be able to prove our bird a distinct species from the *Sula bassana* of Europe. I authorize you to offer and to pay as much as *five dollars* for an old *raven*, in the flesh, and perfect as far as *internals* are concerned. European writers who a few years since were all agog to prove that our apparently analogous species were identical with those of Europe have suddenly 'faced about,' and pronounce our birds to be quite distinct species, and of course now say that our raven is indeed our raven! and all this because I proved that the *Corvus corone* of Europe existed not in America. All this induces the present *natural* student of nature to have his eyes and all his senses fully open, and to see into things further than we can into grindstones. Nuttall has procured *Picus audubonit* (a new species) in the full adult plumage, near Cambridge. Will you attend to this? The bird is a link between the downy and the hairy woodpeckers. It has a yellow upper head-dress. Its bill is rather curved in its upper mandible, and pointed at tip, as in the subgenus called *Colaptes*. Charles Bonaparte,‡ who has just this moment left me, has kindly proffered me his new North American species, and I hope to figure them all, thereby rendering my work the more complete, if not quite perfect, as far as truly well-known species are now thought to exist in the limits of our country, or indeed those of North America. Spare not money in the market if wanted to

* This letter is interesting as showing that his attention had been called to the supposed differences of nearly all our American species from the analogous forms of Europe. At present no specific distinctions are supposed to exist between our gannets and ravens and those of the Old World.

† *Picus audubonii* is not now recognized as a valid species, but only as a local variety of the hairy woodpecker.

‡ Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, a distinguished ornithologist.

procure specimens of all that may be rare, or perhaps new, and forward all you can, as you say you will do, in February next, as well as all the drawings of eggs in your possession that are not in mine. We are all well, and I would write much more were I not at present greatly pushed for time by the sailing of the packet, etc. God bless you and yours, and believe me ever your friend and servant,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

"LONDON, *Nov.* 18, 1837.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I have merely time allowed me to say that your last letter (October 12) has reached me, which contained much interesting matter, and the drawing of

THE AUDUBON HOMESTEAD.

the egg of the dusky grouse. I truly thank you for all this, but beg of you not to send drawings of anything by letter, on account of the exorbitant postages we have to pay on all such letters. Proceed, I pray you, with all possible industry, in procuring the birds of my list in rum. I hope you will have a pair of pied ducks (*Fuligula labradora*) for me. Send me all the drawings of eggs you can so that they reach me here by the 1st to 10th of March next. If the birds in rum arrive in London by the middle of April, it will do. I received a pair of new woodpeckers from Toronto,* in Canada, last week. Charles Bonaparte has given me to publish his new species. Edward Harris has sent me two new birds, and James Trudeau, M.D., has some for me now at Paris, procured in New Jersey since I left America. Thus I hope to see my work pretty well completed. I send you inclosed the copy of an advertisement of my work, which I wish you to hand over to our most generous friend George Parkman, Esq., M.D.,* and ask of him to have it inserted in one or more of the Boston newspapers as soon as convenient. And now excuse me for not writing more, as the packet is on the eve of sailing. Remember me kindly to your dear parents, and believe me your sincerely attached friend,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

"LONDON, *Dec.* 29, 1837.

"Your favor of the 22d of November last reached me a few days ago. I am truly much obliged to you for all your kind cares, and more especially for the drawings of the different species of eggs which I have received from you. I am now extremely engaged, morning, noon, and night, and must continue to be so until my work is quite finished; for I have just heard of something like about twenty species of new birds to our fauna being on their way from Dr. Townsend for me, all of which, should they reach me in safety, I will of course publish in my present fourth volume.

"Do not send me drawings of eggs by *letter*. Send your packages to N. Berthoud, and ask of him to send them by captains of London packets. The postages are very heavy these hard times, and I am not a *prince*.† I hope

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* Afterward described by Mr. Audubon as *Picus mariæ*, but not now recognized as a good species.

* Dr. George Parkman, whose tragic fate afterward made his name so sadly memorable, was one of Mr. Audubon's warmest and most generous friends.

† This was before the days of cheap postage, and when the charges on foreign letters were extortionate. It was also just when Audubon was meeting

that you will send me at least half a dozen of skins of the *Clangula vulgaris*,* or any resembling that bird, killed as late in the present winter or approach of spring as possible. This species lies in great darkness with most European ornithologists, and naught but clearly proved facts will satisfy the world."

"LONDON, *May* 26, 1838.

"Edward Harris, one of the best men of this world, reached our house yesterday at noon, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days and a few hours. He gave me your kind letter of the 1st inst., and as the *Sirius* leaves London to-day, I answer it at once. Do not fear, my dear friend, that I should ever blame you—nay, it is not in my nature to blame any one, least of all such a one as yourself, who has indeed done so much for me, and that, too, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. To have received the skins of the ducks in question would certainly have been pleasing to me; but who can perform impossibilities in the present age of non-miracles? I am glad that you have seen some of the plates of the rare species of birds which I have lately published, and I hope the long train of those which you have not yet looked at, because not in America as yet, will interest you equally. My illustrations will be finished on the 20th of next month, and the fourth volume of text shortly afterward. In the latter you will often see your own name quoted, and I trust not to your disadvantage. Your birds have arrived safely, and I have no doubt will answer all my expectations, but the pressure of business has prevented me thus late from examining them.

"How would you like to trip it over the Rocky Mountains next spring in company with Ed. Harris, Townsend, and about forty others? It would be a grand opportunity to study the rarest of our birds of that quarter, and also to procure their eggs. Harris tells me that such an expedition is now *on talk*, and that he feels quite anxious to join it. I wish that I were young again—how soon I would be ready! When I return to our beloved land, I intend to spend a full season about the lakes in Northern Vermont, for, from what I hear, much knowledge is to be acquired there and thereabouts.

"With kindest remembrances to your family and other friends, believe me truly yours,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

"EDINBURGH, *July* 19, 1838.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—You will oblige me greatly if, on the receipt of this, you would send me the exact dimensions of the eggs of the hermit thrush (*Turdus solitarius* of Wilson),* their description, that of their nests, and whatever you may know about this species, and the same as regards the tawny thrush (*Turdus mustelinus* of Wilson, but now *Turdus wilsonius* of Bonaparte Synopsis). Serious mistakes are now apparent in the history of these two species, which I am very desirous to correct in my appendix. Try to send your answer by the *Great Western* steamer, and address to No. 1 Wharton Place, Lauriston, Edinburgh. Should you have any new facts as regards the cow bunting, please send them also. John Bachman has been with us for about one week, but leaves to-day for London and the Continent. He is quite well, and we all join in best wishes to you and yours. In great haste, your sincere friend, JOHN J. AUDUBON.

"Should you have procured rare eggs this season, pray send me their measurement exact, and the descriptions of their colors and markings."

"NEW YORK, *Sept.* 15, 1839.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—This will be presented to you by Mr. Gibbs,† of South Carolina, who, besides being an excellent botanist, a friend of John Bachman, etc., is a most interesting and amiable person. I recommend this gentleman to your kind care. I thank you for your handsome notice of me in one of your city papers.‡ I have brought a box of eggs of birds from Edinburgh for you. It contains specimens of over seventy species. This I would have forwarded to you by Mr. Gibbs, but it is in a larger box, containing birds' skins and other matters, which I can not open at present, but I shall very soon, as we are going into a house where we will remain for some time.

"Now that I am about to commence the publication of the *Quadrupeds of North America*, I will expect your assistance in the procuring for me of all such subjects as may easily be obtained around you. John Bachman is about to give the whole of his collections and his notes to me; and as I intend to open a pretty general correspondence in different parts of the Union, I trust to be enabled to proceed roundly on this fresh undertaking. I should like to know whether you are likely to visit this city soon, as I have much more to say to you than would cover many, many sheets of paper. Let me know how your time is employed at present, or is likely to be taken up for two or three months. I should like to take

severe pecuniary disappointments and losses from the failure of subscribers.

* The golden-eyed or whistling duck. The American form is by some regarded as a distinct species from, but is very similar to, the European species.

* What was then known as the hermit thrush has been since ascertained to include three distinct species—the true hermit and the olive-backed thrushes (summer residents in Northern New England), and the *Turdus aliciæ*, an arctic species. The egg of the first-named only was then known by a single example in the writer's cabinet.

† Professor Lewis R. Gibbs.

‡ The Boston *Atlas*, of which paper the writer was an assistant editor.

a ramble with you along the borders of the famous lakes in New Hampshire, Vermont, etc., ere the winter sets in.

"My son Victor forwarded yesterday a parcel of my Synopsis of the Birds of our country to our bookseller at Boston, and as it is probable that some of your ornithological friends may need such a book, please to inform them of its existence. If you have it in your power to send me a list of the quadrupeds known to exist in Massachusetts, pray do so at your earliest convenience. Has your collection of eggs augmented much since I saw you, and do you still continue to collect such curiosities? How are the members of your family? What does the Natural History Society in the way of publications, collections, etc.? Do you see anything of novel occurrence in the way of birds nowadays? I wish to hear from you on all these subjects. Present my kindest regards to your family circle and all friends, and believe me to be sincerely yours,

"JOHN J. AUDUBON."

"NEW YORK, *April* 26, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter last evening, and now write to you in answer that, with God's will and fair weather, I will leave this for Boston on the 1st or 2d of May (next month), and you will oblige me greatly by writing the article that you so kindly promised to me when I saw you last time. I wish, should you speak of the little work on birds, that you would express *your surprise* at hearing that many of my subscribers were not willing to take the last few numbers, all of which are altogether filled with species not hitherto known, and first described by me. I have taken the liberty to name one of these birds after your good name, and I trust that you will look upon this as a memento of my constant good-wishes toward you and all of those who bear your dear name.

"With kind regards to all friends, believe me yours sincerely, JOHN J. AUDUBON."

This was the last letter the writer received from Mr. Audubon save an occasional brief note. Indeed, it was not long after its date that the mind of the great naturalist began to show symptoms of failing, and he to exhibit in his person the rapid changes wrought both in the physical and in the moral man by his long-continued and exhausting labors. Yet were his closing days calm, peaceful, and serene, only darkened by the clouds of successive bereavements caused by the death of several whom he dearly loved. The wife of his friend Dr. Bachman and her two daughters, the wives of his sons, were losses he keenly felt.

It was the writer's privilege to meet with his friend for the last time on the Fourth of July, 1846, in obedience to an urgent invitation to visit him "ere it should be too late," and to spend a day with him at his new home. This estate, called by him "Minnies-land" in honor of his cherished wife, was in the northwestern borders of New York city, on the banks of the Hudson. There it was my well-remembered privilege to spend a long summer's day in his venerable society. I found him in a retreat well worthy of so true a lover of nature. It was a truly lovely spot, on a well-wooded point running out into the river. His dwelling was a large old-fashioned wooden house, from the veranda of which was a fine view, looking both up and down the stream, and around the dwelling were grouped several fine old forest trees of beech and oak. The grounds were well stocked with pets of various kinds, both birds and beasts, while his wild feathered favorites, hardly less confiding, had their nests over his very doorway. Through the grounds ran a small rivulet, over which was a picturesque rural bridge.

The patriarch, then about sixty-six years old, had greatly changed since I had last seen him. He wore his hair longer, and it now hung down in locks of snowy whiteness over his shoulders. His once piercing gray eyes, though still bright, had already begun to fail him. He could no longer paint with his wonted accuracy, and had at last, most reluctantly, been forced to surrender to his sons the task of completing the illustrations to his *Quadrupeds of North America*. Surrounded by his large family, including his devoted wife, his two sons with their wives, and quite a troop of grandchildren, his enjoyment of life seemed to leave to him little to desire. He was very fond of the rising generation, and they were as devoted in their affectionate regards for him. He seemed to enjoy to the utmost each moment of time, content at last to submit to an inevitable and well-earned leisure, and to throw upon his gifted sons his uncompleted tasks. A pleasanter scene or a more interesting household it has never been the writer's good fortune to witness. Five years afterward the spirit of its great master had taken its final flight. The "American Woodsman," the unequalled painter, the gifted historian of nature, had died as he had lived, surrounded by all that

"should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

FLORA MACDONALD.

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES.

THE world, even in its hero worship, is a discriminating world. It indeed loves all greatness, but it dearly loves successful greatness; and it is not to the martyrs of "lost causes" that it sings anthems and erects monuments. Even among the ranks of this abortive chivalry it exercises a partial respect. The honorably born have more than their just share of honor thrust upon them; those of humbler birth are often mulcted of even that fair proportion which they have too well earned.

Such reflections as these, mingled perhaps with some indignation, must force themselves upon the hearts of all who stand once in a lifetime within the beautiful kirk-yard of Kilmuir, and look over the "cloudy seas" and the bold islands of the Hebrides. For here, on this lonely hill, without a stone to mark her grave, rests the bravest and the fairest of the Macdonalds: the devoted adherent of the Stuarts against the house of Hanover in England; the eager partisan of the house of Hanover against the colonists in America.

It was in 1853 I stood within the ruinous family mausoleum of the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh. Anxiously I pushed aside the high thistles to look for some remnant of a headstone that her sons had placed above her grave in 1790; but every particle had been carried away by admiring pilgrims, and its only guardian was the somewhat remarkable growth of Scotch thistles that not inappropriately shook over it their purple blooms.

"Why is there no monument to Lady Flora?" I asked of the "black Macdonald" who was our guide.

"Is it ta stone ye mean, ma'am? Ta daisies and ta thistles are a heap ponnier. Yes, inteet."

But, for all that, it was impossible to avoid contrasting this ruinous plot and its neglected grave with the splendid cathedral of S. Pietro, in Frascati, where in a coffin of cypress-wood, with the crown, sceptre, and sword of his race, rests the man whose life Flora Macdonald risked her own to save. For the Prince, the high altar of the cathedral, and a costly marble monument in St. Peter's, Rome; for the simple clanswoman, an unmarked grave on a Hebridean hill.

But though Lady Flora is gradually slipping out of history—in spite of Dr. Johnson's prophecy—there is a sentiment of admiration for her wonderful life and character which quietly passes on her name from generation to generation.

Flora Macdonald was born about the year 1720. She was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, one of the most remote of the Hebrides. Highland gentlewomen in those days received but a very limited education, but Flora inherited from a long line of martial ancestors an exalted sense of honor and loyalty, and a passionate bravery that was insensible to fear. In youth she must have been very lovely, for even Dr. Johnson—who hated a Jacobin—describes her as a woman of "middle stature, pleasing presence, and elegant behavior"; while Boswell more enthusiastically lauds her "air of high breeding and her gentle beauty."

Flora's father died when she was a child, and her mother, being young and handsome, was wooed by Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye. She declined his offer repeatedly, and at length the Highland chieftain resorted to a species of courtship not uncommon among those despotic lords—he carried off the lady by force, and married her. The union proved a very happy one, and Flora grew up to womanhood in the rugged, lonely fastnesses of Skye.

The great event of her early life was a year's visit to Macdonald of Largor, in Argyleshire—a Highland mansion little less lonely than that of Armadale, but still one in which all the elegancies of modern life had been adopted. This was about the year 1745—a year made memorable to Scotland by the coming of "bonnie Prince Charlie."

That branch of the Macdonald family to which Flora's own father belonged joined the Prince almost to a man. Macdonald of Armadale was more prudent. He foresaw from the first the failure of the enterprise, and though his heart was with the Stuart, he rendered a nominal adherence to King George, and was made commander of the royal militia raised in the neighborhood. He also had sufficient influence over Flora's brother, young Macdonald of Milton, to prevent him publicly joining the Stuart standard. Thus it will be seen that Flora's immediate relatives were not with the Prince, although the clan to which she belonged was fully committed to his cause.

Prince Charles landed in Scotland on the 19th of August, 1745, and was immediately joined by a band of Highlanders. With these he went southward, his small, irregular army being augmented gradually by adherents from Lowland and English Jacobite families. He took possession of Edinburgh, routed the royal

MAP OF THE HEBRIDES.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, FROM PORTRAIT BY LE TOCQUE, PARIS, 1748.

armies at Prestonpans and Falkirk, but at Culloden sustained such a terrible defeat that the only hope left him was to escape to France, and there endeavor to reorganize his plans.

The government, quite sensible of the validity of Charles's claims, set an enormous price upon his head, and inaugurated a tour of vengeance through the Highlands, which for barbarity is happily without any parallel in history. The outline of this tour, as given in the brutal publications of the times, consisted in sending strong parties of soldiers through the districts of the insurgent chiefs, "to burn all the houses, carry off all the cattle, and shoot every male that fled at their approach." But the filling up of this dreadful outline included starvation, murder, outrage, and a thousand horrors and crimes.

The battle of Culloden had been fought on the 16th of April, and before the 10th of June the task of desolation was complete. The Highland glens had been so depopulated that it was possible to travel for days together without meeting any sign of human life. Prince Charles, surrounded by enemies more savage than sleuth-hounds, assumed a humble disguise, and almost alone sailed in an open boat for the Hebrides, where, after many perilous adventures, he found a temporary refuge in South Uist, the Macdonalds of that sept, as before said, having been deeply engaged in the rebellion.

But it was at the best a refuge exposed to every misery and to every danger, and it was not long ere the government suspected his retreat. Then South Uist was so beset by sea and land that it was impossible for the Prince to move a mile in any direction without risk of being taken and slain, for orders to that effect had

been issued. Examining a map, it will be seen that the Hebrides extend in detached masses along the northwestern coast of Scotland for about one hundred and fifty miles. They are nearly all difficult of access, and present the wildest features of mountains, moors, and morasses. Lewis is the largest and most northerly, and southward of it lie North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, the last three so closely connected by small rocky islets that they are often spoken of collectively as the "Long Island." Opposite to South Uist lies Skye, the most important of the Hebrides, separated from "Long Island" by a strait forty miles across.

It was in this desolate land Prince Charles endured the utmost extent of human needs and suffering. Fleeing from island to island, crossing stormy straits in open boats, lurking in morasses and caves, hungry, cold, naked, seldom attended by more than one adherent, his brave young heart at length almost gave up the hope of eluding his enemies.

At this juncture he was in South Uist, with a faithful follower called O'Neil. He had been wandering between South Uist and Benbecula for ten days, often lurking within the sound of the voices of those who were hunting him. His case was desperate in the extreme. Then O'Neil discovered that Flora Macdonald was on a visit to her brother at Milton. He was slightly acquainted with the lady, and he determined to throw the Prince upon her generosity, and trust his safety to her good sense and courage.

In some way he obtained an interview with her. With all the passion and tenderness of a Celtic nature, O'Neil described Charles's distress and danger, and implored her aid. Flora wept at his recital, and agreed to visit the Prince, and arrange a plan for his escape. An interview was appointed on her brother's land in Benbecula; and with a faithful servant she managed to pass the little strait unseen and unchallenged. It is not difficult to imagine the desolate, storm-beaten rock, and in its rude Hebridean sheeling the royal wanderer and his faithful friend holding with the Highland maiden an anxious council of life and death.

Paul Delaroche has given the world a fine picture representing this meeting in the hut on Benbecula. It is generally described as "the last of the Stuarts dying of hunger, and supported by Flora Macdonald." But although there is some artistic license in this picture, it is very certain that if Flora had not then come to Charles's aid, he must have speedily died, either from exhaustion, or the swords of his enemies.

It was at length decided that Flora must find means to convey Prince Charles to her mother's house in Skye; and as Flora's step-father was then in command of the militia patrolling South Uist, she hoped to procure a pass to Skye which would include the Prince in some disguise or other.

As she was returning from this confer-

PRINCE CHARLES'S CAVE ON THE ISLE OF SKYE, WHERE HE HID BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR RAASAY.

ence she was met by a party of soldiers, and as she had no pass authorizing her visit to Benbecula, she was arrested and carried before the officer then on duty, who fortunately proved to be her step-father. No particulars of this interview have been preserved, but there is little doubt Macdonald of Armadale entered warmly into Flora's scheme; for he gave her at once a passport to her mother's house in Skye, which included her man-servant, Neil Mackeachen, and a *young Irishwoman called Betty Burke*, whom Macdonald specially recommended to his wife as "a good spinner of flax," and who was really Prince Charles in that character.

Flora then took her relative, Lady Clanranald, into her confidence, and with her help a proper dress and a small shallop were quickly prepared. Together they then cautiously visited the hut where Charles and O'Neil were anxiously waiting for some intelligence. When they entered it they found this handsome young heir of kings roasting the liver of a sheep upon a wooden spit. The whole party partook of it, Flora sitting on the Prince's right hand, and Lady Clanranald on his left.

While they were eating, Lady Clanranald was hastily called home by the intelligence that General Campbell, with a large force of soldiers, was seeking the Pretender at her house. She was questioned very strictly, and though she deluded the government at that time, both she and her husband subsequently suffered a long imprisonment for their kindness.

Wherries full of armed men patrolled the coast, and Charles was very thankful when the night permitted him to assume the quilted petticoat, coarse printed gown, and mantle of dun camlet peculiar to the Irish peasant girl. He had now also to part with his last follower, O'Neil, for Flora had taken as her guardian a relative of her own called Neil Mackeachen, or Macdonald. This Macdonald afterward escaped to France, and became the father of the famous Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, a soldier distinguished during the wars of Napoleon, and who, eighty years after this hazardous enterprise, visited the scenes which his relative's valor had made so memorable.

The night proved wet and tempestuous, and they had to wait among the rocks many hours before any opportunity of putting off presented itself. Even then the raging seas of those narrow straits threatened continually to swamp their little boat. When day dawned they were out of sight of land, and had no means of knowing in what part of the Hebrides they were. When they did reach the shores of Skye, they found them lined with militia, who, on their refusal to land, pursued them with a deadly rain of bullets.

At length, after severe fatigue and exposure, a landing was effected on the northern extremity of Skye, where Sir Alexander Macdonald had a seat. Flora wisely left the Prince in hiding, and went with her supposed servant to reconnoitre. It was well she did so. There were several British officers in the house, but she managed, with great presence of mind, to converse merrily with them on topics quite foreign to the matter which filled her heart and thoughts.

Lady Macdonald, a true Jacobite at heart, was soon informed how affairs stood, and not daring herself to leave the house, she sent her relative, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, to succor the Prince. He gladly carried the fugitive wine and food, and then took him home to his own house. The lady of Kingsburgh was at first greatly alarmed at the guest her husband brought her. "The Prince!" she screamed; "then we'll be a' hanged noo."

"Hout! tout! We can die but ance, an' we couldna die in a better cause. Gang awa' an' mak' haste wi' the supper for his Royal Highness," answered the old gentleman, gallantly.

The good lady needed little persuasion; she was "for Prince Charlie" as heartily as any of the Macdonalds, and Charles enjoyed under her roof such a supper and such a bed as he had long been a stranger to. Flora arrived at Kingsburgh as soon as it was possible to do so without arousing the suspicion of the officers who were at Lady Macdonald's, and the next morning the little party, guided by Kingsburgh, proceeded to walk across the island to Portree, where they hoped to find friends and a boat to convey Charles to Raasay—a little island between Skye and the mainland of Scotland, that offered many advantages for future safety.

When Charles left Kingsburgh there was a very touching scene between its mistress and her Prince. She arranged

DUNFUILEN CASTLE, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE MACDONALDS IN SKYE.

his disguise with the lingering fondness and devotion of a mother, and after she had watched him out of sight, went weeping up stairs, and folding the sheets in which he had lain, declared that no hand should touch them until her death, when they should be used as her winding-sheet. She gave one of them subsequently to Flora, for the same solemn purpose, and in all her American straits and wanderings it was carefully preserved.

At Portree, Charles found faithful friends eager to help him, and here, therefore, Flora took a final farewell of one whom she had gladly risked her life to save. "For all that has happened, madam," said Charles, tenderly and respectfully saluting her—"for all that has happened, I hope yet we shall meet in St. James's."

Flora returned quietly home, and waited anxiously the result of her efforts. She was aware that sooner or later suspicion would be aroused, and indeed she had scarcely arrived at home when she was arrested and conveyed on board a ship of war. Led from place to place, she was at length taken to Leith, where she remained two months. Though not allowed to land, the commodore treated her with all the deference due to her heroic character, and the noblest Jacobin ladies of Edinburgh and its vicinity constantly visited her.

Her behavior during this trying time is the subject of encomiums from people of all classes and political opinions. She was calm and cheerful, but refused to dance "till assured of the Prince's safety"; and a clergyman of Leith, writing of her, says: "Although easy and cheerful, she had a certain gravity in her manner which well became her situation. She had a sweet voice, and sang well; and no lady Edinburgh bred could acquit herself better. Her wise conduct, fortitude, and good sense are the more memorable because allied with years tender and inexperienced."

At length she was put on board the *Royal Sovereign*, and it sailed at once for London. Arrived there, the gates of the gloomy Tower opened at once for the noble Highland maiden.

But her fame had preceded her, and the government did not think it prudent to deal too harshly with one whom the public had not only forgiven, but determined to honor. Her room in the Tower became a kind of court, where all that was noble and great came to do her homage; and there is no doubt her modest yet enthusiastic advocacy of the Highland people did much to soften the rigor of the persecution against them.

Indeed, Frederick the Prince of Wales was so impressed by her character and views that he not only exerted himself to

procure her liberation, but also that of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and of Malcolm Macleod of Gallingal, who had acted as Prince Charles's guide after Flora left him at Portree.

Flora remained in the Tower from the 6th of December until the following July; and after her discharge she staid as a guest with Lady Primrose for some time. Lord Mahon says that during this visit her admirers presented her with a purse of £1500. At its close, Lady Primrose sent her back to Scotland in a post-chaise, and desired her to name any friend whom she wished to escort her. She chose Malcolm Macleod, and he was greatly elated at her preference.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted; "I cam' to London to be hangit, an' I'm going back in a post-chaise wi' Miss Flory Macdonald!"

On her return to Skye she was married to young Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and on the death of his father became the lady of Kingsburgh. But the estate was greatly impoverished by war, fines, and unstinted hospitality, and when all hopes of the Stuarts' return had to be abandoned, Flora and her husband resolved to emigrate to the Carolinas. It was at this time they had a visit from Dr. Johnson, and it is very amusing to find Flora writing to a friend two weeks before it, saying, "I am expecting from the mainland Mr. Boswell, and one Mr. Johnson, a *gay young English buck*, with him."

The Macdonalds settled near Halifax, in North Carolina, and seem to have been regarded as the head of a large Scotch emigration scattered around that vicinity. Unfortunately the Revolutionary war broke out before they had become attached to their new home, and Macdonald, who had given his allegiance to the house of Hanover when Charles's cause became dead and hopeless, transferred with it the rigid loyalty that had been so marked a characteristic of his race. A soldier of a long line of soldiers, and an intense partisan of royalty, he was quite unable to sympathize with republican ideas, or to see any reason in popular rights.

He raised first the royal or Tory standard in the Carolinas, and, it is said, was urged into active warfare by his wife. A regiment of Highlanders, known as the Eighty-fourth, was formed, Flora's husband being its colonel, and her eldest son, a lad of sixteen, one of its captains. The first fight between it and the colonists took place at Moore's Creek, February 27, 1776. Early at daybreak the shrill notes of the bagpipes called the Highlandmen to battle, but Macdonald was seriously ill, and had to depute the command to Macleod and Campbell. Both were killed at the very first onset, and the battle—which was the initial one of the Revolution in North Carolina—was a brilliant victory for the colonists under Generals Moore and Caswell.

After the battle of Moore's Creek, Flora's husband remained some time a prisoner in Halifax jail, and on his release served with his regiment in Canada. During these years Flora endured many hardships, and at the close of the war General Macdonald retired on half-pay, and they returned to their home in the barren, cloudy mountains of Skye.

Their journey homeward was not uneventful. They were attacked by a French privateer, and a severe conflict took place. Flora remained on deck during the whole battle, succoring and stimulating the sailors by her heroic speeches and behavior. Her foot slipped in the blood which covered the deck, and she fell and broke her arm; but not even this calamity induced her to leave the scene until satisfied that her services were no longer needed.

She rejoiced greatly to be once again in the wild desolate freedom of the Hebrides, and she never more left them. As a wife she had shared all her husband's dangers and labors; as a mother she strove with a passionate earnestness to make her five sons worthy of their illustrious name. Every one of them became soldiers. Charles, the eldest, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name," said Lord Macdonald, when he saw him lowered into the grave. Alexander, also an officer, was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, famous for his handsome person and elegant manners, had a professional character equal to his personal one, and was a captain of marines; James was an officer in the British Legion; and John, the youngest, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Flora retained to the last her beauty, her vivacity, and her spirit. She died on the 5th of March, 1790, at the age of seventy years. Her winding-sheet was actually one of those in which Prince Charles had slept at Kingsburgh.

I HAD started early in the afternoon for a long walk; it was just the weather for walking, and I went across the fields with a delighted heart. The wind came straight in from the sea, and the sky was bright blue; there was a little tinge of red still lingering on the maples, and my dress brushed over the late golden-rods, while my old dog, which seemed to have taken a new lease of youth, jumped about wildly, and raced after the little birds that flew up out of the long brown grass—the constant little chickadees, that would soon sing before the coming of snow. But this day brought no thought of winter; it was one of the October days, when to breathe the air is like drinking wine, and every touch of the wind against one's face is a caress: like a quick, sweet kiss, that wind is. You have a sense of companionship; it is a day that loves you.

I went strolling along, with this dear idle day for company; it was a pleasure to be alive, and to go through the dry grass, and to spring over the stone walls and the shaky pasture fences. I stopped by each of the stray apple-trees that came in my way, to make friends with it, or to ask after its health, if it were an old friend. These old apple-trees make very charming bits of the world in October; the leaves cling to them later than to the other trees, and the turf keeps short and green underneath; and in this grass, which was frosty in the morning, and has not quite dried yet, you can find some cold little cider apples, with one side knurly, and one shiny bright red or yellow cheek. They are wet with dew, these little apples, and a black ant runs anxiously over them when you turn them round and round to see where the best place is to bite. There will almost always be a bird's nest in the tree, and it is most likely to be a robin's nest. The prehistoric robins must have been cave-dwellers, for they still make their nests as much like cellars as they can, though they follow the new fashion, and build them aloft. One always has a thought of spring at the sight of a robin's nest. It is so little while ago that it was spring, and we were so glad to have the birds come back, and the life of the new year was just showing itself; we were looking forward to so much growth and to the realization and perfection of so many things. I think the sadness of autumn, or the pathos of it, is like that of elderly people. We have seen how the flowers looked when they bloomed, and have eaten the fruit when it was ripe; the questions have had their answer, the days we waited for have come and gone. Everything has stopped growing. And so the children have grown to be men and women, their lives have been lived, the autumn has come. We have seen what our lives would be like when we were older; success or disappointment, it is all over at any rate. Yet it only makes one sad to think it is autumn with the flowers or with one's own life, when one forgets that always and always there will be the spring again.

I am very fond of walking between the roads. One grows so familiar with the highways themselves. But once cross the fence, and there are a hundred roads that you can take, each with its own scenery and entertainment. Every walk of this kind proves itself a tour of exploration and discovery, and the fields of my own town, which I think I know so well, are always new fields. I find new ways to go, new sights to see, new friends among the things that grow, and new treasures and pleasures every summer; and later, when the frosts have come and the swamps have frozen, I can go everywhere I like all over my world.

That afternoon I found something I had never seen before—a little grave alone in a wide pasture which had once been a field. The nearest house was at least two miles away, but by hunting for it I found a very old cellar, where the child's home must have been, not very far off, along the slope. It must have been a great many years ago that the house had stood there; and the small slate head-stone was worn away by the rain and wind, so there was nothing to be read, if indeed there had ever been any letters on it. It had looked many a storm in the face, and many a red sunset. I suppose the woods near by had grown and been cut, and grown again, since it was put there. There was an old sweet-brier bush growing on the short little grave, and in the grass underneath I found a ground-sparrow's nest. It was like a little neighborhood, and I have felt ever since as if I belonged to it; and I wondered then if one of the young ground-sparrows was not always sent to take the nest when the old ones were done with it,

so they came back in the spring year after year to live there, and there were always the stone and the sweet-brier bush and the birds to remember the child. It was such a lonely place in that wide field under the great sky, and yet it was so comfortable well, and next year I shall go to see the sweet-brier bush when it is in bloom. God knows what use that life was, the grave is such a short one, and nobody knows whose little child it was; but perhaps a thousand people in the world to-

THE LONELY GRAVE.

too; but the sight of the little grave at first touched me strangely, and I tried to picture to myself the procession that came out from the house the day of the funeral, and I thought of the mother in the evening after all the people had gone home, and how she missed the baby, and kept seeing the new grave out here in the twilight as she went about her work. I suppose the family moved away, and so all the rest were buried elsewhere.

I often think of this place, and I link it in my thoughts with something I saw once in the water when I was out at sea: a little boat that some child had lost, that had drifted down the river and out to sea: too long a voyage, for it was a sad little wreck, with even its white sail of a hand-breadth half under water, and its twine rigging trailing astern. It was a silly little boat, and no loss, except to its owner, to whom it had seemed as brave and proud a thing as any ship of the line to you and me. It was a shipwreck of his small hopes, I suppose, and I can see it now, the toy of the great winds and waves, as it floated on its way, while I sailed on mine, out of sight of land.

The little grave is forgotten by everybody but me, I think: the mother must have found the child again in heaven a very long time ago: but in the winter I shall wonder if the snow has covered it day are better because it brought a little love into the world that was not there before.

I sat so long here in the sun that the dog, after running after all the birds, and even chasing crickets, and going through a great piece of affectation in barking before an empty woodchuck's hole to kill time, came to sit patiently in front of me, as if he wished to ask when I would go on. I had never been in this part of the pasture before. It was at one side of the way I usually took, so presently I went on to find a favorite track of mine, half a mile to the right, along the bank of a brook. There had been heavy rains the week before, and I found more water than usual running, and the brook was apparently in a great hurry. It was very quiet along the shore of it; the frogs had long ago gone into winter-quarters, and there was not one to splash into the water when he saw me coming. I did not see a musk-rat either, though I knew where their holes were by the piles of fresh-water mussel shells that they had untidily thrown out at their front door. I thought it might be well to hunt for mussels myself, and crack them in search of pearls, but it was too serene and beautiful a day. I was not willing to disturb the comfort of even a shell-fish. It was one of the days when one does not think of being

"THE HOUSE WAS LOW AND LONG."

tired: the scent of the dry everlasting, and the freshness of the wind, and the cawing of the crows, all come to me as I think of it, and I remember that I went a long way before I began to think of going home again. I knew I could not be far from a cross-road, and when I climbed a low hill I saw a house which I was glad to make the end of my walk—for a time, at any rate. It was some time since I had seen the old woman who lived there, and I liked her dearly, and was sure of a welcome. I went down through the pasture lane, and just then I saw my father drive away up the road, just too far for me to make him hear when I called. That seemed too bad at first, until I remembered that he would come back again over the same road after a while, and in the mean time I could make my call. The house was low and long and unpainted, with a great many frost-bitten flowers about it. Some hollyhocks were bowed down despairingly, and the morning-glory vines were more miserable still. Some of the smaller plants had been covered to keep them from freezing, and were braving out a few more days, but no shelter would avail them much longer. And already nobody minded whether the gate was shut or not, and part of the great flock of hens were marching proudly about among the wilted posies, which they had stretched their necks wistfully through the fence for all summer. I heard the noise of spinning in the house, and my dog scurried off after the cat as I went in the door. I saw Miss Polly Marsh and her sister, Mrs. Snow, stepping back and forward together spinning yarn at a pair of big wheels. The wheels made such a noise with their whir and creak, and my friends were talking so fast as they twisted and turned the yarn, that they did not hear my footstep, and I stood in the doorway watching them, it was such a quaint and pretty sight. They went together like a pair of horses, and kept step with each other to and fro. They were about the same size, and were cheerful old bodies, looking a good deal alike, with their checked handkerchiefs over their smooth gray hair, their dark gowns made short in the skirts, and their broad little feet in gray stockings and low leather shoes without heels. They stood so straight, and though they were quick at their work, they moved stiffly; they were talking busily about some one.

"I could tell by the way the doctor

"I STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

looked that he didn't think there was much of anything the matter with her," said Miss Polly Marsh. "'You needn't tell me,' says I, the other day, when I see him at Miss Martin's. 'She'd be up and about this minute if she only had a mite o' resolution;' and says he, 'Aunt Polly, you're as near right as usual';" and the old lady stopped to laugh a little. "I told him that wa'n't saying much," said she, with an evident consciousness of the underlying compliment and the doctor's good opinion. "I never knew one of that tribe that hadn't a queer streak and wasn't shif'less; but they're tougher than ellum roots;" and she gave the wheel an emphatic turn, while Mrs. Snow reached for more rolls of wool, and happened to see me.

"Wherever did you come from?" said they, in great surprise. "Why, you wasn't anywhere in sight when I was out speaking to the doctor," said Mrs. Snow. "Oh, come over horseback, I suppose. Well, now, we're pleased to see ye."

"No," said I, "I walked across the fields. It was too pleasant to stay in the house, and I haven't had a long walk for some time before." I begged them not to stop spinning, but they insisted that they should not have turned the wheels a half-dozen times more, even if I had not come, and they pushed them back to the wall before they came to sit down to talk with me over their knitting—for neither of them was ever known to be idle. Mrs. Snow was only there for a visit; she was a widow, and lived during most of the year with her son; and Aunt Polly was at home but seldom herself, as she was a famous nurse, and so was often in demand all through that part of the country. I had known her all my days. Everybody was fond of the good soul, and she had been one of the most useful women in the world. One of my pleasantest memories is of a long but not very painful illness one winter, when she came to take care of me. There was no end either to her stories or her kindness. I was delighted to find her at home that afternoon, and Mrs. Snow also.

Aunt Polly brought me some of her gingerbread, which she knew I liked, and a stout little yellow pitcher of milk, and we sat there together for a while, gossiping and enjoying ourselves. I told all the village news that I could think of, and I was just tired enough to know it, and to be contented to sit still for a while in the comfortable three-cornered chair by the little front window. The October sunshine lay along the clean kitchen floor, and Aunt Polly darted from her chair occasionally to catch stray little wisps of wool which the breeze through the door blew along from the wheels. There was

a gay string of red peppers hanging over the very high mantel-shelf, and the woodwork in the room had never been painted, and had grown dark brown with age and smoke and scouring. The clock ticked solemnly, as if it were a judge giving the laws of time, and felt itself to be the only thing that did not waste it. There was a bouquet of asparagus and some late sprigs of larkspur and white petunias on the table underneath, and a Leavitt's Almanac lay on the county paper, which was itself lying on the big Bible, of which Aunt Polly made a point of reading two chapters every day in course. I remember her saying, despairingly, one night, half to herself, "I don' know but I may skip the Chronicles next time," but I have never to this day believed that she did. They asked me at once to come into the best room, but I liked the old kitchen best. "Who was it you were talking about as I came in?" said I. "You said you didn't believe there was much the matter with her." And Aunt Polly clicked her knitting-needles faster, and told me that it was Mary Susan Ash, over by Little Creek.

"They're dreadful nervous, all them Ashes," said Mrs. Snow. "You know young Joe Adams's wife, over our way, is a sister to her, and she's forever a-doctorin'. Poor fellow! *he's* got a drag. I'm real sorry for Joe; but, land sakes alive! he might 'a known better. They said she had an old green bandbox with a gingham cover, that was stowed full o' bottles, that she moved with the rest of her things when she was married, besides some she car'd in her hands. I guess she ain't in no more hurry to go than any of the rest of us. I've lost every mite of patience with her. I was over there last week one day, and she'd had a call from the new supply—you know Adams's folks is Methodists—and he was took in by her. She made out she'd got the consumption, and she told how many complaints she had, and what a sight o' medicine she took, and she groaned and sighed, and her voice was so weak you couldn't more than just hear it. I stepped right into the bedroom after he'd been prayin' with her, and was taking leave. You'd thought, by what he said, she was going right off then. She was coughing dreadful hard, and I knew she hadn't no more cough than I had. So says I, 'What's the matter, Adaline? I'll get ye a drink of water. Something in your throat, I s'pose. I hope you won't go and get cold, and have a cough.' She looked as if she could 'a bit me, but I was just as pleasant 's could be. Land! to see her laying there, I suppose the poor young fellow thought she was all gone. He meant well. I wish he had seen her eating apple-dumplings for dinner. She felt better 'long in the first o' the afternoon before he come. I says to her, right before him, that I guessed the dumplings did her good, but she never made no answer. She will have these dyin' spells. I don't know 's she can help it, but she needn't act as if it was a credit to anybody to be sick and laid up. Poor Joe, he come over for me last week another day, and said she'd been havin' spasms, and asked me if there wa'n't something I could think of. 'Yes,' says I; 'you just take a pail o' stone-cold water, and throw it square into her face; that 'll bring her out of it;' and he looked at me a minute, and then he burst out a-laughing—he couldn't help it. He's too good to her; that's the trouble."

"You never said that to her about the dumplings?" said Aunt Polly, admiringly. "Well, *I* shouldn't ha' dared;" and she rocked and knitted away faster than ever, while we all laughed. "Now with Mary Susan it's different. I suppose she does have the neurology, and she's a poor broken-down creature. I do feel for her more than I do for Adaline. She was always a willing girl, and she worked herself to death, and she can't help these notions, nor being an Ash neither."

"I'm the last one to be hard on anybody that's sick and in trouble," said Mrs. Snow.

"Bless you, she set up with Ad'line herself three nights in one week, to my knowledge. It's more'n I would do," said Aunt Polly, as if there were danger that I should think Mrs. Snow's kind heart to be made of flint.

"It ain't what I call watching," said she, apologetically. "We both doze off, and then when the folks come in in the morning she'll tell what a sufferin' night she's had. She likes to have it said she has to have watchers."

"It's strange what a queer streak there is running through the whole of 'em," said Aunt Polly, presently. "It always was so, far back's you can follow 'em. Did you ever hear about that great-uncle of theirs that lived over to the other side o' Denby, over to what they call the Denby Meadows? We had a cousin o' my

father's that kept house for him (he was a single man), and I spent most of a summer and fall with her once when I was growing up. She seemed to want company: it was a lonesome sort of a place."

"There! I don't know when I have thought o' that," said Mrs. Snow, looking much amused. "What stories you did use to tell, after you come home, about the way he used to act! Dear sakes! she used to keep us laughing till we was tired. Do tell her about him, Polly; she'll like to hear."

"Well, I've forgot a good deal about it: you see, it was much as fifty years ago. I wasn't more than seventeen or eighteen year old. He was a very respectable man, old Mr. Dan'el Gunn was, and a cap'n in the militia in his day. Cap'n Gunn, they always called him. He was well off, but he got sun-struck, and never was just right in his mind afterward. When he was getting over his sickness after the stroke he was very wandering, and at last he seemed to get it into his head that he was his own sister Patience that died some five or six years before: she was single too, and she always lived with him. They said when he got so's to sit up in his arm-chair of an afternoon, when he was getting better, he fought 'em dreadfully because they fetched him his own clothes to put on: he said they was brother Dan'el's clothes. So, sure enough, they got out an old double gown, and let him put it on, and he was as peaceable as could be. The doctor told 'em to humor him, but they thought it was a fancy he took, and he would forget it; but the next day he made 'em get the double gown again, and a cap too, and there he used to set up alongside of his bed as prim as a dish. When he got round again so he could set up all day, they thought he wanted the dress; but no; he seemed to be himself, and had on his own clothes just as usual in the morning; but when he took his nap after dinner and waked up again, he was in a dreadful frame o' mind, and had the trousers and coat off in no time, and said he was Patience. He used to fuss with some knitting-work he got hold of somehow; he was good-natured as could be, and sometimes he would make 'em fetch him the cat, because Patience used to have a cat that set in her lap while she knit. I wasn't there then, you know, but they used to tell me about it. Folks used to call him Miss Dan'el Gunn.

"He'd been that way some time when I went over. I'd heard about his notions, and I was scared of him at first, but I found out there wasn't no need. Don't you know I was sort o' 'fraid to go, 'Lizabeth, when Cousin Statiry sent for me after she went home from that visit she made here? She'd told us about him, but sometimes, 'long at the first of it, he used to be cross. He never was after I went there. He was a clever, kind-hearted man, if ever there was one," said Aunt Polly, with decision. "He used to go down to the corner to the store sometimes in the morning, and he would see to business. And before he got feeble sometimes he would work out on the farm all the morning, stiddy as any of the men; but after he come in to dinner he would take off his coat, if he had it on, and fall asleep in his arm-chair, or on a l'unge there was in his bedroom, and when he waked up he would be sort of bewildered for a while, and then he'd step round quick's he could, and get his dress out o' the clothes-press, and the cap, and put 'em on right over the rest of his clothes. He was always small-featured and smooth-shaved, and I don' know, as to come in sudden, you would have thought he was a man, except his hair stood up short and straight all on the top of his head, as men-folks had a fashion o' combing their hair then, and I must say he did make a dreadful ordinary-looking woman. The neighbors got used to his ways, and, land! I never thought nothing of it after the first week or two.

"His sister's clothes that he wore first was too small for him, and so my cousin Statiry, that kep' his house, she made him a linsey-woolsey dress with a considerable short skirt, and he was dreadful pleased with it, she said, because the other one never would button over good, and showed his wais'coat, and she and I used to make him caps; he used to wear the kind all the old women did then, with a big crown, and close round the face. I've got some laid away up stairs now that was my mother's—she wore caps very young, mother did. His nephew that lived with him carried on the farm, and managed the business, but he always treated the cap'n as if he was head of everything there. Everybody pitied the cap'n; folks respected him; but you couldn't help laughing, to save ye. We used to try to keep him in afternoons, but we couldn't always."

"Tell her about that day he went to meeting," said Mrs. Snow.

"Why, one of us always used to stay to home with him; we took turns; and somehow or 'nother he never offered to go, though by spells he would be constant to meeting in the morning. Why, bless you, you never'd think anything ailed him a good deal of the time, if you saw him before noon, though sometimes he would be peaky, and hide himself in the barn, or go over in the woods, but we always kept an eye on him. But this Sunday there was going to be a great occasion. Old Parson Croden was going to preach; he was thought more of than anybody in this region: you've heard of him a good many times, I s'pose. He was getting to be old, and didn't preach much. He had a colleague, they set so much by him in his parish, and I didn't know's I'd ever get another chance to hear him, so I didn't want to stay to home, and neither did Cousin Statiry; and Jacob Gunn, old Mr. Gunn's nephew, he said it might be the last time ever he'd hear Parson Croden, and he set in the seats anyway; so we talked it all over, and we got a young boy to come and set 'long of the cap'n till we got back. He hadn't offered to go anywhere of an afternoon for a long time. I s'pose he thought women ought to be stayers at home.

"AND I HAPPENED TO LOOK DOWN THE AISLE."

"Parson Ridley—his wife was a niece to old Dr. Croden—and the old doctor they was up in the pulpit, and the choir was singing the first hymn—it was a fuguing tune, and they was doing their best: seems to me it was 'Canterbury New.' Yes, it was; I remember I thought how splendid it sounded, and Jacob Gunn he was a-leading off; and I happened to look down the

aisle, and who should I see but the poor old cap'n in his cap and gown parading right into meeting before all the folks! There! I wanted to go through the floor. Everybody 'most had seen him at home, but, my goodness! to have him come into meeting!"

"What *did* you do?" said I.

"Why, nothing," said Miss Polly; "there was nothing *to* do. I thought I should faint away; but I called Cousin Statiry's 'tention, and she looked dreadful put to it for a minute; and then says she, 'Open the door for him; I guess he won't make no trouble,' and, poor soul, he didn't. But to see him come up the aisle! He'd fixed himself nice as he could, poor creatur; he'd raked out Miss Patience's old Navarino bonnet with green ribbons and a willow feather, and set it on right over his cap, and he had her bead bag on his arm, and her turkey-tail fan that he'd got out of the best room; and he come with little short steps up to the pew; and I s'posed he'd set by the door; but no, he made to go by us, up into the corner where she used to set, and took her place, and spread his dress out nice, and got his handkerchief out o' his bag, just's he'd seen her do. He took off his bonnet all of a sudden, as if he'd forgot it, and put it under the seat, like he did his hat—that was the only thing he did that any woman wouldn't have done—and the crown of his cap was bent some. I thought die I should. The pew was one of them up aside the pulpit, a square one, you know, right at the end of the right-hand aisle, so I could see the length of it and out of the door, and there stood that poor boy we'd left to keep the cap'n company, looking as pale as ashes. We found he'd tried every way to keep the old gentleman at home, but he said he got f'erce as could be, so he didn't dare to say no more, and Cap'n Gunn drove him back twice to the house, and that's why he got in so late. I didn't know but it was the boy that had set him on to go to meeting when I see him walk in, and I could 'a wrung his neck; but I guess I misjudged him; he was called a stiddy boy. He married a daughter of Ichabod Pinkham's over to Oak Plains, and I saw a son of his when I was taking care of Miss West last spring through that lung fever—looked like his father. I wish I'd thought to tell him about that Sunday. I heard he was waiting on that pretty Becket girl, the orphan one that lives with Nathan Becket. Her father and mother was both lost at sea, but she's got property."

"What did they say in church when the captain came in, Aunt Polly?" said I.

"Well, a good many of them laughed—they couldn't help it, to save them; but the cap'n he was some hard o' hearin', so he never noticed it, and he set there in the corner and fanned him, as pleased and satisfied as could be. The singers they had the worst time, but they had just come to the end of a verse, and they played on the instruments a good while in between, but I could see 'em shake, and I s'pose the tune did stray a little, though they went through it well. And after the first fun of it was over, most of the folks felt bad. You see, the cap'n had been very much looked up to, and it was his misfortune, and he set there quiet, listening to the preaching. I see some tears in some o' the old folks' eyes: they hated to see him so broke in his mind, you know. There was more than usual of 'em out that day; they knew how bad he'd feel if he realized it. A good Christian man he was, and dreadful proud, I've heard 'em say."

"Did he ever go again?" said I.

"I seem to forget," said Aunt Polly. "I dare say. I wasn't there but from the last of June into November, and when I went over again it wasn't for three years, and the cap'n had been dead some time. His mind failed him more and more along at the last. But I'll tell you what he did do, and it was the week after that very Sunday, too. He heard it given out from the pulpit that the Female Missionary Society would meet with Mrs. William Sands the Thursday night o' that week—the sewing society, you know; and he looked round to us real knowing, and Cousin Statiry, says she to me, under her bonnet, 'You don't s'pose he'll want to go?' and I like to have laughed right out. But sure enough he did, and what do you suppose but he made us fix over a handsome black watered silk for him to wear, that had been his sister's best dress. He said he'd outgrown it dreadful quick. Cousin Statiry she wished to heaven she'd thought to put it away, for Jacob had given it to her, and she was meaning to make it over for herself; but it didn't do to cross the cap'n, and Jacob Gunn gave Statiry another one—the best he could get, but it wasn't near so good a piece, she thought. He set everything by Statiry, and so did the cap'n, and well they might.

"We hoped he'd forget all about it the next day; but he didn't; and I always thought well of those ladies, they treated him so handsome, and tried to make him enjoy himself. He did eat a great supper; they kep' a-piling up his plate with everything. I couldn't help wondering if some of 'em would have put themselves out much if it had been some poor flighty old woman. The cap'n he was as polite as could be, and when Jacob come to walk home with him he kissed 'em all round and asked 'em to meet at his house. But the greatest was—land! I don't know when I've thought so much about those times—one afternoon he was setting at home in the keeping-room, and Statiry was there, and Deacon Abel Pinkham stopped in to see Jacob Gunn about building some fence, and he found he'd gone to mill, so he waited awhile, talking friendly, as they expected Jacob might be home; and the cap'n was as pleased as could be, and he urged the deacon to stop to tea. And when he went away, says he to Statiry, in a dreadful knowing way, 'Which of us do you consider the deacon come to see?' You see, the deacon was a widower. Bless you! when I first come home I used to set everybody laughing, but I forget most of the things now. There was one day, though—"

"Here comes your father," said Mrs. Snow. "Now we mustn't let him go by, or you'll have to walk 'way home." And Aunt Polly hurried out to speak to him, while I took my great bunch of goldenrod, which already drooped a little, and followed her, with Mrs. Snow, who confided to me that the captain's nephew Jacob had offered to Polly that summer she was over there, and she never could see why she didn't have him: only love goes where it is sent, and Polly wasn't one to marry for what she could get if she didn't like the man. There was plenty that would have said yes, and thank you too, sir, to Jacob Gunn.

That was a pleasant afternoon. I reached home when it was growing dark and chilly, and the early autumn sunset had almost faded out in the west. It was a much longer way home around by the road than by the way I had come across the fields.

A DEMON-HUNT WITH ST. HUBERT IN TOURAINE.

ST. MARTIN, on horseback, with his sword dividing his superb cloak to give half to the beggar, was a handwriting on the walls of mediæval ferocity; it is a crumbling sculpture on the walls of Touraine, barely surviving its original sense of the war-god Mars converted to charity.

Equally symbolical was once the figure of St. Hubert kneeling before the stag, which turns upon him, its pursuer, and shows a crucifix between its antlers. This is the conversion of the mediæval huntsmen, who rode roughshod over the peasantry.

These legends have undergone strange metamorphoses in their migrations. In a large part of Germany St. Martin has become invested with the myth of the Wild Huntsman, who is frequently called Junker Martin. They even call certain little twisted cakes Martin's-horns, the allusion having originally been to the chamois which Martin was supposed to hunt. Hubert, migrating through France, became also a phantasmal huntsman. That was the inevitable result of Hubert's having been adopted as the patron saint of the hunt. It was not a more violent perversion of reality to change the mild and merciful Martin into a war-and-storm god than to transform Hubert, kneeling before the stag he had pursued, into a patron of the hunt. The aristocracy and their servile chaplains having adopted these champions of the poor—so long trodden down by the warrior, the robber-knight, the sportsman—but adopted them only to turn their prestige to the consecration of their passions and sports, the poor in their turn could only conclude that their saints had changed character after death, gradually feared those whom their forefathers had loved, and in this fear were born beliefs which unconsciously formed the conception of wandering phantoms. These phantoms do not generally bear the names of those to whom they really refer. The Wild Huntsman is never called Martin here, as in Germany, nor Hubert; but the legends recall those wild storms by which Martin was said to have often worked miracles, and wrought vengeance since his death. The phantom which is said to have seized the bridle of Charles VI. when he was hunting, and driven him

ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL AT AMBOISE.

mad, was a result rather than a cause of his insanity; but it appeared in his fantasy only because Hubert had already his evil counterpart in the imagination of the peasantry in a phantom eager to hunt not only beasts, but human souls.

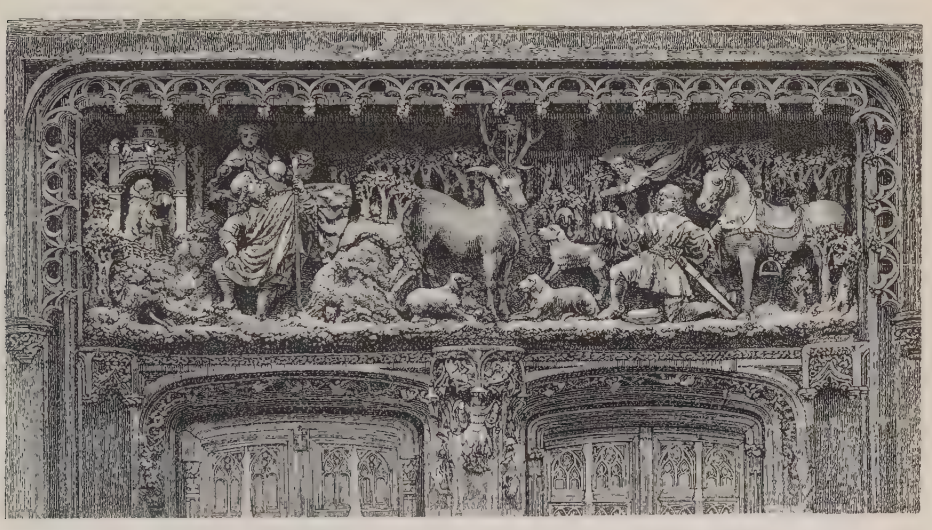
The finest chapel of St. Hubert in Europe is unquestionably that at Amboise. Indeed, it possesses the finest fifteenth-century work I have ever seen. Inside, the friezes are like the finest lace, in which not only varied leaves and vines, but even animal and human shapes, are so delicately interwoven that in no case is the uniformity lost. The general effect of this stone lace-work is so striking that one might look at it half an hour without detecting the curious forms that lurk and nestle in it. These forms—apes, men, women, serpents, birds—are sometimes rendered with mediæval plainness, which Americans might call coarse, but which Rabelais would call "honest," and Balzac "droll." As for the stained glass, it is modern, and the Abbé Chevalier rightly describes the figures as looking as if they were fresh from the boulevards. But I find a satisfaction which the abbé might regard as somewhat malicious in observing these tinted saints with thin Parisian toilets. They have the same right to be on the windows that the sportsmen have to enter here and invoke the aid of St. Hubert for their cruel work. I gazed upon the portal of the chapel with rapture. Above it, exquisitely carved, is the whole legend, and with it is combined the legend of St. Christopher. The face and head of Hubert as he kneels are most noble: before the stag with the crucifix on its brow not only does the knight kneel, but even his horse's head is bent, and the dogs crouch to the ground. The animal world seems to have found a representative: all around the animals usually hunted, and those exterminated, such as the serpent, move about unharmed. The first sight which met my eye when I turned from this door was a collection of nearly a hundred deer feet hung up to dry on the side of a little château! A great deal may be said in favor of hunting, but little can be said in favor of sanctifying it because some people happen to like it, and still less in making out of Hubert a patron of the hunt—of Hubert, the real founder of all societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The chapel is an appendage of the great château, and the hunt was the nobleman's monopoly—it implied irresponsibility for any harm done, however recklessly, to the peasantry—when the saint of the hunt began to evolve for the poor a forest spectre.

Touraine has evolved a hierarchy and a diabolarchy of its own. It is of the latter that I must now give some account.

It is not easy to divine the causes which invested a man from the conventional demonologic wardrobe at one period or another. Was he generally diabolized for his vices or his virtues? Was he made a bogey by anathema of the priests, or wrath of the people? In an old history by Maan, doctor of the Sorbonne, kept here in MS., there is an allusion to a Bishop of Tours (eleventh century) as "Raoul, surnamed the Enemy of God." Now what could a Bishop of Tours, eight centuries ago, have done to get himself called the "Enemy of God"? In the book of old Father Sinistrari on *Demonialité*, he mentions twelve men who are known to have been physically offspring of devils. The last of the list is—Martin Luther. Was there some similar reason for calling Raoul "Enemy of God," or for the titles of others, such as "Roger the Devil," "Robert the Devil," etc.?

It is especially curious that Hugh Capet, of Tours, should have been fixed upon as the great bogey of Touraine. One may imagine that as founder of a new dynasty (the third) supplanting the line of Charlemagne, the Carlovingians diabolized him; or it may have been no more than a saga founded upon the title "Capet," which seems to have been given to him on account of some peculiarity about his head.* One thing I have found patent in the clumsy chronicles of Hugh Capet's time, namely, that everybody was getting ready for the end of the world. That the last day of the year 1000 was to close with universal conflagration and judgment was an opinion on which all were agreed. There does not seem to have been a single doubting voice in Christendom raised against the general belief. Another point of consent was that Antichrist was to appear a few years before this millennial consummation. Every one was on the outlook for him about the time when Hugh Capet gained the throne by overthrowing the Carlovingian dynasty in France. One can readily understand that he would be recognized by all legitimists as Antichrist. Although the people were really served by him, his movement involved a great deal of trouble, and during his reign nearly all the churches in Tours were burned by its enemies; the masses might, therefore, in their distress, have accepted the Carlovingian theory. Hugh died a few years before 1000, but not before the time when Antichrist was to appear. This may have had something to do with his transformation after death into the phantasmal Hugo who for centuries filled this region with dread, but whose name now, hardly known to the peasantry, is interesting only to the antiquarian.



SCULPTURE OVER DOOR, ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL.

The next man who wore the demonic mantle was Louis XI. Indeed, he wears it still. The age which followed him was somewhat too enlightened to turn him, so realistically as Hugh was turned, into a spectre; but for three hundred years he has been regarded as preternaturally wicked and cruel, and the epithet "demon" is still often applied to him in Touraine. The conventional portrait of him is that of a Mephistopheles in deep plot. Yet Louis XI. was the last King of France who possessed genius and genuine patriotism.

In the summer of 1461 a messenger came to Hesdin and informed the exiled Dauphin that his father, whom he had not seen for five years, was dead. The Dauphin, now Louis XI., smiled, rewarded the messenger, and was soon at Rheims receiving the chrism and crown. Then he went to his father's tomb at St. Denis, and "wept very bitterly." Next day he enter-

* Others say because he took the "cope," or mantle of Martin, and raised it into a banner.

ed Paris, which gave him the most splendid welcome ever given even in that city. There were fountains flowing with wine, milk, and hippocras; the gods and goddesses were personated; all the virtues were represented by slightly dressed ladies; sirens sang, nymphs recited pastoral songs; and for a whole month there was a parade of the beauties, whether classic, barbaric, or romantic, which were known or imagined. All the counts and dukes from far and near, the Parliament, the university magnates, joined with the city to make this festivity as magnificent as possible. It reached its climax with a grand tournament. Here came all the great nobles, attired in the most gorgeous apparel, with gilded armor; on every side gold, purple, and plumes, when, lo! suddenly there appeared a man on horseback, clothed only in the skin of a wild beast. The glittering knights were genuinely terrified by this rude invader, who rode them down one after another. They were at once mortified and stupefied to discover that this rough termination to a month of tableaux and splendors had been secretly arranged by the new king himself. Louis XI. never gave any verbal explanation as to just what he meant by this proceeding; but it was not without interpretation through his subsequent life. The masquerade of Feudalism was at an end. The Age of Reality was at hand. I am not sure but that the king's champion in animal skin was the forerunner to Protestantism itself.

Soon after this, early in 1462, he for whom Paris had so devised all the dainty dishes it supposed desirable to set before a king was starting out from Tours on a journey. There was no pretense of incognito, but the king was dressed as a pilgrim, with coarse gray garment, and about his neck a common wooden rosary. A powerful guard followed him at no great distance, but his immediate attendants were five or six, dressed coarsely like himself. It was a pilgrimage traceable in renovations. He issued decrees and letters patent on the most various and minute subjects, says Willert, but almost all useful and liberal. "He confirmed and enlarged the charters of towns; authorized them to borrow money for works of public utility; ennobled their magistrates; exempted those who had suffered during the late war from taxation; revised and regulated the statutes of various guilds and crafts so as to encourage and improve the manufactures of the country, and so stimulate its trade; conferred privileges on foreign merchants—*e. g.*, Lombards, Dutch, and subjects of the Hanseatic League; established fairs, regulated the currency, and protected agriculture." In doing all this Louis XI. was riding down the feudatories of France in a realistic way, which his animal-skinned champion at the tournament fairly foreshadowed.

The mean dress of the king and his poor retinue, in contrast with the customary splendor, style, and costume; his affability with common people; his refusal of all the entertainments with which the nobles would fain have received him in their respective dominions: these were heavy blows to the existing order—blows from which there was no recovery. The nobles recognized instinctively that their deadly foe travelled, even if unconsciously, in that pilgrim garb; and it must be confessed that Louis was liked as little by the lower classes and peasants to whom he was so condescending. The tradesmen like lavish expenditure, the peasantry like pageants, and this king was everywhere a disenchantment.

But whether the masses liked it or not, whether they knew it or not, Louis was none the less creating a third estate, quickening energies in cities beyond the control of nobles, and breaking up the old régime. He was especially a "modern" in his recognition that the great France, to build which was his only moral aim, was to be secured rather by plenty of money than by the valor of chiefs, who were already half Quixotized in his eyes. The anxious care with which the king amassed money, while living parsimoniously and dressing shabbily, was for years ascribed to mere miserliness. But when a state interest had to be subserved, Louis was lavish. As Michelet says, he could not find money for a new hat, but found 400,000 crowns to redeem the towns on the Somme.

It is amusing to find Sir Walter Scott (whose conventionalized portrait of Louis XI. in *Quentin Durward* holds possession of the stage and of most minds), more than three hundred and fifty years after the event, displaying warmth at the "daring imposition of which this unscrupulous prince was guilty" in "sending an inferior person disguised as a herald to Edward IV." Louis's idea of a royal herald was even more democratic than that pre-

vailing under the French republic of 1879, where a republican minister must yield precedence to an ambassador. When Edward IV. invaded France, he sent a Norman herald to Louis XI., and the latter presented the herald with three hundred gold coins, thirty yards of fine velvet, and liberal promises if he would promote peace. But when it presently became his turn to send a herald, he chose the cleverest man nearest him, a servant of one of his chamberlains. This man, with all the insignia of a herald — tabard, banner, trumpeter—was dispatched to Edward, who received him with a pomp from which Cervantes might have taken hints. The disguised valet did his work so admirably that he not only went off with a cup full of gold pieces for himself, but with a seven years' peace between the two nations following his negotiation. Yet Louis has never been forgiven for choosing a competent servant, instead of a perfunctory noble, for this delicate and important transaction.

The heavy charges made against Louis Onze are that he was superstitious and cruel. To his superstition must be ascribed his cruelty. If one will consider the marvellous picture of "The Last Judgment," painted on the wall of S. Mexme during his reign, and, as some think, containing portraits of the chief personages of his court, and observe the devils spearing the condemned down into the mouth of hell, and then go and observe the dark subterranean *cachots* of Loches, where he confined those whom he believed traitors to France, such an observer will recognize that this king was, even in his cruelty, sincerely fulfilling what he considered the Divine law. Those dark dungeons seemed to me about as near the mouth of hell as one could get, and Louis meant to carry out with awful and literal fidelity what he had always been taught to be the Divine arrangement for evil men. Personally he had fewer vices than most monarchs, yet he lived in an age when no voice did or could remind him that charity or personal character was part of his religious duty. What is the great commandment? asks Louis. All the authentic voices from Rome to Tours answer in unison, To compliment the Virgin Mary, and enrich churches and convents: on these two hang all the law and the prophets. From his cradle to his grave Louis never heard it suggested that cruelty and injustice had the slightest relation to the fitness of a soul for the future society of saints. Vices and crimes were, indeed, regarded by his instructors in the light of indulgences which had to be paid for; but a gift of gold to an altar, a bishop, or a convent was deemed sufficient to clear any royal conscience of the foulest crime. Louis was not mean toward his high contractors. "He had bought," says a chronicler, "the favor of God and Our Lady for a greater sum than king ever paid." His superstition was to believe absolutely, and practically act upon beliefs which many others merely had upon their lips, even in his time. He was almost the last great believer that sat upon the throne of France.

There is something touching even now in the tender, the almost passionate, devotion of this stern and powerful king to the Virgin Mary. He made her a duchess, and also a colonel of his army! It may excite a smile now, but it was all done in perfect good faith by him. For some reason which I have not seen explained, his special devotion was to the Holy Virgin of Embrun, in the High Alps. He had a small image of that figure made, and wore it in his hat; and whenever he had a leisure moment he fell upon his knees before it, and was almost ecstatic in his devotions. He also had a grand enthusiasm for Our Lady of Clery, and set her image also in his hat. This latter image I have seen on the high altar at Clery —a small out-of-the-way village about ten miles from Orleans. There is something peculiar about it. It is a very ancient and a very dark and rosy doll, rather better-looking than the majority of such images. This Clery Virgin has no arms, and supports no babe, though the infant face is painted on her breast. Her dress is also curious, coming from the neck to the altar in such a fashion as to make the image look like a wide-based cone of blue gold-trimmed satin, with her head appearing as the apex. This was the figure that Louis oftenest went to worship, and at whose feet he desired to be buried.

With the exception of Faustus, no man's death has been more girt round with fearful myths than that of Louis XI. The king's horror of death, when it came near in his sixtieth year, was well known, and it was reflected in many phantasms imagined around his pillow.

It does not appear that Louis XI. had

LOUIS XI.

any fear of death or of penalties beyond it. It does not even appear that his desire to live was for the sake of personal pleasures, to which, indeed, he was far more indifferent than the average of kings before and since his time. Comines, not too lenient in his judgments on his master, understates the facts when he says, "If God had granted him the grace of living five or six years more without being weighed down by sickness, he would have greatly benefited his realm." The hand of death came upon him at a moment when he had begun to carry out the most needed reforms, by which France would have been relieved from intolerable burdens, a fraudulent system of customs, and judicial abuses. For the public good he demanded more life of the representatives of Heaven on earth, and only so much life as he might have had if he had served himself instead of France and the Church. He had been as genuine a believer in the powers claimed by the priesthood to bind and loose, whether in heaven or earth, as any man of his century; and indeed it was just this which the local priests hated, since he passed beyond them to the Pope and Heaven. In simple faith he had accepted the creeds which held that the Divine favor was secured by such otherworldly services as those which he had never stinted, at whatever cost; there were few convents, from Tours to Sinai, which had not received his benefits. He now only required that these should, by their prayers and potent relic-prescriptions, secure for him the average of human life named by the psalmist. It was a moderate request. The Pope felt that it was, and sent relics from Rome, until there was a tumult there: he sent even the holy "corporal" which St. Peter had used. Louis imagined that he might regain strength if he were again anointed king, and a papal brief authorized removal to Plessis of the miraculous oil of Rheims. The most holy communities in the world, and all bishops, by papal order, were praying for their benefactor.

Perhaps the best-known incident in this prolonged struggle for life is the summons of Robert Martotillo, *alias* St. Francis of

Paolo, from his Calabrian hermitage. The king is represented in an old painting at Tours crouching at the feet of the hermit then most noted as a thaumaturgist. On the stage he is represented at one moment abjectly kneeling, and in the next, when the hermit points him to Heaven as his only source of help, leaping up and threatening his ghostly physician. Something of the kind may have happened, but the sense of the situation must have been very different from the conventionalized interpretation. The king was not a humbug, at any rate, but he saw that the wonder-working hermit was; he had come with pompous humility all the way from Calabria to act as a healing medium, and now, when the trial comes, assumes the high sanctimonious air of throwing everything upon the decrees of Heaven.

It is probable that if the king had recovered by any ordinary means after the relics had failed, and the heavily paid Martotillo proved helpless, and the Virgin Mary left his devotion unrequited, there would have been a religious revolution far advanced when L'Épine and Gerbault came preaching Protestantism at Tours. There is little doubt that Louis XI. would have sent his skin-clad champion among the pretentious priests, as he sent him among the picturesque nobles. He was always independent of priests, and the most conspicuous victim hung up in his famous iron cage was Cardinal La Balue.*

CACHOT OF CARDINAL LA BALUE AT PLESSIS.

And when all the saints' bones from Rome, miraculous oil of Marmoutier, and even that of Rheims, and the more unctuous Calabrian hermit, had plied their prescriptions in vain, the king—whose mental vigor was unabated—attended to business. Having done so much as he could, he sent for fine horses and dogs, that he might live over in imagination the hunt which had been his only recreation; he had a collection of curiosities brought before him, and sent for players on musical instruments. At that very time the peasants passing the towers of Plessis, beneath which the great monarch was dying, heard groans of prisoners on the rack that were never uttered; and though his provost-marshal, Tristan l'Hermite had long retired—was probably dead—his shadow was seen moving about, and providing the blood of young children with which Louis was trying to rejuvenate himself. Such fables, it may be said, could not have gained credence among peasants had not the king been very cruel; but they may be otherwise explained. The king had made an enemy of nearly every noble and priest in France, and this by creating the beginnings of a French people; but these peasants were not yet enough of a people to recognize the service done them, and their notions were still at the mercy of priestly and feudal chroniclers. Louis was not yet dead when his mythology was already flourishing. Really he was parting affectionately with his wife and son, addressing the latter as king, and with much

* Legend, following an ancient fantastic notion, has made La Balue the inventor of the famous cage in which he lived eleven years. Sir Walter Scott shared the popular belief that these cages "were constructed with horrible ingenuity, so that a person of ordinary size could neither stand up at his full height nor lie lengthwise in them." So far from this, the cage was a merciful improvement on the dungeons into which traitors like La Balue were thrown during the Middle Ages. The cage was made of wood. It was nine feet long, eight feet broad, and seven feet high. It was a small chamber with a couch, glass windows, and ventilation.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF PLESSIS LES TOURS.

good counsel. He exhorted his chancellor, archers, and captains to serve his son faithfully; he insisted that no offense should be given to foreign princes, and that peace should be preserved during the minority of his son, in order that the kingdom might recover from its exhaustion, and be relieved of taxation. Besides giving counsel to his son, somewhat under fourteen, he sent him messages through others which he would be able to understand when older. He desired his daughter Anne, Lady of Beaujeu, to assist his government during minority. His end was dignified, quiet, and—when all hope of recovery had been abandoned—free from any moment of struggle. He died August 30, 1483, the anniversary of his grand welcome to Paris as a newly crowned monarch, his expiring words being, "Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded."

In the twenty-two years of his reign Louis XI. gave France a postal system and the printing-press;* he founded a system of law amid the privileged procedures of lords; he never taxed the people except to liberate them from their masters, the "Lords of the Lilies"; he extended the frontiers of his kingdom over Picardy, Provence, Burgundy, Anjou, Maine, Rousillon, creating a realm out of petty princedoms; where France had no navy, his admiral in 1470 assembled sixty first-class ships, and ten years later a French fleet was sent to suppress piracy at the Barbary States. This is the man who spiritually survives as a demon. When we reflect that Charles Martel shared the like mythologic fate, even after his magnificent service to Christendom, one may easily suspect that Louis has been anathematized for his virtues rather than his vices. When so many great men have been diabolized, it is rather the canonized who need apologies. Louis Onze was no saint, but it is certain that the historian Comines was right in his judgment, pronounced, as Willert remarks, when flattery was no longer profitable—"He was more wise, more liberal, and more virtuous in all things than any contemporary sovereign."

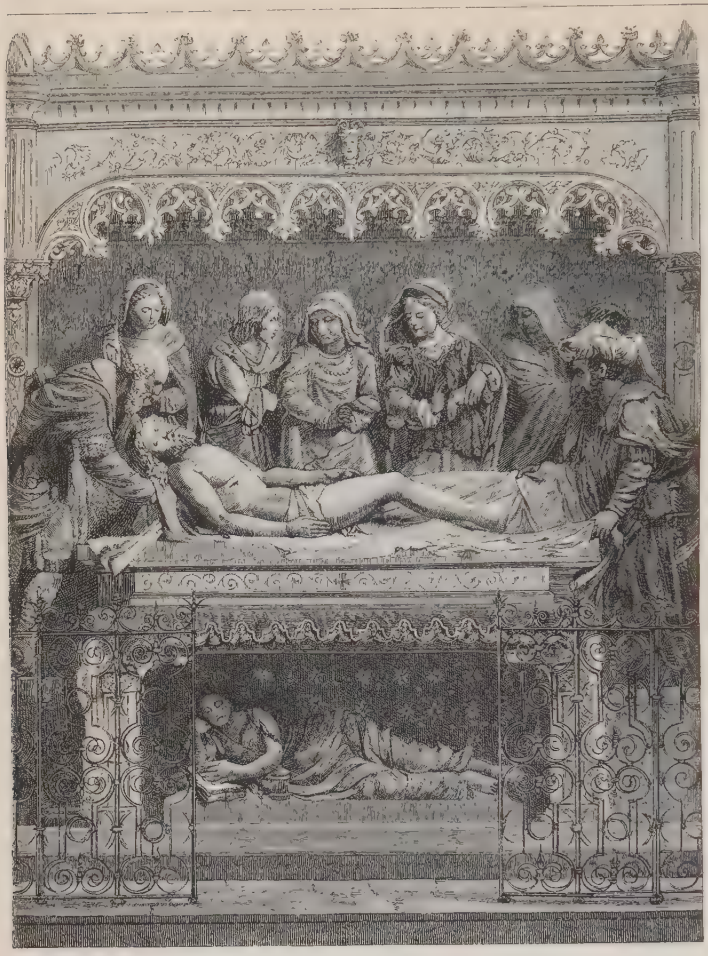
The detestation under which the memory of Louis rests is represented in the utter desolation of his beloved home at Plessis, a suburb of Tours. The dingy third of it which remains, with its brick tower, seems to be fulfilling the prophet's doom—"Lilith shall dwell there." The inhabitant of the ruins is not, however, the long-haired demoness of Eastern fable, but a rather homely though very sharp-eyed and clever old lady, whom I feel inclined to mention, because she is the only person I have met in Touraine who understood the greatness of Louis. The old

* Louis XI. not only encouraged the introduction of the press into the towns of France, but also the importation of books from Germany. I observed at Tours some of the books of Fust, with his name printed in red letters, possibly suggesting the blood-signature he was afterward said to have given Satan for the invention. But Louis had no fear of any improvement. When an agent of a German house died in Paris, and his unsold stock was sold, according to the *droit d'aubaine*, for benefit of the French crown, Louis repaid the money (2425 gold crowns), "in consideration of the services of the firm to letters and education, and of the importance of encouraging an art so conducive to the advancement of learning."

lady peered around, as if fearful that some spy might be near, lowered her voice almost to a whisper, and said: "He was the greatest king France had. He was very severe. He found a band of robbers preying on the country; Cardinal Balue was at their head; he put Cardinal Balue in a cage, and the country was thriving from that time. He was never hard on the people—only on their enemies. No, the priests did not like him; nearly every public man was a prelate, and in punishing the man he couldn't spare the priest."

In visiting the tomb of Louis at Notre Dame de Clery it appeared to me that I must have been the only person who had gone that way in many years. Alighting at the small station of Meung-sur-Loire, I walked about a quarter of a mile, and entered what seemed a village of the dead. Meeting presently a very aged woman, I inquired if there were a hotel in the place, and she told me to go on to the bottom of the street. But the small building I found there marked "hotel" had closed doors and windows. Returning, I met a postman, and told him my wish to go to Clery. He said he doubted if there was a carriage in the place, but pointed me to an ancient straggling house where I might inquire. There I found an ancient woman, who was much agitated at the appearance of "a pilgrim to Our Lady of Clery," as she insisted on calling me. I did not mention the name of Louis, thinking some strategy might be necessary. The old woman said she had attended the church at Clery for fifty years of her life. She called her son, and then three or four other men, and in loud, excited tones demanded that they should "assist monsieur's pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Clery." She brought out a bottle of wine and glasses, filled them, and the men (all peasants) touched my glass with theirs, though I thought one or two of them glanced a doubt that monsieur might be better employed than coming so far to see Our Lady. When I wished to pay for the wine, the old woman stoutly refused to accept a sou for it. At this first step into the land of Rabelais I had found his "Priestess of the Bottle," who declined to take pay from Friar John, and said, "We place the chief good not in taking, but giving." Presently a somewhat antique voiture was got, and the son undertook to drive me over the seven or eight miles at the rate of a franc a mile. He told me he had never before known a traveller seeking Clery, and was evidently relieved when I told him why I was going. He plainly did not think highly of pilgrimages to shrines. I also found it advantageous to our acquaintance to explain that I had no political sentiment in visiting the tomb of a king.

The ancient church of Clery, with its flying buttresses, is a grand structure for such a tiny village, and no doubt its grandeur represents the devotion of Louis to its Virgin. But his Lady's present representatives have poorly requited his enthusiasm and generosity; they have strangely despoiled the tomb of the devout king. I had read a description of this tomb, with its high sides of dark marble, and its pillars, each surmounted by an angel, upon which the king was kneeling, with clasped hands, just before the image of Our Lady. What was my surprise to find the four angels fled, the fine slabs and pillars gone, and the king kneeling, nearly on the floor, before vacancy, the Virgin having been removed far away to another altar! A polite young priest who conducted me knew nothing of these changes, and said he supposed they must have been made during some repairs. When I asked after the angels, he said he had never heard of them. I persisted in my inquiries, and asked to go into the sacristy. He said they were not there; he believed they were not in existence. He agreed, however, that it would be very curious if four angels were destroyed in a church, and ultimately I appealed to the curé himself. In response to this a boy came, bringing a rusty key, which with some difficulty turned in a rusty lock. This led to a circular stairway, which led to a small room in a tower. The floor of this room was so covered with long wax candles that it was difficult to pass them. In a corner were some old planks, which the boy, the young priest, and myself began removing. Behind them were discovered the four marble angels that used to watch over the tomb of Louis XI. One of them has lost his head in the removal. I took up the sweet little face, and was tempted to moralize over it, for it was as suggestive in its way as Yorick's skull. My reflections, however, would have been on the passing away of the last light from a mouldering church, when it can no longer cherish even the monuments of its former grandeur. In the noble edifice transmitted to Clery from the ages of faith poor daubs

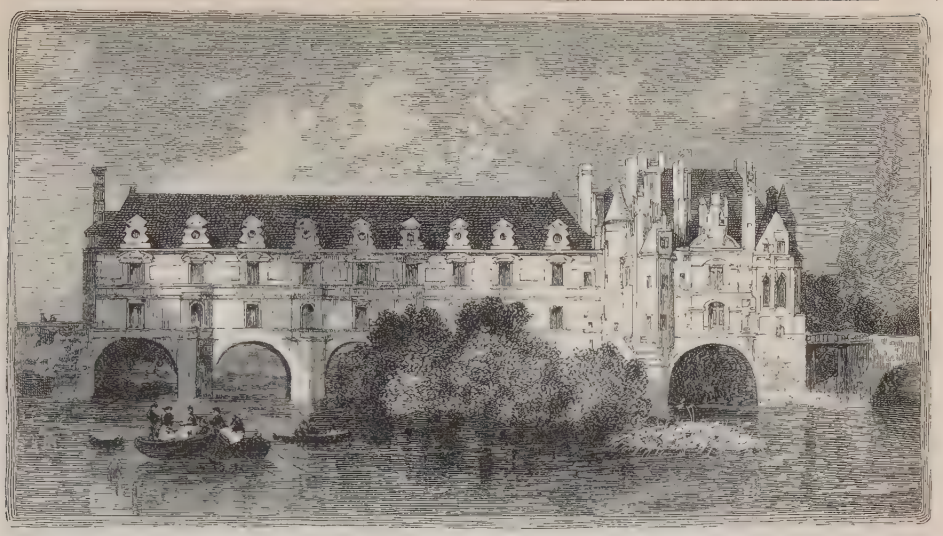


TERRA-COTTA GROUP—THE ENTOMBMENT.

and dolls are preserved with care, but its real works of art are hid in the corner of an old tower.

One, indeed, remains—the form of the king. It is of life size, and evidently a literal representation of the face, form, and dress of Louis XI. No one can look upon that powerful brow, the broad and almost German temples, the intensity that gives life to the very marble, without feeling that the king who desired that his dust should rest here, far away from the mausoleums of his predecessors, at the feet of the ideal he idolized, is a unique figure in history because he was a man of exceptional character and extraordinary genius.

It is a matter on which one may speculate what might have been the result to France had Luther himself come to proclaim the Reformation in France, instead of Calvin. Could that great-hearted man, named Martin because born on the vigil of the great saint of Tours, have appeared here with his joyousness and his valor, his love of "Wein, Weib, und Gesang," he might almost have been welcomed as an avatar of his holy patron, and the tragical history of the Huguenots never have been written in blood and ruins all over this beautiful Touraine. But as it was, the proposed Reformation appeared here as a fierce iconoclasm, and there would seem to have been only too much reason for the pious Catholics to associate it with the terrible bogey Hugo. For it is the preponderant opinion that the reformers were called by the epithet Huguenots because this spectral Hugo was associated by the priests with their nocturnal and secret assemblies. It is not very wonderful that the stormy rebellion of the French Protestants in Touraine should have awakened old traditions of the struggles amid which the Carlovingian dynasty was supplanted by Hugh Capet. Protestants are generally taught the version of the Huguenot history most pleasing to their own side, and they know that the end was terrible massacre and exile for the reformers; but there are facts enough on the other side to explain the belief of the Catholics that the frantic enthusiasts must be animated by some preternatural power of destruction. The churches and convents about here all have still their fearful stories to

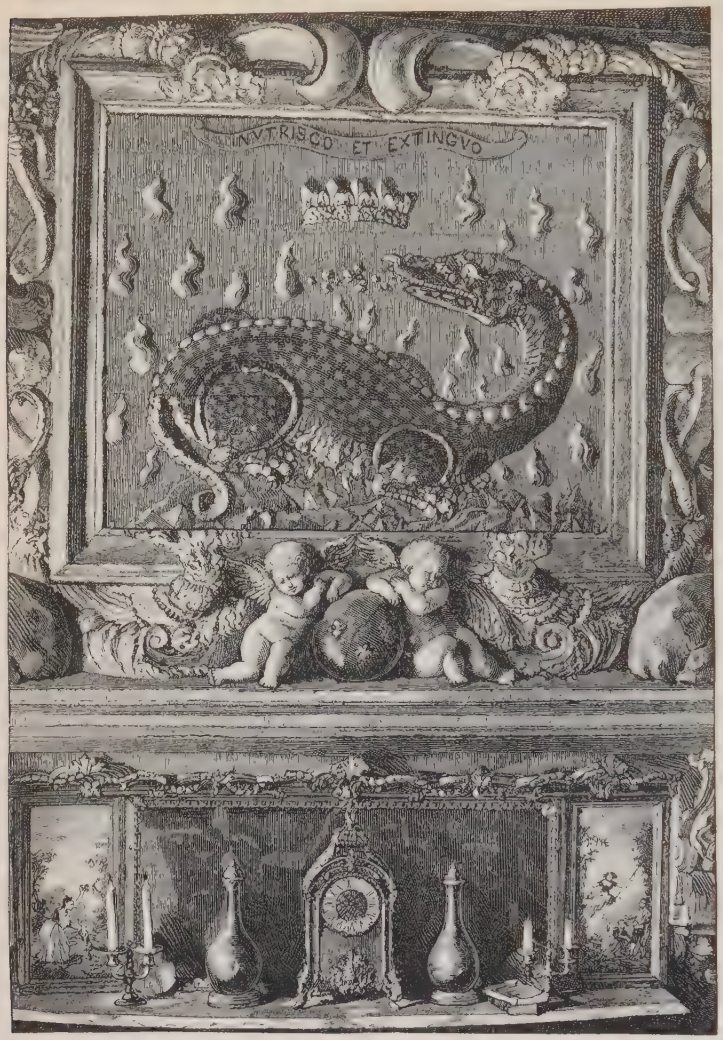


CHENONCEAU.

tell of the dire destructions committed by the Huguenots. It looks as if some reckless persons must have availed themselves of the confusion of the time to commit depredations which tradition has credited to the reformers. A terrible story is told of a ferocious baron who held Rochecorbon at the time, with its towering "Lanterne" rising over a deep precipice. It is related that having taken sides with the Huguenot party, he stopped every man passing on the high-road, and made such traveller's possession of a Bible the condition of life. If he had no Bible, his other property was taken, and the naked wretch was thrown from the top of the "Lanterne." It is added that if the traveller had much money on his person, even a Bible did not always save him. The legend may be mythical, but there must have been some ugly crimes of the kind committed. The rage of the Huguenots against all pictures and images representing divine beings—like those the Puritans made a bonfire of in London—was to the Catholics antichristian fury against the divine beings themselves. To them such things were the only things sacred.

On the other hand, one can not roam amid these churches and convents, observe the decorations which remain, and read their old chronicles, without being able to understand the religious wrath of those who had rebelled against the Church in the interest of morality. In these holy pictures that have survived may be often picked out the faces of titled courtesans haloed as Madonnas and saints. One of the most beautiful works of art in France is a terra-cotta group of the entombment of Christ, exquisitely colored, in which the three Marys are portraits of court favorites well known at Amboise in the time of Francis I.

The revelries in the palaces of the kings and the châteaux of the nobility represented a social world now hardly conceivable. Here is Chenonceau, one of the most beautiful châteaux in the world, so long the residence of Diana of Poitiers, mistress of Henry II., and afterward of Catherine de Medicis, his wife. The imagination must be audacious which can conjure up the scenes that have passed in these still brilliant halls, and amid these ornamental gardens beside the Cher. Beneath a magnificent sculpture in wood of the salamander (emblem of Francis I.), Henry II. has added a monogram made up of C and D—initials of the mistress and the wife intertwined. For thirty years, while Huguenots were being fought, this place was the scene of a perpetual series of fêtes, whose character may be gathered from the description of one given, with satisfaction, by Pierre de l'Estoile. The Duke of Alençon having taken the village of Charité-sur-Loire from the Huguenots, his brother gave him at Plessis a banquet which cost sixty thousand pounds, and next day his mother gave him one at Chenonceau which cost a hundred thou-



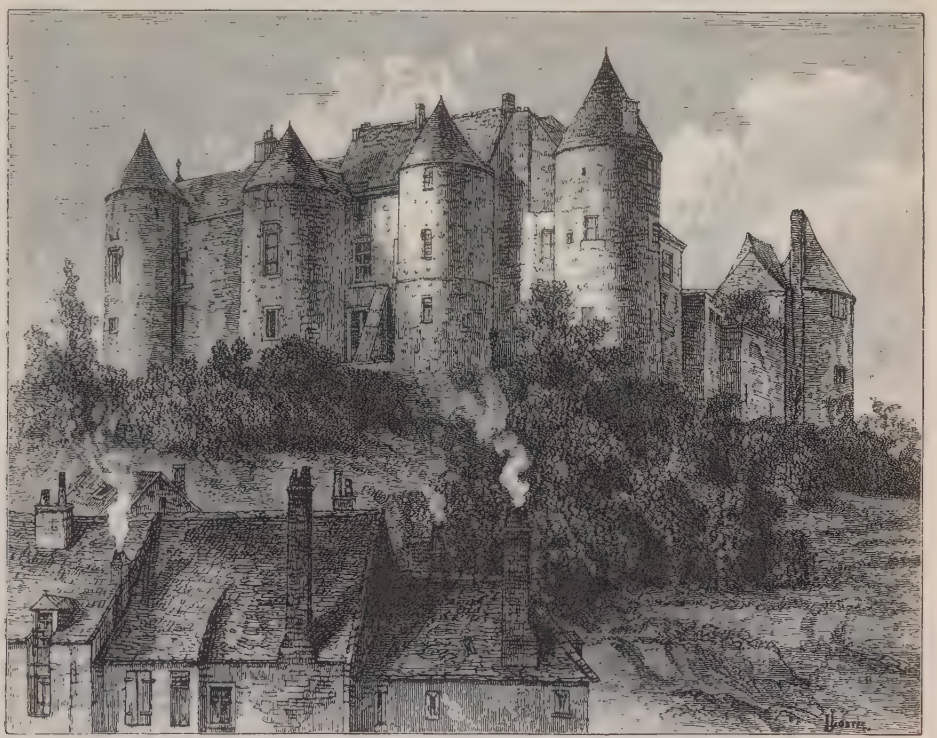
CHIMNEY DECORATION AT CHENONCEAU.

sand. This queen-mother, sixty years of age, in entertaining her son, aged twenty-six, provided for all the ladies their dresses, which consisted solely of green silk trousers. All were naked to the waist. The money came from the people. Such things as these were the slow outcome of many centuries, in which religion was detached from life and morality; the actors in them were unconscious of their character; they brought no blush to any but Huguenot cheeks. The eyes of these were opened.

These places have undergone curious vicissitudes. In Amboise Castle, which was once decorated with the heads of Huguenots, Voltaire afterward sat to write his cynical poem "La Pucelle." All around it to this day the traces of the revolutionary flood remain in streets named Rue J. J. Rousseau, Rue de le Contrat-Social, Rue Condillac, Rue Mably, Rue Mirabeau. The last sufferer at Amboise was Abd-el-Kadir, who was there imprisoned from November 8, 1848, to October 17, 1852, when he was liberated by Napoleon III. Chenonceau passed in 1733 from the Duc de Bourbon, first minister of Louis XV., to General Claude Dupin. Madame Dupin engaged Rousseau as a teacher for her son, and fitted up a little theatre, in which his operas and comedies were performed. From Madame Dupin, Chenonceau passed to her grandnephew, the Comte de Villeneuve. George Sand being by an illegitimate line grandniece of General Dupin, and cousin-german of Comte de Villeneuve, was always a welcome guest at Chenonceau, and wrote some of her works there. It has now passed into the possession of an intelligent English lady, a Madame Pelouze, *née* Wilson. Her brother, Daniel Wilson, who passes much of his time there, is now a naturalized French citizen, and a Senator. His name in England, I believe, was Daniel Wellington Wilson, but he dropped the middle name for obvious reasons. He is a very radical republican, and is an important contribution to the strong English influence felt in the

present French government. This family has recently set up a statue of Paul Louis Courier, on the pedestal of which that brilliant writer is described as "the champion of good sense and of liberty." Paul Louis Courier, whose writings have had the singular fortune to receive the admiration of both Mill and Carlyle, was born at Luynes, near Tours, and was found dead from a bullet wound—probably assassinated—in the neighborhood. He was found near the spot where the poet Béranger was born.

The mention of these names may remind us of the galaxy of brilliant and brave thinkers who have risen where Louis XI. planted the first printing-press in France. In one sense the great printing establishment of Mame and Son in Tours, founded in 1795, may be regarded as his monument. It is the largest in France, and it sends forth over the entire country the literature of the Church, from the smallest leaflets to the superb editions of the great Catholic works. Pius IX. honored the house of Mame with a special brief, in which he praised their liturgical books, and especially their magnificent illustrated Missal. Their establishment occupies a block; they have thirty machines and presses at work, and about twelve hundred employés, for whose health and savings they make kindly provision. But in another sense Rabelais, Descartes, Béranger, Balzac, Paul Louis Courier, and Alfred de Vigny are offspring also of the king who created a secular state.



CASTLE OF LUYNES.

Here our demon-hunt may end. Those to whom St. Hubert means sacrifice and not mercy may see in the names mentioned on this last page a lot of bagged demons; but I believe our real Hubert would see a crucifix on each of their foreheads; and at any rate we have found the Wild Huntsman of sacerdotal fear to be Fust, with his magic lead shaped into type.

"WA'AL, BROTHER FARMERS, THESE IS CUR'OUS DAYS."

DOES FARMING PAY?

AN EXHIBIT OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ENOS HARDHACK, BEFORE THE SAUGHCONIC FARMERS' CLUB.

WA'AL, brother farmers, these is cur'ous days.
T' think o' askin' one ef farmin' pays!
I ain't no hand to write, but, ez ye please,
I'll try to l'arn ye some o' my idees.
They'll be disj'inted, but yew switch me back
When I git runnin' on another track.

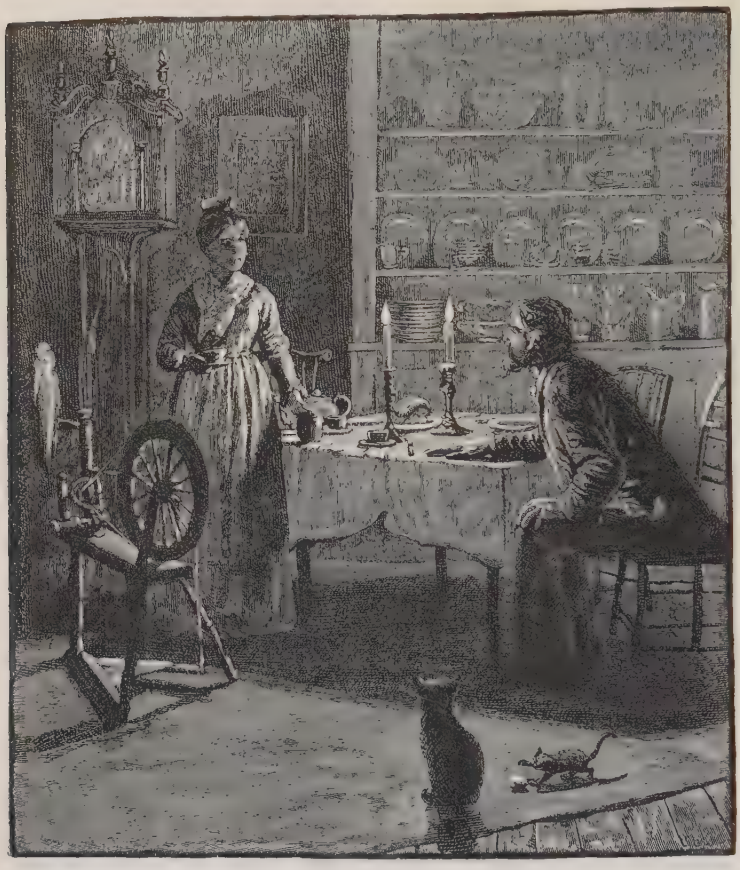
Doos farmin' pay? It sartin doos pay *me*.
T' this I calc'late yew will hev t' 'gree.
I bought thet Guilder farm, some on ye know,
Thirty odd year ago, an' bought it low,
Both farm an' I ez poor—ez poor ez crows
When they air moultin'. Darn it all! I s'pose
They wa'n't a fence them days on thet hull farm
'Ould keep the tarnel critters aout o' harm;
An' stun! haow 'mazin' thick they did crop aout!
Fac' trooth they wuz the on'y crop abaout.
The weeds fit ev'rythin' thet gut a stan',
An' aluz 'pear'd t' hev th' upper han'.
Yew better b'lieve them fust five year 'r so
I hed a pooty tejus row to hoe.
I didn't set daown, much, t' make a plan;
I didn't stan' raoun' like a hired man;
Coat off, 'n' sleeves peeled up, I pitched in rough,
An' made work fly—the days wa'n't long enough.
I jerked them blasted stun aout like Ole Nick.
They grow'd up inter fences 'mazin' quick:
They're there, jest five foot high 'n' four foot thick!

Wa'al, soon ez I hed finished up wall-layin',
I bought a jumpin' steer (paid work in hayin'),
Put 'im in pastur', 'n' he hed to stay in;
I swapped some rails an' gut two likely caows,
Slickt up my barn 'n' sheds, 'n' patched the haouse.
Meantimes the corn an' taters wuz a-growin',
An' when the hendy moon-lit nights come on,
An' other boys wuz sparkin', *I* wuz hoein'.

"I JERKED THEM BLASTED STUN AOUT LIKE OLE NICK."

Still, I own up, I wa'n't contented, quite.
Them caows come inter milk, an' gin a sight.
Farm, dairy, haouse-work, proved a'most too much.
I tried it on till I gut tuckered aout,
Then gut a hired gal t' do some sech
(It cost a dollar a week 'n' faound, abaout).
Sech waste, sech sars, sech shif'less ways she acted,
It druv me fairly ravin' an' distracted!

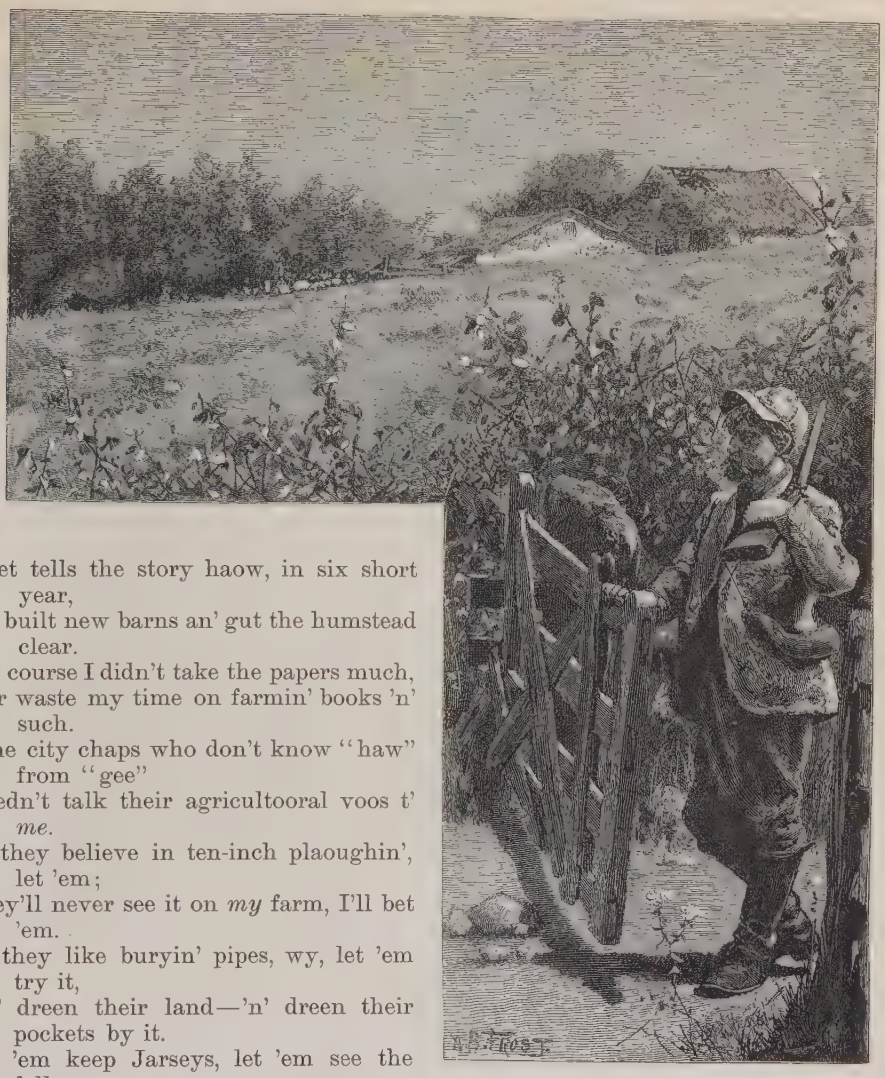
I couldn't stan' it long; I hadn't orter;
So daown I goes t' see Miss Bills's dorter.
They ast me in, 'n' kep' me there t' tea.
I guessed the widder's place wuz mortgage free:



"I KNOWED THET HANNER WUZ ALFIRED SMART."

I knowed thet Hanner wuz alfired smart;
An' so—I made a tendry uv my heart.
She tuk me up. I never rued that day,
An' Square Betts tied us fast withaout delay.

I sort o' linger on them airly days,
Tho' thet don't zac'ly show haow farmin' pays.
With Hanner hitched, a raousin' team we made;
Didn't craowd 'n' haul—pulled square. We wa'n't afraid
T' *work*, up hill 'r daown, in any weather.
We scraped 'n' saved, 'n' saved 'n' scraped, *t'gether*.
But scrimpin' never pays on *stock*, ye know:
Cob-meal is fillin', but yer pigs don't grow.
Feed crops an' critters well; depend upon't,
They'll feed yew bread. But don't spect 'lasses on't.
Jes' crawl afore ye run, 'r, sure'z yer born,
Bimeby yew'll crawl—the slim eend uv the horn!



"A SPORTIN' FARMER."

Thet tells the story haow, in six short year,
I'd built new barns an' gut the humstead clear.
Uv course I didn't take the papers much,
Ner waste my time on farmin' books 'n' such.
Fine city chaps who don't know "haw" from "gee"
Needn't talk their agricultooral voos t' *me*.
Ef they believe in ten-inch plaoughin', let 'em;
They'll never see it on *my* farm, I'll bet 'em.
Ef they like buryin' pipes, wy, let 'em try it,
An' dreen their land—'n' dreen their pockets by it.
Let 'em keep Jarseys, let 'em see the folly—
They don't sell me their high-priced calves, by golly!

I swow I'm willin' they should "s'il" and "steam,"
An' bring up Short-horn bulls on Jarsey cream.
Yis, yis, *I'm* willin'; let 'em; but I swan
It makes me sick t' see sech goin's on.

Naow I tell yew, t' fin' whut farmin' pays,
Jest come clus hum; study yer neighbor's ways.
Look et—we wun't be pus'nal—call him Black:
No fence, no critters, nothin'—dreffful slack!
Huntin' an' fishin' w'ile things go t' rack:
A sportin' farmer'z baoun' t' be—a shack.

An' then there's White; he's one o' yer stiddy kin';
Looks aout ahead, an' never runs behin';

Follers his plaough, perdooces corn 'n' taters.
He don't resk nothin' 'ith them *speckleaters.*
Gold up er daown, he hain't no call t' worry;
They wun't git red o' hiz'n in a hurry.
No, no, White's keerful; l'arns us suthin', r'ally;
Wun't drive a hoss t' death he hopes t' sell ye;
But drives a bargain pooty keen, I tell ye.

Green—wonder ef ye know wut's ailin' Green?
He works like blazes, fur ez I hev seen;
No better farm 'n' hiz'n in Saughconic,
Er savin'r wife from Kersnop to Hustonic;
Sober'z a deacon on a Sabba'-day—
Can't tell rye from Jamaiker, so they say;
Stays to his hum; lives low. Wut hinders, naow,
Thet Green c-a-n-'t git a livin' et th' plaough?
Wa'al, we've hed dealin's some; I'll tell ye, then—
No jedgment, more'n a settin' Brahmer hen,
An' thet's the nub on't. Ef ye plan ez he doos,
Yer poor ez Laz'rus wuz—whoever he wuz.

Don't know Brown much, ner mean ter—grumpy feller!
All *his* hard cider couldn't make him meller;
But they du say he's savin' up at las',
Supplyin' village folks with gardin sass:
He'd orter lay some by, fer yew may bet
He don't fool much on't off t' pay a debt—
Owes me three shillin'. Wa'al, it ain't no gre't.

Le's look et Grey: wust thing 'baout Grey is—books;
Grey reads t' much, 'n' keers t' much fer *looks;*
Believes in puttin' picturs up in haouses,
An' puts on airs, 'n' dassn't wear patched traouses:
Ef 'twan't fer money lef' him, goodness knows
He might be naow a-wearin' poor-'aouse clo'es.
Wa'al, nut thet I've gut anythin' agin 'im,
On'y I du say they ain't nothin' *in* 'im;
No dicker in 'im, sartin—not a hooter;
C-a-n-'t swop 'n' make a cent—a cent o' pooter.
Sech farmers scurcely make the salt they're eatin';
They 'pear t' think thet hag'lin's'z bad ez cheatin';
Mebby it is: ef thet's the way t' figger,
We'd ciphered aout aour jail a leetle bigger;
High-Sheriff Root he'd jist rej'ice t' du it,
App'int more depooties, an' put us thru it.

Ha, wa'al, wa'al, it takes all kin's o' folks, abaout,
T' make a warld. I've guessed the reason aout.
Time wuz I wished some on 'em hadn't come
Till arter I wuz borned, an' dead, I vum.
Ye see, these puzzlin' p'ints I understan'
Sence they made ch'ice o' me fer *Se*lec'man.
Can't all on us be rulers—sakes alive!
'Twun't work t' hev *all* king-bees in a hive.
Dung 'em an' cultivate 'em ez ye will,
The's alluz some small taters in a hill,
An', p'int o' fac', yer small-p'tater men
Will kin' o' work t' th' bottom uv the ben.

"ON'Y I DU SAY THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN 'IM."

Naow le's go back t' Guilder farm once more.
We worked ten year much like we did afore.
We gut a fam'ly, not by no means small,
An' crops an' barns grew fatter ev'ry fall.
The widder lef' us—kin' o' suddin shock.
She lef' poor Hanner all her Harlem stock.
It went up t' one-ten, 'n' then I sol' it;
One-thirty sence—a fool I didn't hol' it.

Them Yorkers come in thick, 'n' haow lan' riz!
They air some good, I tell ye wut it is.
Rich s'il t' sech chaps ain't no consequence,
Ner ain't clean crops, ner ain't a nine-rail fence.

Wut tickles them is traouts 'n' shutin lots,
Nice air, red claouds, 'n' awful sightly spots;
Yer poorest pastur' hill where wind is ha'sh
More'n likely is the one thet takes their cash.

But naow them days come on wut teched my pride:
Hanner gut off the hooks, an' up an' died.
Thet wuz a durn hard blow. I jes clean lost
The smartest help I ever come acrost.
I vow I thought I'd ruther 'twould ha' ben
My twenty head o' fattin' steer. But then
She'd gut the young uns pooty well along;
The h'use-work wa'n't a-pressin' quite s' strong;
Aour Jane could cook fer men, 'n' wait upon 'em,
'N' Silas hoe his row 'ith any on 'em:
Might ha' ben wuss; but this 'ere loss, ye see,
Wuz suthin more 'an money aout t' me.

"T' SHOW YE, NAOW, SHE'S HED SOME POSIES COME."

I sot gre't store by her; it's kin' o' queer,
My farm-work kep' some back'ard all thet year;
I foun', too, long afore the grave wuz sodded,
Jane couldn't make sech puddins ez her ma did.

Yis, more'n three months I tuk on like all natur';
But 'twa'n't no use; I knew thet soon er later

I'd gut t' make the best on't. I did so,
An' merried Lyddy Runnels, ez ye know.
She ain't like Hanner wuz, but hez good p'ints,
An' doos her work up slick, but can't break j'ints,
An' stop up leaks; 'n' so the farm don't pay
Not nigh so strong ez't did in Hanner's day.

T' show ye, naow, she's hed some posies come,
An' wastes her val'able time a-tendin' 'em.
Naow blows thet don't bring fruit, t' *my* idee,
Air wuthless, even ef ye git 'em free,
An' so I tell her: don't du any good;
She'd craowd my onions with 'em ef she could;
I hain't a daoubt she'd chuse a posy bed
Afore a patch o' solid kebbege head.
Wusst on it is, my gals l'arn arter her—
C-a-n-'t go t' meetin', 'n' c-a-n-'t hardly stir,
'Ithout admirin' *suthin*, I declare,
Thet ain't no airthly 'caount t' eat 'r wear.
Sech conduc's sinful, 'n' thet's wut *I* say:
Live clus, an' lay by fer a rainy day.
Yis, brother farmers, it's the good ol' way:
Workin' an' savin', thet makes farmin' pay.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE PRAIRIES.

OLD KINZIE HOUSE—FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO.

"THE metropolis of the Northwest, you mean," I hear a resident of Chicago say.

"No, my friend, that is what you were, not what you are. You are undoubtedly the metropolis of what was the Northwest, and you are the most splendid city on the sunset side of the Alleghanies; but we are nothing if not geographical, and can not impeach our own maps. Since you have built those great railroads the star of empire has been availing itself of the express trains, and our real northwestern frontier is now only separated from Asia by Behring Straits."

Call it what we may, it is assuredly one of the wonders of the world, in its rapid growth, in its recovery from disaster, in its greatness to-day, and in its prospects for the future.

New York and Boston, about 250 years old, have respectively 1,000,000 and 350,000 inhabitants. Chicago made up her half million in little over forty years. In New York and Boston one sees the graves of eight generations, and the relics of colonial times. In Chicago Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard is now living, an active man, seventy-eight years of age (and looking sixty), who came to the spot when there were but two houses there.

The site of this great city, a favorite one with the Indians, was early visited

SOUTH PARK.

by some of those splendid old "pioneers of France in the New World," who have been made famous in this generation by the pen of that accomplished and genial historian, Mr. Parkman. Old Père Marquette was there in 1673, and returned in the winter of 1674–75. It was also known to Joliet (for whom a town not far off is now named), Hennepin, and La Salle. The name is of Indian origin, *cheecaqua* meaning "strong," and being also the term for a kind of wild onion found on the shore of the lake in old days. The place is first known to geography as the "Fort Checagou" of a French map published toward the end of the seventeenth century. Fort Dearborn was built by our government in 1804, and the late John H. Kinzie, an eminent pioneer and citizen of Chicago, celebrated the *first* anniversary of his birthday on its site, his father having arrived three days before, in company with Major Whistler and his command. The Fort Dearborn massacre, perpetrated by the Indians, was in 1812, and the bones of the soldiers were lying unburied near the shore when young Kinzie returned from Detroit in 1816.

Here the memoranda which Mr. Hubbard has kindly prepared for the purpose may be appropriately inserted:

"I was born at Windsor, Vermont, August 22, 1802. In the spring of 1818 I engaged, with the consent of my parents, to the American Fur Company (of which John Jacob Astor was president), for the term of five years, at a salary of $120 per annum. On the 13th of May I left Montreal, in company with twelve other clerks, of whom I was the youngest; and I am

CLARK STREET DRAW-BRIDGE.

the only one of them, as well as of about one hundred others of that day, now living. I was in September detailed to the Illinois brigade of traders, under command of Antoine Dechamps. The brigade, of about twelve bateaux, coasted Lake Michigan to Chicago, where were Fort Dearborn and two white families—those of Mr. John Kinzie and Antoine Ouilmett. After leaving Lake Ontario, and till within eighteen miles of St. Louis, I did not see a white inhabitant, except at Mackinaw and Chicago; nor were there any signs of civilization in all this district until about 1826 or 1827. Up to this date there was but one yearly arrival of a small schooner, sent from Buffalo by the United States to take supplies to Fort Dearborn. From 1826 to 1832 there was an increase of vessels, but none were over 100 tons burden. The first steamer to Chicago came in

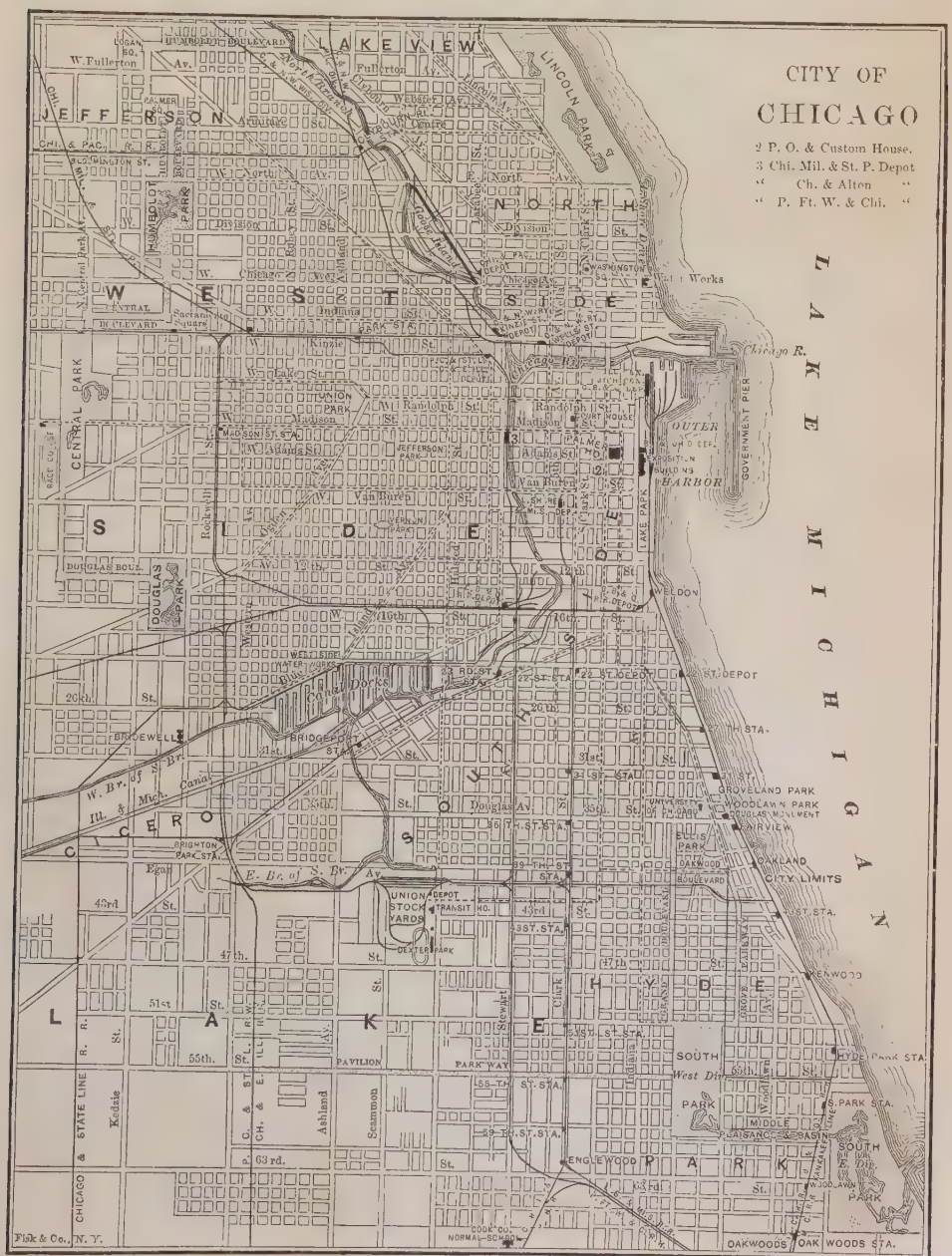
GURDON S. HUBBARD.

1832, bringing General Scott and troops for the Black Hawk war. Quite a number of these troops died on the way and at Chicago of cholera. Up to 1828 the only means of transit on Lake Michigan was in Canadian bateaux, known as Mackinaw boats. In this way I have coasted Lake Michigan twenty-six times, say, for thirteen consecutive years, fall and spring. In the fall of 1828 I went from Chicago to Detroit on horseback without meeting a white person or seeing any indication of a white settlement until reaching Ypsilanti, where were a few rude log-cabins. Until 1832 the country north and west from Chicago to the Mississippi was almost a wilderness. A few families had settled on the Lower Fox and Rock rivers, and Galena and vicinity had a few people engaged in mining lead. In the summer of 1833 I erected, on the corner of South and Lasalle streets, in Chicago, the largest brick building (I believe) then in this State, the timbers for which were cut and hewn on the Calumet River in the winter, and in the spring rafted to Chicago. The building had two stories and cellar; steep roof; size, 150 by 60 feet. Workmen were brought from the Wabash to make the brick. The finishing lumber, etc., were brought from Cleveland, Ohio, by vessel. This was called 'Hubbard's folly.' I was the first packer of beef and pork, opened the first store,

EAST SIDE OF STATE STREET.

was the first insurance agent, and issued the first policy in Chicago."

These lines were written by Mr. Hubbard, in the midst of active engagements, just about sixty-two years after he saw the beginning of the great city in which he now resides. It was in 1833 that a village was organized, and the city charter was obtained in 1837. The late William B. Ogden defeated Mr. Kinzie by a small majority, and was made the first Mayor. The census that year showed a population of 4179. Only one man was reported as having no regular employment, and he (as stated in the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's address before the Chicago Historical Society in 1868) was denominated a "loafer." Mr. Arnold thinks that this gratify-



IN THE TUNNEL—NIGHT SCENE.

ing proportion of 1 in 4000 has not been maintained as the city has grown. Up to 1848 there was nothing in the progress of Chicago to excite special comment, but in that year was completed the first of those lines of communication which so materially aided its advance. As the practical terminus of navigation on the four lower lakes, it had advantages patent to the most casual observer; but they must needs be supplemented by a comprehensive system of modes of transit in all directions. The Illinois and Michigan Canal, connecting the lake with the Illinois River at La Salle (the head of navigation, whence the waters run in a direction generally a little west of south, to the Mississippi, near its junction with the Missouri), was begun in 1836. After a delay of two years in the time of construction—due to financial difficulties—it was completed. It is ninety-six miles long, has fifteen locks, was deepened in 1866–70 by the city of Chicago, and is generally open about eight months in the year. The first railroad entering the city—the Galena and Chicago Union—was begun in 1847. So timid were its projectors that they put a clause in their charter by which they were authorized to make a *turnpike*, in case of need, instead of a

ENTRANCE TO RIVER.

railroad. By December 30, 1848, they had built just ten miles. From this modest beginning has grown the great Chicago and Northwestern corporation. The Michigan Southern and Michigan Central gave the earliest rail communication with the East, both reaching Chicago in 1852.

CHICAGO RIVER.

In the autumn of 1871 the actualities and possibilities of Chicago seemed greater than ever before. The local census gave a total of nearly 350,000 inhabitants. Real estate had advanced in an astounding manner, and with a rapidity which silenced croakers and scoffers.

Beautiful buildings of "Athens marble" —nearly white—rose on all sides, and additions were daily made to their number. A glance at the map will show the situation and conformation of the city, not differing greatly at present from what they were then. It extends along the lake shore, which here runs north and south, and of course gives it a long eastern water front. The Chicago River, which empties into the lake, forks very near its mouth, the north branch extending northwesterly, and the south branch first southerly, and then a little south of west. Bounded on the north by the short main river, on the west by the north-and-south portion of the south branch, and on the east by the lake, lay—and lies—the most important business section. Bridges were originally built across the river at intervals of two blocks, but the draws were frequently open, and great delays ensued, so a tunnel was constructed in 1869 to connect the south and west divisions, and another in 1871 to connect the north and south sides. Many as had been, up to 1871, the solid and stately buildings erected, there remained interspersed among them many more of the wooden structures of former days. For a great many miles the sidewalks too were of wood. In the early days of October, 1871, the city of Chicago was as active and bustling as at any time in its history. The preceding months had been very dry throughout the Northwestern country, and farmers were complaining; but the city people generally were hopeful and contented, and, as

usual, absorbed in their occupations and industries. Nothing could have seemed more improbable than that a few hours would send this vast, strong, resolute population from prosperity to ruin, from happiness to despair. Yet on Sunday evening, October 8, some one, as the story goes, upset a lighted kerosene lamp in a small wooden building in De Koven Street, on the west side. A gale was blowing from the southwest, and in a few hours the most terrible conflagration known in modern times was fiercely raging. In the division where it originated it burned over 194 acres, reduced 500 buildings to ashes, and made 2500 people homeless. Crossing to the south division, it swept over 460 acres, and destroyed 1600 stores, 28 hotels, 60 manufacturing establishments, and the homes of some 22,000 persons. Rushing across the main river, it attacked the north side. In a short time, on an area of 1470 acres, where had been the dwellings of 75,000 people, 600 stores, and 100 manufactories, there was left, out of 13,300 buildings, just *one*, the residence of Mr. Mahlon Ogden, now the Union Club. The whole area traversed was about three and one-third miles. These figures will, of course, fail to convey any true idea of the frightful loss, but a clearer one might be obtained by picturing the destruction of every building in New York city south of a line drawn from the North to the East River at Worth Street.

Strange to say, and in the face of the heart-rending stories which have been told, the writer can not learn of a single life having been lost in the flames.

The trouble and confusion which would result from the destruction of deeds and official records can hardly be imagined, but presented themselves with startling force to the mind of a gentleman who was hurrying on this dreadful night toward his office, in which were the books containing what are technically called "abstracts" of Chicago titles, he having been engaged for years

THE "CRIB," OR WATER TOWER.

in the preparation thereof. Could these books possibly be saved? A friend joined him, and they made frantic efforts to find some means of moving these precious folios. Twelve trucks successively engaged failed to appear, and at last one teamster was only compelled by the pointing of a revolver at his head to allow the load to be put on. There was a race between the clerks and the flames; the truckman edged off, and the last of the books was put on a block away from the office. The title by which a large part of Chicago is now peacefully and incontestably held depended for some time on the respect which that truckman felt for the shining barrel and the resolute hand which held it.

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

Tuesday morning, October 10, 1871, saw the population of a great city apparently ruined and crushed; but then began that marvellous exhibition of human kindness and benevolence for which history furnishes no parallel, and which ought to discomfit the pessimist for a generation to come. Money and supplies, estimated to aggregate over *six millions of dollars*, were freely sent to Chicago from all over the world. A report for 1874 shows actual cash receipts of $3,000,000. From New York city went $975,000; from Boston, $416,000; from London, $316,000; even from Canton, China, not only $660 from the little handful of foreign residents, but $550 from the people whom we now call "moon-eyed lepers," and propose to drive from our shores.

If the fire was a remarkable episode in the history of Chicago, what shall be said of its rising from the ashes, of the marvellous rebuilding of the city, of the work of only about eight years? It is estimated that some $41,000,000 were spent in new buildings on the burned district in the first twelve months after the fire. Chicago is the very phœnix of cities.

As rebuilt, and in the present days of its renewed greatness and prosperity, its general conformation is about the same as before. The space bounded on the east by the lake, on the north by the main river, and on the west by the south branch, contains the principal wholesale business establishments, exchanges, hotels, and three public buildings destined to take high rank among the notable ones in this country. They are the new Post-office, the City Hall, and the Court-house. On the south,

ALDINE SQUARE.

near the lake shore, and again on the north side, are two distinct dwelling quarters of a very high class, and calculated to astonish all who have not seen them. The ample space secured around dwellings —so rare in Eastern cities—is of itself an immense attraction. Of the other quarters of the city no special description need be given in this limited space, but to the system of parks and connecting boulevards, extending round the whole, too much praise can not be accorded. Starting at the lake side at the south, one will soon be able to drive by a rectangular course, first westward, then northward, then eastward, to come out on the northerly lake shore in the well-known and pleasant Lincoln Park. At intervals he will have passed through other and smaller parks, exhibiting in the season a wealth of beautiful flowers. From a "crib" out in the lake comes, as is well known, the water supply. The river has been greatly improved, and the grade of the city has been raised. The latter work has, of course, been done at intervals, and a portion of it some time ago—whereby hangs an interesting and veracious tale. The very amiable and worthy occupant of the position of British vice-consul at a port in the far East had often expressed to his American fellow-residents his great desire to visit their country, and make himself familiar with some of its institutions. His ideas of the West had been formed from a perusal of the works of Cooper, and it is to be feared that his interlocutors had purposely abstained from disturbing his somewhat highly colored expectations. Finally a furlough came to him, and he made ready to carry out his cherished plan of a trip home by the way of the Pacific Ocean and the United States. Introductions were given him to trusty practical jokers in San Francisco, which he presented, on arrival, with expressions of vehement desire to encounter Indians and hunt buffaloes. This, he was told, would be easy, as both abounded in the neighborhood of the Cliff House and in the peaceful and prosaic suburb of Oakland. An expedition was planned and carried out, and the British brother, armed to the teeth, performed great deeds in the encounter with "practicable" Indians and buffaloes—furnished, it was whispered, by a theatre and a circus or menagerie. Exulting in the praise of his American friends, and covered with glory, he departed for New York and England. His fame stood him in good stead at dinners

and other social gatherings during his entire vacation, preceded him on his return to his post, and made him quite a hero among his fellow-exiles. No American could find it in his heart to disturb it, and all might have gone well to this day had he only confined himself to his character of amateur Leatherstocking. One day, however, a countryman of his came to a "Yankee" and denounced this hero. "Just think of that M——," said he, "trying to sell us. By Jove! I never heard in all my life, you know, such atrocious stories as he has been telling us. What do you think he tried to make us believe? It is all very fine to have shot no end of Indians and buffaloes. Of course, you know, where there are so many as there are in San Francisco and New Hampshire and Niagara, and all those places, a plucky fellow might do that. But he has actually tried to make us believe the most extraordinary story that you have ever heard about your country, you know. He says that he went to a place called Chicago, and he went to draw some money from a bank, and found that they had raised it up and were moving it, with all the fellows inside, you know, going on with their work! I say! just fancy the cheek of the fellow, supposing he could make us believe that!" Alas! the one true story which the poor consul told had proved his undoing.

BRIDGE AT LINCOLN PARK.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Of the strides which Chicago has made in commerce and manufactures, it is difficult to convey any idea in words; nor can it be conveyed even by in-

STONE BRIDGE IN JEFFERSON PARK.

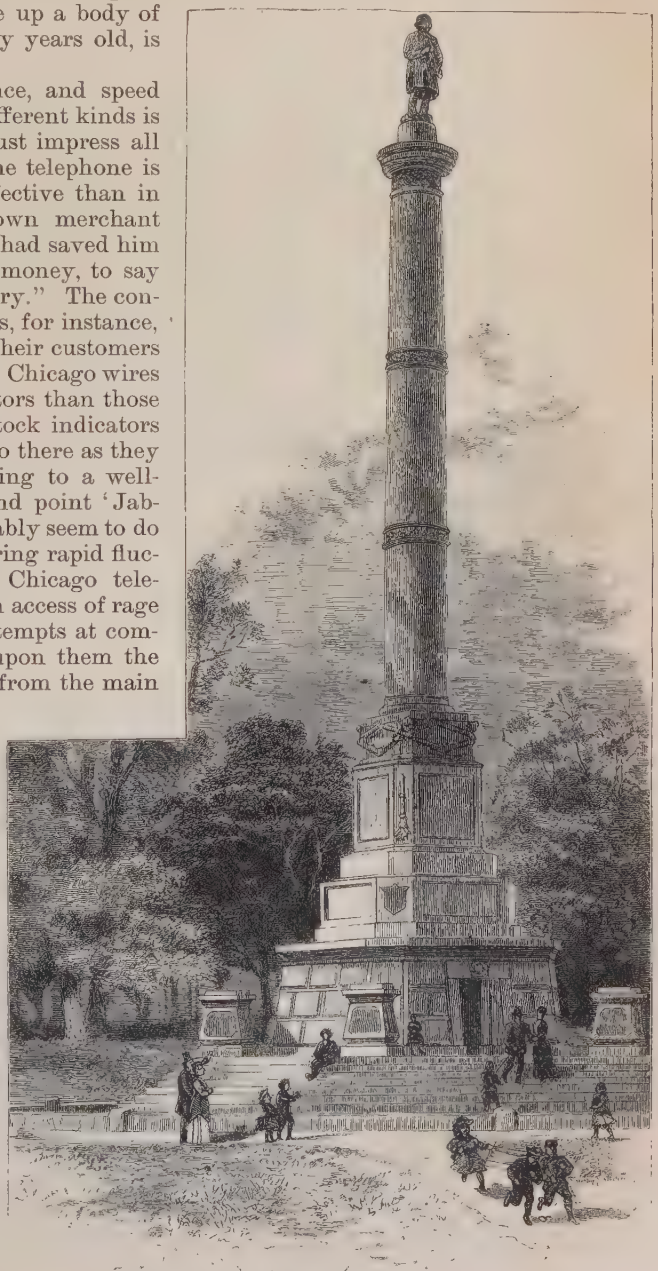
spection, except to an experienced observer. A large volume might be written about the many and diverse industries in which her people are engaged, and here but a casual glance can be had at the most important and conspicuous. Chicago is an enormous grain market. Who has not read almost daily allusions in the papers to the great arrivals there and shipments thence of this staple? of a "blockade" or a "corner" in it? of a rise or fall in the price? of fortunes made or lost? Yet the business shows no very marked "outward and visible signs" of its importance to the transient visitor. It is in concentrated and compact shape, and managed with admirable system and skill. In the year 1879 there were brought into the city, of flour, 3,370,000 barrels; of wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, 122,533,000 bushels. And it is curious to learn that all came by rail except 36,000 barrels of flour and 339,000 bushels of grain by the lake, and 42,000 barrels of flour and 6,479,000 bushels of grain by the canal, thus showing what the iron roads have done for the city. In Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Dakota; in Illinois and Missouri, and in that young giant of a State, Kansas; away up in the Red River Valley, and away out on the Santa Fe trail, beyond the hundredth meridian; on the fertile prairie farms which lie east of the Mississippi, and on new ones in the heart of what we used to call the Great American Desert — the farmers toiled to raise this great import. On all the iron roads the freight trains were made up through long months to be concentrated on the lines leading into Chicago, and to deposit much of their carryings within her borders. The latter are somewhat curiously divided. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, for instance, which brought, in 1879, 1,300,000 barrels of flour, brought only 7,000,000 bushels of corn; while the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy registered only 461,000 barrels of flour, but 26,000,000 bushels of corn.

A glance at the map will show to what dimensions has grown the system of roads connecting Chicago with the region west and north of it, to say nothing of others. As previously mentioned, the ten miles built toward Elgin in 1847–48 were the beginning of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Its ramifications now extend to Milwaukee and Lake Superior; to Minneapolis and St. Paul, and away to Watertown, in Dakota Territory; and to the Missouri at Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha. The Illinois Central extends to Cairo, with a line thence, and practically its own, to New Orleans; also to Dubuque, Iowa, and Sioux City. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific gives a line to Atchison and Leavenworth, and a second to Council Bluffs. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy extends to Burlington, Council Bluffs again, Plattsmouth, Kearny Junction (on the Union Pacific Rail-

road), and other points in Nebraska; to Quincy and Louisiana, with connection for Kansas City and Topeka; and to St. Louis. The Chicago and Alton has lines to Kansas City and St. Louis. Over the roads just mentioned, and their almost innumerable branches, come most of the cereals. In connection with the great Eastern roads, they make up a body of lines which, hardly thirty years old, is simply a marvel.

The system, convenience, and speed with which business of different kinds is carried on in Chicago must impress all observers. The use of the telephone is far more general and effective than in New York. A well-known merchant showed the writer how it had saved him in a single year $8000 in money, to say nothing of time and "worry." The connection of all the railroads, for instance, with each other and with their customers is complete; and then the Chicago wires seem to be better conductors than those in some other cities. Stock indicators would not for the world do there as they do in New York, according to a well-known wit—"go mad and point 'Jabberwocky,' as they invariably seem to do on an exciting day or during rapid fluctuations." Nor are the Chicago telephonists driven to such an access of rage at the failure of their attempts at communication as to bring upon them the mild request often heard from the main office in New York, "Please do not swear through the telephone." In the handling of the immense body of grain, this little invention, like all others for lessening labor, comes well to the front.

It is, indeed, strange to think that Chicago—this young inland city—is the primary market for a large part of the food supply not only of this country, but also of Europe. Yet such is the case, under the working of natural economical laws. Our Western domain is so vast, our Western soil so fertile, and our Western population so industrious and enterprising, that this food can be produced there more cheaply than by the dwellers in the overcrowded countries of the Old World. Not an Englishman in a thousand, as in Cobden's time, may yet know where Chicago is, but British Parliamentarians have been very forcibly re-



THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

LAKE SHORE ELEVATORS.

minded that it exists, and in a particularly healthy and aggressive condition. The one man will soon be called upon to enlighten the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, if this indefinitely situated place is to settle the price of the loaves consumed by a large percentage of them. The British traveller who recently told an American friend that the United States must surely be split asunder on geographical lines "when the Panama Canal separates the North from the South, you know," bore unconscious witness to the accuracy of Cobden's judgment. Could anything, however, so tend to make the shade of the great free-trader uneasily

UNION PARK.

A FLURRY IN WHEAT.

haunt the Houses of Parliament as the proposition to "protect" British agriculture by putting an import duty on American grain? While this question is being agitated, the stream of breadstuffs goes on pouring into Chicago, and out again on its mission of sustentation. Reducing flour to wheat for purposes of calculation, we find that against 135,089,778 bushels of grain coming into Chicago in 1879, 128,237,645 bushels went out.

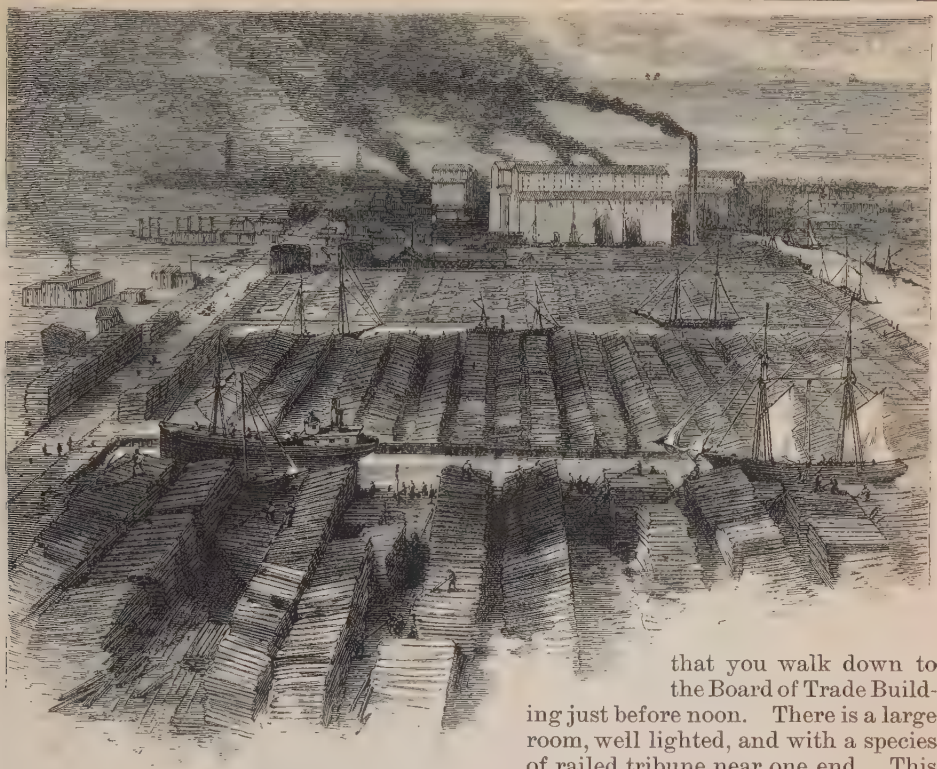
To receive such an incoming stream are waiting twenty elevators—a term, by-the-way, which hardly describes properly the great storehouses, of which the "elevating" arrangements are but one feature. Their aggregate capacity is 16,840,000 bushels; individual capacity from 90,000 to 2,000,000 bushels. They are in different parts of the city, but those at the disposal of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad give nearly one-third of the whole capacity. One of the newest of them, Armour Dole and Co.'s elevator "D," may be taken as what it is the fashion to call a "representative" elevator. It certainly is a very fine one, and should be seen by all inquiring visitors. It was begun in 1875, is 386 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 145 feet high, required five million feet of lumber in its construction, and cost $350,000. One can easily obtain permission to inspect it, and the superintendent will enlighten his ignorance, or increase and qualify his knowledge, as the case may be. He is conducted to a little "elevator" (here is this confusion of names again; it is what our English friends call a "lift"), and hoisted to the top floor. At one end he sees, swiftly passing over a shaft, the largest belt in the United States, 280 feet in length, and eighty inches in width. Below him are great scales, and bins sixty feet deep. A fine and suggestive dust gradually covers his clothes as he listens to the polite cicerone, who is telling him that there are twenty-six standard Fairbanks scales in

the building, and that they weigh so accurately that in an aggregate of six carloads there was only a shortage of *thirty pounds* between "St. Joe" and Chicago. But "look out for the engine when the bell rings." A train has come in below full of grain in bulk. Into a car goes a great *shute*, or nozzle; somebody pulls a lever, and, presto! away has gone that grain up into a weighing bin, then down into another receptacle of profundity and be filled for the East. Men wanted, with shovels, to laboriously handle the grain? Not at all. Down comes that shute again, boards are put across the doorways of the cars, and in one of them after another the grain runs up foot by foot. In less time than any one would think possible—a few minutes to each car—the train is entirely loaded, its doors are closed, and the engine is drawing it out again, to be delivered to one of the Eastern trunk lines.

EAST SIDE OF STATE STREET STOCK-YARD.

security. It dawns on the observer's mind that one man's property is by no means kept separate from another man's. This grain is all graded by a State inspector; it is "weighed in" and "weighed out," and all that is needful is that the contents of each bin should be homogeneous. But here comes another train—empty cars to

These terrible dumb labor-saving inventions are apparently much more hostile to the interests of the "laboring-man" than all the Chinamen that ever came in through the Golden Gate. Yet the former have helped provide thousands and thousands of laboring-men not only with employment, but also with comfortable

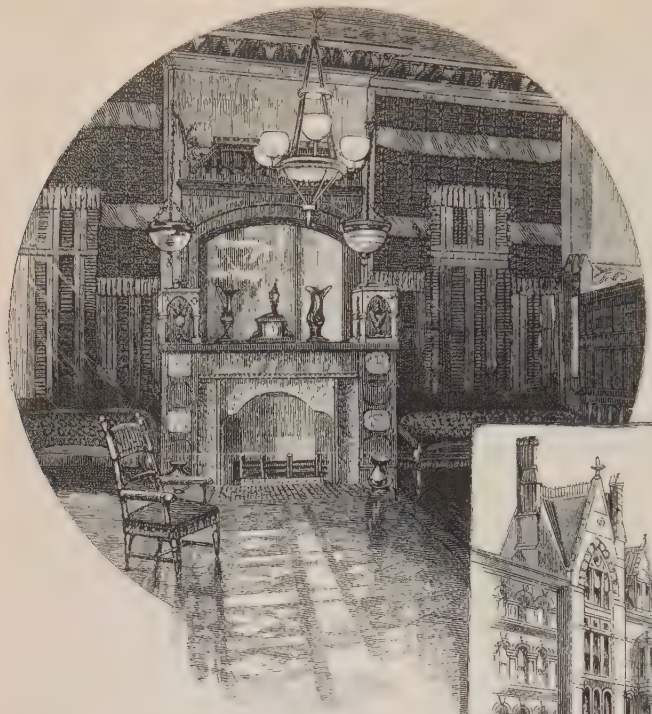


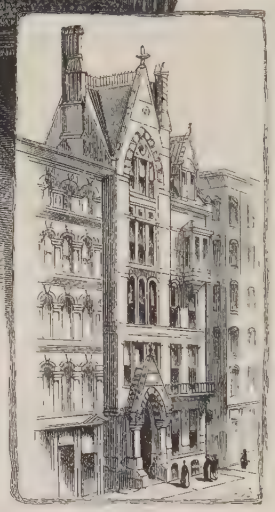
THE LUMBER DISTRICT.

homes, where the Indian held sway less than two generations ago, just as the railroads built by the labor of these same Chinamen have opened up the great central area of the continent, where even more laboring-men may seek and find prosperity.

It has been previously said that this great grain business is in exceedingly compact shape. It is very difficult for the casual observer to gauge either its magnitude or the multiplicity of its details. A witty Bostonian used to amuse his friends by recitals of his early experiences as a clerk on a quiet wharf in that old-fashioned and conservative city.

"I always took a great interest," said he, "in old X. People used to look up to him, and say he had made over a million dollars. I would go and gaze through the grated door into his 'store' (which he used to unlock himself every morning), and wonder how he managed to make that sum out of five bales of Calcutta hides, which were all I ever could see there." But in the business centre of Chicago you see not even one "original package" of the great cereals. Suppose that you walk down to the Board of Trade Building just before noon. There is a large room, well lighted, and with a species of railed tribune near one end. This room is quiet enough up to noon; but then—well, take the New York Stock Exchange when "the bottom is dropping out" of stocks, and a panic is impending, multiply the excitement several times, substitute the shrillest and hardest voices (like those which Dr. Holmes says are the product of salt-fish and east winds) for the more tempered ones of New York—and even then you will not have a fair idea of the hour for "dealing." Yet there is a very pronounced method in all this mid-day madness. These apparently crazy people are only buying and selling the grain which you saw in the elevator. One man is the agent for a heavy Liverpool house, another is buying for a New York firm, a third is one of the representatives of a combination of operators who are trying wheat as a change from stocks. All the world are customers here. To be sure, the buyers four and five thousand miles away use the click of the telegraphic armature to attract the attention of the self-appointed auctioneers, and rap out their bids with the Morse instrument. None the less are they as active competitors as if they were in bodily presence clamoring for their share of this grand distribution.





CHICAGO CLUB-HOUSE.

In due time, and none too soon for your ears, comes one o'clock, and you listen in a dazed way to the figures to which the day's doings have mounted. Now you clearly comprehend the splendid facilities afforded in Chicago for such business. Leaving out all sales for future delivery, and taking only bona fide dealings in wheat in the elevators, see how easily they are managed. A has bought 50,000 bushels of B. A gives B a check, and B gives A a little piece of paper—a receipt from some elevator for the 50,000 bushels. There can be no need of sampling, no question about quality. The State inspection has settled all that. The buyer puts the receipt in his pocket, and goes home. He will give it to the railroad company, and they will carry the grain East. But a thought strikes him. His grain is in the elevator of a certain road, and is to go out on the line of another. He remembers that there is a similar grade in the elevator of the latter; a transfer of warrants is made, and even the shifting of the cars is avoided. It should be mentioned that the charge for storage in the elevators is one and a quarter cents for the first ten days, and half a cent for each additional ten days.

The vast amount of grain shipped Eastward goes to many points. To Europe, under through bills of lading, there went enough in 1879, in conjunction with meal and provisions, to load a steamer of 2500 tons capacity every business day in the year—say a total of 768,153 tons, worth not less than $45,000,000. The citizens of Chicago are fond of talking of the time when the improvement in the Welland Canal will be completed, and, as they expect, large vessels will be dispatched from Europe *viâ* the St. Lawrence and the tortuous route through Lake Ontario, the Welland Canal, Lake Erie, the Detroit River, and St. Clair Strait, Lake Huron, the Straits of Mackinaw, and Lake Michigan, to the docks of their great city, bringing direct importations, and prepared to retrace their course deeply laden with the produce of the prairies. Without impeaching the correctness of these vaticinations, one may fairly doubt whether this mode of transportation will ever successfully compete in the long-run with that by rail or small vessel to the ocean shipping ports.

During the season when lake navigation is closed, the railroads furnish the only—but ample—means of export from Chicago to the East. The "trunk lines," so called, have various ramifications. Northernmost, we have the Michigan Central Railroad, extending from Chicago to Detroit, there connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, Portland, and Boston; the Canada Southern for Buffalo, and the Great Western of

Canada for Suspension Bridge. Next comes the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, running south of Lake Erie, and direct to Buffalo. Connection between Buffalo and Suspension Bridge on the one hand, and New York and Boston on the other, is had by the four tracks of the New York Central, the Boston and Albany, and the Hoosac Tunnel route; also by the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway and connections. The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, and the Pennsylvania railroads, furnish a route over the Alleghanies to Philadelphia and New York; and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad gives another to Baltimore. Safely and swiftly transported over mountains and through valleys, the products of Western toil and Western fertility are ultimately deposited in storehouses, elevators, and vessels' holds in the limits or the harbors of the Atlantic sea-ports so well known to us. Every year the facilities for carrying them are developed and improved.

In the summer season, of course, the grain-laden vessels proceed regularly and frequently to various points of consumption or distribution, thus furnishing an even more effective check on the charges made by the railroads for transportation than is supplied by the competition between those roads themselves.

Among the great interests of Chicago the business in pine lumber occupies a prominent place. How necessary this article is in the building up of the West he knows well who has traversed it. The thousands of incomers who are filling up the habitable belt which girds the continent must be sheltered. Few are contented, as was the Colorado shepherd, with a cave, and the tent and "dug-out" can not long satisfy the men who see future Chicagoes in even the "air towns" found at the termini of constructed track on the railroads. Almost before the town lots are staked out, and the pretentious name has grown familiar in the mouths of the pioneers, timber must be had for those terribly ugly buildings, in which the modest gable ends on the street are masked by those odious square board fronts.

Everything new is of wood, and it is only after the fate of the town, be it to "boom" or "bust," has been decided, that the brick-kiln or the quarry may be safely brought into play. What a market for lumber, therefore, this admirably situated city can command may be readily seen.

This business is one of the most interesting in the world. Its genesis is among the great forests and in the purest of air. Its mere mention calls up fascinating suggestions of the resinous odors of the foothills, of the ring of the axe in the crisp winter air, of the snow-laden trees, of the great logs plunging over the falls, or floating peaceably in rafts down the rivers. It is healthy, wholesome, cleanly, satisfactory throughout, and it has helped make our metropolis.

At the head of the Western States which produce pine lumber stand Michigan and Wisconsin, and the map will show how superbly they are situated as regards water communication, and what a convenient and natural destination Chicago affords for their laden vessels. There were very few lumber-yards in existence here up to 1846; there was a strong movement in the trade in 1853; in 1859 the first lumber exchange was established; after the fire of 1871 an enormous demand was, of course, created; in 1880—but we must not anticipate.

It will be seen that Lake Michigan has the State of the same name at its east, its north, and partly at its west side, and Wisconsin also at the west. In these are the great forests. Deep bays and rivers penetrate into their heart, and such melodiously named towns as Muskegon, Manistee, Menominee, and Oconto afford shipping points. By sailing vessels and steamers the lumber is brought to Chicago. In this business are employed over $80,000,000 (several times the aggregate capital of all the city banks), and between 7000 and 10,000 men; and the arrangements for its transaction are as efficacious as they are compact and convenient. Just at the junction of the north and south branches of the Chicago River are the Lumber Exchange and the offices of many of the large dealers. Of dock frontage devoted to lumber there are *twelve miles*. Some of these docks are on the lake, but what is called the "Twenty-second Street district" attracts the visitor's attention most forcibly. From the top of one of the neighboring elevators can be seen the south branch dragging its sluggish length through what twenty years ago was bare and useless prairie ground. Now it is laid out methodically in lots, each of 100 feet front and 244 feet depth, with a rail-

road track on one side, and on the other a ship-canal from the river, and of the same depth. These railroad tracks are connected with each other, and with all the roads leading out of the city, by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. Here planing-mills also abound.

Those who know what a profit is represented by even a small saving in the matters of transportation and handling will readily appreciate the advantage of the Chicago system. The owner or consignee of a cargo of lumber directs the vessel to his yard, and then rings the bell of his telephone. From perhaps five miles away comes the answer, "Well?"

"I have sent you the —— with —— thousand feet. Please be ready for it."

"All right."

That is all. This lumber goes out of the vessel within one hundred feet of the rails on which it will ultimately go to its purchaser. After sales have been made, the telephone again bespeaks the number of cars wanted from each road by which the lumber is to be dispatched. They are delivered in a train to the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, which runs them into the yard about sunset, takes them out loaded in due time, and switches them methodically off to their own tracks.

In the attempt to give an idea of the extent of the Chicago lumber trade at the present time, figures again delude and dissatisfy. It is easy to say that the city handled in 1852 148,000,000 feet; in 1872, 1,184,000,000 feet; in 1879, 1,500,000,000 feet—the last figures representing nearly one-third of the entire manufacture of the Northwest: but "millions" convey no startling idea to the layman's mind. It may help a little, however, to mention that to bring this lumber into the city would require average arrivals of thirty cargoes per day for two hundred days, each containing a quarter of a million feet; or that if a number of canal-boats, each containing one-eighth of a million feet, were loaded with the importation of 1879, and placed in line in the Erie Canal, they would reach, touching end to end, from Albany to Rochester—three hundred miles.

In early days doors, sashes, and blinds were shipped from the East to the little town at Fort Dearborn. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and with a vengeance! The writer saw the cars, at a large Chicago factory, loading not only for Denver, Leadville, Santa Fe, and Salt Lake City, but—tell it not in New England—for Connecticut as well.

Another enterprise which has brought wealth to Chicago is the stock business. It is of vast importance and of astounding dimensions. The Union Stock-Yards are situated near the southern limit of the city, and surpass anything of the kind elsewhere. Hither came, in 1879, 1,216,000 head of cattle, 6,539,000 hogs, 325,000 sheep.

Did we not call Cincinnati "Porkopolis" for many years? If this name be supposed to indicate a precedence in the disposal of the useful but not ornamental animal from which it is taken, it ought to be abandoned, for in the season from November 1, 1878, to March 1, 1879, Cincinnati packed 623,584, and Chicago 2,943,115. The stock-yards are useful and of great value to the trade and the city. The writer walked through lanes dividing up some *twelve acres* of dressed pork belonging to one firm, and standing higher than his head. He turned, however, with relief and satisfaction, to the one æsthetic oasis in this desert of the practical and the repulsive—a beautiful colly dog, which ran beside his master, looking up into his face with almost human intelligence, and then, darting to the head of a fugitive column of sheep, turned them in an instant.

"If he slips up in turning them, he'll just lie down and *cry*," remarked a bystander.

Cattle, hogs, and sheep must undoubtedly be transported, and ultimately slaughtered; none the less is the whole business a most unpleasant one, destitute of all semblance of picturesqueness, and tainted with cruelty and brutality. The various societies and philanthropic individuals throughout the country who have so nobly championed the cause of dumb animals have done much to lessen the sufferings of the many thousands of them brought in the course of the year to these great stock-yards; but very much still remains to be done.

A very important and interesting industry in Chicago is the manufacture of all things pertaining to the fittings of railways, and of other articles which can be made by the same machinery. In examining a colossal and most complete establishment of this class one may learn a curious and striking fact in connection with the changes in international trade. It has been paraded for years, as an instance

of the progress of England in the mechanical arts, that she could import cotton from India, make it into cloth, and, sending that cloth back to India, undersell the Hindoos themselves. That the United States can prove terribly dangerous competitors —in manufacturing as well as producing —is a fact which has only lately begun to dawn on the mind of John Bull. What a shock it must be to him to learn that this obscure place, Chicago (for which he must hunt in one of those cheerful collections of maps where the United States are put after the South-sea Islands), has had the impertinence to treat him just as he has been boasting of being able to treat the dark-skinned inhabitants of the land of the Moguls and the Rajahs! The establishment just mentioned buys tin plates in England, has them sent not only across the Atlantic, but also a thousand miles inland, makes them up into ware, sends that ware over the same route again, and *undersells the Birmingham dealers in their own home!*

There are other manufactures far too numerous to mention. There is an establishment for making soap, double the size of any in Europe, and probably the largest in the world, which sends its product over the entire globe. There are five iron and steel works; manufactories of carriages; great breweries; agricultural implement works; and very many other industrial establishments. No one can visit Chicago without being strongly impressed with the curious reversal, growing more marked every day, of the old order of things. To what extent the city will ultimately supply the rest of the country and the world with the articles formerly furnished by them to her it is quite impossible to predict.

The shops are large, and contain extensive and varied stocks. Goods are received from Europe in bond, paying duty at the local custom-house. The declared value of the articles imported during 1879 was $4,021,543. Among them were $2,000,000 worth of dry-goods; $290,000 worth of tin plates; $172,000 worth of chemicals; $184,000 worth of salt and saltpetre; and (rather remarkable) $124,000 worth of "musical merchandise." The aggregate duties paid in that year were $1,807,053.

It should be mentioned that Chicago is at present enjoying her full share of the prosperity which has come to the country, and that her citizens are in that state of relief and elation which is the natural sequence of years of struggle and depression. There is every evidence, however, that she has made, and will continue to make, solid and substantial progress. Real estate has greatly improved in value; money seems plenty and easy; and according to trustworthy local accounts, people desiring to be mortgagees are more plentiful than mortgagors—quite a different state of affairs from what obtained some years ago.

Churches, institutions of learning, and libraries abound. At the head of the Public Library is the well-known expert Mr. W. F. Poole, formerly of the Boston Athenæum. Music is much cultivated; and the organ recitals of Mr. Eddy are famed throughout the country. Besides the Illinois Humane Society, there are similar organizations for the prevention of cruelty to children and the suppression of vice. The Chicago Literary Club is a most useful and interesting institution. It holds regular meetings, at which papers, often learned and abstruse, are read and discussed. One of its members, Mr. E. G. Mason, has occupied the time which he could spare from active professional life in some keen and most valuable researches into the history of the old French settlement at Kaskaskia, Illinois, running back into the seventeenth century. This praiseworthy work will be sure to be of great antiquarian value. The undertaking by busy citizens of work of this kind, the interest taken in the Historical Society, the large and increasing demand for books, and the collection of pictures and works of art, are notable and gratifying signs of the times. They show not only that progress in culture which comes with years, but an exceptional movement in that direction, due to the growing conviction among the men who have built up the city and their own fortunes at the same time that they will live longer and happier lives if they devote more of their time than in days past to other than mere material interests.

It is pleasant to add, in bringing this brief and inadequate sketch to its close, that Chicago is a patriotic city. The national pulse beats strongly in her arteries; she has sent not a few ardent patriots to direct the affairs of state, and the blood of her brave soldiers has been shed on many a hard-fought field.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"YE ARE WELCOME, GLENOGIE."

WHEN, after nearly three months of glowing summer weather, the heavens begin to look as if they meditated revenge; when, in a dead calm, a darkening gloom appears behind the further hills, and slight puffs of wind come down vertically, spreading themselves out on the glassy water; when the air is sultry, and an occasional low rumble is heard, and the sun looks white—then the reader of these pages may thank his stars that he is not in Loch Hourn. And yet it was not altogether our fault that we were nearly caught in this dangerous cup among the hills. We had lain in these silent and beautiful waters for two or three days, partly because of the exceeding loveliness of the place, partly because we had to allow Angus time to get up to Isle Ornsay, but chiefly because we had not the option of leaving. To get through the narrow and shallow channel by which we had entered we wanted both wind and tide in our favor; and there was scarcely a breath of air during the long, peaceful, shining days. At length, when our sovereign mistress made sure that the young doctor must be waiting for us at Isle Ornsay, she informed Captain John that he must get us out of this place somehow.

"'Deed, I not sorry at all," said John of Skye, who had never ceased to represent to us that, in the event of bad weather coming on, we should find ourselves in the lion's jaws.

Well, on the afternoon of the third day, it became very obvious that something serious was about to happen. Clouds began to bank up behind the mountains that overhung the upper reaches of the loch, and an intense purple gloom gradually spread along those sombre hills—all the more intense that the little island in front of us, crossing the loch, burned in the sunlight a vivid strip of green. Then little puffs of wind fell here and there on the blue water, and broadened out in a silvery gray. We noticed that all the men were on deck.

As the strange darkness of the loch increased, as these vast mountains overhanging the inner cup of the loch grew more and more awful in the gloom, we began to understand why the Celtic imagination had called this place the Lake of Hell. Captain John kept walking up and down somewhat anxiously, and occasionally looking at his watch. The question was whether we should get enough wind to take us through the narrows before the tide turned. In the mean time mainsail and jib were set, and the anchor hove short.

At last the welcome flapping and creaking and rattling of blocks. What although this brisk breeze came dead in our teeth? John of Skye, as he called all hands to the windlass, gave us to understand that he would rather beat through the neck of a bottle than lie in Loch Hourn that night.

And it was an exciting piece of business when we got further down the loch, and approached this narrow passage. On the one side sharp and sheer rocks; on the other, shallow banks that shone through the water; behind us the awful gloom of gathering thunder, ahead of us a breeze that came tearing down from the hills in the most puzzling and varying squalls. With a steady wind it would have been bad enough to beat through those narrows; but this wind kept shifting about anyhow. Sharp was the word indeed. It was a question of seconds as we sheered away from the rocks on the one side, or from

the shoals on the other. And then, amidst it all, a sudden cry from the women,

"John! John!"

John of Skye knows his business too well to attend to the squealing of women.

"Ready about!" he roars; and all hands are at the sheets, and even Master Fred is leaning over the bows to watch the shallowness of the water.

"John! John!" the women cry.

"Haul up the main tack, Hector! Ay, that 'll do. Ready about, boys!"

But this starboard tack is a little bit longer, and John manages to cast an impatient glance behind him. The sailor's eye in an instant detects that distant object. What is it? Why, surely some one in the stern of a rowing-boat, standing up and violently waving a white handkerchief, and two men pulling like mad creatures.

"John! John! Don't you see it is Angus Sutherland!" cries the older woman, pitifully.

By this time we are going bang on to a sand-bank; and the men, standing by the sheets, are amazed that the skipper does not put his helm down. Instead of that—and all this happens in an instant—he eases the helm up, and the bows of the yacht fall away from the wind, and just clear the bank. Hector of Moidart jumps to the main-sheet and slacks it out, and then, behold! the *White Dove* is running free, and there is a sudden silence on board.

"Why, he must have come over from the Caledonian Canal!" says Queen Titania, in great excitement. "Oh, how glad I am!"

But John of Skye takes advantage of this breathing space to have another glance at his watch.

"We'll maybe beat the tide yet," he says, confidently.

And who is this who comes joyously clambering up, and hauls his portmanteau after him, and throws a couple of half-crowns into the bottom of the black boat?

"Oh, Angus," his hostess cries to him, "you will shake hands with us all afterward. We are in a dreadful strait. Never mind us—help John if you can."

Meanwhile Captain John has again put the nose of the *White Dove* at these perilous narrows; and the young doctor—perhaps glad enough to escape embarrassment among all this clamor—has thrown his coat off to help; and the men have got plenty of anchor-chain on deck, to let go the anchor if necessary; and then again begins that manœuvring between the shallows and the rocks. What is this new sense of completeness—of added life—of briskness and gladness? Why do the men seem more alert? and why this cheeriness in Captain John's shouted commands? The women are no longer afraid of either banks or shoals; they rather enjoy the danger; when John seems determined to run the yacht through a mass of conglomerate, they know that with the precision of clock-work she will be off on the other tack; and they are laughing at these narrow escapes. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only one of them laughs. Mary Avon is somewhat silent, and she holds her friend's hand tight.

Tide or no tide, we get through the narrow channel at last; and every one breathes more freely when we are in the open. But we are still far from being out of Loch Hourn; and now the mountains in the south, too—one of them apparently an extinct volcano—have grown black as thunder; and the wind that comes down from them in jerks and squalls threatens to plunge our bulwarks under water. How the *White Dove* flees away from this gathering gloom! Once or twice we hear behind us a roar, and turning we can see a specially heavy squall tearing across the loch; but here with us the wind continues to keep a little more steady, and we go bowling along at a welcome pace. Angus Sutherland comes aft, puts on his coat, and makes his formal entry into our society.

"You have just got out in time," says he, laughing somewhat nervously, to his hostess. "There will be a wild night in Loch Hourn to-night."

"And the beautiful calm we have had in there!" she says. "We were beginning to think that Loch Hourn was Fairyland."

"Look!" he said.

And indeed the spectacle behind us was of a nature to make us thankful that we had slipped out of the lion's jaws. The waters of the loch were being torn into spindrift by the squalls; and the black clouds overhead were being dragged into shreds as if by invisible hands; and in the hollows below appeared a darkness as if night had come on prematurely. And

still the *White Dove* flew and flew, as if she knew of the danger behind her; and by-and-by we were plunging and racing across the Sound of Sleat. We had seen the last of Loch Hourn.

The clear golden ray of Isle Ornsay light-house was shining through the dusk as we made in for the sheltered harbor. We had run the dozen miles or so in a little over the hour; and now dinner-time had arrived; and we were not sorry to be in comparatively smooth water. The men were sent ashore with some telegram—the sending off of which was the main object of our running in here; and then Master Fred's bell summoned us below from the wild and windy night.

How rich and warm and cheerful was this friendly glow of the candles, and how compact the table seemed now, with the vacant space filled at last! And every one appeared to be talking hard, in order to show that Angus Sutherland's return was a quite ordinary and familiar thing; and the Laird was making his jokes, and the young doctor telling his hostess how he had been sending telegrams here and there until he had learned of the *White Dove* having been seen going in to Loch Hourn. Even Miss Avon, though she said but little, shared in this general excitement and pleasure. We could hear her soft laughter from time to time. But her eyes were kept away from the corner where Angus Sutherland sat.

"Well, you *are* lucky people," said he. "If you had missed getting out of that hole by half an hour, you might have been shut up in it a fortnight. I believe a regular gale from the south has begun."

"It is you who have brought it, then," said his hostess. "You are the stormy petrel. And you did your best to make us miss the tide."

"I think we shall have some sailing now," said he, rubbing his hands in great delight—he pretends to be thinking only of the yacht. "John talks of going on to-night, so as to slip through the Kyle Rhea Narrows with the first of the flood tide in the morning."

"Going out to-night!" she exclaimed. "Is it you who have put that madness into his head? It must be pitch-dark already. And a gale blowing!"

"Oh no," he said, laughing. "There is not much of a gale. And it can not be very dark, with the moon behind the clouds."

Here a noise above told us the men had come back from the small village. They brought a telegram, too, but it was of no consequence. Presently—in fact, as soon as he decently could—Angus left the dinner table, and went on deck. He had scarcely dared to glance at the pale, sensitive face opposite him.

By-and-by Queen Titania said, solemnly, "Listen!"

There was no doubt about it; the men were weighing anchor.

"That madman," said she, "has persuaded Captain John to go to sea again—at this time of night!"

"It was Captain John's own wish. He wishes to catch the tide in the morning," observed Miss Avon, with her eyes cast down.

"That's right, my lass," said the Laird. "Speak up for them who are absent. But, indeed, I think I will go on deck myself now, to see what's going on."

We all went on deck, and there and then unanimously passed a vote of approval on Captain John's proceedings, for the wind had moderated very considerably; and there was a pale suffused light telling of the moon being somewhere behind the fleecy clouds in the southeast. With much content we perceived that the *White Dove* was already moving out of the dark little harbor. We heard the rush of the sea outside without much concern.

It was a pleasant sailing night after all. When we had stolen by the glare of the solitary light-house, and got into the open, we found there was no very heavy sea running, while there was a steady, serviceable breeze from the south. There was moonlight abroad, too, though the moon was mostly invisible behind the thin drifting clouds. The women, wrapped up, sat hand in hand, and chatted to each other; the doctor was at the tiller; the Laird was taking an occasional turn up and down, sometimes pausing to challenge general attention by some profound remark.

And very soon we began to perceive that Angus Sutherland had by some inscrutable means got into the Laird's good graces in a most marked degree. Dennymains, on this particular night, as we sailed away northward, was quite complimentary about the march of modern science, and the service done to humanity by scientific men. He had not even an

ill word for the *Vestiges of Creation*. He went the length of saying that he was not scholar enough to deny that there might be various ways of interpreting the terms of the Mosaic chronology, and expressed a great interest in the terribly remote people who must have lived in the lake-dwellings.

"Oh, don't you believe that," said our steersman, good-naturedly. "The scientifics are only humbugging the public about those lake-dwellings. They were only the bath-houses and wash-houses of a comparatively modern and civilized race, just as you see them now on the Lake of a Thousand Islands, and at the mouths of the Amazon, and even on the Rhine. Surely you know the bath-houses built on piles on the Rhine?"

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "that is extremely interesting. It is a novel view—a most novel view. But then the remains—what of the remains? The earthen cups and platters: they must have belonged to a very preemitive race?"

"Not a bit," said the profound scientific authority, with a laugh. "They were the things the children amused themselves with when their nurses took them down there to be out of the heat and the dust. They were a very advanced race indeed. Even the children could make earthen cups and saucers, while the children nowadays can only make mud pies."

"Don't believe him, sir," their hostess called out; "he is only making a fool of us all."

"Ay, but there's something in it—there's something in it," said the Laird, seriously; and he took a step or two up and down the deck in deep meditation. "There's something in it. It's plausible. If it is not sound, it is an argument. It would be a good stick to break over an ignorant man's head."

Suddenly the Laird began to laugh aloud.

"Bless me," said he, "if I could only inveigle Jôhnny Guthrie into an argument about that! I would give it him! I would give it him!"

This was a shocking revelation. What had come over the Laird's conscience, that he actually proposed to inveigle a poor man into a controversy, and then to hit him over the head with a sophistical argument? We could not have believed it. And here he was laughing and chuckling to himself over that shameful scheme.

Our attention, however, was at this moment suddenly drawn away from moral questions. The rapidly driving clouds just over the wild mountains of Loch Hourn parted, and the moon glared out on the tumbling waves. But what a curious moon it was!—pale and watery, with a white halo around it, and with another faintly colored halo outside that again whenever the slight and vapory clouds crossed. John of Skye came aft.

"I not like the look of that moon," said John of Skye to the doctor, but in an under-tone so that the women should not hear.

"Nor I either," said the other, in an equally low voice. "Do you think we are going to have the equinoctials, John?"

"Oh no, not yet. It not the time for the equinoctials yet."

And as we crept on through the night, now and again, from amid the wild and stormy clouds above Loch Hourn, the wan moon still shone out; and then we saw something of the silent shores we were passing, and of the awful mountains overhead, stretching far into the darkness of the skies. Then preparations were made for coming to anchor; and by-and-by the *White Dove* was brought round to the wind. We were in a bay—if bay it could be called—just south of Kyle Rhea Narrows. There was nothing visible along the pale moon-lit shore.

"This is a very open place to anchor in, John," our young doctor ventured to remark.

"But it iss a good holding ground; and we will be away early in the morning whatever."

And so, when the anchor was swung out, and quiet restored over the vessel, we proceeded to get below. There were a great many things to be handed down, and a careful search had to be made that nothing was forgotten: we did not want to find soaked shawls or books lying on the deck in the morning. But at length all this was settled too, and we were assembled once more in the saloon.

We were assembled—all but two.

"Where is Miss Mary?" said the Laird, cheerfully: he was always the first to miss his companion.

"Perhaps she is in her cabin," said his hostess, somewhat nervously.

"And your young doctor—why does he not come down and have his glass of toddy like a man?" said the Laird, get-

ting his own tumbler. "The young men nowadays are just as frightened as children. What with their chemistry, and their tubes, and their percentages of alcohol—there was none of that nonsense when I was a young man. People took what they liked, so long as it agreed with them; and will anybody tell me there is any harm in a glass of good Scotch whiskey?"

"'BLESS ME!' CRIED THE LAIRD."

She does not answer; she looks somewhat preoccupied and anxious.

"Ay, ay," continues the Laird, reaching over for the sugar; "if people would

only stop there, there is nothing in the world makes such an excellent night-cap as a single glass of good Scotch whiskey. Now, ma'am, I will just beg you to try half a glass of my brewing."

She pays no attention to him. For, first of all, she now hears a light step on the companionway, and then the door of the ladies' cabin is opened, and shut again. Then a heavy step on the companionway, and Dr. Sutherland comes into the saloon. There is a strange look on his face—not of dejection; but he tries to be very reticent and modest, and is inordinately eager in handing a knife to the Laird for the cutting of a lemon.

"Where is Mary, Angus?" said his hostess, looking at him.

"She has gone into your cabin," said he, looking up with a sort of wistful appeal in his eyes. As plainly as possible they said, "Won't you go to her?"

The unspoken request was instantly answered; she got up and quietly left the saloon.

"Come, lad," said the Laird. "Are ye afraid to try a glass of Scotch whiskey? You chemical men know too much: it is not wholesome: and you a Scotchman too. Take a glass, man!"

"Twelve, if you like," said the doctor, laughing; "but one will do for my purpose. I'm going to follow your example, sir; I am going to propose a toast. It is a good old custom."

This was a proposal after the Laird's own heart. He insisted on the women being summoned; and they came. He took no notice that Mary Avon was rosered, and downcast of face, and that the elder woman held her hand tightly, and had obviously been crying a little bit—not tears of sorrow. When they were seated, he handed each a glass. Then he called for silence, waiting to hear our doctor make a proper and courtly speech about his hostess, or about the *White Dove*, or John of Skye, or anything.

But what must have been the Laird's surprise when he found that it was his own health that was being proposed! And that not in the manner of the formal oratory that the Laird admired, but in a very simple and straightforward speech that had just a touch of personal and earnest feeling in it. For the young doctor spoke of the long days and nights we had spent together, far away from human ken; and how intimately associated people became on board ship; and how thoroughly one could learn to know and love a particular character through being brought into such close relationship. And he said that friendships thus formed in a week or a month might last for a lifetime. And he could not say much, before the very face of the Laird, about all those qualities which had gained for him something more than our esteem—qualities especially valuable on board ship—good-humor, patience, courtesy, lightheartedness—

"Bless me!" cried the Laird, interrupting the speaker, in defiance of all the laws that govern public oratory, "I maun stop this—I maun stop this. Are ye all come together to make fun of me—eh? Have a care—have a care!"

He looked round threateningly, and his eye lighted with a darker warning on Mary Avon.

"That lass too," said he; "and I thought her a friend of mine; and she has come to make a fool of me like the rest? And so ye want to make me the Homesh o' this boat? Well, I may be a foolish old man; but my eyes are open. I know what is going on. Come here, my lass, until I tell ye something."

Mary Avon went and took the seat next him, and he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Young people will have their laugh and their joke," said he.

"It was no joke at all," said she, warmly.

"Whisht, now. I say young people will have their laugh and their joke at a foolish old man; and who is to prevent them? Not me. But I'll tell ye what: ye may have your sport of me, on one condition."

He patted her once or twice on the shoulder, just as if she was a child.

"And the condition is this, my lass—that ye have the wedding at Denny-mains."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE EQUINOCTIALS AT LAST.

THERE was no dreaming of weddings at Denny-mains, or elsewhere, for some of us that night. It had been blowing pretty hard when we turned in; but toward two or three o'clock the wind increased to half a gale, while heavy show-

ers kept rattling along the decks. Then there were other sounds. One of the men was heard to clamber up the iron ladder of the forecastle; and as soon as he had put his head out, his contented exclamation was, "Oh, ferry well; go on!" Then he came below, and roused his companions; presently there was a loud commotion on deck. This was enough for our doctor. One could hear him rapidly dressing in his little state-room; then staggering through the saloon—for the wind was knocking about the *White Dove* considerably; then groping his way up the dark companion. For some time there was a fine turmoil going on above. Another anchor was thrown out. The gig and dingey were brought in on deck. All the sky-lights were fastened down, and the tarpaulins put over. Then a woman's voice:

"Angus! Angus!"

The doctor came tumbling down the companion. By this time we had got a candle lit in the saloon.

"What is it?" was heard from the partly opened door of the ladies' cabin.

"Nothing at all. A bit of a breeze has sprung up."

"Mary says you must stay below. Never mind what it is. You are not to go on deck again."

"Very well."

He came into the saloon—all wet and dripping, but exceedingly pleased to have been thus thought of—and then he said, in a tragic whisper,

"We are in for it at last."

"The equinoctials?"

"Yes."

So we turned in again, leaving the *White Dove* to haul and strain at her cables all through the night—swaying, pitching, groaning, creaking, as if she would throw herself free of her anchors altogether, and sweep away over to Glenelg.

Then, in the early morning, the gale had apparently increased. While the women-folk remained in their cabin, the others of us adventured up the companionway, and had a look out. It was not a cheerful sight. All around, the green sea was being torn along by the heavy wind; the white crest of the waves being whirled up in smoke; the surge springing high on the rocks over by Glenelg; the sky almost black overhead; the mountains that ought to have been quite near us invisible behind the flying mists of the rain. Then how the wind howled! Ordinarily the sound was a low, moaning bass—even lower than the sound of the waves; but then again it would increase and rise into a shrill whistle, mostly heard, one would have said, from about the standing rigging and the cross-trees. But our observation of these phenomena was brief, intermittent, and somewhat ignominious. We had to huddle in the companionway like jacks-in-the-box, for the incautiously protruded head was liable to be hit by a blast of rain that came along like a charge of No. 6 shot. Then we tumbled below for breakfast, and the scared women-folk made their appearance.

"The equinoctials, Angus?" said Queen Titania, with some solemnity of face.

"Oh, I suppose so," said he, cheerfully.

"Well, I have been through them two or three times before," said she, "but never in an exposed place like this."

"We shall fight through it first-rate," said he—and you should have seen Mary Avon's eyes; she was clearly convinced that fifteen equinoctial gales could not do us the slightest harm so long as this young doctor was on board. "It is a fine stroke of luck that the gale is from the southwest. If it had come on from the east, we should have been in a bad way. As it is, there is not a rock between here and the opposite shore at Glenelg; and even if we drag our anchors, we shall catch up somewhere at the other side."

"I hope we shall not have to trust to that," says Queen Titania, who in her time has seen something of the results of vessels dragging their anchors.

As the day wore on, the fury of the gale still increased: the wind moaning and whistling by turns, the yacht straining at her cables, and rolling and heaving about. Despite the tender entreaties of the women, Dr. Angus would go on deck again; for now Captain John had resolved on lowering the topmast, and also on getting the boom and mainsail from their crutch down on to the deck. Being above in this weather was far from pleasant. The showers occasionally took the form of hail; and so fiercely were the pellets driven by the wind that they stung where they hit the face. And the outlook around was dismal enough—the green sea and its whirling spindrift; the heavy waves breaking all along the Glenelg shores; the writhing of the gloomy sky. We had a companion, by-the-way, in this exposed

place—a great black schooner that heavily rolled and pitched as she strained at her two anchors. The skipper of her did not leave her bows for a moment the whole day, watching for the first symptom of dragging.

Then that night. As the darkness came over, the wind increased in shrillness, until it seemed to tear with a scream through the rigging; and though we were fortunately under the lee of the Skye hills, we could hear the water smashing on the bows of the yacht. As night fell, that shrill whistling and those recurrent shocks grew in violence, until we began to wonder how long the cables would hold.

"And if our anchors give, I wonder where we shall go to," said Queen Titania, in rather a low voice.

"I don't care," said Miss Avon, quite contentedly.

She was seated at dinner, and had undertaken to cut up and mix some salad that Master Fred had got at Loch Hourn. She seemed wholly engrossed in that occupation. She offered some to the Laird, very prettily; and he would have taken it if it had been hemlock. But when she said she did not care where the *White Dove* might drift to, we knew very well what she meant. And some of us may have thought that a time would perhaps arrive when the young lady would not be able to have everything she cared for in the world within the compass of the saloon of a yacht.

Now it is perhaps not quite fair to tell tales out of school; but still the truth is the truth. The two women were on the whole very brave throughout this business; but on that particular night the storm grew more and more violent, and it occurred to them that they would escape the risk of being rolled out of their berths if they came along into the saloon and got some rugs laid on the floor. This they did; and the noise of the wind and the sea was so great that none of the occupants of the adjoining state-rooms heard them. But then it appeared that no sooner had they lain down on the floor—it is unnecessary to say that they were dressed and ready for any emergency—than they were mightily alarmed by the swishing of water below them.

"Mary! Mary!" said the one, "the sea is rushing into the hold."

The other, knowing less about yachts, said nothing; but no doubt, with the admirable unselfishness of lovers, thought it was not of much consequence, since Angus Sutherland and she would be drowned together.

But what was to be done? The only way to the forecastle was through the doctor's state-room. There was no help for it; they first knocked at his door, and called to him that the sea was rushing into the hold; and then he bawled into the forecastle until Master Fred, the first to awake, made his appearance, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes and saying, "Very well, sir; is it hot water or cold water ye want?" and then there was a general commotion of the men getting on deck to try the pumps. And all this brave uproar for nothing. There was scarcely a gallon of water in the hold; but the women, by putting their heads close to the floor of the saloon, had imagined that the sea was rushing in on them. Such is the story of this night's adventures as it was subsequently —and with some shamefacedness—related to the writer of these pages. There are some people who, when they go to sleep, sleep, and refuse to pay heed to twopenny-halfpenny tumults.

Next morning the state of affairs was no better; but there was this point in our favor, that the *White Dove*, having held on so long, was not now likely to drag her anchors, and precipitate us on the Glenelg shore. Again we had to pass the day below, with the running accompaniment of pitching and groaning on the part of the boat, and of the shrill clamor of the wind, and the rattling of heavy showers. But as we sat at luncheon, a strange thing occurred. A burst of sunlight suddenly came through the sky-light and filled the saloon, moving backward and forward on the blue cushions as the yacht swayed, and delighting everybody with the unexpected glory of color. You may suppose that there was little more thought of luncheon. There was an instant stampede for water-proofs, and a clambering up the companionway. Did not this brief burst of sunlight portend the passing over of the gale? Alas! alas! when we got on deck, we found the scene around us as wild and stormy as ever, with even a heavier sea now racing up the Sound and thundering along Glenelg. Hopelessly we went below again. The only cheerful feature of our imprisonment was the obvious content of those two young people. They seemed perfectly satisfied with being shut up in this saloon,

and were always quite surprised when Master Fred's summons interrupted their draughts or bézique.

On the third day the wind came in intermittent squalls, which was something; and occasionally there was a glorious burst of sunshine that went flying across the gray-green driven sea. But for the most part it rained heavily; and the Ferdinand and Miranda business was continued with much content. The Laird had lost himself in *Municipal London*. Our Admiral-in-chief was writing voluminous letters to two youths at school in Surrey, which were to be posted if ever we reached land again.

That night about ten o'clock a cheering incident occurred. We heard the booming of a steam-whistle. Getting up on deck, we could make out the lights of a steamer creeping along by the Glenelg shore. That was the *Clydesdale*, going north. Would she have faced Ardnamurchan if the equinoctials had not moderated somewhat? These were friendly lights.

Then on the fourth day it became quite certain that the gale was moderating. The bursts of sunshine became more frequent; patches of brilliant blue appeared in the sky; a rainbow from time to time appeared between us and the black clouds in the east. With what an intoxication of joy we got out at last from our long imprisonment, and felt the warm sunlight around us, and watched the men get ready to lower the gig so as to establish once more our communications with the land! Mary Avon would boldly have adventured into that tumbling and rocking thing—she implored to be allowed to go: if the doctor were going to pull stroke, why should she not be allowed to steer? But she was forcibly restrained. Then away went the shapely boat through the plunging waters—showers of spray sweeping from her stem to stern—until it disappeared into the little bight of Kyle Rhea.

The news brought back from the shore of the destruction wrought by this gale—the worst that had visited these coasts for three-and-twenty years—was terrible enough; and it was coupled with the most earnest warnings that we should not set out. But the sunlight had got into the brain of these long-imprisoned people, and sent them mad. They implored the doubting John of Skye to get ready to start. They promised that if only he would run up to Kyle Akin, they would not ask him to go further, unless the weather was quite fine. To move—to move—that was their only desire and cry.

John of Skye shook his head, but so far humored them as to weigh one of the anchors. By-and-by, too, he had the topmast hoisted again: all this looked more promising. Then, as the afternoon came on, and the tide would soon be turning, they renewed their entreaties. John, still doubting, at length yielded.

Then the joyful uproar! All hands were summoned to the halyards, for the mainsail, soaked through with the rain, was about as stiff as a sheet of iron. And the weighing of the second anchor—that was a cheerful sound indeed. We paid scarcely any heed to this white squall that was coming tearing along from the south. It brought both rain and sunlight with it; for a second or two we were enveloped in a sort of glorified mist—then the next minute we found a rainbow shining between us and the black hull of the smack; presently we were in glowing sunshine again. And then at last the anchor was got up, and the sails filled to the wind, and the main-sheet slackened out. The *White Dove*, released once more, was flying away to the northern seas!

CHAPTER XLVI.

"FLIEH! AUF! HINAUS!"

THIS splendid sense of life, and motion, and brisk excitement! We flew through the narrows like a bolt from a bow; we had scarcely time to regard the whirling eddies of the current. All hands were on the alert, too, for the wind came in gusts from the Skye hills, and this tortuous strait is not a pleasant place to be taken unawares in. But the watching and work were altogether delightful, after our long imprisonment. Even the grave John of Skye was whistling "Fhir a bhata" to himself—somewhat out of tune.

The wild and stormy sunset was shining all along the shores of Loch Alsh as we got out of the narrows and came in sight of Kyle Akin. And here were a number of vessels, all storm-stayed, one of them, in the distance, with her sail set. We discovered afterward that this schooner had dragged her anchors and run ashore at Balmacara. She was more for-

tunate than many others that suffered in this memorable gale, and was at the moment we passed returning to her former anchorage.

The sunlight and the delight of moving had certainly got into the heads of these people. Nothing would do for them but that John of Skye should go on sailing all night. Kyle Akin? they would not hear of Kyle Akin. And it was of no avail that Captain John told them what he had heard ashore—that the *Glencoe* had to put back, with her bulwarks smashed; that here, there, and everywhere vessels were on the rocks; that Stornoway Harbor was full of foreign craft, not one of which would put her nose out. They pointed to the sea and the scene around them. It was a lovely sunset. Would not the moon be up by eleven?

"Well, mem," said John of Skye, with a humorous smile, "I think if we go on the night, there not mich chance of our rinning against anything."

And indeed he was not to be outbraved by a couple of women. When we got to Kyle Akin, the dusk beginning to creep over land and sea, he showed no signs of running in there for shelter. We pushed through the narrow straits, and came in view of the darkening plain of the Atlantic, opening away up there to the north, and as far as we could see there was not a single vessel but ourselves on all this world of water. The gloom deepened; in under the mountains of Skye there was a darkness as of midnight. But one could still make out ahead of us the line of the Scalpa shore, marked by the white breaking of the waves. Even when that grew invisible we had Rona light to steer by.

The stormy and unsettled look of the sunset had prepared us for something of a dirty night, and as we went on both wind and sea increased considerably. The southwesterly breeze that had brought us so far at a spanking rate began to veer round to the north, and came in violent squalls, while the long swell running down between Raasay and Scalpa and the mainland caused the *White Dove* to labor heavily. Moreover, the night got as black as pitch, the moon had not arisen, and it was lucky, in this laborious beating up against the northerly squalls, that we had the distant Rona light by which to judge of our whereabouts.

The two women were huddled together in the companionway; it was the safest place for them; we could just make out the two dark figures in the ruddy glow coming up from the saloon.

"Isn't it splendid to be going like this," said Miss Avon, "after lying at anchor so long?"

Her friend did not answer. She had been chiefly instrumental in persuading Captain John to keep on during the night, and she did not quite like the look of things. For one thing, she had perceived that the men were all now clad from head to foot in oil-skins, though as yet there was nothing but spray coming on board.

Our young doctor came aft, and tried to get down the companionway without disturbing the two women.

"I am going below for my water-proof and leggings," said he, with a slight laugh. "There will be some fun before this night is over."

The tone of the girl altered in a moment.

"Oh, Angus," said she, grasping him by the arm, "pray don't do that! Leave the men to work the boat. If there is any danger, why don't they make away for the land somewhere?"

"There is no danger," said he, "but there will be a little water by-and-by."

The volume of the great waves was certainly increasing, and a beautiful sight it was to mark the red port light shining on the rushing masses of foam as they swept by the side of the vessel. Our whereabouts by this time had become wholly a matter of conjecture with the amateurs, for the night was quite black; however, Rona light still did us good service.

When Angus Sutherland came on deck again she was on the port tack, and the wind had moderated somewhat. But this proved to be a lull of evil omen. There was a low roar heard in the distance, and almost directly a violent squall from the east struck the yacht, sending the boom flying over before the skipper could get hold of the main sheet. Away flew the *White Dove* like an arrow, with the unseen masses of water smashing over her bows.

"In with the mizzen, boys!" called out John of Skye, and there was a hurried clatter and stamping, and flapping of canvas.

But that was not enough, for this unexpected squall from the east showed permanence, and as we were making in for the Sound of Scalpa, we were now running free before the wind.

"We'll tek the foresail off her, boys!" shouted John of Skye again; and presently there was another rattle down on the deck.

Onward and onward we flew, in absolute darkness but for that red light that made the sea shine like a foaming sea of blood. And the pressure of the wind behind increased until it seemed likely to tear the canvas off her spars.

"Down with the jib, then!" called out John of Skye; and we heard, but could not see, the men at work forward. And still the *White Dove* flew onward through the night, and the wind howled and whistled through the rigging, and the boiling surges of foam swept away from her side. There was no more of Rona light to guide us now; we were tearing through the Sound of Scalpa; and still this hurricane seemed to increase in fury. As a last resource, John of Skye had the peak lowered. We had now nothing left but a mainsail about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

As the night wore on, we got into more sheltered waters, being under the lee of Scalpa; and we crept away down between that island and Skye, seeking for a safe anchorage. It was a business that needed a sharp look-out, for the waters are shallow here, and we discovered one or two smacks at anchor, with no lights up. They did not expect any vessel to run in from the open on a night like this.

And at last we chose our place for the night, letting go both anchors. Then we went below, into the saloon.

"And how do you like sailing in the equinoctials, Mary?" said our hostess.

"I am glad we are all around this table again, and alive," said the girl.

"I thought you said the other day you did not care whether the yacht went down or not?"

"Of the two," remarked Miss Avon, shyly, "it is perhaps better that she should be afloat."

Angus was passing at the moment. He put his hand lightly on her shoulder, and said, in a kind way:

"It is better not to tempt the unknown, Mary. Remember what the French proverb says, 'Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps.' And you know you have not nearly completed that great series of *White Dove* sketches for the smoking-room at Denny-mains."

"The smoking-room!" exclaimed the Laird, indignantly. "There is not one of her sketches that will not have a place—an honored place—in my dining-room: depend on that. Ye will see—both of ye—what I will do with them; and the sooner ye come to see, the better."

We this evening resolved that if, by favor of the winds and the valor of John of Skye, we got up to Portree next day, we should at once telegraph to the island of Lewis (where we proposed to cease these summer wanderings) to inquire about the safety of certain friends of ours whom we meant to visit there, and who are much given to yachting; for the equinoctials must have blown heavily into Loch Roag, and the little harbor at Borva is somewhat exposed. However, it was not likely that they would allow themselves to be caught. They know something about the sea, and about boats, at Borva.

THE THROCKMORTONS.

"AND so you are going to marry Mr. Theodore Throckmorton?" said Aunt Jane, with a sniff of disapproval.

"Yes, I believe I am," answered Rose.

"The Throckmortons were always a stiff-necked race. I wish you well, Rose—I wish you well; but I don't care to have one of *my* girls marry into the family."

Rose forbore to answer that her girls were in no danger of marrying into any family.

"Yes," she pursued, "they've always had filthy lucre enough—always their wine in the cellar, and their capon on the spit, and their brocades and diamonds for the 'confusion of the neighbors.' There was General Throckmorton, who used to lock his wife up in the old mansion-house, when he went to court, for fear she would enjoy herself too much. Who knows but your Mr. Theodore is a chip of the old block? A tyrannical set, the Throckmortons were, never at peace with their wives. There was Tristram, the first member of Congress from this district, or State, or whatever it was in those days—well, he married the prettiest fool, and he broke her heart, and they used to say that her ghost wandered about the old mansion-house; that a young lady who was visiting there years after—visiting his son's wife—met her in the corridor, dressed in an old-fashioned changeable silk, with an

ancient brass candlestick and lighted candle in her hand, holding it up to look at the portraits on the wall. Oh, I know the Throckmortons, root and branch."

"But Theodore doesn't belong to this branch," said Rose, who was used to Aunt Jane's tirades.

"They all come from one stock—all from one stock: masterful people, the Throckmortons, carrying all before them; walking over a friend if he stands in the way, breaking the hearts of women. I've even heard say that your Mr. Theodore, with all his soft manners, never got on with his wives."

"You speak as if he had had a harem, Aunt Jane," cried Rose. "Theodore has never been married but once; and if he didn't get on with her—which I don't believe—it must have been her fault."

"I wish you well, Rose; but I'm thankful that neither Ellen or Amanda are going to trust their happiness to a Throckmorton."

Could there be any grain of truth in Aunt Jane's insinuations? Rose pondered. Of course there was not a particle in her innuendoes about Theodore; but were the Throckmortons a hard family? Of course Theodore was an exception, if they were as hard as flint; and as for his first wife, Rose had scarcely thought of her vividly before. What had she been like? had Theodore loved her? had she dreamed of another woman filling her place? It seemed just then to Rose as if that must be the bitterest thing in all the universe. She wondered if Theodore did not possess a picture of her somewhere, that she might satisfy her curiosity one day, and judge if it had been painful for him to part from her—what manner of woman it was who had won his heart first. And she plagued herself conjecturing which he would have chosen had he known them both. She felt a sort of anguish in behalf of this dead woman, who had stepped aside and let the sunshine fall upon herself.

Now that she reflected about it, Theodore had been strangely silent in regard to her, it was certain. Was it indifference, or because the grief was too sacred? Does a man, she questioned, ever make his first wife the subject of conversation between himself and her successor?—describe her charms, make an inventory of her little attractions? Wouldn't it be awkward? Rose had no experience to inform her. Perhaps it was temperament which decided. This affair, however, did not dwell long in her mind; other things absorbed her—buying the last items of the *trousseau*, unpacking presents, the perplexing task of making a little money do the service of a good deal, and trying on the wedding dress. Though the Throckmortons as a family were well known, according to Aunt Jane, in the neighborhood, yet Theodore was a comparative stranger, having married and lived in the South for years, after a foreign education. It was only a year since Rose and he had met on a railway train snowed up a few miles beyond Little Crampton. She had been to the city to give a music lesson; he was coming home to look after some property that had fallen to him in Little Crampton. Though they were but five miles from the station, yet the storm was so cold and blinding that only a few undertook the walk into town. There was but a handful of passengers altogether, Little Crampton people mostly, who did business in the city, and returned at night; and it so happened that Rose was the only woman among them. They spent the night out there among the drifts, there being, fortunately, plenty of wood on board the train to keep them comfortable; and under such circumstances people make acquaintance with comparative ease. Mr. Throckmorton, not wishing to travel on foot in the storm, and rather enjoying the novelty of the situation, had yet ventured out a mile or so, and foraged at a farmhouse, returning with a supply of dainties which he begged Rose to share. He had observed that she was bored, sleepy, and miserable; he sympathized with her as a man invariably does with a pretty woman. Why is it that beauty in distress is more appealing than ugliness? Though for the matter of that, perhaps Mr. Theodore Throckmorton would have folded his wrap for her weary head, have braved the storm for her refreshment, and beguiled her tedium with anecdotes and nonsense, all the same, had she been the plainest old maid in Little Crampton; but then his conduct would have proved an exception to that of his sex, no doubt. By daylight Rose and Theodore were as intimate as if they had been born neighbors; and an acquaintance begun thus, in a snow-drift, had drifted into a more tender relation. In spite of Aunt Jane, Rose and Theodore were married, and set off in the early winter for his Southern home; and what a new

world it was which Rose had discovered! She used to wonder, during those days, if it were really herself, poor little overlooked Rose Thornton, who had a right to all this splendor, to all this love and devotion; if she should not wake up to find herself in her dingy little room at Little Crampton, in her black delaine, trying to make a dime do duty for a dollar, with nobody kinder than Aunt Jane to look to, with all this happiness only a dissolving dream. "My life is like a poem," she said, almost daily.

"I hope it will never become plain prose," Theodore would answer.

Mr. Throckmorton was called away on business affairs for a week or so, when they had been married a little more than a year, and at first it seemed to Rose as if the sun had gone under a cloud. She tried to occupy herself with a thousand trifles; the very roses in the garden appeared to hang their heads and drop their petals pensively; the mocking-birds sang out of tune; the atmosphere was oppressive as before a thunder-storm. Rose wandered about the house and grounds aimlessly, not knowing how to pass the time without Theodore. She reminded herself of the ghost of Mrs. Tristram Throckmorton haunting the corridors with her lighted taper to look at her husband's portrait; she turned over the rare prints in the library; she opened the old-fashioned novels, written for a dead and gone generation; she drew a melancholy strain or two from Theodore's violin, like the wailing of a banshee. One afternoon she bethought herself of Theodore's diary of the war, which she had promised she should read whenever she wanted to descend to plain prose. "It is hidden in a drawer of my private desk," he had said. "Read it, Rosamundi, when you wish to be bored within an inch of your life." She opened the desk and began her search; but the diary was not so easily found. A friend had borrowed it, not long before, in order to fix the date of some political events in his mind. But while she turned over his papers and opened the drawers, her fingers must have touched accidentally the spring of a secret compartment, which, flying open, disclosed the picture of a woman in a case bedded with pearls and emeralds—a woman with great velvety eyes like a panther's, a rich color on the swarthy cheek, and a tense expression about the scarlet curve of the lips: a face to haunt and perplex one. Rose shuddered before this apparition. "Death is in her beautiful eyes," she cried. "How she must have hated to die, and leave this pleasant world—and Theodore! How did he ever forget her and love me!" And then her eyes fell upon a shabby little diary pushed out of sight beneath the picture. "This must be Theodore's," she thought; and she seated herself in a Sleepy Hollow chair to enjoy it, yet feeling as if that face would always come between herself and Theodore, unless she could lose herself in these pages and forget it. In fact, so penetrated was she with thoughts of this beautiful dead woman, whom Theodore had once loved, that she had been reading the diary for an hour or so, had turned the leaves, and had tried mechanically to follow the thread, before she awoke to the conviction that it was not a novel she held, nor a record of the war, that it was not written in Theodore's hand, but that it *was* a record of intense feeling and agony—the diary of Julia Throckmorton.

"20*th*.—And this is revenge, indeed! You starve both body and soul, Theodore Throckmorton—you who promised to love and cherish. Was I to blame because I could not love you? Was it my fault that you could not prove yourself as irresistible as Raphael? Why did I marry you, then? When they swore to me that Raphael was dead, shot through the heart, what did anything signify? As well you as another. If I deceived you, it was because you were easily deluded; you thought nobody could resist a Throckmorton. And how I hated you when Raphael came back, strong and beautiful, with that hunger in his eyes which I understood! What hours we spent floating on the still river, which was like the picture of a dream, while you forgot us among your books, following the flight of comets, weighing the stars and the earth! I was a lost Pleiad, the course of which you omitted to reckon. What dusks were those, made eloquent with love and melody! what sunsets bloomed for us two! what stars trembled into our heaven! And that black, gusty night—ah, I should have been happy, happy, but for you, Theodore Throckmorton. All your wealth and love could not purchase happiness for me. I should have been happy with Raphael in Italy—yes, in Hades. Why did you not let us go? Why did you come down from the clouds and the starry

spaces, wake from your nebulous trance, just to hinder two lovers? Why did you stand like the angel with the flaming sword between us and our paradise? And here, in this lonely prison-house, you make good your revenge. I might shriek for help, or a morsel of bread, and none would hear me, shut in by miles of plantation. Alas, I am so faint and worn! I dragged myself to the mirror to-day, and was scared at the ghost which met me. I shall never see it again, for I broke the glass into atoms. Through the chinks of my blind I see the ripe fruits dropping, only to rot upon the ground below, and I am so hungry—dying, dying of starvation in the lap of luxury; all my beauty vanishing like a mist, crumbling into dust! Who could have dreamed that Theodore Throckmorton would be revenged on a woman for a sin she failed in? If I die to-night I will haunt you; all the years of your life I will haunt you; all the eternity after death I will—"

Had the bitter heart ceased beating with this inarticulate cry? "Julia Throckmorton died December 20, 18—," had been written below by Theodore himself.

While Rose had read, spell-bound, a thunder-storm had risen in fury, but she had not heeded—one of those sudden flashes of the elements; the lightnings had rent the sky, and had torn up at one stroke a great tree on the avenue. Theodore, returning unexpectedly, hastened through the grounds and house to the library in search of her: she had used to fear the passion of these Southern storms unless folded in his arms; but she stood up now and confronted him, holding Julia Throckmorton's diary in her hand, a speechless horror frozen in her eyes, shrinking away from him, convulsed and cold.

"You—you," she gasped—"you starved her to death, here in this lonely place; and—and I—I loved you! The Throckmortons are a hard race;" and she fell fainting into his arms.

That night the Throckmortons' heir came home; but his mother made no rejoicing. She was going over and over that cruel diary; its words had burned into her memory; she was haunted by Julia's dying reproaches. But as the days multiply she grows stronger, in spite of everything—strong enough to use pencil and paper, in which the nurse indulges her, and she writes: "When I am better, Theodore, I will go back to Little Crampton. Baby and I will go together. Good-by."

"Little Crampton, indeed," said the doctor, who had entered, and taken the pencil and paper from her hands. "What train do you propose to take, Mrs. Throckmorton?" Then, as the tears start into her eyes, he whispers: "Let me give you something quieting. Your husband tells me that you have been reading the diary of Julia Throckmorton. Theodore saved her from the disgrace of an elopement, but she never forgave him; and, my dear child, her diary was the diary of a madwoman."

"And she did not die of starvation? Do you mean to tell me that Theodore loved and cherished her as he promised?"

"Yes, she died of starvation. She eluded the vigilance of her keepers, and starved herself to death in her frenzy. She died at the asylum, not in this lonely place, this prison-house, and I attended her."

"Will you call Theodore?" said Rose.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF TURKISH POLITICS.

THE Congress of Berlin of July, 1878, sought two main results: it undertook to provide a promising future for the populations detached from Turkey by the conditions of peace with victorious Russia; and it attempted to secure some permanent basis of existence for the inhabitants of the districts left under the direct control of the Sultan.

The policy developed at the Congress by England in regard to the latter of these two objects was based upon the theory that the existing Turkish Empire is necessary to Europe as the guardian of great highways of the world's commerce. This theory was apparently adopted by the Congress. The Treaty of Berlin provides for a consolidation of the power of Turkey by making a direct European intervention in the administration of those provinces whose distance or whose turbulence has made them a drain upon the resources of the empire, and by stipulating for financial and administrative reorganization in the remainder of the empire. This result was hailed by the British plenipotentiaries as a great diplomatic victory over Russia, both because it seemed to secure the adhesion of Europe during a long future to the English theory,

and because it apparently assured beyond peradventure of doubt the necessary reorganization of the Sultan's administration, and through this the stability of the Sultan's throne.

We are now in the second year of the existence of the Berlin Treaty, but as yet scarcely one of its requirements in relation to the Turkish Empire has been put in execution. No reorganization of the finances of Turkey has been attempted; no amelioration in the relations between Turkey and its troublesome little neighbor, Greece, has been secured. As to reforms in the internal administration of Turkey, all testimony agrees in declaring that the civil administration of the country, and hence the condition of its inhabitants, have steadily gone from bad to worse since the Russian war. It is needless to remark that the work of the great Congress has failed unless a speedy remedy for this state of affairs can be found. Nevertheless, the attitude of England, and in less degree of all Europe, toward Turkey, has been one of expectancy. All Europe seems to have been satisfied that there is still good reason to hope that the government of Turkey has the will and the power to regulate itself in the directions marked out as essential by the Treaty of Berlin.

It is the object of this paper to point out certain little-known peculiarities of the political organization of Turkey, which, in the judgment of the writer, constitute a bar to hopes that Turkey will realize the expectations of Europe by self-reform, and at the same time furnish a natural and intelligible explanation of the apparent dilatoriness of the Turkish government in all questions of reorganization.

Like most hopes, the hope that the Turkish government will reform itself presents a fair and enticing appearance. Those who have lived among the Turks have found the common people to be possessors of many admirable qualities. They have a simplicity of life and character always charming. Their sturdy religious devotion indicates serious moral capabilities. In the late war their stubborn bravery won admiration even from their opponents. They are docile, patient, and industrious, and their country is endowed with resources sufficiently various to assure prosperity to its inhabitants. The only obstacle to the prosperous development of Turkey is the bad administration of its government, which is quite phenomenal and unique in character—the ruin of the people subjected to it, and a permanent menace to the peace of neighboring European countries.

Now if the Turkish government has the will to reform its administration, and the energy to protect the weak among the various races under its power, to restrain the unruly, and to secure the ordinary rights of humanity to all, it would thus benefit not only its own people, but all that part of Europe now kept in unrest by the ever-recurring Eastern question. It could in great measure assure the peace of Europe at no cost to those most vitally concerned in the maintenance of that peace. There is small reason to wonder that Europe has been willing to wait with long patience for the self-reform of Turkey while a chance of such a reform could be supposed to exist. That such a chance does exist may be supposed from the fact that reform has been placed before the Sultan as the sole condition on which he will be suffered to continue in power.

In opposition to any such hope for the reform of Turkey arises the whole constitution of the Turkish body-politic. The reorganization of a governmental system is always a delicate matter. It is vastly more difficult when the population of the country is suspicious, jealously conservative of existing privileges, and rent with party controversies. Such is the character of the population of Turkey.

The reform of the existing Turkish Empire implies a force working from within. This force may be fostered and encouraged from without; but if the Turkish government is to reform itself, the initiative and the steady onward movement must come from within. The Turks* themselves must be directed to it by laudable convictions of right, or by sage conclusions of policy. They hold the reins of government. They control all its machinery. They only, of all the classes of population, have experience in the use of power. They alone, of the people of Turkey, without a convulsion which would shatter the whole structure, can have the

* In Turkey the Mohammedans alone are known as Turks. Other classes of the population, although subject to Turkey, consider it an insult to be called Turks, and even the Mohammedans prefer the appellation of Ottomans. In speaking Turkish the word Turk is often used adjectively in characterizing a man as ignorant and brutish.

responsible control of the introduction of reforms. It follows that if Turkey reforms itself, the work of reform will be in the hands of the men who have gained by the ancient, but will lose by the modern, system. Under such circumstances the hands of the reformers must be impelled, or at least upheld, by some considerable part of the people. Otherwise they can hardly hope to overcome the opposition always developed by measures of reform. The reorganization of the Turkish administrative system by the present rulers demands some conviction on the part of the people of the desirableness of the result proposed, and of the necessity of the measures by which it is to be attained. But the people of Turkey have no such conviction. Change they desire, help they implore, but they are not prepared to yield the fundamental principle of the proposed reform. Reform of the Turkish Empire must be based upon the principle of civil and political equality for all Turkish subjects. It is the denial of such equality to a part of the people of Turkey which has produced the existing state of chronic convulsion. If the present administrative system of Turkey is to find stability through reform, the Moslems must yield their demand for the monopoly of the offices of government; the Christians must give up their hopes of a turn of chance which shall give them sole power; the separate religious sects must renounce their claim to special privileges as against one another; the religious chiefs of the different sects must surrender their present lordly control of political affairs within their own sects;* Greek and Armenian, Romanist and Syrian, must all consent to make worth the sole test of fitness for political power — in a word, the object to be first sought by any reform of Turkey must be a fusion of all these opposing classes in one body-politic. But this is just what the people of Turkey do not want. The Christians do not wish to be fused into the same nationality with Moslems; the Greeks dream of the restoration of a Greek Empire at Constantinople; the Armenians hope for the re-establishment of an Armenian kingdom on Turkish soil, when all other races shall be offered the alternative of subjection to Armenia or emigration. And so of all the other nationalities of this modern Babel.

One of the most bitter charges brought by the Bulgarians against Midhat Pasha is that he sought such a fusion. He attempted to establish national schools in the Province of the Danube when he was its Governor-General. These schools were to be of the first class as educational institutions. But all the people were to be compelled to send to them their children. The idea was that years of association would break down the inherited race prejudices of the pupils. The Bulgarians cried out against the measure as a blow at their nationality. And this is precisely what the people in every part of Turkey will answer to any proposal that looks to a political fusion with other nationalities. The Moslems take part in this feeling. They naturally return with interest the jealousy born of the ambitious dreams of their subjects. Yet the quashing of all these useless ambitions is just that part of the results of reform in Turkey which is most essential to the peace of Europe.

The people of Turkey are not simply opposed to the underlying principle of reform. When any one of the hoary abuses of the Turkish administrative system is specified for removal, the people, far from aiding the reformers, may generally be counted upon to oppose their inertia to the reform measures in detail. Some slight illustration of this strange fact has already been afforded by the course of events in Cyprus. The English government of that island, introducing a just administration, suppressed some of the discriminations in favor of priests and notables which the Turkish Governors have always had the wit to make. Straightway a bishop and the notables among the laity raised the cry of oppression. They declared the English rule to be more unjust than the rule of the Turks, and the people for a time joined in the cry, thus blindly giving their weight against the very measures which were a public benefit.

* Under a system introduced by Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and perhaps borrowed by him from the Byzantine emperors, the classes of the population who do not accept the religion of the state are regarded as separate "nations" by the Turkish government. The relations of the government with them are primarily through their chiefs, the patriarchs and bishops, or, in the case of the Jews, through the chief rabbi. These religious chiefs have almost absolute power over their people. If the Greek Patriarch, for instance, wishes to punish one of his nationality, his simple request to the Sublime Porte will secure the immediate exile of the man.

The Turkish rule which excludes Christians from the army is most mischievous. It is harmful to Moslems because it exhausts the best blood of the race for unremunerative labor. It is injurious to the Christians in leaving a stigma upon their manliness, and in placing them at the mercy of armed bands of hereditary enemies. To both it acts as a bar to the growth of national feeling. Yet a proposal to recruit the army among both Christians and Moslems would now, as hitherto, encounter the opposition of all classes of the people. The measure would be opposed by the Christians because it would compel them to sacrifice national ambitions, and would go to consolidate the power of Turkey. It would be opposed by the Moslems because it would involve the abandonment of their theory that military service is a religious exercise. This feeling among the people has already been illustrated in Bulgaria. At the first organization of the principality of Bulgaria, and in the organization of the new province of Eastern Roumelia, both Greeks and Moslems refused to enlist in the militia. The newspapers of Constantinople were filled with bitter complaints of the injustice of the proposal to make such enlistments.

The present system of taxation in Turkey raises much of the revenue by tithes on produce. It is both wasteful and oppressive. But the tithe is regarded throughout Turkey as the simplest and safest form of taxation. The people understand it. They have a blind and rooted horror of other forms of taxation, and innovation excites a deep distrust, born of Oriental conservatism. Hence a proposal to substitute for the tithe a more economical tax would meet with objections from all the people. The Moslems especially would oppose such a proposition, because it would be a blow at their faith. The tithe is prescribed by the Koran. No matter what other taxes are paid by the people, the payment of a tithe of their produce remains upon Moslems as a religious duty. The tithe can not be suppressed without a suppression of faith in the precepts of the Koran as a supreme guide of conduct.

These are but instances out of many. Even reform of the corrupt courts of Turkey would meet with opposition rather than support from the people. The people complain of the courts, and suffer all manner of wrong through them. But they know that a judge, under the present system, can be influenced by tears, flattered, or bribed, while the law takes no note of persons or circumstances. To the unflinching sternness of the law they prefer the tyranny of a man who can be influenced in so many ways, or, at the worst, may sometimes die.

Of course it is clear that interest will ultimately rule the people. Even the most ignorant would very soon begin to feel the advantages of a reformed administration, and would rally to its support. This fact does not, however, diminish one whit the force of the deduction to be drawn from a study of the present attitude of the people of Turkey toward reform. The facts above stated all go to show that in the initiation of reforms in Turkey the people will check rather than aid the work. Should the Turkish government set about reforming its method of administration, it will have to overcome not only the resisting power of its own time-honored evil habits, but the opposition of a whole nation.

If there is nothing in the attitude of the people of Turkey to evoke a hope in a reform proceeding from within the empire, what of the rulers? Have they the wisdom to plan and execute so difficult a task as a reform of administration which the people will at first oppose? The course of the various Turkish ministries upon the financial question leaves no great room for hope in this direction. The adoption of a sane financial policy is the key to success in efforts to restore peace and prosperity to the empire. The wretchedness of hand-to-mouth existence like that now led by the Turkish Minister of Finance* would seem to be sufficient inducement to action in the direction of forming some sort of a financial policy for the empire. Yet nothing has been done since the war. The only thing at all resembling a definite

* The Finance Minister of Turkey borrows money of local banking houses almost from week to week. He gives an order on the custom-house or on the treasury of some province for, say, $1,000,000, with interest at ten per cent. until paid. In return for this he receives sixty per cent. of the amount in gold, and forty per cent. in government obligations at par. The bankers buy these government obligations in the market at a discount of sixty or seventy per cent. To recover the principal, they send a man to attend daily at the office which is to pay the order. By some small expense for baksheesh the full face value of the order is recovered in due time, and the bank makes a dividend of thirty or forty per cent. on the transaction.

policy is the persistent and passionate effort to borrow money in Europe. At the same time the Turkish official and semi-official newspapers describe the varying phases of the negotiations for great loans in terms which leave little doubt that they, at least, regard the vital point of the question to be the acquisition of the money, and not the disposition afterward to be made of it.

But the habits of thought and mode of life and the whole system of social organization to which the rulers of Turkey are subjected by ancient custom yield far more convincing facts. These all go to prove that there is not the shadow of a foundation for any hope that the present rulers of Turkey will or can rise to the height of the emergency, and undertake the reform of the administrative system of their country.

As an early result of reform the people of Turkey would be delivered from the arbitrary supervision of their petty and local chiefs, to which they are subjected in the absence of any degree of political and civil equality among the different classes. The fundamental theory, however, of the Turkish body-politic is the patriarchal theory. The government recognizes certain men throughout the country as the leading men. These think and speak for the people. These leaders of the people form a sort of aristocracy, and attain to their preeminence by reason of repute as religious teachers, or by reason of their being employed by the government in some military or civil capacity, or through considerations of property. All small tradesmen, mechanics, and agriculturists are known as the "foot-dust," or common herd. There are grades among the aristocracy which are sharply defined, and which bring the lower notables into an almost servile relation toward those of higher grade.*

With such relations between the grades of notables, it can readily be understood that the men of the common herd are expected, and often forced, to accept an attitude of grovelling humility in the presence of a notable. The notables are constantly called the fathers of the people. The people are expected to use great vigilance in anticipating the wishes of their superiors. Rights accorded to the people are gifts bestowed in grace, and the people should be duly grateful for them. Each superior grade owes a paternal watch and admonition to those beneath it in rank, while the whole nation is said to live, move, and enjoy its being under the protecting shadow of the Sultan, who is to the nation the "Shadow of God." Now the men to whom we must look for the establishment of equal rights between man and man are men who have not been taught, but have breathed in with their very breath, belief in this patriarchal system as the only true basis of society. They have always been taught to regard the holding of independent opinions on the part of the common people as necessarily a source of restiveness under natural restraint, and as almost equivalent to rebellion against God. To talk of the rights of the common people to men like these, still in the Oriental clutch of custom, is to speak folly.

It is equally idle to expect from the rulers of Turkey the growth in liberal ideas which could originate liberal measures of reform. The Sultan is said to be intelligent, and anxious for the prosperity of his people. Many of the pashas are intelligent men. Some are literary men, having their libraries, and writing history and poetry; some are archæologists; some dabble in natural history. Many of them speak French and even English in a fluent and agreeable manner. But they all live in an atmosphere utterly hostile to growth out of the ancient ruts. They are all Moslems* in religion, and there is a deep meaning in the fact. It is a most subtle source of motives to the men whose growth in liberal ideas is necessary to any self-reform of the Turkish Empire.

There is no question of religious bigotry involved in pointing to Mohammedanism as a powerful limitation of the chances for the reform of Turkey. The religion of Mohammed has unquestionably done much for the world in extirpating idolatry and elevating degraded pagans. This work has been, and is still, in some parts of the world, the mission of Islam, and this mission has been its strength. But the fact needs no proof that the Mohammedan religion is opposed to the spirit of

* The character of the relation between the various grades of the Turkish aristocracy is shown by a Turkish proverb which says, "The noble is the servant of the maker of nobles."

* There are Christian pashas, but the title gives them no influence or control in public affairs. They perform duties assigned to them, and are treated as appendages rather than as members of the government.

Western civilization. While it admits that men are born into equality, it limits the axiom by applying it to Moslems alone,* and again this application by making the house of worship and the presence of God the only place where Moslems stand absolutely on an equality. It is a necessary part of the doctrine of the Koran that its followers are socially and politically superior to all other peoples, and that Moslems have a right of property in the persons and goods of non-Moslems. Every unbeliever holds his property on sufferance in the presence of the Moslem power. Western civilization, on the other hand, demands a reorganization of Turkey which will abolish distinctions which are based upon religious belief. Unless the government of Turkey can give its unbelieving subjects equality with Moslems in the enjoyment of their property, and in the attainment of the rewards of moral and intellectual greatness, the expectation of the reform of Turkey is vain. But the Koran is the unyielding foundation of the whole Turkish governmental system. Its "Thus saith the Lord" is immutable.

The reform of Turkey must, then, be carried out in disregard of the Mohammedan doctrine as taught in the Koran. How much the Mohammedan pashas of Turkey have advanced in the direction of adopting such a proposition can best be seen by studying the influence of the Mohammedan religion upon their daily life. The education of the pashas in European languages, and their occasional carelessness of the fasts and other exercises of their faith, are often regarded as proof of their emancipation from the ideas of Mohammedan fanaticism. But this is slight ground upon which to build hopes for the emancipation of the Turkish administrative system from the influence of that fanaticism. The great majority of Turkish pashas are devout Moslems. All would claim to be so, and the best pashas are undoubtedly so. Many of them belong to the different orders of dervishes, daily spending hours in efforts to fill their hearts with a physical perception of the Divine presence. They are believers in signs and portents, in supernatural interventions and astrology, consulting that science for the lucky guidance of their conduct. The Sultan, by-the-way, has his astrologer-general, who is, or was at last accounts, president of the Imperial Board of Education.* Being believers in special gifts of power in prayer, the pashas employ men by the month to pray for them. They recommend to the Sultan for his favor, and for appointments in his household, men whose prayers are particularly efficacious. They obtain for men in great numbers appointments as Davigous, or professionals in prayer, who are salaried for praying continuously for the Sultan. These things are harmless idiosyncrasies, in themselves considered, and any liberal-minded man will admit the right of any pasha to indulge in them. But they can not fail to have a marked influence on thought, action, and character. I know of a certain pasha of high official position who was so heartily subject to Moslem ideas that the touch of a Christian was polluting to him. He would receive foreign visitors courteously, and shake hands with them gracefully. Having shaken hands, however, he was never at ease until he had washed away the taint of that touch. If the rank of his guest was no bar to the performance, he would

* It is impossible to be reminded too often that the words "nation," "people," and "public," in the mouth of a Turk, be he Sultan or peasant, refer only to the Mohammedan part of the population. Non-Moslems are not a part of the nation, but subjects of its power. In strict Moslem law mankind is divided into two classes: *Muslim*, or the faithful; and *Harbi*, or enemies, upon whom it is the duty of the faithful to wage war. The Moslem power does not wage war on the enemies of the faith when it chooses to suspend the performance of its duty, or when circumstances are adverse. The enemies of the faith may be permitted to reside in Moslem countries only on condition of paying tribute to the government. They are then classed as servile, in contradistinction from Moslems, who alone are regarded as freemen. The exigencies of commerce have led to the construction of another class for foreign residents of Turkey. These are called "pardoned"—*i. e.*, enemies who, in consideration of reasons of state, have been forgiven their crime of infidelity. Moslems are also called *Salih*, or righteous; and non-Moslems *Fasik*, or wicked. As a result of this moral division of mankind, no impious non-Moslem can testify in court against a righteous Moslem, since the word of a sinner can not be trusted. Ridiculous as it may appear to Western eyes, this proud nomenclature of the ancient Moslem law is still in use in the courts of the Koranic code in tottering, decrepit Turkey!

* The Koran says that all astrologers are liars. But it also encourages belief in supernatural interventions, and it distinctly says that in the heaven and earth and in the vicissitudes of night and day are signs for the guidance of men. This is sufficient to overbalance the apparent condemnation of astrology.

instantly call for a basin of water, and wash his hands. He never wore a broadcloth coat or a pair of patent-leather boots which had been made by "infidel" hands *until he had caused them to be washed!*

Aside from the power of religious conviction in itself to maintain its hold upon the mind of man, another powerful influence works upon every Turk to hold him to the ancient faith and the old system. This is his family or home life. The harem has been too much ignored as an element of the problem of Turkish reform. Every Turk leads two lives. He may be in the society of Europeans during six hours of every day. He is then well dressed, vivacious, perhaps intelligent. But this part of his life is not the part which forms his motives. It is not then that the final causes are at work which govern his acts. His life, when he is in the busy whirl of the world, is superficial and unreal. How artificial it is can be seen in the alacrity with which, on his return to his harem, he lays off the broadcloth clothes of his public existence, and dons the white baggy trousers, the open-necked vest, and the long gown dear to his heart. He is only ready to be at ease when he releases his feet from patent-leather and from stockings, and thrusts them into unheeled slippers. Then he is himself, for he is at home. The harem is to every Turk his haven of refuge. To it he may flee from every care. About the harem cling all the sweetest associations of his life. All his best feelings find exercise in that sacred place. His mother, perhaps, is there, or his sisters. There only he enjoys the prattle of his children. There alone in all the world can the tired man find the balm of sympathy. There he has his books, and can study in peace if he will. There he enjoys the riches of his splendid flower garden. In the domain of the women, with hills and vales and moon-touched sea before his eyes, he dreams away his summer evenings under the subtle spell of nature. And here he meets the controlling influences of his life. The women of the harem, mother, sisters, and wives, wait upon the man coming wearily home from his struggle with life. They are to him humble servants or merry companions, as his mood is. They please him with his children, or leave him alone with his books, at his behest. Sooner or later, however, they assert their woman's right of talking on serious topics, and then they have him at their mercy. Now these women who make the home of the Turk are rarely his equals in mental acquirements. No question of blood rules the selection of wives among the Turks. A woman born in a mud hovel often rules in a pasha's palace. At the very best, Turkish women rarely have any education beyond the primer. They believe in signs and wonders; in the active agency of evil spirits; in the existence of a great dragon who periodically attempts to swallow the moon; in charms and incantations. In short, they are as superstitious as they can be after centuries of hereditary ignorance. But they are positive in opinion, and intolerant of opposition. Moreover, they are, above all things else, ardent and bigoted Mohammedans. Such are the intellectual surroundings of the Turk during that part of his life which he loves. And when the women of his house turn the conversation upon public affairs, the poor man is helpless in their hands, because he knows the futility of logic in such discussion. Often a pasha meets at home a petition which he has refused in his office, and yielding to sheer importunity on the part of his women, he rewards the shrewdness of the man who has found means to invoke such aids. Often it has happened that the pasha disappoints an ambassador, and violates his promise to support a new measure, because the women of his household object to the deviation from custom. He must yield to his home circle, or break with them entirely. These women are under no influences by which their opinions may be changed. They live in a world of their own, and are entirely unaware of an existence preferable to their own, and know nothing of that outside world to which they are simply curiosities of antique origin.

This glance at the home life of the Turk and its influence upon him leaves little to hope from the Turks in the direction of voluntary abandonment of old systems and practices.

Much is said of the Sultan as liberally inclined. But he too is subjected to similar influences in his household, but on a grander scale. All the indications go to show that those who have points to gain with the Sultan believe him to be more effectively moved through his feelings than through his judgment. In proportion as a pasha can win favor with the

Sultan's mother or with other members of the imperial household, he feels sure of the success of his pet schemes. Pashas who are in office find themselves insecure unless they can control some one who lives in the palace with free access to the ear of the Sultan. It has been quite customary for pashas to recommend to the Sultan men of long beards and saintly aspect as strong in prayer, and so suited to serve as spiritual advisers to the sovereign. Pashas who get their man appointed to such offices in the palace—and they are many—are able to accomplish their personal ends with perfect facility. Stories are always in circulation in Constantinople which make dreams and prophetic warnings potent causes of the lines of policy adopted by the Sultan.* These stories are naturally not susceptible of proof, but they show the popular impression as to the influences which move the Caliph of Islam. Popular repute, at least, thus attributes to the Sultan characteristics which leave nothing to be hoped from him in the initiation of reforms in the Turkish Empire.

Another peculiarity of the political system of Turkey can hardly be passed by without notice. Many have doubtless observed in Egypt as well as in Turkey an incorrigible tendency on the part of the rulers to treat the whole country as the property of the chief of the state. Budgets are annually produced, with civil list estimates, war department estimates, public works estimates, and so on, all in due form. But the creditors of these states have learned through bitter experience that these budgets mean absolutely nothing. The general revenues are expended without the slightest reference to appropriations. Moreover, the revenues paid into the treasury always fall short of the amount collected, and yet officials implicated in embezzlements are not punished with the least severity. The explanation of this strange condition of affairs is that the patriarchal theory which applies to the relation of the nation to its head also governs the finances of the country. The revenue belongs to the Beit-ul-mal, or estate of the nation,* and is under control of the chief of the state, to be used for the good of his children. Officials of the state regard the revenues of the Sultan as in some degree their patrimony, from which they are entitled to their support. Those who embezzle public funds are looked upon as erring children who have taken the family property without due form. If they take inordinately much, they are removed from office, but never lose social standing, and are soon re-appointed to some post where temptations to steal are less pressing. As the revenue is a family affair, consideration is always given to petitions from impecunious Moslems who desire to have "a salary tied to them." From this view of the revenue arises the vast burden of annuities, which, having a first claim on the revenue, sap the foundations of financial reform. According to some estimates, nine-tenths of the Moslem inhabitants of Constantinople live from the public revenue in one way or another. Separate pensions are often paid to each member of a family, and these pensions range from half a dollar a month, paid to beggars, up to seven hundred and fifty dollars per month, which is due to

* A single one of these stories, narrated by a Turk of intelligence connected with the reputed actors in the drama, may be told here in illustration of this statement. Before the Russian war the Ministry was divided on the question of accepting the demands of the Czar. While the war party in the Ministry were seeking means to influence the Sultan, the Sultan himself was troubled by dreams of serpents and scorpions. Shortly one of the pashas of the war party informed his Majesty that a very holy sheik had arrived from Syria. The prayers of this sheik could arrest the stars in their courses, and his power as an interpreter of dreams was like that of Daniel. The Sultan immediately called for the man, who was, by-the-way, a penniless adventurer from Aleppo. The sheik was ushered into the royal presence, and at once said that he had been ordered in a vision to inform the Sultan that God had chosen Abd-ul-Hamid to be His instrument in restoring the lost glory of Islam. The Sultan then told of his own dreams. The sheik replied that the serpents and scorpions were the infidel kings of Europe, whom the Sultan was called upon to crush with his heel as he would crush a scorpion. The Sultan was won over to the war policy in a few moments. He overwhelmed the so-called sheik with gifts, assigned him apartments in the imperial palace, and conferred upon him high rank among the teachers of the faith. When, after a few months, war was declared, and the Turkish armies were everywhere victorious, these successes brought substantial advantages to the favorite and prophetical sheik. But later came the terrible day when the Russians made known at Adrianople their terms of peace. Then the sheik was seized in his bed, and hurried into exile. It should be added that the only points of this story which can be proved are that the man from Aleppo came to Constantinople seeking office in 1876; that he was suddenly promoted to a very high rank, causing great consternation among those whom he thus outstripped; and that he was exiled in 1878.

* It should be still borne in mind that this term refers to the Moslem people alone. Moslems only are children of the king.

each mushir, or field-marshal of the empire. Of these mushirs one hundred and eighty-nine are now living. All these pensions are entirely independent of and additional to official salary for services rendered. They are paid with equal regularity to the man who is in high favor, and to the unhappy exile. So completely is the idea of a right to a share in the revenue fixed in the Turkish mind that a pasha may with impunity attach large life annuities to his minor children whenever, through the vicissitudes of fortune, he has received the power to effect this comfortable arrangement. As a result of such dispositions of annuities, a young Turk may often be found spending upon the gayeties of Paris the money which he has received through his father's foresight in registering his name as a teacher of the doctrines of Islam. All such annuities are first charges on the revenue, and are paid, some from the civil list, some from the appropriations for the departments of government, and some from the revenues of Holy Works.

This peculiar system of financial administration is disastrous in its effects upon the prosperity of the empire. It paralyzes every effort of the Minister of Finance to secure the basis of an equilibrium between receipts and expenditures; it cripples the energy of the government in public works; it attaches to the ancient system all those who are enriched by it, and thus affords an impregnable intrenchment to the opponents of reform. A minister who listens to European proposals for the financial reorganization of Turkey is appalled when he sees that the first effect of such reorganization would be the denial of the means of existence to his family and to his political retainers. The people who, as leaders of opinion in every part of the empire, receive money from the treasury will resist to the utmost any edict of the Sultan by which they are deprived of their income.*

The ancient and evil system of administration which has ruined Turkey needs no further illustration to prove its hold upon the country. The ancient system is rooted in the religious belief and the habits of life of both people and rulers, and it is interwoven with the whole political fabric. It may be said of the Turkish habits of maladministration, as the Turks themselves say of bad habits in general, "They are under the soul: until the soul is gotten out of the body, habits can not be got out."

If Europe waits for Turkey to execute the Treaty of Berlin, it will wait in vain. If England continues its fond dependence upon the Sultan and his ministers, it may be deceived by apparent initiations of reform; but sooner or later it may expect to meet with a crisis more dangerous to the general peace than that which was averted by the Congress of Berlin.

Any one who will thoughtfully study the peculiarities of Turkish politics will be compelled to conclude that sooner or later a European intervention will become necessary to prevent or calm new convulsions in Turkey.

* One potent cause of the fall of Khaireddin Pasha, the reforming Prime Minister of Turkey, was the emptiness of the treasury. A Turkish official of high rank expressed the popular feeling when he said: "Khaireddin Pasha should be removed. He is not a good provider. The treasury is empty, and the servants of God suffer for bread. Why does he not borrow money in Europe, and relieve the people?" A principal reason of the popularity among the common people of Turkey of Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, the present Minister of the Interior, is that when he was Grand Vizier he proved himself "a good provider."

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

XIX.

IT was for reasons connected with this determination that on the morrow he sought a few words of private conversation with Mrs. Penniman. He sent for her to the library, and he there informed her that he hoped very much that, as regarded this affair of Catherine's, she would mind her *p's* and *q's*.

"I don't know what you mean by such an expression," said his sister. "You speak as if I were learning the alphabet."

"The alphabet of common-sense is something you will never learn," the Doctor permitted himself to respond.

"Have you called me here to insult me?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"Not at all. Simply to advise you. You have taken up young Townsend;

* Copyright, 1880, by Henry James, Jun.

that's your own affair. I have nothing to do with your sentiments, your fancies, your affections, your delusions; but what I request of you is that you will keep these things to yourself. I have explained my views to Catherine; she understands them perfectly, and anything that she does further in the way of encouraging Mr. Townsend's attentions will be in deliberate opposition to my wishes. Anything that you should do in the way of giving her aid and comfort will be—permit me the expression—distinctly treasonable. You know high treason is a capital offense: take care how you incur the penalty."

Mrs. Penniman threw back her head, with a certain expansion of the eye which she occasionally practiced. "It seems to me that you talk like a great autocrat."

"I talk like my daughter's father."

"Not like your sister's brother," cried Lavinia.

"My dear Lavinia," said the Doctor, "I sometimes wonder whether I *am* your brother; we are so extremely different. In spite of differences, however, we can, at a pinch, understand each other; and that is the essential thing just now. Walk straight with regard to Mr. Townsend; that's all I ask. It is highly probable you have been corresponding with him for the last three weeks—perhaps even seeing him. I don't ask you—you needn't tell me." He had a moral conviction that she would contrive to tell a fib about the matter, which it would disgust him to listen to. "Whatever you have done, stop doing it; that's all I wish."

"Don't you wish also by chance to murder your child?" Mrs. Penniman inquired.

"On the contrary, I wish to make her live and be happy."

"You will kill her: she passed a dreadful night."

"She won't die of one dreadful night, nor of a dozen. Remember that I am a distinguished physician."

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a moment; then she risked her retort. "Your being a distinguished physician has not prevented you from already losing *two members* of your family."

She had risked it, but her brother gave her such a terribly incisive look—a look so like a surgeon's lancet—that she was frightened at her courage. And he answered her in words that corresponded to the look: "It may not prevent me, either, from losing the society of still another."

Mrs. Penniman took herself off, with whatever air of depreciated merit was at her command, and repaired to Catherine's room, where the poor girl was closeted. She knew all about her dreadful night, for the two had met again, the evening before, after Catherine left her father. Mrs. Penniman was on the landing of the second floor when her niece came up stairs; it was not remarkable that a person of so much subtlety should have discovered that Catherine had been shut up with the Doctor. It was still less remarkable that she should have felt an extreme curiosity to learn the result of this interview, and that this sentiment, combined with her great amiability and generosity, should have prompted her to regret the sharp words lately exchanged between her niece and herself. As the unhappy girl came into sight in the dusky corridor, she made a lively demonstration of sympathy. Catherine's bursting heart was equally oblivious; she only knew that her aunt was taking her into her arms. Mrs. Penniman drew her into Catherine's own room, and the two women sat there together, far into the small hours, the younger one with her head on the other's lap, sobbing and sobbing at first in a soundless, stifled manner, and then at last perfectly still. It gratified Mrs. Penniman to be able to feel conscientiously that this scene virtually removed the interdict which Catherine had placed upon her indulging in further communion with Morris Townsend. She was not gratified, however, when, in coming back to her niece's room before breakfast, she found that Catherine had risen and was preparing herself for this meal.

"You should not go to breakfast," she said; "you are not well enough, after your fearful night."

"Yes, I am very well, and I am only afraid of being late."

"I can't understand you," Mrs. Penniman cried. "You should stay in bed for three days."

"Oh, I could never do that," said Catherine, to whom this idea presented no attractions.

Mrs. Penniman was in despair, and she noted, with extreme annoyance, that the trace of the night's tears had completely

vanished from Catherine's eyes. She had a most impracticable *physique*. "What effect do you expect to have upon your father," her aunt demanded, "if you come plumping down, without a vestige of any sort of feeling, as if nothing in the world had happened?"

"He would not like me to lie in bed," said Catherine, simply.

"All the more reason for your doing it. How else do you expect to move him?"

Catherine thought a little. "I don't know how; but not in that way. I wish to be just as usual." And she finished dressing, and, according to her aunt's expression, went plumping down into the paternal presence. She was really too modest for consistent pathos.

And yet it was perfectly true that she had had a dreadful night. Even after Mrs. Penniman left her she had had no sleep; she lay staring at the uncomforting gloom, with her eyes and ears filled with the movement with which her father had turned her out of his room, and the words in which he had told her that she was a heartless daughter. Her heart was breaking: she had heart enough for that. At moments it seemed to her that she believed him, and that to do what she was doing a girl must indeed be bad. She *was* bad; but she couldn't help it. She would try to appear good, even if her heart were perverted; and from time to time she had a fancy that she might accomplish something by ingenious concessions to form, though she should persist in caring for Morris. Catherine's ingenuities were indefinite, and we are not called upon to expose their hollowness. The best of them, perhaps, showed itself in that freshness of aspect which was so discouraging to Mrs. Penniman, who was amazed at the absence of haggardness in a young woman who for a whole night had lain quivering beneath a father's curse. Poor Catherine was conscious of her freshness; it gave her a feeling about the future which rather added to the weight upon her mind. It seemed a proof that she was strong and solid and dense, and would live to a great age—longer than might be generally convenient; and this idea was pressing, for it appeared to saddle her with a pretension the more, just when the cultivation of any pretension was inconsistent with her doing right. She wrote that day to Morris Townsend, requesting him to come and see her on the morrow, using very few words, and explaining nothing. She would explain everything face to face.

XX.

On the morrow, in the afternoon, she heard his voice at the door, and his step in the hall. She received him in the big, bright front parlor, and she instructed the servant that if any one should call, she was particularly engaged. She was not afraid of her father's coming in, for at that hour he was always driving about town. When Morris stood there before her, the first thing that she was conscious of was that he was even more beautiful to look at than fond recollection had painted him; the next was that he had pressed her in his arms. When she was free again it appeared to her that she had now indeed thrown herself into the gulf of defiance, and even, for an instant, that she had been married to him.

He told her that she had been very cruel, and had made him very unhappy; and Catherine felt acutely the difficulty of her destiny, which forced her to give pain in such opposite quarters. But she wished that, instead of reproaches, however tender, he would give her help; he was certainly wise enough and clever enough to invent some issue from their troubles. She expressed this belief, and Morris received the assurance as if he thought it natural; but he interrogated at first—as was natural too—rather than committed himself to marking out a course.

"You should not have made me wait so long," he said. "I don't know how I have been living; every hour seemed like years. You should have decided sooner."

"Decided?" Catherine asked.

"Decided whether you would keep me or give me up."

"Oh, Morris," she cried, with a long tender murmur, "I never thought of giving you up!"

"What, then, were you waiting for?" The young man was ardently logical.

"I thought my father might—might—" and she hesitated.

"Might see how unhappy you were?"

"Oh no. But that he might look at it differently."

"And now you have sent for me to tell me that at last he does so. Is that it?"

This hypothetical optimism gave the poor girl a pang. "No, Morris," she said, solemnly; "he looks at it still in the same way."

"Then why have you sent for me?"

"Because I wanted to see you," cried Catherine, piteously.

"That's an excellent reason, surely. But did you want to look at me only? Have you nothing to tell me?"

His beautiful persuasive eyes were fixed upon her face, and she wondered what answer would be noble enough to make to such a gaze as that. For a moment her own eyes took it in, and then—"I *did* want to look at you," she said, gently. But after this speech, most inconsistently, she hid her face.

Morris watched her for a moment attentively. "Will you marry me to-morrow?" he asked, suddenly.

"To-morrow?"

"Next week, then? Any time within a month?"

"Isn't it better to wait?" said Catherine.

"To wait for what?"

She hardly knew for what; but this tremendous leap alarmed her. "Till we have thought about it a little more."

He shook his head sadly and reproachfully. "I thought you had been thinking about it these three weeks. Do you want to turn it over in your mind for five years? You have given me more than time enough. My poor girl," he added, in a moment, "you are not sincere."

Catherine colored from brow to chin, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, how can you say that?" she murmured.

"Why, you must take me or leave me," said Morris, very reasonably. "You can't please your father and me both; you must choose between us."

"I have chosen you," she said, passionately.

"Then marry me next week."

She stood gazing at him. "Isn't there any other way?"

"None that I know of for arriving at the same result. If there is, I should be happy to hear of it."

Catherine could think of nothing of the kind, and Morris's luminosity seemed almost pitiless. The only thing she could think of was that her father might, after all, come round, and she articulated, with an awkward sense of her helplessness in doing so, a wish that this miracle might happen.

"Do you think it is in the least degree likely?" Morris asked.

"It would be, if he could only know you."

"He can know me if he will. What is to prevent it?"

"His ideas, his reasons," said Catherine. "They are so—so terribly strong." She trembled with the recollection of them yet.

"Strong?" cried Morris. "I would rather you should think them weak."

"Oh, nothing about my father is weak," said the girl.

Morris turned away, walking to the window, where he stood looking out. "You are terribly afraid of him," he remarked at last.

She felt no impulse to deny it, because she had no shame in it; for if it was no honor to herself, at least it was an honor to him. "I suppose I must be," she said, simply.

"Then you don't love me—not as I love you. If you fear your father more than you love me, then your love is not what I hoped it was."

"Ah, my friend!" she said, going to him.

"Do *I* fear anything?" he demanded, turning round on her. "For your sake what am I not ready to face?"

"You are noble—you are brave!" she answered, stopping short at a distance that was almost respectful.

"Small good it does me, if you are so timid."

"I don't think I am—*really*," said Catherine.

"I don't know what you mean by 'really.' It is really enough to make us miserable."

"I should be strong enough to wait—to wait a long time."

"And suppose after a long time your father should hate me worse than ever?"

"He wouldn't—he couldn't."

"He would be touched by my fidelity? Is that what you mean? If he is so easily touched, then why should you be afraid of him?"

This was much to the point, and Catherine was struck by it. "I will try not to be," she said. And she stood there, submissively, the image, in advance, of a dutiful and responsible wife. This image could not fail to recommend itself to Morris Townsend, and he continued to give proof of the high estimation in which he

held her. It could only have been at the prompting of such a sentiment that he presently mentioned to her that the course recommended by Mrs. Penniman was an immediate union, regardless of consequences.

"Yes, Aunt Penniman would like that," Catherine said, simply, and yet with a certain shrewdness. It must, however, have been in pure simplicity, and from motives quite untouched by sarcasm, that, a few moments after, she went on to say to Morris that her father had given her a message for him. It was quite on her conscience to deliver this message, and had the mission been ten times more painful, she would have as scrupulously performed it. "He told me to tell you—to tell you very distinctly, and directly from himself—that if I marry without his consent, I shall not inherit a penny of his fortune. He made a great point of this. He seemed to think—he seemed to think—"

Morris flushed, as any young man of spirit might have flushed at an imputation of baseness. "What did he seem to think?"

"That it would make a difference."

"It *will* make a difference—in many things. We shall be by many thousands of dollars the poorer; and that is a great difference. But it will make none in my affection."

"We shall not want the money," said Catherine; "for you know I have a good deal myself."

"Yes, my dear girl, I know you have something. And he can't touch that!"

"He would never," said Catherine. "My mother left it to me."

Morris was silent awhile. "He was very positive about this, was he?" he asked at last. "He thought such a message would annoy me terribly, and make me throw off the mask, eh?"

"I don't know what he thought," said Catherine, sadly.

"Please tell him that I care for his message as much as for that!" And Morris snapped his fingers sonorously.

"I don't think I could tell him that."

"Do you know you sometimes disappoint me?" said Morris.

"I should think I might. I disappoint every one—father and Aunt Penniman."

"Well, it doesn't matter with me, because I am fonder of you than they are."

"Yes, Morris," said the girl, with her imagination—what there was of it—swimming in this happy truth, which seemed, after all, invidious to no one.

"Is it your belief that he will stick to it, stick to it forever—to this idea of disinheriting you?—that your goodness and patience will never wear out his cruelty?"

"The trouble is that if I marry you, he will think I am not good. He will think that a proof."

"Ah, then, he will never forgive you."

This idea, sharply expressed by Morris's handsome lips, renewed for a moment to the poor girl's temporarily pacified conscience all its dreadful vividness. "Oh, you must love me very much!" she cried.

"There is no doubt of that, my dear," her lover rejoined. "You don't like that word 'disinherited,'" he added, in a moment.

"It isn't the money; it is that he should —that he should feel so."

"I suppose it seems to you a kind of curse?" said Morris. "It must be very dismal. But don't you think," he went on, presently, "that if you were to try to be very clever, and to set rightly about it, you might in the end conjure it away? Don't you think," he continued further, in a tone of sympathetic speculation, "that a really clever woman, in your place, might bring him round at last? Don't you think—"

Here, suddenly, Morris was interrupted; these ingenious inquiries had not reached Catherine's ears. The terrible word disinheritance, with all its impressive moral reprobation, was still ringing there—seemed, indeed, to gather force as it lingered. The mortal chill of her situation struck more deeply into her child-like heart, and she was overwhelmed by a feeling of loneliness and danger. But her refuge was there, close to her, and she put out her hands to grasp it. "Ah, Morris," she said, with a shudder, "I will marry you as soon as you please!" And she surrendered herself, leaning her head on his shoulder.

"My dear good girl!" he exclaimed, looking down at his prize. And then he looked up again, rather vaguely, with parted lips and lifted eyebrows.

XXI.

Doctor Sloper very soon imparted his conviction to Mrs. Almond in the same terms in which he had announced it to himself. "She's going to stick, by Jove! she's going to stick."

"Do you mean that she is going to marry him?" Mrs. Almond inquired.

"I don't know that; but she is not going to break down. She is going to drag out the engagement, in the hope of making me relent."

"And shall you not relent?"

"Shall a geometrical proposition relent? I am not so superficial."

"Doesn't geometry treat of surfaces?" asked Mrs. Almond, who, as we know, was clever, smiling.

"Yes, but it treats of them profoundly. Catherine and her young man are my surfaces; I have taken their measure."

"You speak as if it surprised you."

"It is immense; there will be a great deal to observe."

"You are shockingly cold-blooded!" said Mrs. Almond.

"I need to be, with all this hot blood about me. Young Townsend, indeed, is cool; I must allow him that merit."

"I can't judge him," Mrs. Almond answered; "but I am not at all surprised at Catherine."

"I confess I am a little; she must have been so deucedly divided and bothered."

"Say it amuses you outright. I don't see why it should be such a joke that your daughter adores you."

"It is the point where the adoration stops that I find it interesting to fix."

"It stops where the other sentiment begins."

"Not at all; that would be simple enough. The two things are extremely mixed up, and the mixture is extremely odd. It will produce some third element, and that's what I'm waiting to see. I wait with suspense—with positive excitement; and that is a sort of emotion that I didn't suppose Catherine would ever provide for me. I am really very much obliged to her."

"She will cling," said Mrs. Almond; "she will certainly cling."

"Yes, as I say, she will stick."

"Cling is prettier. That's what those very simple natures always do, and nothing could be simpler than Catherine. She doesn't take many impressions; but when she takes one, she keeps it. She is like a copper kettle that receives a dent: you may polish up the kettle, but you can't efface the mark."

"We must try and polish up Catherine," said the Doctor. "I will take her to Europe."

"She won't forget him in Europe."

"He will forget her, then."

Mrs. Almond looked grave. "Should you really like that?"

"Extremely," said the Doctor.

Mrs. Penniman, meanwhile, lost little time in putting herself again in communication with Morris Townsend. She requested him to favor her with another interview, but she did not on this occasion select an oyster saloon as the scene of their meeting. She proposed that he should join her at the door of a certain church after service on Sunday afternoon; and she was careful not to appoint the place of worship which she usually visited, and where, as she said, the congregation would have spied upon her. She picked out a less elegant resort, and on issuing from its portal at the hour she had fixed she saw the young man standing apart. She offered him no recognition till she had crossed the street, and he had followed her to some distance. Here, with a smile, "Excuse my apparent want of cordiality," she said. "You know what to believe about that. Prudence before everything." And on his asking her in what direction they should walk, "Where we shall be least observed," she murmured.

Morris was not in high good-humor, and his response to this speech was not particularly gallant. "I don't flatter myself we shall be much observed anywhere." Then he turned recklessly toward the centre of the town. "I hope you have come to tell me that he has knocked under," he went on.

"I am afraid I am not altogether a harbinger of good; and yet, too, I am to a certain extent a messenger of peace. I have been thinking a great deal, Mr. Townsend," said Mrs. Penniman.

"You think too much."

"I suppose I do; but I can't help it, my mind is so terribly active. When I give myself, I give myself. I pay the penalty in my headaches, my famous headaches—a perfect circlet of pain! But I carry it as a queen carries her crown. Would you believe that I have one now? I wouldn't, however, have missed our rendezvous for anything. I have something very important to tell you."

"Well, let's have it," said Morris.

"I was perhaps a little headlong the other day in advising you to marry immediately. I have been thinking it over, and now I see it just a little differently."

"You seem to have a great many different ways of seeing the same object."

"Their number is infinite!" said Mrs. Penniman, in a tone which seemed to suggest that this convenient faculty was one of her brightest attributes.

"I recommend you to take one way, and stick to it," Morris replied.

"Ah, but it isn't easy to choose. My imagination is never quiet, never satisfied. It makes me a bad adviser, perhaps, but it makes me a capital friend."

"A capital friend who gives bad advice!" said Morris.

"Not intentionally—and who hurries off, at every risk, to make the most humble excuses."

"Well, what do you advise me now?"

"To be very patient; to watch and wait."

"And is that bad advice or good?"

"That is not for me to say," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, with some dignity. "I only claim it is sincere."

"And will you come to me next week and recommend something different and equally sincere?"

"I may come to you next week, and tell you that I am in the streets."

"In the streets?"

"I have had a terrible scene with my brother, and he threatens, if anything happens, to turn me out of the house. You know I am a poor woman."

Morris had a speculative idea that she had a little property; but he naturally did not press this.

"I should be very sorry to see you suffer martyrdom for me," he said. "But you make your brother out a regular Turk."

Mrs. Penniman hesitated a little.

"I certainly do not regard Austin as an orthodox Christian."

"And am I to wait till he is converted?"

"Wait at any rate till he is less violent. Bide your time, Mr. Townsend; remember the prize is great."

Morris walked along some time in silence, tapping the railings and gate posts very sharply with his stick.

"You certainly are devilish inconsistent!" he broke out at last. "I have already got Catherine to consent to a private marriage."

Mrs. Penniman was indeed inconsistent, for at this news she gave a little jump of gratification.

"Oh, when, and where?" she cried. And then she stopped short.

Morris was a little vague about this.

"That isn't fixed; but she consents. It's deuced awkward, now, to back out."

Mrs. Penniman, as I say, had stopped short; and she stood there with her eyes fixed brilliantly on her companion.

"Mr. Townsend," she proceeded, "shall I tell you something? Catherine loves you so much that you may do anything."

This declaration was slightly ambiguous, and Morris opened his eyes.

"I am happy to hear it. But what do you mean by 'anything'?"

"You may postpone—you may change about; she won't think the worse of you."

Morris stood there still, with his raised eyebrows; then he said, simply and rather dryly, "Ah!" After this he remarked to Mrs. Penniman that if she walked so slowly she would attract notice, and he succeeded, after a fashion, in hurrying her back to the domicile of which her tenure had become so insecure.

XXII.

He had slightly misrepresented the matter in saying that Catherine had consented to take the great step. We left her just now declaring that she would burn her ships behind her; but Morris, after having elicited this declaration, had become conscious of good reasons for not taking it up. He avoided, gracefully enough, fixing a day, though he left her under the impression that he had his eye on one. Catherine may have had her difficulties; but those of her circumspect suitor are also worthy of consideration. The prize was certainly great; but it was only to be won by striking the happy mean between precipitancy and caution. It would be all very well to take one's jump and trust to Providence; Providence was more especially on the side of clever people, and clever people were known by an indisposition to risk their bones. The ultimate reward of a union with a young woman who was both unattractive and impoverished ought to be connected with immediate disadvantages by some very palpable chain. Between the fear of losing Catherine and her possible fortune altogether, and the fear of taking her too soon and finding this possible fortune as void of actuality as a collection of emptied bottles, it was not comfortable for Morris Townsend to choose—a fact that should be remembered by readers disposed to judge harshly of a young man who may

have struck them as making but an indifferently successful use of fine natural parts. He had not forgotten that in any event Catherine had her own ten thousand a year; he had devoted an abundance of meditation to this circumstance. But with his fine parts he rated himself high, and he had a perfectly definite appreciation of his value, which seemed to him inadequately represented by the sum I have mentioned. At the same time he reminded himself that this sum was considerable, that everything is relative, and that if a modest income is less desirable than a large one, the complete absence of revenue is nowhere accounted an advantage. These reflections gave him plenty of occupation, and made it necessary that he should trim his sail. Doctor Sloper's opposition was the unknown quantity in the problem he had to work out. The natural way to work it out was by marrying Catherine; but in mathematics there are many short-cuts, and Morris was not without a hope that he should yet discover one. When Catherine took him at his word, and consented to renounce the attempt to mollify her father, he drew back skillfully enough, as I have said, and kept the wedding day still an open question. Her faith in his sincerity was so complete that she was incapable of suspecting that he was playing with her; her trouble just now was of another kind. The poor girl had an admirable sense of honor, and from the moment she had brought herself to the point of violating her father's wish, it seemed to her that she had no right to enjoy his protection. It was on her conscience that she ought to live under his roof only so long as she conformed to his wisdom. There was a great deal of glory in such a position, but poor Catherine felt that she had forfeited her claim to it. She had cast her lot with a young man against whom he had solemnly warned her, and broken the contract under which he provided her with a happy home. She could not give up the young man, so she must leave the home; and the sooner the object of her preference offered her another, the sooner her situation would lose its awkward twist. This was close reasoning; but it was commingled with an infinite amount of merely instinctive penitence. Catherine's days, at this time, were dismal, and the weight of some of her hours was almost more than she could bear. Her father never looked at her, never spoke to her. He knew perfectly what he was about, and this was part of a plan. She looked at him as much as she dared (for she was afraid of seeming to offer herself to his observation), and she pitied him for the sorrow she had brought upon him. She held up her head and busied her hands, and went about her daily occupations; and when the state of things in Washington Square seemed intolerable, she closed her eyes and indulged herself with an intellectual vision of the man for whose sake she had broken a sacred law. Mrs. Penniman, of the three persons in Washington Square, had much the most of the manner that belongs to a great crisis. If Catherine was quiet, she was quietly quiet, as I may say, and her pathetic effects, which there was no one to notice, were entirely unstudied and unintended. If the Doctor was stiff and dry and absolutely indifferent to the presence of his companions, it was so lightly, neatly, easily done, that you would have had to know him well to discover that on the whole he rather enjoyed having to be so disagreeable. But Mrs. Penniman was elaborately reserved and significantly silent; there was a richer rustle in the very deliberate movements to which she confined herself, and when she occasionally spoke, in connection with some very trivial event, she had the air of meaning something deeper than what she said. Between Catherine and her father nothing had passed since the evening she went to speak to him in his study. She had something to say to him—it seemed to her she ought to say it; but she kept it back, for fear of irritating him. He also had something to say to her; but he was determined not to speak first. He was interested, as we know, in seeing how, if she were left to herself, she would "stick." At last she told him she had seen Morris Townsend again, and that their relations remained quite the same.

"I think we shall marry—before very long. And probably, meanwhile, I shall see him rather often; about once a week—not more."

The Doctor looked at her coldly from head to foot, as if she had been a stranger. It was the first time his eyes had rested on her for a week, which was fortunate, if that was to be their expression. "Why not three times a day?" he asked. "What prevents your meeting as often as you choose?"

She turned away a moment; there were tears in her eyes. Then she said, "It is better once a week."

"I don't see how it is better. It is as bad as it can be. If you flatter yourself that I care for little modifications of that sort, you are very much mistaken. It is as wrong of you to see him once a week as it would be to see him all day long. Not that it matters to me, however."

Catherine tried to follow these words, but they seemed to lead toward a vague horror from which she recoiled. "I think we shall marry pretty soon," she repeated at last.

Her father gave her his dreadful look again, as if she were some one else. "Why do you tell me that? It's no concern of mine."

"Oh, father," she broke out, "don't you care, even if you do feel so?"

"Not a button. Once you marry, it's quite the same to me when, or where, or why you do it; and if you think to compound for your folly by hoisting your fly in this way, you may spare yourself the trouble."

With this he turned away. But the next day he spoke to her of his own accord, and his manner was somewhat changed. "Shall you be married within the next four or five months?" he asked.

"I don't know, father," said Catherine. "It is not very easy for us to make up our minds."

"Put it off, then, for six months, and in the mean time I will take you to Europe. I should like you very much to go."

It gave her such delight, after his words of the day before, to hear that he should "like" her to do something, and that he still had in his heart any of the tenderness of preference, that she gave a little exclamation of joy. But then she became conscious that Morris was not included in this proposal, and that—as regards really going—she would greatly prefer to remain at home with him. But she blushed, none the less, more comfortably than she had done of late. "It would be delightful to go to Europe," she remarked, with a sense that the idea was not original, and that her tone was not all it might be.

"Very well, then, we will go. Pack up your clothes."

"I had better tell Mr. Townsend," said Catherine.

Her father fixed his cold eyes upon her. "If you mean that you had better ask his leave, all that remains to me is to hope he will give it."

The girl was sharply touched by the pathetic ring of the words; it was the most calculated, the most dramatic, little speech the Doctor had ever uttered. She felt that it was a great thing for her, under the circumstances, to have this fine opportunity of showing him her respect; and yet there was something else that she felt as well, and that she presently expressed. "I sometimes think that if I do what you dislike so much, I ought not to stay with you."

"To stay with me?"

"If I live with you, I ought to obey you."

"If that's your theory, it's certainly mine," said the Doctor, with a dry laugh.

"But if I don't obey you, I ought not to live with you—to enjoy your kindness and protection."

This striking argument gave the Doctor a sudden sense of having underestimated his daughter; it seemed even more than worthy of a young woman who had revealed the quality of unaggressive obstinacy. But it displeased him—displeased him deeply, and he signified as much. "That idea is in very bad taste," he said. "Did you get it from Mr. Townsend?"

"Oh no; it's my own," said Catherine, eagerly.

"Keep it to yourself, then," her father answered, more than ever determined she should go to Europe.

XXIII.

If Morris Townsend was not to be included in this journey, no more was Mrs. Penniman, who would have been thankful for an invitation, but who (to do her justice) bore her disappointment in a perfectly lady-like manner. "I should enjoy seeing the works of Raphael and the ruins—the ruins of the Pantheon," she said to Mrs. Almond; "but, on the other hand, I shall not be sorry to be alone and at peace for the next few months in Washington Square. I want rest; I have been through so much in the last four months." Mrs. Almond thought it rather cruel that her brother should not take poor Lavinia abroad; but she easily understood that if the purpose of his expedition was to make Catherine forget her lover, it was not in his interest to give his daughter this young man's best friend as a companion. "If Lavinia had not been so foolish, she

might visit the ruins of the Pantheon," she said to herself; and she continued to regret her sister's folly, even though the latter assured her that she had often heard the relics in question most satisfactorily described by Mr. Penniman. Mrs. Penniman was perfectly aware that her brother's motive in undertaking a foreign tour was to lay a trap for Catherine's constancy, and she imparted this conviction very frankly to her niece.

"He thinks it will make you forget Morris," she said (she always called the young man "Morris" now): "out of sight, out of mind, you know. He thinks that all the things you will see over there will drive him out of your thoughts."

Catherine looked greatly alarmed. "If he thinks that, I ought to tell him beforehand."

Mrs. Penniman shook her head. "Tell him afterward, my dear—after he has had all the trouble and expense. That's the way to serve him." And she added, in a softer key, that it must be delightful to think of those who love us among the ruins of the Pantheon.

Her father's displeasure had cost the girl, as we know, a great deal of deep-welling sorrow—sorrow of the purest and most generous kind, without a touch of resentment or rancor; but for the first time, after he had dismissed with such contemptuous brevity her apology for being a charge upon him, there was a spark of anger in her grief. She had felt his contempt; it had scorched her; that speech about her bad taste had made her ears burn for three days. During this period she was less considerate; she had an idea—a rather vague one, but it was agreeable to her sense of injury—that now she was absolved from penance, and might do what she chose. She chose to write to Morris Townsend to meet her in the Square and take her to walk about the town. If she were going to Europe out of respect to her father, she might at least give herself this satisfaction. She felt in every way at present more free and more resolute; there was a force that urged her. Now, completely and unreservedly, her passion possessed her.

Morris met her at last, and they took a long walk. She told him immediately what had happened; that her father wished to take her away—it would be for six months—to Europe; she would do absolutely what Morris should think best. She hoped inexpressibly that he would think it best she should stay at home. It was some time before he said what he thought; he asked, as they walked along, a great many questions. There was one that especially struck her; it seemed so incongruous.

"Should you like to see all those celebrated things over there?"

"Oh no, Morris!" said Catherine, quite deprecatingly.

"Gracious Heaven, what a dull woman!" Morris exclaimed to himself.

"He thinks I will forget you," said Catherine; "that all these things will drive you out of my mind."

"Well, my dear, perhaps they will."

"Please don't say that," Catherine answered, gently, as they walked along. "Poor father will be disappointed."

Morris gave a little laugh. "Yes, I verily believe that your poor father will be disappointed. But you will have seen Europe," he added, humorously. "What a take-in!"

"I don't care for seeing Europe," Catherine said.

"You ought to care, my dear. And it may mollify your father."

Catherine, conscious of her obstinacy, expected little of this, and could not rid herself of the idea that in going abroad and yet remaining firm, she should play her father a trick. "Don't you think it would be a kind of deception?" she asked.

"Doesn't he want to deceive you?" cried Morris. "It will serve him right. I really think you had better go."

"And not be married for so long?"

"Be married when you come back. You can buy your wedding clothes in Paris." And then Morris, with great kindness of tone, explained his view of the matter. It would be a good thing that she should go; it would put them completely in the right. It would show they were reasonable, and willing to wait. Once they were so sure of each other, they could afford to wait—what had they to fear? If there was a particle of chance that her father would be favorably affected by her going, that ought to settle it; for, after all, Morris was very unwilling to be the cause of her being disinherited. It was not for himself, it was for her and for her children. He was willing to wait for her: it would be hard, but he could do it. And over there, among beautiful scenes and noble monuments, perhaps the

old gentleman would be softened; such things were supposed to exert a humanizing influence. He might be touched by her gentleness, her patience, her willingness to make any sacrifice but *that* one; and if she should appeal to him some day, in some celebrated spot—in Italy, say, in the evening; in Venice, in a gondola, by moonlight—if she should be a little clever about it, and touch the right chord, perhaps he would fold her in his arms and tell her that he forgave her. Catherine was immensely struck with this conception of the affair, which seemed eminently worthy of her lover's brilliant intellect, though she viewed it askance in so far as it depended upon her own powers of execution. The idea of being "clever" in a gondola by moonlight appeared to her to involve elements of which her grasp was not active. But it was settled between them that she should tell her father that she was ready to follow him obediently anywhere, making the mental reservation that she loved Morris Townsend more than ever.

She informed the Doctor she was ready to embark, and he made rapid arrangements for this event. Catherine had many farewells to make, but with only two of them are we actively concerned. Mrs. Penniman took a discriminating view of her niece's journey; it seemed to her very proper that Mr. Townsend's destined bride should wish to embellish her mind by a foreign tour.

"You leave him in good hands," she said, pressing her lips to Catherine's forehead. (She was very fond of kissing people's foreheads; it was an involuntary expression of sympathy with the intellectual part.) "I shall see him often; I shall feel like one of the vestals of old tending the sacred flame."

"You behave beautifully about not going with us," Catherine answered, not presuming to examine this analogy.

"It is my pride that keeps me up," said Mrs. Penniman, tapping the body of her dress, which always gave forth a sort of metallic ring.

Catherine's parting with her lover was short, and few words were exchanged.

"Shall I find you just the same when I come back?" she asked; though the question was not the fruit of skepticism.

"The same—only more so," said Morris, smiling.

It does not enter into our scheme to narrate in detail Doctor Sloper's proceedings in the Eastern hemisphere. He made the grand tour of Europe, travelled in considerable splendor, and (as was to have been expected in a man of his high cultivation) found so much in art and antiquity to interest him that he remained abroad, not for six months, but for twelve. Mrs. Penniman, in Washington Square, accommodated herself to his absence. She enjoyed her uncontested dominion in the empty house, and flattered herself that she made it more attractive to their friends than when her brother was at home. To Morris Townsend, at least, it would have appeared that she made it singularly attractive. He was altogether her most frequent visitor, and Mrs. Penniman was very fond of asking him to tea. He had his chair—a very easy one—at the fireside in the back parlor (when the great mahogany sliding-doors, with silver knobs, which divided this apartment from its more formal neighbor, were closed), and he used to smoke cigars in the Doctor's study, where he often spent an hour in turning over the curious collections of its absent proprietor. He thought Mrs. Penniman a goose, as we know; but he was no goose himself, and, as a young man of luxurious tastes and scanty resources, he found the house a perfect castle of indolence. It became for him a club with a single member. Mrs. Penniman saw much less of her sister than while the Doctor was at home; for Mrs. Almond had felt moved to tell her that she disapproved of her relations with Mr. Townsend. She had no business to be so friendly to a young man of whom their brother thought so meanly, and Mrs. Almond was surprised at her levity in foisting a most deplorable engagement upon Catherine.

"Deplorable!" cried Lavinia. "He will make her a lovely husband."

"I don't believe in lovely husbands," said Mrs. Almond; "I only believe in good ones. If he marries her, and she comes into Austin's money, they may get on. He will be an idle, amiable, selfish, and doubtless tolerably good-natured fellow. But if she doesn't get the money, and he finds himself tied to her, Heaven have mercy on her! He will have none. He will hate her for his disappointment, and take his revenge; he will be pitiless and cruel. Woe betide poor Catherine! I recommend you to talk a little with his

sister; it's a pity Catherine can't marry *her!*"

Mrs. Penniman had no appetite whatever for conversation with Mrs. Montgomery, whose acquaintance she made no trouble to cultivate; and the effect of this alarming forecast of her niece's destiny was to make her think it indeed a thousand pities that Mr. Townsend's generous nature should be imbittered. Bright enjoyment was his natural element, and how could he be comfortable if there should prove to be nothing to enjoy? It became a fixed idea with Mrs. Penniman that he should yet enjoy her brother's fortune, on which she had acuteness enough to perceive that her own claim was small.

"If he doesn't leave it to Catherine, it certainly won't be to leave it to me," she said.

XXIV.

The Doctor, during the first six months he was abroad, never spoke to his daughter of their little difference, partly on system, and partly because he had a great many other things to think about. It was idle to attempt to ascertain the state of her affections without direct inquiry, because if she had not had an expressive manner among the familiar influences of home, she failed to gather animation from the mountains of Switzerland or the monuments of Italy. She was always her father's docile and reasonable associate—going through their sight-seeing in deferential silence, never complaining of fatigue, always ready to start at the hour he had appointed overnight, making no foolish criticisms, and indulging in no refinements of appreciation. "She is about as intelligent as the bundle of shawls," the Doctor said, her main superiority being that while the bundle of shawls sometimes got lost, or tumbled out of the carriage, Catherine was always at her post, and had a firm and ample seat. But her father had expected this, and he was not constrained to set down her intellectual limitations as a tourist to sentimental depression; she had completely divested herself of the characteristics of a victim, and during the whole time that they were abroad she never uttered an audible sigh. He supposed she was in correspondence with Morris Townsend, but he held his peace about it, for he never saw the young man's letters, and Catherine's own missives were always given to the courier to post. She heard from her lover with considerable regularity, but his letters came inclosed in Mrs. Penniman's; so that whenever the Doctor handed her a packet addressed in his sister's hand, he was an involuntary instrument of the passion he condemned. Catherine made this reflection, and six months earlier she would have felt bound to give him warning; but now she deemed herself absolved. There was a sore spot in her heart that his own words had made when once she spoke to him as she thought honor prompted; she would try and please him as far as she could, but she would never speak that way again. She read her lover's letters in secret.

One day, at the end of the summer, the two travellers found themselves in a lonely valley of the Alps. They were crossing one of the passes, and on the long ascent they had got out of the carriage and had wandered much in advance. After a while the Doctor descried a foot-path which, leading through a transverse valley, would bring them out, as he justly supposed, at a much higher point of the ascent. They followed this devious way, and finally lost the path; the valley proved very wild and rough, and their walk became rather a scramble. They were good walkers, however, and they took their adventure easily; from time to time they stopped, that Catherine might rest; and then she sat upon a stone and looked about her at the hard-featured rocks and the glowing sky. It was late in the afternoon, in the last of August; night was coming on, and as they had reached a great elevation, the air was cold and sharp. In the west there was a great suffusion of cold red light, which made the sides of the little valley look only the more rugged and dusky. During one of their pauses her father left her and wandered away to some high place, at a distance, to get a view. He was out of sight; she sat there alone, in the stillness, which was just touched by the vague murmur, somewhere, of a mountain brook. She thought of Morris Townsend, and the place was so desolate and lonely that he seemed very far away. Her father remained absent a long time; she began to wonder what had become of him. But at last he re-appeared, coming toward her in the clear twilight, and she got up to go on. He made no motion to proceed, however, but came close to her, as if he had something to say. He stopped in front of her, and

stood looking at her with eyes that had kept the light of the flushing snow-summits on which they had just been fixed. Then, abruptly, in a low tone, he asked her an unexpected question—

"Have you given him up?"

The question was unexpected, but Catherine was only superficially unprepared.

"No, father," she answered.

He looked at her again for some moments without speaking.

"Does he write to you?" he asked.

"Yes, about twice a month."

The Doctor looked up and down the valley, swinging his stick; then he said to her, in the same low tone,

"I am very angry."

She wondered what he meant—whether he wished to frighten her. If he did, the place was well chosen: this hard, melancholy dell, abandoned by the summer light, made her feel her loneliness. She looked around her, and her heart grew cold; for a moment her fear was great. But she could think of nothing to say, save to murmur, gently, "I am sorry."

"You try my patience," her father went on, "and you ought to know what I am. I am not a very good man. Though I am very smooth externally, at bottom I am very passionate; and I assure you I can be very hard."

She could not think why he told her these things. Had he brought her there on purpose, and was it part of a plan? What was the plan? Catherine asked herself. Was it to startle her suddenly into a retraction—to take an advantage of her by dread? Dread of what? The place was ugly and lonely, but the place could do her no harm. There was a kind of still intensity about her father which made him dangerous, but Catherine hardly went so far as to say to herself that it might be part of his plan to fasten his hand—the neat, fine, supple hand of a distinguished physician—in her throat. Nevertheless, she receded a step. "I am sure you can be anything you please," she said. And it was her simple belief.

"I am very angry," he replied, more sharply.

"Why has it taken you so suddenly?"

"It has not taken me suddenly. I have been raging inwardly for the last six months. But just now this seemed a good place to flare out. It's so quiet, and we are alone."

"Yes, it's very quiet," said Catherine, vaguely looking about her. "Won't you come back to the carriage?"

"In a moment. Do you mean that in all this time you have not yielded an inch?"

"I would if I could, father; but I can't."

The Doctor looked round him too. "Should you like to be left in such a place as this, to starve?"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl.

"That will be your fate—that's how he will leave you."

He would not touch her, but he had touched Morris. The warmth came back to her heart. "That is not true, father," she broke out, "and you ought not to say it. It is not right, and it's not true."

He shook his head slowly. "No, it's not right, because you won't believe it. But it *is* true. Come back to the carriage."

He turned away, and she followed him; he went faster, and was presently much in advance. But from time to time he stopped, without turning round, to let her keep up with him, and she made her way forward with difficulty, her heart beating with the excitement of having for the first time spoken to him in violence. By this time it had grown almost dark, and she ended by losing sight of him. But she kept her course, and after a little, the valley making a sudden turn, she gained the road, where the carriage stood waiting. In it sat her father, rigid and silent; in silence too she took her place beside him.

It seemed to her, later, in looking back upon all this, that for days afterward not a word had been exchanged between them. The scene had been a strange one, but it had not permanently affected her feeling toward her father, for it was natural, after all, that he should occasionally make a scene of some kind, and he had let her alone for six months. The strangest part of it was that he had said he was not a good man; Catherine wondered a good deal what he had meant by that. The statement failed to appeal to her credence, and it was not grateful to any resentment that she entertained. Even in the utmost bitterness that she might feel, it would give her no satisfaction to think him less complete. Such a saying as that was a part of his great subtlety—men so clever as he might say anything and mean anything. And as to his being hard, that surely, in a man, was a virtue.

He let her alone for six months more—six months during which she accommodated herself without a protest to the extension of their tour. But he spoke again at the end of this time: it was at the very last, the night before they embarked for New York, in the hotel at Liverpool. They had been dining together in a great, dim, musty sitting-room; and then the cloth had been removed, and the Doctor walked slowly up and down. Catherine at last took her candle to go to bed, but her father motioned her to stay.

"What do you mean to do when you get home?" he asked, while she stood there with her candle in her hand.

"Do you mean about Mr. Townsend?"

"About Mr. Townsend."

"We shall probably marry."

The Doctor took several turns again while she waited. "Do you hear from him as much as ever?"

"Yes, twice a month," said Catherine, promptly.

"And does he always talk about marriage?"

"Oh yes. That is, he talks about other things too, but he always says something about that."

"I am glad to hear he varies his subjects; his letters might otherwise be monotonous."

"He writes beautifully," said Catherine, who was very glad of a chance to say it.

"They always write beautifully. However, in a given case that doesn't diminish the merit. So, as soon as you arrive, you are going off with him?"

This seemed a rather gross way of putting it, and something that there was of dignity in Catherine resented it. "I can not tell you till we arrive," she said.

"That's reasonable enough," her father answered. "That's all I ask of you—that you *do* tell me, that you give me definite notice. When a poor man is to lose his only child, he likes to have an inkling of it beforehand."

"Oh, father! you will not lose me," Catherine said, spilling her candle wax.

"Three days before will do," he went on, "if you are in a position to be positive then. He ought to be very thankful to me, do you know. I have done a mighty good thing for him in taking you abroad; your value is twice as great, with all the knowledge and taste that you have acquired. A year ago, you were perhaps a little limited—a little rustic; but now you have seen everything, and appreciated everything, and you will be a most entertaining companion. We have fattened the sheep for him before he kills it." Catherine turned away, and stood staring at the blank door. "Go to bed," said her father; "and as we don't go aboard till noon, you may sleep late. We shall probably have a most uncomfortable voyage."

IS IT ALL THERE STILL?*

SHE sat where the great elm's shadow
Across the doorway fell;
She heard the drip of the bucket
In the hollow of the well,

The pleasant rasp from the garden
Of busy spade and hoe.
Beyond, in the sunny meadows,
Her mates ran to and fro.

The chirping robin on the bough
Was for one moment still,
Deep dipping into cherries' wine
His thirsting yellow bill.

A whirl of pale gold butterflies
Alighting on the stone,
With flicker of their filmy wings,
In quivering silence shone.

Thousands of them in the meadows
Before her mates had flown:
I know not if she understood
These were for her alone.

At eve, when the cows and children
Came home from field and vale,
In the wonder of the sunset,
The child sat dumb and pale.

They clamored for the evening meal;
She neither asked nor stirred,
But took what the housewife gave her,
And ate without a word.

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* Among the poor children who were sent into the country last year by the Children's Week Association was one little waif who in all her life before had never seen anything pleasanter than the noisy, dirty streets of the lower portion of the city. Sickening of a fatal disease, the scenes of that one bright week haunted her, and she begged to see the farmer's wife in whose care she had been; and when the good woman entered the bare garret where the little sufferer lay, the child cried out, feverishly, "Is it all there still?" and wanted to hear about every place and creature she had there seen. The kind woman took the child back with her into the country, where, in the midst of loving care, surrounded by the beauty of early summer, she peacefully died.

Such morns and noons and nights were hers
For six glad summer days;
Then back to the city's groping life
Of dearth and fret and frays.

Six breathless days of mute delight,
And then—the blinding pall!
Six days!—and just to think for whom
The good God made it all!

* * * * * *

She lay where the dull wall's shadow
Fell on her bed of straw,
With the largest eyes in the thinnest
Face that you ever saw.

"Is it all there still?" she murmured,
And wrung her feeble hands—
"The woods, and the long bright meadows,
The door where the elm-tree stands?

"Do the cows come home when the sunset
Makes that great fire at night?
Do they give you pails and pails of milk?
Is it just as sweet and white?

"When I've been selling my papers,
I've tried to see it all;
But I couldn't, for the dirty street,
The noise, the dingy wall—

"They staid with me always—always;
They shut out field and sky.
Tell me, those things you planted,
Did they come up by-and-by?

"The stream that ran by the road-side,
The lambs asleep on the hill,
I want so much—so much—to know
If it is all there still."

"Why shouldn't you come to it, my child?"
The kindly housewife said;
And soon the shadow of the elm
Fell on that patient head.

The farmer took the wasted hand
Upon his own broad palm,
And cleared his throat ere he could say,
"You're welcome to the farm."

He held her while the goodwife milked
The sleek and healthy kine,
He made her pleasant seats beneath
The oak and fragrant pine,

And carried her from place to place.
She seldom spoke a word,
But smiled and gazed, and grew, he said,
"No heftier'n a bird."

Of summer's scents and sights and sounds
The child's soul drank its fill,
Till berries darkened on their vine
By field and wood and hill.

And then, one night—the sun had built
Its great fire in the west—
"Yes, I have seen it all," she sighed,
"And now I want to rest."

O Life, so bright when thou art free!
In bonds, so drear and dim!
Who frees thee to one little child
Hath loosed its bonds from Him!

"BAD PEPPERS."

I.

"YOU see, I want to strike down to Bad Peppers."

These words were pronounced by the third person at my right on the bench. The bench, it must be explained, was covered with red velvet, and situated in the cabin of a steamer. And the steamer was the *Weser*, bound for Bremen.

I could not imagine at the moment what "Bad Peppers" meant; and the remark—uttered at our first dinner on board—came out with such ludicrous distinctness, in the midst of the clatter at table, that I made haste to observe the individual from whom it proceeded. I beheld a rough but impressive head, with cheeks of a settled red, and beetling grizzly hair, looking out over the board in a dogged, half-perplexed, but good-humored way, though the owner of the head was evidently unconscious that he had said anything open to comment. He was a man, I should say, of forty-six; but as I looked at him now in the glare of the skylight above, there was so marked a simplicity and frankness in his face that I could not help imagining the short gray curls turned to golden brown, and feeling the momentary pity that comes over one in looking at an elderly person who reminds one of childhood, yet is so hopelessly far removed from it. I felt a little sorry for a man with this kind of a face attempting so large a task as crossing the ocean to Europe, and I was a little amused at the idea, too.

He was talking earnestly to my handsome friend Fearloe, who sat on this side of him; but I observed that he was watched with a certain patronizing scrutiny by a young German opposite.

"Yes, you see I couldn't get rid of this

rheumatism anywhere," he continued, "and so I took a friend's advice and started for Europe. They say that Bad Peppers will fix up the worst case you ever saw better than any amount of medicine. Anyway, I'm going to try it."

Peppers as a cure for rheumatism! What could he mean? And if this was to be the remedy, why go to Europe to try it? But he proceeded:

"And that's the reason, you see, why I want to strike right down to Bad Peppers."

The mystery began to grow less opaque. Possibly he might mean by "strike down" that he wished to reduce his diet to the article in question; but I thought it more likely that Bad Peppers was a place which he had made his objective point. I determined to ask Fearloe at the earliest opportunity, and therefore drew him away as soon as dinner was over.

"Who is your new acquaintance?" I inquired.

"He reports himself as Steven Steavens, a wholesale grocer from Philadelphia."

"And he's going to Europe to cure his rheumatism? Europe ought to be flattered, certainly," said I; and I am afraid we both laughed rather scornfully at our unsuspecting fellow-traveller, who was pacing another part of the deck with a fierce meerschaum pipe in his mouth. "But tell me what he means by this Bad Peppers. Is it a place? I'm sure I never heard of one by that name."

"Of course," said Fearloe, "it's a place, but that isn't the right name. He means a resort of some note for invalids in the canton of St. Gall, Switzerland—Bad Pfeiffers, or Pfeiffers's Baths—south of the Lake of Constance, and near the Rhine: a very picturesque spot, too."

"You've been there, then?"

"Yes," answered Fearloe, who, I may remark by the way, had been nearly everywhere—out of America. He was one of those Yankees of the later generations who are born with a genius for belying their own nationality. When he was in England, the English would actually claim him for one of themselves, in the face of positive denial from his own countrymen; though I must do him the justice to say that he made no merit of this, and never allowed newspaper paragraphs to be written about it. In France he was frequently taken for a Frenchman; and in Italy his fine statuesque features and rich dark beard, with the aid of a good Roman accent, might easily cause him to pass for a descendant of one of the old patrician families. In consequence he was very apt to be looked upon as a foreigner during his occasional flights through his native land, and possessed accordingly a remarkable power over the hearts of sundry republican young women; for women love to pay homage to a judicious male superiority, and this is the reason the daughters of our nation delight in foreign manners, which assume that grandeur of the male that most Americans are too polite and timid to assert. These things being so, I do not wonder that Fearloe was a little conceited on one point—his success in impressing the female heart.

"You speak so well of the place," I continued, after a pause, "that I've a great mind to 'strike down' there myself. Do you advise it?"

"By all means, Middleby, after you've seen the Exposition. Paris will be hot, and you will need a change of some sort."

"I hope it won't be a change to rheumatism," I replied, with another laugh. I had not noticed that Steavens had come nearer to us as I spoke; but the word "rheumatism" seemed to attract him, and roused the only association with the Old World which he as yet enjoyed.

"You gentlemen have been to Europe before?" he said, advancing, and taking me in with a half-inquiring nod, as if my acquaintance with so foreign-looking a person as Fearloe was sufficient guarantee of my experience in travelling. "Now I would consider it a favor, gentlemen, if you would come down with me to the smoking-room. We can have a little something to drink, and then we can talk this thing over."

Fearloe smiled condescendingly.

"This thing?" inquired I (perhaps not with the utmost respect, since his sentence struck me as rather too informal for the very beginning of a chance acquaintance). "You mean the Bad—"

"The whole of it," broke in Mr. Steavens. "The European continent—Bad Peppers, Paris, and all the rest of it. You've been there, and know just what a fellow ought to see and do, and now I'm away from my store, I've got a little time to sit down and think over what *I'll* do. So, if you don't object, gentlemen—"

"Not at all," Fearloe hastened to assure him, being always ready for novel encounters.

"I can't tell you anything about Pfeiffers's Baths," said I, trying to be companionable too, "for I never heard of them before, but whatever I do know is at your service."

As we moved toward the gangway the grocer turned to Fearloe, and asked, in an under-tone, "What does he call it? Feiffers? That ain't right, is it? My friend that set me on going there, he said Peppers. I thought, first off, he meant they put red peppers in the water when you bathe; but he said no, it was the name of the man that started the place, he guessed."

"You can pronounce it either way," said Fearloe, magnanimously.

"Well, I prefer Peppers," declared Steavens, with an air of relief. "But it's kind of queer, now, that your friend, Mr. What's-his-name—"

"Middleby," I suggested, claiming my place in the colloquy.

"—Middleby," he continued, without embarrassment, transferring the remark to me. "Ain't it queer, Mr. Middleby, that you never heard of the place? I thought everybody knew about Bad Peppers."

I was foolish enough to be irritated at this presumption on the part of the child-like grocer, and had a great mind to hint that he preferred a wrong pronunciation of the name because peppers were in the line of his business; but I contented myself with saying that I thought there were places in Europe a good deal better known than the baths.

In the smoking-room we found the young German who had cast his critical eye upon Steavens at dinner. He introduced himself as Herr Scharlach, and in order to make matters clear, he drew from his pocket a printed list of the passengers, which had been distributed just before we sailed, on which he put a cross against each of our names and his own, as he had already done with several others in the catalogue. He was a young man somewhere in the thirties, with a clear blue eye that gleamed like a sword, a high forehead, and a soft complexion deepened by tropical sunburn. He could have been identified as a German anywhere, from the air he had of holding a balance of power in all earthly affairs; and when he checked off our names, I couldn't help thinking that he was collecting data for use in some future military campaign, or else for a biographical dictionary of the whole human race.

"Ain't from Philadelphia, are you?" queried Steavens, in a friendly tone, implying that the other probably was from that city. "We have a good many Germans there."

"No," said Scharlach, "Brazil." After which he lit a cigarette he had been rolling in his thin fingers, and puffed smoke from his nostrils in such a way as to suggest that any aperture for confidential conversation was permanently closed.

"Now here," said our confiding acquaintance, after we had pledged one another in several mild beverages suited to a first day out on the briny deep—"here's a list of places my friend made out that I want to kind of take in on my way to the springs and back." And he produced from his pocket-book a narrow crumpled white paper, on which were pencilled the weighty names of Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Antwerp, Heidelberg, and Munich. I give them in the order in which they occurred. "I suppose that's all right, ain't it?" he concluded, glancing at each of us in turn, as if the success of his tour depended on our good opinion.

"Why, yes," said Fearloe, "the places are all right, but you'll have to travel a good deal to include them all. I don't see how you're to get at them on the way to the baths."

"Oh, of course I shall have to branch off a little; but then the distances over there don't compare with ours," returned Mr. Steavens, hopefully.

"I'm not so sure of that," rejoined my friend, with a malicious air of there being some slight room for doubt. "Your first jaunt, from Paris to Rome, will be five hundred miles—five times as far as from Philadelphia to New York. After that you must count at least a thousand to Madrid, a thousand more from there to Vienna, and then twelve hundred, or over, to St. Petersburg." Steavens almost turned pale. He hastily set down the glass which he was carrying to his lips. "Besides," continued Fearloe, "you can't go to Rome at all before winter."

"Hold on!" cried the other, looking as if the sense of solid reality were slipping away from him. "Has anybody got a map here? Let's settle one thing at a time. You know what I want to do first

is to strike down to Bad Peppers. I'd like to settle just how that stands."

Sharlach immediately went to his stateroom, and returned promptly with a large and perfect map of the Continent, showing all the railroads and post-roads. Seeing this, I was tempted to make some sarcastic remark about his thorough German equipment; but I remembered Sedan, and shuddered. He was soon busily engaged in tracing out certain lines of travel with his long pink finger, the nail of which was whitish, and edged with black—according strangely with the Prussian national colors. I thought Scharlach took a peculiar interest in Pfeffers, and seemed oddly familiar with it. He furnished our fellow-passenger with full details about the place; how it was situated on the Tamina River — which Steavens, with a friendly reminiscence of New York politics, instantly transformed into "Tammany" River; how the mountains were piled around its wild gorge seven or eight thousand feet high; how the healing waters flow only in summer, and are brought to the hotel by an aqueduct; and so on. All this seemed to re-assure the rheumatic grocer very much; and having got "Peppers" definitely fixed in his mind again, and becoming familiar with the map, he once more grew self-confident about his list of cities, and nothing could avail to dissuade him from adhering to the exact order in which his unknown adviser had jotted them down. So, for the time, we abandoned the attempt.

There is hardly a circle more merciless in its criticisms than a body of first-cabin passengers on one of the European steamers; and Steavens soon became an object of amusement to most of us. His simplicity, openness, and perfectly good-humored, almost joyous, ignorance, made him an easy prey. But he proved to be a "good sailor," and was very gallant toward the ladies. The strangest part of it was that they rather liked him, and took his side against our covert ridicule. I suppose I must admit that this, instead of altering our opinions concerning him, only added a slight bitterness to a spirit of fun which would otherwise have been quite innocent; and we got into a way of looking at him with sarcastic hostility. When I say "we" I refer more particularly to Fearloe, the German, Scharlach, and myself, who, having been thrown with him more than the others on the first day of the voyage, regarded him as a sort of comic exhibition under our special supervision.

This rather absurd bond of union between us led to some degree of intimacy with Scharlach, who disclosed—greatly to the enhancement of our interest in Steavens's journey—that he, likewise, was going to Pfeiffers. His errand, moreover, was a romantic one. Five years before, he had fallen in love with the orphaned niece of a rich merchant in Berlin; but feeling his cause to be hopeless, at least as regarded the girl's uncle, so long as he had nothing but his personal appearance and a very elaborate education to support his suit, Scharlach had preferred to retain the hold of friendship while starting out to better his condition; and accordingly he had never made a positive declaration of his passion, but had gone to Brazil, where he succeeded in gaining a moderately handsome fortune. His friends had kept him informed of Fräulein Raslaff's movements. As yet she had not married, from which he augured hopefully for his future; but her uncle had become an invalid, and they were now about resorting to Pfeiffers for his health, whither Scharlach, of course, purposed following them, in order to learn his fate.

He requested us urgently to say nothing about this to any of our fellow-voyagers, and we even kept the secret of his destination from Steavens. But that could not prevent Fearloe and myself from privately talking over Scharlach's prospects a little. My own opinion was that such cool self-possession as his course showed might not impress a woman so favorably as it did us, and I said I was by no means sure that Scharlach would win, after all. Fearloe did not agree with me here, and stroked his beard with an air of restrained certainty as he replied: "I see, Middleby, you fancy that women want something more startlingly romantic than that. But they are very practical, too; and I think you'll find Miss Raslaff will appreciate such sensible devotion as this of our Brazilian emigrant." As I have said, Fearloe knew the effect he could produce on women, and was proud of it, and when he uttered this remark it was plain that he thought he had settled the question.

II.

As I left the steamer at Southampton, and went up to London for a few days, I

parted with Steavens before the voyage was completed. It was nearly a week later that I met Fearloe again, in Paris. We went together to dine at a neat little two-franc place in the Rue St. Honoré, which we had formerly haunted, and during dinner he suddenly asked, with a roguish look, "Who do you think I saw yesterday?—Steavens!" And Fearloe here bent his head, bathing his beard in laughter. "Do you know, he has been in Paris three days and hasn't gone near the Exposition."

"Well, that shows a healthy independence," said I. "Is he studying the Louvre?"

"No," was the answer; "he has discovered something far more important than the Louvre or the Exposition—something which seems to reward him for the whole trip."

"What can that be?" I queried, rather blankly.

"He has discovered," said Fearloe, "that *Paris is the place to buy shirts in!*"

This, it appeared, was the topic which had engrossed Steavens's mind when Fearloe met him. The erratic man, after reaching Bremen, had abruptly decided to come over to the French capital, which he might have done much more easily and cheaply from Southampton; and the result of this expensive détour had been a kind of shirt-intoxication. "You've no idea," added Fearloe, "how neatly he has gotten himself up. He really is making progress. And the magnificence of the fellow! Why, he says he shall merely take a single run through the Exposition, and leave all the rest of Paris till after he has been to Pfeiffers."

"Fearloe," I said, with a measure of solemnity, "don't scoff at a man like that. I never before have met an American with quite so much originality in his treatment of Europe. He must be a genius."

Nevertheless, we continued to laugh at him, with that superiority of being less naïf and independent than he which so oddly seems to us a desirable thing nowadays. And if any one at that time had hinted that Steven Steavens, with his want of reserve, and complete indifference to what is known as culture, possessed qualities of character more to be admired than our own, we would not have taken the trouble even to smile at the critic.

I did not happen to meet Steavens while in Paris; but in August I finally acted on Fearloe's chance hint aboard ship, and went to Pfeiffers myself, where I found not only our enthusiast in shirts, but also Scharlach and Miss Raslaff, together with that young lady's uncle, a shrivelled little old man, who had the air of being put away to keep in his thick white hair and whiskers, like a dried beetle in cotton-wool. To the rest of us, indeed, the old gentleman was of no more account than a beetle, and appeared to have as little influence on the lives around him as an insect might. But, as a matter of fact, though he was so nearly dead, and scarcely stirred a limb, he clutched three lives in his faded fingers, and held them fast there—his niece's life, Scharlach's life, and Steavens's life. For I was not long in discovering that my rheumatic pilgrim had fallen in love with Fräulein Raslaff almost at first sight. He himself took good care that I should not remain blind to the fact. He drew me aside, and poured his tale into my ear, though with somewhat more reserve than he had shown on the steamer in discussing his plans of travel.

"How long has this been going on?" I inquired, as we walked together up and down the hotel terrace overlooking the wild and picturesque valley.

"Three weeks and a half," he answered. "It's a short time, and it *seems* like a short time. I've read in the story papers that when a man's in love, a few days seem to him like years, and so forth. But I don't believe it. I know exactly how long I've been here, and yet there's no doubt about it, I'm in love with that young lady, and am going to make her my wife if I can. The story papers are wrong, and I'm right."

I couldn't help reflecting that this was the same independence I had praised to Fearloe. "The man has the faculty of knowing exactly what he's about," thought I, "and that goes a good way toward securing success." Yet it seemed preposterous that he should have the least chance with a woman so far removed from him by tastes and traditions as Fräulein Raslaff. I said to him merely, "Have you spoken to her?"

"I've tried to feel my way," was his reply. "But that uncle of hers—he's an old potato-bug, sir. He's *worse* than a potato-bug. I don't know what to call him. He won't let any one come near

her, and yet he don't seem to take any pleasure in her himself. He looks just about dead, but I tell you it's only shamming: the minute another man talks to Miss Raslaff, he wakes up; it puts life into him, and he flies around sharp. This is a good country to operate in, though; he can't take the walks we do with parties sometimes—up to Solitude, and the Belvedere, and around. I'd just like to see him in the gorge once; *that* would finish him."

The gorge was a very peculiar and rather perilous cavern, higher up in the valley through which the Tamina runs.

"Then it's only the uncle that troubles you?" I queried. "You don't feel afraid of Scharlach?"

Steavens paused, looking anxious for an instant. Then the child-like expression which I had marked on my first glimpse of him came out strongly again. "Do you think he'd be mean enough to stand in my way?" he asked.

"But suppose you are standing in his?" I returned.

Steavens apparently considered this an unnatural view to take. "Scharlach can get along by himself all right," he asserted. "He might be disappointed, and it wouldn't ruin him. But me—why, take me, and what am I without her?" I must admit that this humbleness touched me with its pathos, and I began to range myself on Steavens's side. Then he concluded, without any pathos at all, "Well, I've got as good a right to try as he has, anyway, and I'm bound to win in the end."

At length, wishing to soften a possible disappointment, I thought I ought to tell him how long Scharlach had been hoping to gain Miss Raslaff's heart. The information startled him considerably; but after a few moments' silence he struck me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, here we are! He's rich and I'm rich: let her choose between us for something else. If he hadn't made any money out there, I'd say to him, 'Here, my man, I've got the best of you, so I'll stand by, and you can just walk in and try your chances first.' But seeing we're neck and neck on that, I don't know that there's anything to do but go ahead."

And go ahead he assuredly did from that hour. He astounded the old uncle by remonstrating with him directly against his supervision of Miss Raslaff. "It isn't fair," he said. "You don't know how to manage things in this country. I don't say a woman ought to vote; but anyway she ought to have a right to listen to a man when he wants to tell her what he thinks of her. Do you suppose I could tell *you*?" (With a glance by no means politic in its contempt at the desiccated little figure before him.) "And how am I to talk to her about it when you are around?"

The result of this attack, which he made in my presence, was a violent outbreak from the old man; and the next day Steavens was asked to meet Miss Raslaff and her uncle in their *salon*, to receive from the young woman herself a confirmation of her uncle's objection to receiving any attentions from him. The girl was pale, but composed and very beautiful. I could not make out whether or not she had taken any fancy to my brusque compatriot, but she acted her part firmly. When at last she said, in pure English, "My uncle is right; you must not seek my acquaintance any more—more ardently; let us be quite as we were before," I declare so sweet a suspicion of a blush came over her cheeks, and her voice died away so delicately, like a soft echo heard among the very hills around us, that I almost fell in love with her myself. A great change instantly came over Steavens. All his jauntiness, his unreserve, his child-like confidence, were extinguished at a blow. After a moment he collected his voice, and said, with great gentleness, "Miss Raslaff, I will never do anything you ask me not to, so far as speaking is concerned; but that won't prevent my thinking about you just as much as ever, and I shall keep just as near the place where you stay as I can."

This was the end of the interview, and I thought my countryman had the best of it. He was very melancholy, though, while I remained at the baths; and the savage beauty of the place—the rough stream roaring out of the cavern against whose walls of black calcareous rock, glittering here and there with feldspar, the faint Alpine rose bloomed pensively, the shaggy heights above the hotel, and the glimpses of snowy peaks in the distance—was not suited to restore his cheer. One day we went into the gorge, with its rocky walls rising two or three hundred feet, and gradually closing together above, where a bridge of planks cornered into the

solid stone runs for a distance of six thousand paces to the springs, slippery all the way from the flying river-foam. It was gloomy and depressing as a scene from the *Inferno*, and bad for a rheumatic patient, as I reminded Steavens; but he shook his head mournfully, and said he didn't care. What was worse was the danger of missing a foot-hold on the wet and mossy planks, and so being precipitated into the wild stream beneath; and I breathed more easily when we came out safely again. But it struck me that this would be a fearful place for two angry rivals, such as Steavens and Scharlach now were, to meet in.

It so happened that Scharlach that very day came to me with *his* tale of despair. Thinking the field was his own, after Steavens's discomfiture, he had formally proposed for Miss Raslaff's hand, and had been rejected. He could not understand it. He had addressed the young lady with her uncle's permission, and she had refused him. I gathered from what he said that he had pressed his claim as a matter of right, that he considered himself to have bought her love by long patience and the accumulation of a competence, and had put forward this theory with undue bluntness; for he confessed that she had dismissed him with a cold anger and disdain that left no hope. We were sitting on the great stone steps hewn in the height above the hotel as he told me this. "No," he cried, springing to his feet, at the end, in a sort of fury. "If she had shown heat of temper, I might have kept up hope. But she petrified me with her contempt. I am no better than these rocks." He ground his teeth as he spoke, looking down at the hostelry, sunk at a fearful depth below us. Then he seized a heavy stone from the earth, and flung it down the steep, madly crying, "Yes, I am stone now, and there goes my heart rolling down to crush you!" It stopped before it had gone far; but the frenzied action was enough to show that the man had lost his balance. The pent-up force of years, so well controlled till now, had broken forth at a bound, and was carrying him away. "And it was that fool from America, that friend of yours," he added, fiercely, turning upon me all at once, as if I were an enemy—"it was he that did this. It is because he is a novelty, and because her uncle opposes it, that she has taken a fancy to him, and thrown aside the man who was a slave to her for eight years. That's it, I am sure. Take him away! Take your American away!"

I need not say that I did not obey this command; but I did take myself away. The truth is, the situation was getting altogether too serious for my liking. Yet, after I had gone, I felt an incessant curiosity to know how the affair had resulted. I heard nothing more for some time, until I came across an acquaintance during the winter, who had met Steavens in Paris again. This gentleman was telling me how Steavens had been to Rome early in the winter, and now went about complaining that it was a very dirty, one-horse town, which couldn't compare with Philadelphia. He also reported Steavens as gaining some notoriety for his romantic attachment to a young German lady, whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as Fräulein Raslaff. It appeared, therefore, that he had as yet made no headway; but I indulged in a sense of approval when I learned that he was studying hard, to enlarge his education and his knowledge of European things. Still, my acquaintance described him as a man who could never become anything but an American. He had taken the baths under the necessity of improving his health; he was trying to take European manners, in the same way, for the sake of improving his chances with Fräulein Raslaff. Yet he remained immutably hostile to everything foreign, and to prolong his stay abroad was, therefore, the strongest sort of devotion he could have shown.

III.

Fearloe knew nothing of these events, having gone to Egypt for the winter. But more than a year afterward, when I had been at home for some time, I was one day telling a lady at a dinner party something about Steavens's eccentricities and absurdities, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I have heard of that man before! Your friend Mr. Fearloe was telling me about him."

I was decidedly annoyed by this, because I had frequently made an anecdote of Steavens with great effect, and now here was Fearloe spoiling my fun by telling it in advance. Of course I had confined myself to narrating the rheumatic pilgrim's strange plan of travel, his excitement about Parisian shirts, and his unique view of Rome—things which invariably

proved highly amusing—and said nothing of his romance. I now questioned my companion at dinner, to see if I could learn anything more about that part of his history, but I could get no information on that subject. My irritation continued all the evening, for it is no slight matter when a man who painfully hoards materials for small conversation, and uses them frequently, finds an insidious friend depriving him of them. But I had an ample revenge upon Fearloe afterward, as you shall see. When I next saw him, which was some months later, he had an experience to recount which certainly put him at my mercy. I will tell it in his own words.

"I was staying at North Conway for a few days, late in July, and there was a most beautiful woman there. I hardly know whether to call her girl or woman, Middleby, there was such an immortal freshness about her face and figure, combined with a reflective sadness that showed she had had more than a girl's experiences. She dresssed in black: it was a cool thin black, that looked—perhaps on account of the calm, sweet face above it—more airy and summer-like than the most studied of the country costumes worn by other ladies at the hotel; and she wore bracelets and a pin of Irish bog-stone set in ebony, that harmonized deliciously with her personality. You know how that sort of stone sparkles, like a clouded diamond. Well, there was something about its dim, shrouded flash that was just like the mystery in her pale face with its surroundings of black. It struck into me very deep, and excited a desire to pierce the mystery, to find out what her face meant, and what was at her heart—and perhaps to place myself in the heart, too. I'll own it frankly. You know I'm not susceptible, though I've generally made my way pretty well with the ladies." (Here a flash of Fearloe's old self-complacence on this point came to light, but quickly died out again.) "I have always cared more for foreign women, though, than for our own; and this girl or woman was a German, so I was doubly taken with her. Her name was set down on the register as— Well, I won't tell you what the name was, just at present, but it was registered in such a way that I couldn't tell whether she was maid, wife, or widow. I fixed on the last, in my own mind, from her wearing black. There was no one with her; none of the people in the hotel, with whom I talked, knew anything about her. There could be no question that she was rich; but that was all I could find out concerning her.

"It was a delicate business, as you can imagine, to make her acquaintance in the face of such a state of things; but I managed it, fortunately, through doing her a little service on the 'piazza,' and from that I went on to press my society upon her cautiously. In a few days we were on very good terms, and took a few of the customary walks and drives in the neighborhood, with other persons at first, and then alone. I was puzzled to find her so easy as to this, being a foreigner; but I believe I convinced her of my trustworthiness, and she must have found out easily, from my acquaintances in the place, just who I was. Then she seemed to have outgrown foreign prejudices in some way; and I confess, besides, that I accounted for it at the time by fancying that I had begun to make some impression upon her.

"I determined there shouldn't be any doubt about it. Yes, it was a serious matter, Middleby; I had come to a point when I meant to offer myself to her the very next day. I got her consent to go to Artists' Falls, where I meant to lay my passion before her. Hideous name, by-the-way—Artists' Falls!" broke off Fearloe, testily. "No affair could have prospered in a spot with such a shoppy name."

He relapsed into gloomy reflections, from which I roused him, insisting that the story should be finished.

"It was the evening before our intended excursion," he then went on. "She and I were sitting on a retired part of the piazza, just about sunset. Everything about us was rarely beautiful: the flush of the evening just dying away from old Rattlesnake, and the line of the great peaks at the distant head of the valley, with Washington's dome in the midst, looking, to the fancy—as you have probably seen them—like giant ghosts of the great men they commemorate. Then, across the intervale, with its hundreds of little brooks and its soft elms, we looked at White-horse Cliff, and that water-fall that seems to flutter from the distant hillside like a white banner. You remember? A single star was poised above it. I shall never forget that scene. It came upon me with a kind of surprise, after all,

that we could have anything so lovely here, and I began contrasting it with Europe. I wanted to hint something about going back there, you know—lead up in a sort of way to my intended declaration in the morning. So it was natural that, in talking of the other side, and the voyage, and all that, I should begin to tell her about that odd fellow on the *Weser* when we went over, you know—Steavens."

"Miserable man!" I exclaimed, at this point, remembering my discomfiture at that dinner. "You told her, and then you found she was some one I had already met and told before?"

Fearloe glared at me in amazement, then slowly smiled in a melancholy manner, and shook his head. "Don't be childish, Middleby," said he; "and please don't interrupt me. I fancy I know something more about Steavens than *you*'ve ever told. This particular time I'm describing to you I was surprised to find that my listener didn't seem to enter into the fun of the thing. I didn't mention his name, yet I almost suspected she knew something about the man. But as she didn't relish the absurd side of him, I thought I'd give her a proper dose of the serious. I went on to impart what I had learned about a desperate love affair of his at Bad Pfeiffers; and this, by-the-bye, is news to you, Middleby."

"Not quite," I said, with a vain smile. (It must be kept in mind that Fearloe and I had claimed a joint ownership in Steavens as a comic spectacle, and I was jealous of any other kind of property in him as a sentimental one.)

"No?" rejoined Fearloe, rather surprised, but cool. "Well, then, you can judge how flat I felt on finding that the beginning of his romantic episode didn't seem to strike her much more than the rest I had said about him.

"'You seem rather to despise your compatriot,' she said, when I had got as far as telling her what I had heard about his rivalry with Scharlach for the favor of a young lady whom they met at the baths. 'But why shouldn't he feel the same love and devotion that another might, even if he were not the most accomplished of his nation?'

"I answered, 'Ah, that is like you, to defend a man for holding a generous sentiment. It is to be hoped you would be equally kind in judging a less out-and-out American who dared to love one of your race.' (I imagined she blushed just there.) 'But if you had seen this man Steavens, you would understand just how I look at him. You don't know much yet about such raw specimens of my kind.'

"The fact is, Middleby, I put something of a sneer into my words. I was angry at her liking the man even in fancy. However, I finished my story.

"'He certainly was very devoted:' I admitted that. 'He was quite as brave as the other man.'"

"'No braver, you think?' asked she, quietly, with a tone I did not comprehend.

"'You shall decide,' said I. 'The sequel was this: My German gentleman, Scharlach, got perfectly raving mad, I'm told. He looked upon the lady as his absolute right, and couldn't be quieted; while Steavens behaved so calmly that he began to get on terms with the lady and her uncle again, even after his rebuff. If you have ever been at Pfeiffers,' I said to her, 'you know the gorge of the Tamina; but you can't guess what's coming. It happened, one day, that Steavens went in there, when Scharlach had already gone to the spring, and was coming back along the footbridge.' I can tell you, Middleby, she looked interested when I came to this—just as you do now. She was startled, too. 'Now, by the strangest coincidence, the obdurate uncle and his niece also went down there shortly afterward, not knowing that either of the rivals was in the cave. They had gone some little way along the dangerous path, when they heard a terrible shout, like the cry of a wild man. They tried to make haste forward to see what it meant, after the first moment of terror, and came in sight of the two men just in time. Scharlach was making a rush upon Steavens, who stood perfectly still, with a pale face, but resolute and terribly stern.

"'He braced himself as well as he could. The shock came. There was a stout, short struggle, and suddenly Scharlach went over, plunging toward the rough torrent full of rocks, and was lost.'

"Then, Middleby, you should have seen that woman's eyes as she sat there in the twilight. How they flashed, as she rose in her chair! Yet there was an intense pain in her expression. 'This is too terrible,' she said. 'But no; I must speak now. Mr. Fearloe, did the person who

told you this story also tell you how, when Scharlach fell, Steven tried to hold him—tried to save the man who had just been seeking his life? Ah, there his true and great nobility was seen!'

"'Good heavens, madam,' cried I, 'who are you? You saw them? Then you must be—'

"Just then, Middleby, the coach from the station had come up, and the passengers were getting out. Madame was exclaiming, without heed to my questions, 'Oh, I can not bear this! That scene all comes back to me. Steven! Steven! why are you not here?' And, as if in answer to her words, the man came up behind her with his travelling-bag in his hand. I felt as if lightning had struck me! But to *her*, calmness returned in an instant. She rose, and with her arm in his she said, coldly, 'Steven, do you remember Mr. Fearloe?' He recalled me at once, and started to take my hand. But she checked him, and said to him, while looking at me like ice, 'Ah, it's a pity you remember him, for you must learn now to forget him!' And with that she wheeled away, carrying him with her."

"It was Miss Raslaff," I cried. "And how did it happen you didn't know her?"

"I had forgotten the name. Ah, my boy, I have been fearfully punished. I had a conceited contempt for that man, and see how it has been visited on me."

"Then she has married him?"

"By this time, yes. She clung to her savage old uncle till he died, then came over to marry Steavens, though by condition of the will she must forfeit all her uncle's money in doing so."

"Fearloe," I remarked, after a pause, "I think we will neither of us relate our funny encounter with Steavens any more. What did we, with all our fancied supremacy, gain by going to Europe, compared with this man? After all, it was a real inspiration of his to 'strike right down to Bad Peppers'!"

A BUDDHIST VISION.

I.

In his night-watch beneath the banian-tree,
Buddha, the blessed, saw the years unsealed,
And change on change of wondrous destiny
In his own life revealed—

Saw the long path of darkness and of pain,
From tiger crouching in his jungle lair,
To priest grown wan with fasting and with prayer,
Nirvâna's peace to gain.

If for one hour his vision we might share—
His moonlight faith accepting, stand aside
From the strong sunshine of to-day, and dare
Down the dark past to glide—

By what fantastic labyrinths of space,
Through what ripe moments of unconscious doom,
What endless links of motion, music, bloom,
Our lineage we might trace!

II.

My eyes were opened. Down the years unknown,
In a dim forest, I beheld afar
A fragile plant, amid whose leaves had grown
One blossom like a star.

Nurtured in gloom, in breathless solitude
It watched the hour which brought a sunbeam near,
Opening and fading many a hopeless year,
Till strange unrest imbued

Its feeble pulse. Unheard of all its kind,
Its first, last sigh was breathed; and lo! no more
A blossom, but a lightly wandering wind,
It roamed the woodland o'er.

Out where the sunshine gilded all the land,
It tossed the bright plumes of the ripening wheat,
Or seaward ran the joyous waves to meet,
And played along the strand.

How long, I know not. In a greenwood nook
It found a rivulet dancing in the sun;
It lingered, dallied, whispered with the brook,
Till wave and wind were one.

Oh, then what joy in melody new-born!
What dimpled, prattling infancy of song,
In summer twilights beautiful and long,
And in the dreamy dawn!

Until green branches, waving free and strong,
Mingled above the stream in choral high,
The brook was hushed; it heard a nobler song,
And nearer to the sky.

So when the summer burned along the lea,
And fiery drought crept down the blighted glen,
The spirit of the brook went forth again
Into a laurel-tree.

Now was it conscious of a larger life,
Wide outlook, vigorous growth, the welcome change
Of fresher foliage; every pulse was rife
With strivings new and strange.

Exultant in its beauty, ardent beams
Swelled the ripe buds and burst the creamy flowers.
Yet as it rocked the birds in tuneful hours,
It heard, as if in dreams,

A note its solemn measure had not learned,
A tone all other melodies above,
Of wind, or wave, or boughs that skyward turned:
It was the note of love!

Stricken at last, the tree gave forth its breath.
Far in a tropic nest a birdling stirred:
O Nightingale! no passing wing of death
Thy waking rapture heard.

Cradled in roses, upon roses fed,
Sweeter, diviner, grew thy honeyed strain—

The tender, haunting, passionate refrain
Of many summers fled.

Unto a state of royalty was risen
The spirit which forever had desired
A height untried, and, like a soul in prison,
Still panted and aspired.

There came a sun-winged seraph. Stooping low,
He whispered: "Singer, yet another change
Must come. Thy song, to reach sublimest range,
Must human sorrow know."

And thus it came to pass, one starry dawn,
The Nightingale would never waken more.
But in the Northland, by a stormy shore,
A poet-child was born,

With many gifts and riches for his dower—
The deep desire for beauty and for light
Which rent the pale soul of the forest flower,
With the intense delight

In freedom which the wandering wind had known,
Such rapture as had thrilled the brook, the tree,
With love beyond the bulbul's minstrelsy,
And sorrow's mightier tone.

III.

Return, O Vision! shed one other ray,
If from Nirvâna, or the holier heaven;
The years fall fast, the Poet must away:
What new song shall be given?

The veil is dropped. Gautama's blissful shade
Is vanished, and the brief illusion fled.
I only know that every life must fade,
And silent are the dead.

Yet if from many and from fair estates
Comes the true accent to the Poet's lips,
Rich heritage beyond this last eclipse
The high-born Singer waits.

MODERN BEE CULTURE.

MOST people are familiar with the aspect of the old-time bee-hive, located generally at a prudent distance from the back door—an old box on some sort of stand, perhaps under some low shed constructed for the purpose, and, in nine cases out of ten, among dank weeds and the rubbish of the farm.

In those unsightly structures the good little bees stored their rich sweets, reared their young swarms, and sent them forth to the music of old tin pans and kettles, which to this day by thousands of people is supposed to have some mysterious power to make bees "settle." Swarms were very often lost, and success with them was all a matter of "luck." Only here and there was found a person who could handle bees, and he "never got stung," according to popular belief. This fearless being, however, knew only one way to "take up the honey," viz., to brimstone the bees, killing every one. Then he pried off the top of the old box hive, and cut out the irregularly formed comb—often a revolting mass of black cells, honey, dead larvæ or bees, and mouldy bee-bread—and the whole science of bee culture was exemplified.

To-day all is changed. The man or woman who talks of "luck" as the secret of success with bees is far behind the times. If rightly managed, they will live, work well, and increase; if badly managed, they will yield neither pleasure nor profit. The modern bee-keeper sees that his colonies have good pasturage; he has them swarm when and how he pleases, relying on artificial, not natural, swarming; he secures them against the cold of winter, and feeds them carefully if their stores fall short; he protects them against their natural enemies—mice, moths, toads, patent hive venders, and robber bees; he watches them closely, and sees that the queen of every colony is prolific; he makes his bees rear their brood and store their own honey in one place, and clear surplus honey in another place for him—in short, he has them entirely under his control. The old notion was that "bees froze up solid" in winter, which didn't hurt them, and in which condition they naturally required little food! The modern bee-keeper knows that if a bee freezes, he dies just as inevitably as a human being does; and in every way he studies to give his bees the best conditions of life.

Perhaps in no field of modern industry, whose watch-word is progress, and whose special characteristic is economy of muscular power, is the importance of scientific method more strikingly exemplified than in bee culture. Could the dreamer of a century ago have looked into the magic mirror of the future, I think the mighty engines of our day that chisel and plane and mould solid iron as if it were potter's clay, or that do the most delicate work with an accuracy and an ease that the human eye and hand could never equal, would hardly have astonished him more than would the sight of one of our great modern apiaries, with its bees pasturing upon acres of carefully cultivated honey plants, raising queens by the score for the market at the will of their master, and economizing their time and labor by using machine-made comb! Thin plates of wax passed between the rollers of a machine come out in thin sheets of double hexag-

onal cells so perfect that the bees approve the work, though they always thin the walls considerably, and of course build them higher. At one time the cell bottoms were made flat, but as the bees would always reconstruct them after their own ideas, that is, concave, the six sides forming three lozenges meeting in the centre, the machines were made to satisfy the fastidious bee in this particular. In the great apiary every scrap and shaving of old comb is melted, strained, and made into clean golden sheets of foundation; for the machine can do what the bee has no power to do—make new comb out of old. Wax is a secretion under the rings of the bee's body. It is thrown off, apparently at will, in tiny scales, which are plastic from the warmth of the body, and after being laid and moulded, they cool and harden. The bee is an artist whose work, like that of the fresco painter, must be perfect at first, for there is no rubbing out or undoing in any way, except by utterly destroying.

Comb foundation has another and far greater merit than that of saving labor to the bee: it secures a perfectly even, straight comb for each frame. Or into the large frame there may be set eight little one-pound frames, each with its foundation "starter"; and if these are placed in a second hive set on the top of the first, the bees will very rarely rear brood in them, but fill them with clear honey. Thus we have the beautiful little pound frames of capped honey.

The invention of the movable frame was of the utmost importance to bee culture; it was impossible to have a colony of bees under control without it. These frames completely fill the whole hive, except the space of about half an inch between every two frames. You lift off your hive cover, which fits nicely without any fastening, and your whole colony is under your eye. If you wish to examine your queen, you lift out one frame after another, search for her among the mass of bees covering the comb, always replacing the frame carefully without crushing your bees. As a rule, bees do not sting. They are the most patient, long-suffering, gentlest little beings in the world. I have often and often opened a hive in this way, lifting out frame after frame, removing all the honey from one or more, and to do this brushing off the bees by hundreds with a wing; stepped upon or otherwise crushed several bees in the operation, and yet without receiving a sting, unless I had awkwardly pinched a bee, or squeezed him against my flesh, when, of course, I deserved my punishment, and took it philosophically. And this without using the smoker, but of course it is more prudent to use it.

Another wonder of modern bee culture is a peculiar method of extracting the honey from the comb, by means of a tin cylinder with a vertical shaft in the centre. It has a bottom, and a tightly fitting cover through which the shaft projects. The shaft is furnished with a crank. Sheets of comb, or frames full of comb, are set perpendicularly in a frame-work fitted to the shaft. On turning the crank rapidly the honey flies out by centrifugal force, leaving intact the brood cells, if there are any. The honey extracted, the frames are returned to the hives, and the patient little bees clean up every "smob" of honey, mend every torn cell, if there be any, and then go to work refilling the comb with honey.

Extracted honey is certainly the perfection of the product, though honey in the comb as yet brings the higher price. People say it is because it is more beautiful to the eye; but this can not be true. Served in a stand of crystal, extracted or clear honey, golden in color, and translucent as the crystal itself—what object more elegant upon a well-appointed tea table? The real reason why comb honey is preferred is that its being capped or sealed up by the bee is a guarantee that it is pure. It has not, however, a single advantage over extracted honey guaranteed pure by the label of a responsible apiary; and the presence of the wax in comb honey is a decided disadvantage. It must be chewed up and rejected, for wax is absolutely indigestible. When swallowed it generally produces great distress in all but the strongest stomachs. Moreover, when honey is served in the comb, the wax is wasted, and, commercially speaking, it is the most valuable product of the apiary, bringing readily about twice as much by the pound as the finest comb honey.

Under the old management—or rather mismanagement—few people kept bees even when having abundant pasturage for them: it was attended with too much loss and trouble and danger: but now bee-keeping is reduced to a science that anybody can easily master.

Bees have many of the passions of higher beings, such as fraternal affection, love of their young, covetousness, greed, anger, foresight, neatness, order, and apparently reason itself. Fraternity they exemplify by helping each other in all hard and extra work, such as dragging out dead foes or friends, and by amicably sharing the last drop of their provisions when famine threatens. They care for their young in the most tender manner. At almost any moment of the day you may see them feed the young bees that are out on the platform for an airing. You know the latter by the tender gray of their unused wings, and by those general undefinable "airs and graces" common to all babyhood. The old worker-bee, facing one of these, projects a little red proboscis, on the end of which you will see a tiny globule of honey swell out and instantly disappear into the proboscis of the little bee. The queen is fed the same way, her majesty never having the care of dipping her august head into a cell for food. It is a very pretty sight indeed, the feeding of the babies in a hive. Old bees of the same colony often offer this cup of sweets to each other. It seems, indeed, to be quite a common courtesy when meeting on the platform, and perhaps also on the "dusty highway" of life.

The common bee hatches in three days: at first a tiny white grub, very voracious, which the workers feed almost incessantly for three or four days with a rich paste of partially digested pollen and honey. By that time it nearly fills the cell, and you may see it opening its little mouth to be fed, just like a young bird in a nest. A last, copious feed of rather richer food, and then the cell is capped, imprisoning the larva for fourteen days, during which the final transformation takes place, and gnawing through his roof, the bee comes forth, complete but very fragile-looking and quite light-colored. What is very strange is that in hot weather the young bee is often left to develop bare-headed, or uncapped. It seems, at least, that the bee exercises reason and judgment in this. How else does he know under just what conditions capping is necessary or unnecessary? Another of the many manifestations of bees indicating the reasoning faculty is their system of sentinels. There are always inside sentinels when the hive shows activity, whether there are outside ones or not; but in the honey season there are always from one to a dozen outside, keeping pretty still, but moving about a little. At first it seemed incredible to me that these could really be sentinels posted to guard the entrance; but a daily watch of their movements for a season has convinced me that this must be the fact. In the honey-gathering season the workers keep coming in at intervals of a few seconds laden with honey, or with their two large legs each burdened with a globe of golden or orange pollen. The sentinels let these veterans pass, as a rule, without interruption. Others they challenge—rush up, touch, and let them pass in. Some they grapple with, and refuse them entrance. These are tramps, it is said, or robber bees, who wish to fill their honey sacks without labor. Robbery is the besetting sin of bees. Leave a little loose honey about where they can get at it, and your most orderly and industrious colony is liable to commence robbing in a few minutes; for no creature is so certain to become demoralized by ill-gotten or too easily gotten wealth as the bee.

A few days ago, wishing to take out a frame of honey, I removed the hive to a bench under a shady tree instead of into the workshop as I had previously done. Being in a hurry, I broke the comb, and some honey got "smobbed" on the bench; and as the bees seemed very quietly sipping it up, I thought I might disregard the cautions of bee-writers about leaving honey about. Not fifteen minutes had passed when the little girl who had assisted me rushed in, exclaiming, "The bees are fighting!" While she lighted the smoker, I ran to the aid of the sentinels, and closed the entrance to about an inch opening. This enabled them to guard their stronghold, and the smoke soon brought the robbers to their senses; but a terrible retribution awaited the robbers imprisoned inside. For a long time the workers continued to drag out their dead bodies and tumble them off the platform. "Good enough for them!" was the verdict of the little maid. Yet these robbers were from the hive I had opened: the most orderly and industrious colony I have!

Some years ago Professor Agassiz, in a lecture at Cambridge, Massachusetts, said: "The bees stand as close as they can together in their hive for economy of space, and each one deposits his wax around

him, his own form and size being the mould for the cells, the regularity of which, when completed, excites so much wonder and admiration. The mathematical secret of the bee is to be found in his structure, not in his instinct." This was accepted by all except bee savants as the last thing about cell-structure. Some two years after, Professor Tyndall denied that the bee stood and deposited his wax around him as Mr. Agassiz declared, but said that "the bees place themselves at equal distances apart upon the wax, and sweep and excavate," etc. Both evidently considered how they, were they bees, would go to work, and so constructed the cells out of their own consciousness, for it can not be that either ever carefully examined the bee at work. Mr. Root, who has observatory hives of glass, magnifying-glasses, and every convenience for the close study of bees at work, has shown that "no bee ever makes a cell himself, and no comb-building is ever done by any bee while standing in a cell; neither do the bees ever stand in rows and excavate, or anything of the kind." He says that when a bee determines to go and lend a hand at cell-making, he takes a scale of wax from one of the six wax pockets of his abdomen, or often picks up a stray one that may have dropped to the floor of the hive, slips it "under his chin" (for want of a better expression), and goes up where cells are being made. By this time the wax scale is warm and pliable, and taking it out, he gives it a pinch against the side of the cell with one of his forefeet. "One would think he might stop awhile and put it into place; but not he; for off he scampers, and twists around so many different ways you might think he was not one of the working kind at all. Another follows after him sooner or later, and gives the wax a pinch, or a little scraping and burnishing with his polished mandibles; then another, and so on; and the sum total of all these manœuvres is that the comb seems almost to grow out of nothing." The marvel is that anything so perfect can result from such a desultory, skipping-about way of working. The eggs are laid or the honey deposited when the cells are but partially completed, and they continue the building as it is required, always keeping a thick rim about the top of the cell, so that it may stand the weight of the bees. It is very convenient to have the cells grow as the larvæ develop, it being easier to find them when the walls are not much taller than the infant bee.

Until within a few years much that was written about the nature and habits of the bee was very questionable. Now we have the conditions for scientific investigation in this field, and we may look for rapid and steady advance until all the disputed points are decided. One of the points that have baffled observers in all times is the method by which the eggs of the queen are fecundated. Huish stoutly maintains that the drone fertilizes the egg in the cell. Very few apiarians accept that theory now. Eggs laid after every drone of the apiary has been killed have again and again hatched perfect workers. One curious fact is now settled beyond question, and that is that the male, or drone, has no father. Queens that have never seen a drone, and workers (imperfect females) that lay eggs—which they quite often do—always produce drones, and never workers. It is also known that any worker-egg may be developed into a queen by putting it into a queen cell, and feeding the larva with a food called "royal jelly." The larvæ of other insects can be developed into males or females at will. Copious feeding develops all females; scant feeding, all males. Mrs. Mary Treat has demonstrated this by actual experiment. At first it was understood that it was the kind of food given which determined the sex; but it seems to be merely a question of quantity, not quality, in the case of the insects of her experiments. Bees, like pigeons and some other animals, have the power to swallow food, partially digest it, and then throw it up for the nourishment of the offspring. This is the way the royal jelly is prepared. It has a very rich taste—"something between cream, quince jelly, and honey."

MORNING AND EVENING BY THE SEA.

At dawn the fleet stretched miles away,
On ocean plains asleep—
Trim vessels waiting for the day
To move across the deep.
So still the sails, they seemed to be
White lilies growing in the sea.

When evening touched the cape's low rim,
And dark fell on the waves,
We only saw processions dim
Of clouds from shadowy caves.
These were the ghosts of buried ships,
Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse.

THE "SOPHIA WALKER."

AS my name and that of the ship I commanded in 1846 are so prominent in an article of the June number of *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "A Puzzle for Metaphysicians," it is not surprising that the newspapers should have contained several letters whose writers demand of me a solution of the problem.

In calling to mind the circumstances of the deplorable accident so closely connected with the dream, vision, or wakeful imagination, whichever it may be, of the lady who contributed that paper, I am carried back to one of the few shadows cast over the days of my pleasant seafaring life, and I indulge a renewed feeling of love, such as a seaman only knows, for a "thing of life" that seemed to be a part of myself, as I cast my eyes upon the pride of the nautical picture-gallery that adorns my walls. There they all hang—the sailing ships and steamers that have called me "master" during those many years—from 1840 to 1867; but the pride and joy of my life,

"My Nourmahal, my harem's light,"

was the *Sophia Walker*.

True, the solid old *Sarah Parker* was my first love, and the proudest day I ever knew was that on which I stood the "monarch of her peopled deck," when the pilot descended into his skiff off Boston light, and we filled away the main-yard, bound to the East Indies. But the old girl was far advanced in life, and when, after five years of faithful companionship, I saw her sold to become a whaler, a few tears of sorrow were speedily dried by the smile of gladness with which I beheld my new and lovely bride, and congratulated myself on my promotion.

Seriously, the *Sophia Walker* was never equalled by any vessel that I ever knew for a combination of excellent qualities. Some ships are faster before the wind than others, while others might beat them on the wind, or with the wind abeam or quartering; but this little ship excelled them all at every point. She was never beaten on a passage, never passed at sea, and never made a bad voyage for her owners, under any of her captains, so I take no credit for what she did under my command. She was a lucky ship.

Builders tried to imitate her model, but they were unsuccessful, although the copying seems simple enough. Thus it often happens. In the annals of the British naval history we read of the *Inconstant*, captured from the French. She was faster than any frigate the English had ever built, and although they had her lines to study from, she was faster than anything they could build afterward. I remember a famous Baltimore clipper brig called the *John Gilpin*, that was alike inimitable. Why some ships like these and like the *Sophia Walker* are beyond imitation is for me more of a puzzle than the one offered for the consideration of metaphysicians.

My story must, of course, deal somewhat in superstition, since something akin to superstition has called it into being. So we start with a little of the wonderful.

The bark *Sophia Walker*, as she was when she came under my charge, had already made one voyage to the Mediterranean, commanded by Captain Grafton, whose illness caused his resignation.

The 3d of January, 1845, was a pleasant day, when we left Boston in charge of a Long Island Sound pilot, to go around to New York for a cargo. Mr. T. W. Walker and a friend of his, Mr. Parker, were on board, anticipating a delightful winter yachting excursion. All went well until, after anchoring at New London, during the continuance of a northwest gale, we got under way, on the morning of the 6th, with a fine easterly breeze. As we were moving along at the rate of eleven or twelve knots, I remarked to Mr. Ellery, the mate: "She is a lovely craft, but her spars are altogether too light. I almost wish she might be dismasted, so that we could rig her as she ought to be, and make a ship of her."

The wind increased to a gale, with thick snow, and in the afternoon we were under double-reefed topsails, scudding before it. At seven o'clock we made Sands Point light on our port bow; and then, with the passengers, I went down to tea, leaving the ship in charge of the pilot. When we came on deck again no light was to be seen, and the pilot said we must have passed it. Suddenly a light shone out directly ahead. There was none at that time on the Executioner. "Throgg's Neck!" shouted the pilot. "Starboard your helm!" The order was obeyed; but in a moment—a moment too late—I saw

his mistake. We were in the bay, and the light, now broad on our starboard bow, was that of Sands Point.

"Hard a-port!" I exclaimed. "Let go all the starboard braces, and haul in to port." This done, no other good was accomplished than to bring the ship to the wind, and deaden her way; for although the anchor was dropped, she went broadside on to the beach. There she thumped and banged until her days, as well as our own, seemed likely to be shortly numbered. The only chance for saving her was to cut away the masts. Then she lay easier.

As we all huddled into the cabin to keep out of the sea that was breaking over us, Mr. Ellery observed, "This is what we were talking about this morning." Now was that a puzzle for metaphysicians?

We kept a watch on deck, of course, during the night; and when the snowstorm cleared a little, old Tom came down below, and taking off his sou'wester, reported, "We're close aboard of a bloody barn, sir."

In the morning the passengers were so anxious to terminate their yachting excursion that they would not wait for the first boat to run a line ashore, but insisted on going in her. The consequence, though not dangerous, was what I had partly anticipated; they were capsized in the rollers, and the people on the beach hauled them out. Then they made hasty tracks to the light-house, and took the first conveyance to New York. Mr. Walker still remembers and often speaks of winter yachting and winter surf-bathing as exciting but unseasonable amusements.

I thought we might save some of the spars that were floating around, but after ineffectually dragging upon them with a hawser, it occurred to us that oxen might be of service. I accordingly dispatched the second mate and old Tom to some farm-houses on the hill for this purpose. Unfortunately none of the "men-folks" were at home, but one good woman told them they were welcome to her husband's cattle.

It was a curious sight soon afterward to see them making short tacks down the hill with two yoke of oxen, the yoke across their breasts, and the bows over their necks. The mistake was rectified, and we made the oxen useful, though their owner would have doubtless done better.

On the next morning we hauled the ship off without material damage, beyond the loss of her spars, and a tug-boat took us to New York. Then the Messrs. Poillon did almost the first work of the business which has since been so prosperous for them, and they never did a more symmetrical job than when they sparred the *Sophia Walker* for a ship.

Looking up at her graceful masts and yards, Mr. Ellery remarked, "This is the rest of what we were talking about." So much for the first puzzle.

The owners of the *Sophia Walker* were as proud of her in her new rig as I could be. They regarded her as a toy, and grudged no expense upon her. Generally such extravagant outlay on a merchantman leads to bankruptcy, but in this case the luck of the craft fully warranted it.

As we were fitting out for a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and an armament was considered necessary, on account of a chance of meeting with pirates, four twelve-pound brass carronades were put on board, and the bulwarks were pierced, so that this addition to her rakish look gave her the appearance of a corvette. In fact, she was repeatedly mistaken for a man-o'-war, sometimes with ludicrous results.

In those days commerce was carried on by a system very different from that which now prevails. The owners of the ship generally took the largest interest in the cargo, while other merchants, as well as the stevedores, riggers, ship-chandlers, and tradesmen concerned in her outfit, the captain, the mates, the crew, and even the cook, sometimes had their adventures. It was legitimate commerce, not the gambling by telegraph that now takes its place. All speculated, but they did not speculate on margins. They shipped their own merchandise for themselves, consigning it "for sales and returns to the captain or supercargo on board," and the captain frequently acted in both capacities. Nobody made millions by this sort of trade, but, what was better, many families derived from it a comfortable support.

With a cargo thus made up we duly cleared "for Batavia, or port or ports beyond the Cape of Good Hope, as the master may direct." The new rig was all that could be desired, and on the eighteenth day from New York we crossed the equator; thence, keeping on a bowline through the southeast trades, we ran down to the

current of westerly winds which generally prevails in latitude 39° south, and passed beyond the Cape. Then an obstinate easterly wind set in, and threatened to ruin our passage to Batavia.

It would never do to be beaten by other clippers sailing about the same time that might obtain a more favorable start. Accordingly, as we could lay our course, with the wind a point free, for Mauritius, I availed myself of my roving commission, and resolved to try the market there. It may be that there was a lurking desire in my mind—of which I was no more conscious than dreamers are of odd thoughts that creep into the cavities of their wakeful brains there to breed ideas for visions of the night—to visit the scenes made famous by Bernardin de St. Pierre, to scale the Nouvelle Découverte, and to look upon the monuments erected to the memory of Paul and Virginia at Pamplemousses.

At any rate, after a run of fifty-eight days from New York, we anchored off the bell buoy, about three miles distant from the inner harbor of Port Louis. It was not long before the Captain of the Port made his appearance in his barge, flying the pennant at the bow, and carrying the cross of St. George at the stern. As he pulled alongside and came up the ladder, the astonished dignitary exclaimed, "Confound it, sir, this is no man-o'-war!"

"Who says that she is?" I ventured to inquire.

"Everybody thinks so," he replied. "And do you think I would have come off to visit a blanked *merchantman*?"

Notwithstanding this scornful emphasis upon the word, I expressed my regret that the mistake should have put him to inconvenience.

"Regret, sir?—regret! You ought to apologize. Why, sir, the commandant of the fort is all ready to return your salute, and he will feel excessively annoyed when I get ashore and report the facts."

By this time I was excessively annoyed myself, but replied that it was a pity the guns of the fort should be loaded for nothing, and that it should have the expected salute.

"Don't you do it, sir! don't you do it!" yelled the irate Captain of the Port, "I forbid you!"

Turning to Mr. Ellery, I said, "Clear away the carronades, run up the British flag to the main, and give them a salute of twenty-one guns!"

The Englishman waited for no more words, but jumping into his boat, he shouted, "You'll repent this, sir. Pull, men; pull away!"

They did give way all they knew, as their twelve oars bent like whip-sticks, but the wind and tide were dead against them. Before they were a quarter of a mile away they heard our twenty-one guns in precise succession; and while yet a mile distant from the shore, they had the mortification of seeing the American ensign hoisted at the flag-staff of the fort, and of listening to the full return of the salute of the "blanked merchantman."

On the next day, in company with Captain Winn, of the *Caroline Augusta*, the only other American ship in port, I was dining at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where most of the large party at table were British naval and military officers. Of course we were unknown to them, or they would not have made "the insolence of the blanked Yankee skipper" the topic of conversation.

Calling the head waiter, he was quietly ordered to fill every Champagne glass at the board; and then as each one was looking about to see to whom he was indebted, I made the most effective speech I ever delivered.

"Gentlemen, a 'blanked Yankee skipper' begs to propose the health of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen."

What could Englishmen do? What else could they do but swallow their indignation with their wine? And then they toasted the President, and we toasted the British army and navy, and they toasted the American mercantile marine—they would not do it now, for we have none. After that we all toasted everything generally, until Winn and I began to imagine ourselves loyal Britons, and the Englishmen were ready to become naturalized American citizens.

The *Sophia Walker* having made a successful hit as a man-o'-war, was in luck in her true character of a merchantman. A war had broken out with Madagascar, whence the people of Mauritius and Bourbon drew all their supplies of cattle. No fresh beef was now to be had, and therefore our salt provisions and flour found a ready market; and the *Caroline Augusta* being obliged, on account of repairs, to discharge her cargo of pepper, a

handsome freight of thirty-six dollars per ton was paid to the *Sophia Walker* for taking it to Boston.

One day the captain of an English ship bound from Maulmain to London, and stopping at Port Louis for repairs, asked me to set him on board on my way, and as we drew alongside, he said: "Won't you come on deck? I have some of your countrymen among my passengers." I did so, and to my surprise, on entering the cabin, I met Dr. Judson, who was standing by the side of his invalid wife as she lay upon a couch. Eleven years before, when a lad upon my first voyage, I had seen them just after their marriage in Burmah, when they had shown a kindness to me that it was now happily in my power to repay. Captain Marshall generously returned a part of their passage-money, and they were at once transferred to the commodious cabins of the *Sophia Walker*, bound directly to their home, instead of taking a circuitous route by way of England.

In a few days we were ready to sail; the anchors were weighed and catted, and the ship was swung at the buoys. During the night the black clouds gathered in the mountains, the lightning flashed through the sky, and the thunder echoed among the lofty peaks of the Peter Both, the Pouce, and the Découverte, and soon after daylight one of those fearful tropical hurricanes burst upon us in all its furious might. There was dire confusion amongst the fleet, ships fouling each other, and masts and yards crashing together.

The wind was directly off shore, but it was useless to make signals for a pilot. He would not come, for he knew that he could never return unless by way of Boston. At last our bow fastening parted, and we hung only by the stern. With faith in the luck of the ship, or with a trust in Providence—for there was no time allowed to define the difference—I unhesitatingly ordered the hawser to be cut, and then, as the blow of the axe relieved her from its strain, the *Sophia Walker* flew through the fleet of ships surging at their anchors, passing some of them by scarcely a handspike's length, while their terrified crews stared at us in amazement. Onward, under her bare poles, she rushed through the channel as nearly as I could remember it, amongst the coral reefs, where the buoys on either side were smothered in foam, and in deep or shoal water alike the breakers raved and tossed their spray into the air. In less than fifteen minutes the suspense was over, but in those short moments there was the agony of a lifetime.

We passed the bell buoy, and were in the open sea, bowling along, without a stitch of canvas, at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, and in twenty-four hours Port Louis was 340 miles astern.

Mrs. Judson came on deck but twice before we reached St. Helena, in twenty-five days, and there we remained a week, that she might die, and be buried on the island. Her husband and his mourning friends offered compensation for this delay, but the owners nobly declined to receive it.

Dr. Wayland, in his *Life of Judson*, has but feebly portrayed the scene of Mrs. Judson's funeral. Our decks were crowded by sailors of all nations, and every flag was at half-mast, while a long line of boats took ours in tow, and on arrival at the wharf the clergy of every denomination formed the head of the procession, which moved through the main street, while all the shops were closed.

My recollections of Dr. Judson are of the most agreeable kind. Deeply afflicted as he was by his loss, he still maintained a cheerful demeanor, impressing all of us with love and veneration for his character. His life was a constant sermon.

But scenes like that of the death and funeral they had lately witnessed prepared the minds of the crew for the access of superstition. Soon after leaving St. Helena, the second mate called me suddenly in the night. The poor fellow's tone evinced that he was as much frightened as were the sailors, who, he said, had seen a ghost.

"A ghost, Mr. Bronson?" I asked. "What kind of a ghost?"

"Mrs. Judson's, sir; we can all see it in the foretop."

"Pshaw!"

"Captain, do come on deck, do, and you will see it for yourself," replied Mr. Bronson.

Well, as I had never seen a ghost, I complied with his request, and walking into the waist, where the watch were gathered in stupefied amazement, they pointed their trembling fingers to the foretop, whispering, in hushed voices, "There she is, sir—look at her."

Yes, there she was—a perfect figure of

a woman in a white dress, with outstretched arms and a ghastly face. I will confess that no little astonishment was combined with my incredulity. I had been awakened from a sound sleep to behold this visitation with half-opened eyes. But in a moment I saw the cause of the singular deception.

"Boys," I said, "who will go with me into the foretop and speak to her?"

There were brave men among the crew who would have gone aloft on my order to send down a royal yard, even if they thought the mast might go over the side, but now none of them would stir. At last I said, "Do you think it is my place to go up there and stow that top-gallant studding-sail?"

Then they understood the meaning of the apparition. This sail, which, when not in use, was lashed against the fore-topmast rigging, had got adrift, and spreading itself across to the foremast head, had assumed the weird and unearthly appearance of a ghost. So this puzzle for metaphysicians was solved.

Had I sent the men below and gone up and stowed the sail myself, as I was tempted to do, no argument would ever have convinced them that they had not seen the ghost of Mrs. Judson.

As we progressed on our passage there was found to be a scarcity of tobacco, and this gave rise to the appearance of another ghost.

The watch below is always called at eight bells—the expiration of four hours. One night the usual call being heard by the starboard watch: "Sta-a-rboard watch, ahoy!—eight bells, there below!—rouse out!" they did rouse out, and came on deck to find that they had been shamefully deceived, for only seven bells had just been struck. Of course there was loud complaint against the port watch, who had called them half an hour before their time.

But the port watch insisted that they had not called them. The breeze blew over at last, although it seemed very clear that somebody had told a lie. But on the next night the starboard watch were again called half an hour before their time, and then the row was greater than before, and when the same thing happened for the third and the fourth time, both watches were frightened out of their wits, for all hands had distinctly heard the unearthly call. It was clearly a puzzle for metaphysicians. Poor Bronson came to me and told me all about it. In vain I reminded him of the top-gallant studding-sail. He admitted that he had been mistaken then, but in view of the thorough scare of the whole crew, and the solemn oaths of the port watch, how could there be any doubt about a ghost now?

At length that old Tom, who has figured in this narrative before, told his shipmates that he knew how to exorcise ghosts, and that he would exorcise this one if they would contribute from their scanty stores for his benefit half a dozen plugs of tobacco. As the terms were made easy by his promise not to demand the reward until he had been successful, the agreement was readily made.

Whereupon Tom formed a ring about himself of tin pots and platters, jingling them together with a fearful noise, and repeating a lot of gibberish that he called Latin, and then he said that the ghost would never come again. It never did come again, and Tom got his tobacco.

On the next night, when he was at the wheel, and the second mate was forward on some duty, I walked up to him and said, quietly, "Tom, you old rascal, tell me about that ghost."

At first he did not know anything about it, but when I promised that I would not expose him, he solved this last puzzle for metaphysicians.

"Ye see, sir," said he, "I was short o' 'baccy."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, sir, when I was ashore at Port Louis, I bought one o' them hookahs with a coil o' pipe about three fathom long. I just fitted a mouthpiece to it, and led it along the ceiling of the fo'castle to the fore-scuttle. All I had to do was to lay on my back and call the watch. You won't blow on me, sir?"

"Certainly not," I said; "I promised you I wouldn't; but don't let us have any more ghosts; we have had enough of them."

After a passage of sixty days, exclusive of our detention at St. Helena, we arrived at Boston, and discharged our cargo.

The author of the article in the June number of this Magazine has given a synopsis of the next voyage of the *Sophia Walker*, sufficiently correct to illustrate her point. I might give the particulars of it, as I have done of the voyage I have just brought to a conclusion, if space per-

mitted the narration. We sailed on the 19th of November, 1846, from Boston for Leghorn, having several passengers on board who went out and returned.

While the ship was detained at our first port waiting for marble, we all made the tour of Italy together, and then I took her to Palermo. There we received a cargo of fruit, and by waiting for oranges of a good quality, did not get away until all the rest of the fleet had sailed.

But our usual luck followed us: we arrived long before any of the others, and sold our fruit at a large profit. This was accomplished by taking the northern passage; and although we were for several days blocked up by the ice near the Banks of Newfoundland, we reached home without any accident to the ship, but having to deplore the loss of young Frederick Stetson.

The writer of the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians" is incorrect in several of the sayings and doings that she imagines corresponded so exactly with her vision. Frederick had not been taken into the cabin, but preferred to do his duty before the mast. He was not clinging to the mast-head, but was on the lee foretopsail yard arm. No such orders as she imagined that she heard were given. The language of the vision is not nautical. When I saw the poor boy carried by the wind so far to leeward that I could not tell when he touched the water, I cut away the life-buoy without giving any orders. A boat could not have lived, and the only chance of rescuing him was that the ship, being hove to, would drift upon him. For this those of us who were on deck kept a look-out, but we never saw him again.

The accident occurring soon after midnight, and the vision taking place soon after midnight, are conclusive against their coincidence, for the longitude of the ship being about thirty degrees east of the town of Medford, the vision should have transpired at ten o'clock to make the time the same. This discrepancy of two hours is as fatal for the supernatural hypothesis as if the elapsed time had been two days or two weeks. The narrative of the vision, although recently published, is stated by its author to have been written ten years ago. Even in 1870 nearly a quarter of a century had passed away, and in that time what pranks may not memory play, even when fortified by documentary evidence?

In 1846 there were two families, one that of an orthodox and the other that of a Unitarian clergyman, living together, with singularly close relations of friendship, in a little town of Massachusetts. Considering the bitter hatred of these sects to each other in those days, this departure from the common condition of society would have been a greater puzzle for the metaphysicians of the time than all visionary incidents combined.

Frederick, the son of Rev. Mr. Stetson, wished to go to sea, and it was not until the matter had been duly considered by both families that his desire was gratified. It may be fairly assumed that, whether they were conscious of it or not, he was almost continually on the minds of this united family circle.

I have received a letter from Mr. Thomas M. Stetson, a brother of Frederick, in which he says, "During the fortnight prior to the 10th, according to my mother's recollection, Mrs. Baker was often and anxiously inquiring about the ship."

When at Leghorn and Palermo, Frederick frequently wrote to his friends. He described the ship, the voyage, and his companions, fore and aft. He told them of the delightful Thanksgiving-day we celebrated when running through the group of the Azores: how Parson Walker preached a sermon; how we all had our roast turkey and plum duff; how all hands danced on the main-deck in the evening. He told them, moreover, that Mr. Walker preached every Sunday; and the daily life on board the *Sophia Walker* was thus well understood at Medford.

The ship was known to be on her return passage; it was in the most boisterous month of the year. Everybody in both families was anxious. Frederick might be lost overboard in a gale, for it was a gale all the time. Mrs. Baker was an invalid. She was taking medicine for her cough, and we know that cough medicine means opium. She was neither naturally asleep nor naturally awake. Her mind wandered. She called her mental vagary a vision. She saw what she imagined—what all of these friends had held in constant dread. She saw it very nearly at the time when something very like it happened. Then, still in this excitable condition, she reflected that Mr. Walker would preach an appropriate sermon the next Sunday. Still further on she supposed that, as her husband was my old

friend, I would naturally convey the sad information to him, that he might break it to Frederick's father. She could imagine almost the very words of my letter.

Whatever may be thought of the near coincidence of the first part of the vision, and of the effect produced by disease and medicine, all the subsequent natural inferences have nothing whatever about them that is phenomenal. They would have occurred to a person in a normal condition of mind who was convinced that the first part of the vision had been realized.

I do not know that I have solved the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians" in a manner entirely satisfactory to my readers. It may remain a mystery for them, while I can not but regard it as no greater mystery than every action of the wakeful or sleeping brain—a mystery that no metaphysician can explain.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" is the "copy of verses" which became at once more universally known and quoted than anything ever printed in this country, Poe's "Raven" is the poem which ranks next to it in the same way. Poe himself makes the same general kind of impression as an author that "The Raven" makes as a poem. His position is bizarre and doubtful, and probably few critics would concede that he will take a place as an American classic. Yet the tenacious interest in the man and in his work indicates an attraction which belongs only to abiding genius. Willis seemed to many persons to belong to the same general category with Poe, although with a wholly different temperament and form of expression. They were both regarded as brilliant literary triflers and citizens of Bohemia—Willis with a taste for coxcombry, and Poe for metaphysics. Yet Charles T. Congdon, in his pleasant *Reminiscences of a Journalist*, speaks of Willis as now utterly forgotten, while during the last year Mr. Gill has issued a revision of his work upon Poe, and Mr. J. H. Ingram, in England, has published a biography of Poe in two volumes, which the English critics declare to have dissipated thoroughly the darker shadows that rested upon his name. "Utterly forgotten!" Yet there are men who do not believe themselves to be old who remember when Willis, as "Philip Slingsby," was the favorite college author, and when the school Readers were full of his "Scripture poems."

They were both "noticeable" men. If you met Willis on Broadway, you remarked a well-built man, very erect, with clustering curling hair, fashionably dressed—evidently a man with a strong admiration of D'Orsay, and who, more than any American, satisfied the description of the London dandy of the Regency. The Easy Chair recalls a tailor's advertisement of a new English overcoat, which directed attention to Mr. Willis as wearing one; and no man could have displayed a coat more advantageously than he. But we must remember that Willis was in college, and early leaped into reputation, while the Byronic fashion was still dominant not only in the verse but in the dress of young poets; and while Willis was still very flexible, Disraeli's *Vivian Grey* and Bulwer's *Pelham* "took the town" and him, and he was Pelham to the end.

But younger writers remember with gratitude Willis's kindly sympathy and encouragement. If the counsel was mundane, it was delivered with friendly feeling. The maxims were not austere. In literature the Mentor's advice suggested "Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew" in society. It was the philosophy of to-day's success—epicurean and a little cynical, but kindly: a club wisdom, which was amazing chiefly as proceeding from the author of the "Scripture poems." Willis's *Home Journal* was at one time a very eccaleobion of young writers, generally of the gentler sex, and many of them have worthily won their laurels. It was a universal kindliness, and is most pleasantly remembered. Willis apparently had no literary jealousy, and his allusions to the authors whose increasing lustre outshone his own name were always admiring and friendly—a little affected, of course, the D'Orsay coat getting into the style, but frank and generous. His admiration of Irving and his respect for Bryant were undisguised. He praised Longfellow warmly, and he characteristically predicted that fame would drop the James from Lowell's name, and commemorate him as Russell Lowell.

Willis's notes of travel, especially his *Pencillings by the Way*, are still entertaining. His sketches of literary society in England were severely condemned as breaches of hospitality, but apart from any censure of that kind, they contain capital pictures; the young Disraeli and Tom Moore especially are graphically drawn. The *Letters from under a Bridge* are also agreeable reading, but they will hardly be reprinted. The later writings were full of grotesque conceits, and were wholly temporary. But the magazines would still welcome the touch of his hand in slight stories, such as "Pigs and Chickens," and little tales touched off with a jaunty gayety which he never quite lost. If Willis, as his kind commentator ruefully suggests, be "utterly forgotten," at least

he is no more so than Percival and others who figure in the frontispiece of Griswold's *Poets of America* thirty years ago.

Poe also would have been remarked upon the street. He was of a slighter form than Willis, less mindful of his dress, pale, and with a singularly dark and commanding eye. In a room, without his hat, his high white forehead and intellectual aspect at once distinguished him. His domestic life was believed to be very unhappy. It was known that he was poor and lived by his pen, and it was understood that he was the victim of strong drink. He died sadly at Baltimore, and "Dr." Griswold published a memoir of him which his friends and admirers believe to be the source of the false impression of the man, so that he is described as "a dissolute fantastic writer, who died at Baltimore in consequence of fits of intoxication."

Poe was as bitter in commenting upon his contemporaries as Willis was friendly. He defied censure, and expressed a scorn of the public, to which, with the instinct of genius, he yet appealed. He went to Boston to read a poem. There was a large audience and great expectation. Poe read some verses written when he was a boy. Boston said that he was drunk. Poe retorted that the poem was good enough for Frogpondians. The fact apparently was that he intended to write a poem for the occasion, but was prevented by stress of occupation. In the brief preface to the slight volume of his verse, *The Raven, and Other Poems*, published in Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading" in 1845, Poe says, disdainfully, "With me poetry has been, not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence: they must not—they can not—at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations or the more paltry commendations of mankind." This seems to be merely the usual Byronic strain. But it is childish to write for those at whose judgment you sneer. If a man writes for the love of writing, he prints because he wishes other people to read what he writes. A man who withdraws as a hermit to the Central Park may scoff at mankind, but he is plainly not enamored of solitude. Yet this sneer of Poe's, in the light of the truth now told of his life, was not disdain, but unhappiness.

The memoir of Griswold really seems to be what Mr. Minto calls it, "a malignant myth," and Mr. Ingram, who had already edited an English edition of Poe's works, has patiently and conclusively disposed of many of the slanders which have pursued the name of the poet. Of many facts in his life the true explanation is very different from the usual version. But it is the greatest service to Poe's memory to show that his dissipation was not the cause of his misfortunes, but that peculiarly trying misfortunes produced his dissipation. This is what Mr. Ingram has done for an American poet whose verse is more justly weighed now than when he was living, and which is not found wanting.

THE new French Minister in London, to whom Mr. O'Donnell objected in the House of Commons, made a gay and graceful speech at the Mansion House dinner, in which he asserted that self-sacrifice is a virtue of individuals, but not of nations, and that no nation should ask or expect another to renounce its own interest. This doctrine was stated with all the suavity and sparkle of the French gentleman, and was accepted, doubtless, by the Worshipful Mayor and the city guests as a truism happily expressed.

But it is a doctrine, however familiar, which is specious rather than true. A nation is an aggregate of individuals. Now if self-sacrifice be a virtue of each individual separately, why is it not a virtue of all of them collectively? Mr. Jones may think it to be his interest to take forcible possession of his neighbor Smith's meadow. Smith is a feeble old gentleman, and will only sputter a protest, and then yield. The tools to those who can use them. The land to those who can hold it. Jones is a thrifty, energetic farmer. Smith is a Rip Van Winkle who cumbers the earth. His meadow is in a shamefully neglected condition, and added to Jones's well-tilled fields, would furnish a perfectly scientific frontier. Nothing can be plainer than that Jones can turn it to good use, and redeem it from lapsing into a desert. Why should he not take it? and why is his resistance of the temptation to steal a virtue?

On the other hand, Jones and his fellow-citizens are of opinion that it would be for their interest to add the fertile island of Cuba to their collective possessions. It is very near and of easy access, and produces great and desirable crops, and it would be an excellent sanitarium, and increase the number of free and independent voters. It is feebly held, and a vigorous demonstration would secure it. Besides, the southern frontier ought to be rounded off, and the island is too dangerous a temptation to other powers. The opinion of Jones and his fellow-citizens is that it is for their interest to become thieves and to steal. But why is it right for them to steal Cuba, and wrong for Jones to steal Smith's field?

The French Minister would find it hard to answer. Jones's self-interest, in the usual sense of that word, requires the possession of Smith's field quite as much as the self-interest of Jones and Co. requires the theft of Cuba. If it be a virtue to deny the gratification of his desire in the one case, why not in the other? Smith does not threaten Jones in the enjoyment of his own property. He does not propose to steal an inch of Jones's land. He only wishes to be left peacefully to his own side of the fence. Jones has no other plea than his greed, and the assertion that Smith neglects the meadow, and Canada thistles abound, and the wind blows their seed over Jones's field. Still, it is agreed, and Jones admits, that it would be wrong for him to consult his self-

interest merely, and steal the meadow. But it is equally true that Cuba does not threaten Jones and Co. in the enjoyment of their collective property or country. It does not propose to invade it, nor to trouble it in any way, but asks only to be left alone in its insular seclusion. Jones and Co. have no other pretense than that they wish to possess Cuba, which has not freed itself of slavery, and has an undesirable population until it is made over into free and independent voters. Jones admits that he ought not to steal Smith's field, but he insists that it is not wrong to steal Cuba. Why?

Evidently if it is not wrong for him and his fellow-citizens to take Cuba because they want it for a scientific frontier, it is equally right for them to take San Domingo and the other Gulf islands for the same reason. The reason also is equally valid for the theft of the neighboring shores, Yucatan, Guatemala, Central America in general, and on through the southern half of the continent. Self-denial is not a virtue of nations. They are to be governed by self-interest. But what does self-interest mean? If it means that it is always advantageous to do right, it is as true of nations as of individuals. If it means to do as you choose until a superior power restrains you, or until it is evident that you will be restrained, then this principle, applied to nations, is the principle and the practice of Ashantee and the mid-African tribes. It is simple barbarism, and not civilization. If the French Minister meant to say at the Lord Mayor's dinner table that France is restrained from overrunning and annexing Great Britain only by a doubt of its power to do it, it was a singular form of courtesy. Lord Beaconsfield, indeed, had said—we believe at the same table—that England had invaded Afghanistan in order to secure a scientific frontier. But Lord Beaconsfield is politically an Asiatic.

Undoubtedly if Smith turns his cattle into Jones's field, or throws down the fence so that his cattle may range over Jones's farm, Jones may "pound" the cattle and sue Smith. He may "take the law of him." Undoubtedly also there is no law, in this sense, among nations, and if Cuba or France invades the country of Jones and Co., they may repel the invader, and take such reprisals as are necessary to restrain such action. But that is very different from saying that if France thinks it for her interest to invade the United States it is not wrong, because there can be no wrong in the matter. The universal indignation in modern times at a wanton war of conquest is the conclusive proof of a sense of wrong in such a war, whether it be waged in the interest of the conquering state or not. Is this indignation only fear lest the conquering power may go further? No; it is condemnation of an immoral use of power, and the consciousness that indulgence in it by nations would reduce Christendom to barbarism, as the lawless seizure of Smith's field by Jones, if tolerated, would barbarize the village.

The old sailor said that God had somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right. But it is not because he can do right without injury, but because it is right to do right, that must be his rule of action, or he will inevitably make the probable injury the standard of action, and individuals and nations will all be trying how far they can go. This is barbarism, and to avoid this, and to keep the peace of the world and secure its progress, self-denial, or the restraint of this disposition, must be seen to be as much a virtue of nations as of individuals.

Walking the other day down Broadway, the Easy Chair heard itself accosted by a voice at its side, and turning, it perceived the figure of an ideal tramp. An indescribably shabby coat, mostly in shreds, was gathered or buttoned around the body as closely as possible. What served for trousers hung over a pair of shoes that must have been rejected by the street scavengers. There was no shirt; and from the coat there rose a dirty neck, a gaunt face, and grizzled head, and the voice, in the low tone of the doubtful but desperate beggar, said, quietly, "You don't know me."

The voice was like a strain of soft music from a noisome slum. It was sweet and refined, and the words were exquisitely articulated. Nothing else was recognizable in the wreck of a man; but the Easy Chair said at once, "Mercutio, I know your voice, but not you."

It was the busiest hour of the day, and the street was thronged. Everybody, hurrying by, looked at the tramp as if with surprise that any human being could be so utterly squalid and yet walk about. The Easy Chair had not stopped, and its companion, who had held a little back, quickened his pace at the words, and came into line. "This is wretched business: how did you get to this?"

"You recall me?" said the tramp, as if doubting whether it were possible.

It was a fellow-craftsman in literature—a man whom the Easy Chair had known in those "better days" to which the poor waifs always allude. His voice showed him to be a gentleman, and he had filled official places of responsibility: a man of various accomplishments and talent.

"You are very good," he said, "but you ought not to be seen walking with such a wretch. However," he continued, with a kind of recurring gayety, "it makes no difference to you: you can be seen with anybody—even with me."

There seemed to be almost a twinkle in his eyes, as if there were a certain humor in the companionship which he could not help perceiving, and as if he enjoyed the surprise of the passers-by. The recognition and the toleration had immediately re-assured him, and

his voice had now the composure and confidence of that of the best-dressed man upon the street.

"How did you get so low?" was the plain question of his comrade, as they walked rapidly along, the tramp nimbly keeping pace.

"Oh," he answered, with a ghastly smile, "my old trouble, you know. Only," he added, even meditatively and ruefully, "it used to be Champagne."

His sole grief at the moment seemed to be, not that he was totally degraded and ruined, but that he must be drunk upon inferior liquor.

"Yes, Easy Chair," he resumed, with an easy recurrence to old familiarity, and with the same beautiful articulation, "you know that it is not mean and sneaking fellows that get to this. It is the vice of a gentleman."

There was a jauntiness in his tone as he said this, and even in the gait of the unspeakable tramp, as if nothing could rob him, in any possible extremity, of being a gentleman. He described, with an airy grace of expression, and evidently in complete forgetfulness of his appearance, the incidents of his hard struggle with the appetite, and of his final and total fall. It was like Smollett depicting one of his worst vagabonds with a relish of sympathy and intelligence which was appalling. The recollection of "better days," the associations awakened by the mere presence of his comrade, the consciousness of his hopeless extremity, did not affect him at all, and he concluded, "I am not a very old man, but of course I sha'n't live long."

"Can't you do anything?"

He looked at himself, as if to wonder how the question could be asked, and, with a half smile, answered, "Not much."

"Are you hungry?"

"Starving."

"Don't you want to try and get up?"

"No," he said, half carelessly; "it can't be done."

He was evidently keeping along by the side of the Easy Chair until it should give him some money. There was no apparent shame or regret of any kind. He referred to his former official position, and with the slightest movement toward his tattered clothes, he said:

"Rather a change! But do you know, Easy Chair, that I was told that nothing but my discretion saved us from war? Even Palmerston was bumptious, and it was necessary to be firm."

He then proceeded with a fluent account of old public transactions, in which distinguished personages figured. "Palmerston said" this and that, and "I" contended so and so. In his story he posed as a powerful public agent, and the narration sparkled with humor and shrewdness, and was probably the mere flow of his fancy. But the contrast between his discourse and its subject and its importance, with the squalid vagrant who uttered it, was extraordinary. The Easy Chair stopped, but the tramp continued:

"The situation was extremely critical. The whole cabinet was obstinate, but I had made up my mind. The crisis came; I flung myself at once into the breach—"

"And I," said the Easy Chair, pulling out a bill and placing it in his hands—"I fling this into the breach, and—"

"God bless you, Easy Chair!" exclaimed the vagrant, seizing its hand and trying to kiss it, with an effusion at which the newsboys and the boot-blacks stared. In an instant he had vanished.

We are not sure whether the fashion of calling Carlyle "obscure" and "odd" still survives among young readers, but the young reader who does not know Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution* has yet a great acquaintance to make. As he reads that remarkable story, he will exclaim, as Mr. Masson says that he exclaimed when he recently took up Cary's Dante, "Mercy of Heaven! this *is* a book; *here* is literature!" The accounts in letters from France of the recent Fête of the Republic must have recalled to every reader of Carlyle his vivid picture of the Solemn League and Covenant upon the Field of Mars which was the Fête of the Republic ninety years ago. "Festivities such as no Bagdad Caliph or Aladdin with the lamp could have equalled." It was a festival to celebrate the oath of allegiance. "Sieur Motier, or Generalissimo Lafayette, for they are one and the same, and he is General of France in the King's stead, for four-and-twenty hours—Sieur Motier must step forth, with that sublime chivalrous gait of his, solemnly ascend the steps of the Father-land's altar, in sight of heaven and of the scarcely breathing earth, and under the creak of those swinging *cassolettes*, pressing his sword's point firmly, there pronounce the Oath, *to King, to Law and Nation.*"

There were three or four hundred thousand "human individuals," and waving of flags and immense acclamation, and festivity continued for eight days; but all did not save the king to whom allegiance was sworn, and fear of those sanguinary days has been one of the chief conservative forces in France for nearly a century. There were Frenchmen enough doubtless the other day in Paris who recalled the grim association of the 14th of July. The date commemorates not only the overthrow of the Bastile, the first fierce explosion of popular wrath against abuses seemingly as impregnable as the gloomy prison, but the Feast of Federation, which was but a lurid harbinger of the Reign of Terror. For nearly a hundred years the general opinion of the world has been, when a revolutionary outbreak has occurred in Paris, that every appalling crime and catastrophe was possible. Yet there have been but two events which vividly recalled those days: one was the orgy of the Commune ten years ago; the other was Louis Napoleon's massacre and exile of republicans in 1852.

The spectacle in July of this summer was

evidently very striking. The entire population of Paris, excepting what are called the upper classes, which means in this case the Bourbon sympathizers, the French Jacobites, celebrated the day with enthusiasm, but with tranquillity also and moderation. The Latin races have a genius for public and collective enjoyment to which we English-speaking people are strangers. Many of the most charming recollections of European travel are the holidays in France and Italy, and their simple enjoyment. These scenes hang in memory like Claude's golden landscapes, with garlanded peasants dancing in the mellow light by fountains, and in the shadow of old temples. What a gala the Easy Chair saw in Milan at the induction of an archbishop! the streets, along which the bright procession came with swinging censers, carpeted and tapestried with rich hangings, while bands of gayly dressed girls scattered flowers for the pastoral feet to tread upon. All was as peaceful and pretty as the recent Feast of the Republic in Paris, where there was no outbreak, and no fear of outbreak. The great crowds moved good-humoredly about the streets, and there was no need of feeling, as always hitherto, that the gayety and repose were only the sleek quiet of the sleeping tiger.

It is a favorite phrase of French politics that the Revolution is permanent. The phrase has many senses, but the spectacle of this summer seemed to confirm it in the obvious sense that the Republic is seemingly assured. The Revolution has been always identified with the Republic, and no government in France since the Feast of Federation, ninety years ago, has been apparently so stable as this. There are dangers certainly, and the Bourbon and Bonaparte traditions, with the hostility of the Church, are formidable forces. But the encouraging sign is the evident development of the French national character, and when the hostile forces were stronger and the national character weaker, the hostility was overcome. The vast Napoleonic reaction of the First Empire had every ally within and without. Napoleon's career would have been impossible except in a country and on a continent which gladly welcomed a power greater than that of the Revolution, which seemed to be the dissolution of society in blood. Exhausted France was abject under Napoleon, and yet he was evidently always afraid of the nation that he ruled despotically. The Restoration was a double reaction against both Napoleon and the Revolution. The monarchy of July was a return to the natural course of the Revolution. The Republic of '48, the Second Empire, the Commune, and the present Republic, all show the Revolution to be permanent.

For the substance of the Revolution is the overthrow of class privilege, the assertion of equal rights; and nothing is more striking in the history which the July fête recalls than the fact that with the exception of the crimes of the Commune, the violent political changes in France since the terror of '93 have never justified by their sanguinary excesses the dread with which they have been anticipated. The days of July and the February days of '48 were comparatively unstained, while the reign of the Commune was sternly opposed by Republicans, and it was the Republican son of the old Republican Cavaignac who suppressed the revolt of June, '48. The devil is not to have all the good tunes, and the French Revolution is to be judged by its legitimate rather than by its illegitimate heirs.

The Revolution of '89 was so inevitable that it is useless to speculate whether it has been a benefit. The reader of Taine and De Tocqueville, of Carlyle, and of Dickens's *Two Cities*—as appallingly vivid a picture as there is in literature—to go no further, sees that the catastrophe was as certain as the bursting of a weakened dam by a reservoir overfull. Indeed, it is hard to see, without such a movement, in France or elsewhere, how the comparative recognition of human and popular rights which now prevails universally could have been obtained. Caste has been practically overthrown, and that in itself is an incalculable advantage. It is not political only, but universal. The musing observer of the great Fête of the Republic may have wondered what shocks his country has yet to encounter. But of one thing he could be sure, that the principle of the Revolution will never be overborne except by a greater cataclysm than that of '93.

It was the opinion of a shrewd stage-driver, whose route was from a small railway station to a hamlet high in the hills, that during the winter the hamlet, as he expressed it, was "about as tame and doesile a place as you could see." The city of New York, during this summer, has deserved the same description. What may yet befall we know not, but up to this time the chief excitements have been the fasting of Dr. Tanner and the arrival of the obelisk from Egypt. What Dr. Tanner seeks to prove, except that eating three times a day is superfluous, when eating may be omitted altogether for forty days, is not apparent. He must be mentioned, indeed, cautiously, for he may have succumbed before this Magazine is issued, or even printed. But the future explorer of the news of this day will be interested to know that a man has undertaken to eat nothing for forty days, and to subsist upon water only. His endurance, of course, is a public spectacle. He is watched day and night. The *Herald* newspaper is said to have placed a body of reporters about him, four of whom hold him constantly under survey. He walks and drives, and reads and talks, and, so far as appears, drinks water only. It is an illustration of the remarkable power of human endurance; and should he be successful, he will have demonstrated

that it is possible for the body to hold out forty days without food.

There is always to be borne in mind the unfortunate horse which his owner was teaching to live upon a straw a day, but which died just as the experiment was about to succeed. In this case, however, the doctor starves himself, and he can be prevented from pushing his experiment even to his own death only by the forcible injection of food. But it is not clear that society can rightfully inject food into one of its members who, without harm to others, declines to take it. If the doctor can survive forty days foodless, it will be interesting to know how many more he might have survived, and whether food is perhaps unnecessary. This last conclusion would throw a flood of light upon the bread-and-butter question. Political economy would rock to its foundations, and the laborer upon the New England hills would smile at Mr. Atkinson's demonstration that his wages for a day would move from the West, a thousand miles away, all the grain and meat that he consumes in a year. If Dr. Tanner should enable that laborer to say, "I don't consume none," Mr. Atkinson would surely forgive the grammar.

There seems to have been little interest among scientific men in this feat of Dr. Tanner. They have possibly decided that it is a trick, and that it is wrong to encourage public humbug. As the medical faculty never uses bread pills to cure disease, it is perhaps entitled to scoff at Dr. Tanner's proposition to support life on water. The newspapers, however, give daily copious accounts of the details of the doctor's condition, and of all that occurs; and if it should turn out, after all, that this is the beginning of an insidious attack upon agriculture, eldest of arts, designed to end in the abolition of food altogether, the minute accounts of its first approaches will be both valuable and entertaining reading. Whether the doctor himself would be in that case regarded as a benefactor of the race would depend upon the point of view. If the need of dinner should disappear, what would not follow? For if the end of the elaborate machinery of government is to get twelve men into the jury-box, the purpose of the vast and complex industry of the world is to provide everybody with a daily dinner. Viewed as the inception of a movement to abolish dinner, Dr. Tanner's fast becomes very important.

Just as we go to press, Dr. Tanner triumphs, and begins to eat heartily, gaining rapidly in weight.

The arrival of the obelisk is the other exciting event of the summer. There has been some mystery about it. The expense of transportation is considerable, and the object of the transport was not obvious to many critics. They contend that an obelisk belongs in Egypt, as Shakespeare's house belongs in Stratford. Detached from its actual site, it is curious still, but it has lost much of its charm. The ruined Coliseum in Rome is full of romantic interest, but the ruined Coliseum set up in Central Park would not be romantic. There are Egyptian obelisks in Paris and London, but they make a very different impression from obelisks seen at Thebes or Luxor. Obelisks anywhere have a certain interest, these critics admit, but they are historic monuments, and belong peculiarly in their own place. The Elgin marbles are everywhere beautiful, but they could be nowhere so beautiful as in the place for which they were designed as integral parts of a temple.

This seems, say these disputants, to indicate the rule of removal. The horses of St. Mark were brought to Paris, as the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius might be brought to New York. But the horses belong in Venice, as the statue belongs in Rome. Pictures, however, when not parts of a building, have not this interest of place. They are like books, which, to the lover of books, everywhere are equally at home. Indeed, books and pictures, wherever produced, may themselves relate to other times and countries. The Sistine Madonna loses nothing by being seen in Dresden, and the impression of a Turner is as complete in New York as in Dulwich or London. St. Peter's would be still imposing if brought to Long Island, but it would be better left by the Tiber.

There has been much talk of this kind, and doubtless there is much in it which is just. But it forgets to consider the value of any object of art, wherever placed, as a means of study. The transfer of the obelisk not only decorates the city and gives pleasure to the observer, but to the student it gives a most interesting opportunity of study. The objector who mentions the Sistine Madonna would hardly deny, if pressed, that such a picture is more happily placed in the country and amid the feelings and the monuments of the form of religious faith of which it is an expression, than in a foreign country of a different form of faith. But yet of what untold benefit it is in the Dresden Gallery to the students who can not cross the Alps, and who in that lofty work can contemplate one of the loveliest miracles of picture! It is most fitting, undoubtedly, that the noble statue of Giulian de' Medici should stand in Florence in the Medici Chapel. But placed in New York, how it would inspire the artist and ennoble the sensitive beholder who can not cross the sea! Indeed, what better monument could any one of the New York Medici, the rich and powerful merchants, build to perpetuate his name, than a gallery of casts of all the most famous marbles in the world? They would be gathered chiefly from Greece and Italy, they would be out of their "natural setting," but would any wise man deplore their coming?

The trustees of the Park have decided to erect the obelisk near the Metropolitan Museum. But what is the Museum? Its great treasure is the Cesnola collection of Cypriote remains. Would the critic return them to Cy-

prus as unfittingly placed in New York? To the acute and imaginative student in the Museum, scanning that remarkable collection from the largest stone to the most delicate shred of gold in ornament, and prepared to see them by historical study, how near and vivid seems that old life! How infinitely the books he reads gain from the inspection of the actual relics and monuments of the country and the time! Passing from the Museum to the Park, such a student would estimate the obelisk not as a stone out of place, but as one of a various multitude of teachers whose presence tends to make the city what a great metropolis should be—a gallery of universal art, a microcosm of civilization.

THE summer of 1880 will be known in New York as that of steamboat disasters. Every person who embarks upon a pleasure-excursion, or upon a ferry-boat to go to or from his business, now looks inquiringly to the store of life-preservers, and wonders if, should the probable emergency arise, he would know how to use one. The most disagreeable aspect of these disasters has been their apparent needlessness. The burning of the *Seawanhaka*, however, a steamer which was managed with unusual care, seems to have been due to some mysterious explosion of gas, scattering fire, against which a fire-proof boat is, perhaps, the only remedy. Yet even on the *Seawanhaka* it appears that the fire-room, the very spot at which such an explosion would occur, and where, if it should occur, it would be most certainly destructive, the wood-work was unprotected. Of course a sudden and unanticipated discharge of fire instantly wrapped the vessel in flame.

There was an observation made by more than one passenger upon this ill-fated steamer which shows how instantaneous was the spread of the fatal fire. A gentleman who escaped the disaster subsequently timed the passage from the point where the fire was announced to that upon which the vessel was beached, and he found that it was less than five minutes. Similar testimony was given at the investigation by the coroner's jury, and an observer upon the neighboring island said that the catastrophe was the affair almost of a moment. The verdict of the coroner's jury included an urgent recommendation that the wood-work of the fire-rooms of steamers should be carefully sheathed in metal, and the only surprise is that such a recommendation should be necessary. During the summer the waters around New York swarm with steamers, so that at every moment there are many thousands of lives at peculiar risk. It is incredible that so obviously essential a precaution as the protection of the inflammable wood has not been taken. The suggestion of the jury might be well carried beyond the security of the fire-room. All the floors and wood-work about the centre of the boat should be similarly protected.

There was one incident upon the *Seawanhaka* which deserves to be commemorated, and that was the quiet heroism of the captain. The pilot-house was at once enveloped in flames, but the safety of the passengers depended almost wholly upon running the steamer aground at once. Amid the sudden terror and panic and instant peril, with the fierce flames curling and reaching greedily toward him, Captain Smith tranquilly stood by the wheel, decided where the boat could be most safely grounded, and headed for that point. He was terribly burned, but he was undaunted, and his cool self-possession alone saved scores of lives. The generous subscription for a memorial to him and the engineer, Mr. Weeks, of grateful recognition of their services is, of course, but a feeble expression of the feeling of those who were saved. The value of such service is not to be computed in money. But while steamers daily cover the neighboring waters, the name of Captain Charles P. Smith should be gratefully and honorably remembered.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON'S *Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages*,[1] as exemplified by the three great and still existing churches respectively of Venice, Siena, and Florence, is one of those rare volumes whose performance is richer than their promise. Besides giving elaborate accounts of the origin, plans, and stages in the construction of St. Mark's, at Venice, Our Lady of the Assumption, at Siena, St. Mary of the Flower, at Florence, and of the part borne in each by the great architects who produced and the great sculptors who embellished them, Mr. Norton's volume is an exposition of the local motives and impulses, and of the social, political, and religious conditions that prompted their conception, and found expression in their several styles. Beginning with St. Mark's, which was begun in 1042, on the site of an older church of the same name, and was finished in 1071 by an unknown Venetian architect, who fused Byzantine and Romanesque elements into a design hitherto unexampled, and whose fresh and beautiful Gothic style belongs only to Venice, and can only be called Venetian, Mr. Norton follows with the Duomo of Siena, begun in 1245 and completed in 1260, after having taxed the genius of Fra Melano, Niccolo Pisano, Giovanni Pisano, and Duccio di Boninsega;

[1] *Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages:* Venice, Siena, Florence. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. 8vo, pp. 331. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and he concludes his account of these grand and enduring examples of architectural art with a brilliant sketch of the construction of St. Mary of the Flower, at Florence, begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, continued in 1334 by Giotto, and completed in 1436 by Brunelleschi. The descriptions of the great pulpit of the Duomo of Siena, designed and finished by Niccolo Pisano, and of the stupendous dome of the Cathedral of St. Mary of the Flower—the grand conception of Brunelleschi, aided by Donatello—are profoundly interesting as descriptive memorials of decorative religious art; and the latter in especial is impressive as enabling us to observe the manner in which genius, when coupled with a resolute will and unexampled fertility of resources, mastered difficulties that seemed insuperable, and converted what his contemporaries pronounced a "chimerical absurdity" into a monumental expression of the political system and religious faith of Italy. The curves of Brunelleschi's grand dome, as Mr. Norton eloquently says, "clasp the modern to the classic world." Moreover, the complete work, as he further observes, "fulfills the highest aim of architecture as a civic art, in being a political symbol, an image of the life of the state itself. Its absolute unity and symmetry, the beautiful shape and proportions of its broad divisions, the strong and simple energy of its upwardly converging lines, satisfy every civic, political, religious, and æsthetic sentiment." As Mr. Norton traces the construction of these noble specimens of mediæval architecture, he frequently pauses by the way to point out how each of them is an epitome of the history of the city it adorns; how the sentiment of corporate unity, of common interests in the bonds of a common civic life and a common religious faith—of Venice, of Siena, of Florence—are interwoven with their great cathedrals; and how these imposing piles are the memorials of the thoughts and feelings of the generations who built them, and give complete expression to the long since spent passions, hopes, interests, and faiths of the times when they were conceived. The particular accounts of these great churches are prefaced by a comprehensive survey, showing the degradation of the arts after the fall of the Roman Empire, and the rise of those improved moral, social, religious, political, intellectual, and linguistic conditions which led to the revival of the arts, and the rapid, regular, and splendid development of church architecture.

HITHERTO there has been no book giving a distinctively popular exposition of the organization, jurisdiction, and sphere of our State and Federal courts, and it is a matter for congratulation that the lack has now been satisfactorily supplied by two concise volumes, whose limitations, by a fortunate coincidence, are such as that one does not trespass upon the province of the other. Dr. Cooley, of the University of Michigan, is the author of one of these,[2] the object of which is to present a succinct account of the principles of constitutional law in this country, as they pertain respectively to the Federal and the State systems, and to specify the more important points of contact and interdependence of each. After a brief historical outline of the rise of the American Union, a lucid and compact statement of general principles and definitions, and a survey of the powers of the government, the author of this excellent manual proceeds to a particular examination of each of the subdivisions of the Federal Constitution, in a series of consecutive dissertations, in the nature of commentaries, upon all the parts of the instrument. In the course of these dissertations a summary is given of the diverse constructions that have been put upon the various provisions of the Constitution, and the principles are stated which have been settled by judicial decisions, or by the practical working of our institutions. A large part of the volume, after the exposition of general principles has been pursued as far as is needful for an intelligent comprehension of them, is devoted to brief commentaries upon those principles of constitutional law which affect the persons and rights of citizens. These are lucidly summarized severally under the heads of "Civil Rights and their Guarantees," "Political Privileges and their Protections," "Protections to Persons accused of Crime," and "Protection to Contracts and Property," and the volume closes with an epitome of the principles of constitutional law which apply to municipal corporations. The text of Dr. Cooley's instructive manual is assisted by numerous references to authoritative decisions and cases, arranged in foot-notes so as to enable students in law schools to consult the originals, and verify the author's interpretations and conclusions.—Less technical than Dr. Cooley's manual, and addressed rather to the tastes and needs of laymen than to the wants of law students, Mr. Abbott's *Judge and Jury*[3] undertakes to depict for the general reader the law of the land upon leading topics of public interest, together with the methods of its administration; to give a bird's-eye view of the statute law, and of the growth and changes in the various branches of the law; to furnish an outline of our system of courts; and to explain the more important decisions of the State and national judicatories—of the latter upon subjects within the Federal jurisdiction, such as citizenship, civil rights, Indians, Chinese, banking, commerce, bankruptcy, polygamy, etc.; and of the former upon marriage, divorce, the rights of married women, lotteries, liquor-selling, Sunday

[2] *The General Principles of Constitutional Law in the United States of America.* By THOMAS M. COOLEY, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 376. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

[3] *Judge and Jury.* A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics of the Law of the Land. By BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT. 12mo, pp. 432. New York: Harper and Brothers.

observance, travel, transportation, etc. It will be perceived that Mr. Abbott's volume deals with facts, results, and organizations rather than with principles; and its treatment of the various topics discussed is as entertaining as it is intelligent and instructive. It combines anecdote and humorous illustration with practical information, and presents in lively, popular form a large body of useful knowledge, illustrative of the social and political progress of the country, and of what has been contributed to that progress by our system of courts. Although the book was not intentionally designed as a manual, it might be adopted as a course reader in the higher departments of our public schools, with manifest advantage to such of their pupils as shall soon enter upon the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

In his fine reproductions of some of the wild flowers of Connecticut, which adorned the latest volume of poems by the youthful Goodale sisters, *Berkshire Wild Flowers*, and in the illustrations that accompanied his own charming prose idyl, "Spring-Time," which appeared in the June number of this Magazine, Mr. W. H. Gibson directed attention to a field that invites exploration, and that will afford the purest delight to lovers of nature, at the least possible sacrifice of time and ease. Mr. Gibson has demonstrated by his facile pen and pencil that the common wild flowers that spring up in our meadows, and beside our ponds and brooks and uncultivated way-sides, or that flourish in waste, neglected, or barren spots, or that shyly peep from under the loose stones or rooted bowlders of our hill-sides, and which we usually pass by regardlessly, are rich in elements of beauty, combining the most exquisite gracefulness of form with the greatest variety and delicacy of hue and structure. The service Mr. Gibson has thus far so acceptably rendered in depicting the lovely forms of these modest and fragile but hardy children of nature prompts the wish that he would do systematically and exhaustively for all our American wild flowers what an English naturalist and brother artist, Mr. F. Edward Hulme, is doing for their cousins of the British Isles. Mr. Hulme is publishing a series of beautiful volumes, the second of which has recently issued from the press, and is now lying before us, in which he describes and figures the familiar wild flowers[4] of Great Britain, reproducing both their forms and colors. Each of these volumes is embellished with forty full-page colored plates, besides numerous engravings; both are prefaced by a careful botanical summary, and each plate is accompanied by a brief letterpress account of the flower represented, including a botanical description of it, and pointing out its characteristics, its uses, its place in literature and in the associations of the people, its habitats, and occasionally the methods for transplanting it and successfully naturalizing it in the garden. Mr. Hulme's drawings, although not equal to Mr. Gibson's in poetic suggestiveness, are yet choice specimens of workmanship, and his coloring is tasteful and true. His volume can not fail to stimulate a taste for botanical studies and a love for the beautiful.

Mr. Symington's sketch of the life and works of Thomas Moore[5] is on the same scale and plan as his sketch of Samuel Lover, noticed in the Record for September, and like it is an agreeable miscellany of personal anecdote and incident, interwoven with characteristic selections from the poet's letters and writings. It is more exclusively made up of matter derived from already published biographies and remains than was the case with the sketch of Lover, in which a large amount of new and valuable material was introduced, derived from the personal knowledge which Mr. Symington had of Lover in his later years. Mr. Symington has judiciously compressed into his sketch of Moore the more interesting incidents contained in the larger biographies, and presents in brief compass and exceedingly readable form the most salient particulars of his social and literary life—quite enough to give a clear conception of the poet's characteristics and career, and of the quality of his poetry.

All those who have been assisted by the helpful and convenient vocabulary of the names of noted fictitious persons, places, etc., which forms a part of Webster's encyclopedic dictionary, will be prepared to extend a cordial welcome to the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer's *Reader's Hand-Book*,[6] which is a more extended application of the same idea, with the object of supplying readers and speakers with brief and lucid accounts of such names as are used in allusions and references by poets and prose writers, and to furnish in epitome the plot of popular dramas, the story of epic poems, the outline of well-known tales, and accounts of the imaginary characters who figure in them, as well as of real characters and historical incidents that are curious or peculiar. Although the work is far from being exhaustive, it is still a highly acceptable volume, covering a wide range, and will prove a convenient handbook for readers and authors. In addition to the features above noted, the book has several others that materially enhance its value. Among these are its accounts of literary and historical repetitions and parallelisms, and of

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[4] *Familiar Wild Flowers.* Figured and Described by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. Second Series. With Colored Plates. 12mo, pp. 160. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

[5] *Thomas Moore the Poet.* His Life and Works. By Andrew James Symington. 18mo, pp. 255. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Reader's Hand-Book of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories.* With Two Appendices. By Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.B., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 1170. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

the sources from whence dramatists and romance-writers have derived their stories, and also its lists of the dates of various dramatic works, and the names of their authors, and of the dates of poems and novels.

For many obvious reasons it is neither practicable nor desirable to make the deliberate study of English poetry a part of the course of instruction pursued in our public schools, or in such of our private schools as are preparatory for college. But none of these reasons are valid against such a degree of familiarity with the best examples of our poetical literature as may be secured incidentally in connection with the lessons in reading that should form an indispensable part, and a far more prominent part than is customary, of the education of every pupil. We are, therefore, always ready to extend a cordial welcome to any book that is judiciously framed to this end, or that is an improvement upon the purposeless prettinesses of the stereotyped readers that infest our schools. Justly deserving of such a welcome is a collection[7] of *Ballads and Lyrics*, compiled by Mr. Henry C. Lodge, and intended for the use of boys and girls in our public schools, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, or for home reading. Of course the volume is not an anthology, since to have made it one would have defeated the intention of the compiler, in proportion to its completeness, by reason of its extent and expensiveness. It is simply a collection, the selections for which have been presided over by good taste, and with the objects of creating a liking for good poetry, and of inciting the youthful reader to crave a closer acquaintance with our admitted standards. In making the collection Mr. Lodge has purposely and wisely omitted many fine ballads and lyrics, either because they were too complicated and refined in thought and expression for boys and girls, or because they deal wholly with the passion of love, and are therefore too intense and highly wrought in feeling to be suitable for youthful minds, or because their sectarian fervor and exclusiveness, though very satisfactory to some readers, would be decidedly objectionable to others. The selections are uniformly good, there is not a poem in the collection we would willingly spare from it, and it comprises examples of nearly every era of our literature, and of nearly every variety of style and treatment, ranging from the fine old ballads of "Chevy Chase" and "Sir Patrick Spens," and the songs of Shakspeare, to "The Old Sergeant" and "Barbara Fritchie."

The Science of English Verse[8] is the title of a scholarly and elaborate treatise by Mr. Sidney Lanier, which embodies a theory and a working hypothesis of the technique of English verse, and is so planned as to be at once a popular dissertation for the general reader and a manual for the academic student. Of course Mr. Lanier does not propose to make a poet of one who is not endowed with poetical gifts and aptitudes, nor to supply those who are destitute of them with fancy, imagination, descriptive power, or the creative faculty. He is himself far too good a poet to undertake any folly of this sort. What he really undertakes to do is to give an outline of our prosodial history and literature, and especially to analyze and describe the mechanism of our verse, and point out the laws that govern its structure, and are essential to its perfection; and he does this with such scientific precision that one who possesses the "faculty divine" may be assisted to body forth his conceptions in the forms best fitted for their harmonious expression, and free from the defects that mar the productions of many who are true poets. Mr. Lanier assumes that so far as its exterior form is concerned, *sound* is the real clew to the whole labyrinth of English verse; that what we call "verse" is a set of specially related sounds; that when we *hear* verse, we hear a set of relations between sounds; that when we silently *read* verse, we *see* that which brings to us a set of relations between sounds; when we *imagine* verse, we imagine a set of relations between sounds; that it is the failure to recognize verse as in all respects a phenomenon of sound, and to appreciate the necessary consequences thereof, which has hitherto caused the non-existence of a science of formal poetry; and that therefore the study of verse must begin with the study of sounds. He then formulates the following proposition as the basis of a science of verse: Sounds may be studied with reference to only four particulars, first, how long a sound lasts (duration); second, how loud a sound is (intensity); third, how shrill—that is, how high, as to bass or treble—a sound is (pitch); and fourth, of what sounds a given sound is composed (tone-color). These physical principles are explained and classified in an interesting preliminary chapter investigating sound as an artistic material; and as a result of the discussion Mr. Lanier arranges his treatise in three parts, respectively, on the rhythms, the tunes, and the colors of English verse. Each of these is subjected to an elaborate analytical investigation, the whole running through a series of essays severally on the duration, quantity, and grouping of English verse-sounds; on the various rhythmic forms and groupings that belong to our verse; and on rhyme, vowel-distribution, consonant-distribution, and alliteration, as presenting the phenomena of tone-color. Mr. Lanier's work is valuable for its historical outline of the origin, transitions, and contrasts of English verse, and it has a substantial claim on the attention of the ama-

[7] *Ballads and Lyrics.* Selected and Arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo, pp. 388. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[8] *The Science of English Verse.* By Sidney Lanier. 8vo, pp. 315. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

teur, the student, and the professional poet, by reason of the thorough technical knowledge it imparts, and its keen analysis of the phenomena and constituents of verse.

In the spring of 1879 a society was formed in Boston for the purpose of furthering and directing archæological investigation and research; and at one of its earliest meetings a constitution was adopted naming it "The Archæological Institute of America," and more specifically setting forth its organization and methods of procedure. The society is made up of "life" and "annual" members, and at the date of its first report, May 15, 1880, these numbered a little over one hundred. Their number may be increased by life and annual members who shall respectively contribute one hundred dollars at one time, or ten dollars per year, until there are three hundred and fifty members, after which no more will be admitted except when elected by the executive committee. The government of the Institute is vested in this committee, which consists of a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and five ordinary members, all of whom are elected annually, except the treasurer and secretary, and these are chosen by the executive committee, and hold office at its pleasure. The executive committee determines the work to be undertaken by the Institute and the mode of its accomplishment, and has the power to employ agents, and expend the funds of the Institute for the purposes for which it was formed; and as at present constituted it consists of Charles Eliot Norton, president; Martin Brimmer, vice-president; O. W. Peabody, treasurer; E. H. Greenleaf, secretary; and Francis Parkman, H. W. Haynes, W. W. Goodwin, Alexander Agassiz, and William R. Ware, ordinary members. Until the membership reaches three hundred and fifty any person may become a life or annual member by forwarding the requisite sum to the secretary, at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The aims of the Institute, as definitely stated in the report, are to increase the knowledge of the early history of mankind, to quicken the interest in classical and Biblical studies, to promote an acquaintance with the prehistoric antiquities of our own country, and to enlarge the resources of our universities and museums by such collections of works of art and remains of antiquity as it may be enabled to make. This statement of the organization and objects of a society may not seem strictly pertinent in a department of this Magazine devoted to literary notices, but the relationship of this particular society to literature is so close as to warrant the deviation. And, besides, the society has borne fruit in a volume of unusual interest, forming the *First Annual Report of the Executive Committee*,[9] edited by the president, Professor Norton. This report comprises a well-considered review of the work of the Institute during the first year of its existence, and a statement of the plans of the committee for future work; an elaborate essay, by Hon. Lewis H. Morgan, on the system of house-building practiced by the American Indians, and on the inferences to be drawn from it in regard to their habits of life and social condition; a study, by Mr. Joseph T. Clarke, of the country that forms the Greek shores, which embodies a large fund of valuable information relative to its topography and its historical and archæological remains; and a profoundly interesting report, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, on the remarkable ancient walls recently exhumed on a height called Monte Leone, in the province of Grosseto, Italy. Each of these papers possesses intrinsic value, and all are written with ability and elegance, and are conceived in the true spirit of archæological scholarship. The work performed by the Institute in its first year, as represented by these carefully prepared papers, is a satisfactory guarantee of the earnestness and comprehensive ability of those who are in charge of it; and their plans for the future, if sustained by the culture and wealth of our citizens, are full of promise of important scientific results. Among these plans already determined upon is a scientific study of the Indians of Colorado and New Mexico, with special reference to the life of the village Indians in that region; a further study of Greek remains by Mr. Clarke; and the exploration of an Old World site, where the committee have every confidence that discoveries of interest may be made, and upon which they are prepared to begin work as soon as the public supply them with the requisite means, estimated at not less than eight thousand dollars. The committee do not think it advisable to state the full nature of their plans with reference to this exploration, nor even to name the site they have chosen, lest, through publicity, complications may arise which might interfere with the carrying out of their designs. The committee also recommend the establishment of scholarships of archæology in our colleges, which shall train a succession of scholars who may be expected to advance the science, and of a travelling studentship in archæology, similar to that established at Oxford by an anonymous benefactor, with valuable results.

On the Wing through Europe[10] is the title of just such a journal of a flying tour of Europe, during the year of the Paris Exposition, as we might expect from almost any one of our clear-headed and sensible men of business writing for the entertainment of friends at home. Lively, concise, straightforward, touching lightly but intelligently upon a multiplici-

[9] *Archæological Institute of America. First Annual Report of the Executive Committee.* With Accompanying Papers. 1879–1880. Presented at the Annual Meeting of the Institute. 8vo, pp. 163. Cambridge: John Wilson and Son.

[10] *On the Wing through Europe.* By a Business Man (F. C. Sessions). Sq. 12mo, pp. 299. Columbus: H. W. Derby and Co.

ty of topics without falling into sentimentality on the one hand or lapsing into a too prosaic literalness on the other, it is an agreeable and unaffected record of impressions of travel. Its author's brief descriptions of phases of transatlantic life, manners, customs, and scenes, and of memorable places and buildings, are distinguished by the business man's faculty for close and sharp observation of men and things, and of arriving at rapid and generally just conclusions concerning them.

Mr. A. A. Hayes makes it clearly manifest in his *New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail*[11] that he possesses the essentials for a successful traveller, so far as "push" and enterprise are concerned, together with a happy faculty for chronicling his adventures by flood and field. Adventurous, with a quick eye for the beautiful and a joyous love of nature, keenly observant of all that relates to the peculiarities of the country in which he travels—its resources, possibilities, and people—and indefatigable in his personal researches, he unites to these important requisites an irrepressible gayety of spirit and a reserve of quiet fun and humor that make him as pleasant a companion for the fireside as we can easily conceive him to be among the fields and mountains, the mines and cañons, of the far-off Western land he so gracefully describes. Mr. Hayes's book embraces interesting descriptions of the resources, scenery, and natural curiosities of the Colorado region; graphic accounts—none the less graphic for being thoroughly practical—of the cattle and sheep business as prosecuted there on a gigantic scale, and of the agricultural methods that are necessitated by the magnitude of this pursuit; and spirited sketches of mining life, and of incidents of travel and residence, which are by turns wild and lawless, lugubrious and comical, pathetic, poetic, and rigidly matter-of-fact. In addition, Mr. Hayes touches lightly but suggestively on the rich field that awaits antiquarian research in the Colorado region, and imparts much valuable information for invalids and tourists. The volume is copiously illustrated with engravings depicting the characteristic features of Colorado life and society.

Eight important and extended episodes of English history are described in such a way as to instruct the young, and interest them in historical reading, in as many sketches of English cathedrals and cathedral cities, which have been grouped in a prettily written volume entitled *Stories of the Cathedral Cities of England*,[12] by Emma Marshall. The sketches give an account of the origin of the cathedral cities of Canterbury, York, London, Westminster, Winchester, Durham, Carlisle, and Chester, and of so much of the times that were contemporaneous with their founding as is necessary to a due understanding of the religious, social, and domestic character of the English people at that early day, as well as of their institutions. They also comprise outline histories of the cathedrals in these cities, and descriptions of them as they appeared at different stages of their construction, and as they now exist. Some of these descriptions are quite animated, and are embellished with graphic accounts of the great events that have occurred hard by or within these venerable and stately piles, and with portraitures of the historical personages who have been most prominently associated with them. The stories are of the kind to stir the fancy of the young, and satisfy their craving for knowledge, combining enough of the legendary and romantic to rouse the interest, and enough of the real and actual to appeal to the sympathies and incite further inquiry.

For some years before the Revolutionary war Judge Thomas Jones was a prominent and influential man in this city, having filled the office of Recorder from 1769 to 1773, and afterward the honorable position of justice of the Supreme Court of the then Province of New York. In the discussions that precipitated the conflict for independence the judge sided actively and with characteristic irascibility with the mother country and against the patriots, and throughout the war remained an earnest and uncompromising Tory. In the summer of 1776 he was arrested by the patriot authorities for disaffection, was sent by them to Connecticut as a prisoner, was released on parole in December of that year, was again seized as a prisoner in 1779, and held as such until he was exchanged in 1780, and finally sailed for England in 1781, where he survived, a soured and disappointed man, until 1793. During his residence in England he reduced to form a *History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and of the leading Events in the other Colonies at that Period*, which was published by the New York Historical Society in 1879. On its publication it excited the lively interest, or rather curiosity, of historical scholars, because it was a rare and valuable relic of the "times that tried men's souls," and also a contemporaneous version of the events that preceded and attended the struggle, by one who, while being bitterly antipathetic to the patriot cause, and far from fully in sympathy with the conduct of affairs by the British civil and military leaders, was expected to reveal the sentiments, motives, and feelings of that large body of our countrymen who were loyalists. This expectation was disappointed, however, as the work, instead of reflecting the feelings and opinions of the loyalists as a body, merely gives expression to the sentiments and idiosyncrasies of one of the most uncompro-

[11] *New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail.* By A. A. Hayes, Jun. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 200. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Stories of the Cathedral Cities of England.* By Emma Marshall. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

mising of their number, Judge Jones himself. On this account it has never been received implicitly as an authority by those most conversant with the history of the period of which it treats. But, as is often the case with the side that reaches the ear with the "last word," Judge Jones's narrative has made an impression upon many altogether incommensurate with its intrinsic merits. Many of his statements, even when most circumstantial, aspersing the reputation of eminent patriot soldiers and civilians, or reflecting upon distinguished British officers, are so fallacious and injurious that a competent historical student, Mr. Henry P. Johnston, author of *The Campaign of 1776 around New York and Brooklyn*, has felt constrained to criticise and refute them, in view of the facts that Judge Jones's work has been quoted as an authority, and that some of its errors have been repeated and are likely to be perpetuated by American historical writers. Hitherto Mr. Johnston's researches and investigations have been so careful and thorough, and his candor and impartiality so conspicuous, that great credit justly attaches to his statements and conclusions on historical questions relating to the Revolutionary period, especially those connected with the city of New York and its vicinity. His examination[13] of Judge Jones's history is conducted in so temperate a spirit as to command respect, and is supported by such conclusive evidence as to satisfy the judgment. The points having a paramount interest to Americans which are reviewed and refuted by Mr. Johnston are Judge Jones's statements charging Washington with having broken his parole when he was taken prisoner by the French in 1754; with countenancing and tacitly approving indignities perpetrated by overzealous patriots upon Tories; with justifying a flagrant breach of the parole given to Judge Jones by the civil authorities; and with inhumanity to Captain Asgill, of the British Guards, when that officer was in his hands, after having been designated by lot to atone for the murder of Captain Huddy by the British. The other points of special interest considered by Mr. Johnston are the judge's grave accusations charging Governor Trumbull with unfairness, and Colonels Meigs and Lamb with dishonorable acts and violation of their paroles; his sophistical and erroneous versions of Dr. Franklin's treatment of his son William, the loyalist Governor of New Jersey; of the methods by which the proprietary province of Pennsylvania was converted into a republican State; of the condition of public sentiment in Connecticut in 1776 with respect to the state of popular feeling for or against liberty; and of the scenes at the evacuation of Charleston and Savannah by the British in 1782. Mr. Johnston subjects each of these to a calm but searching scrutiny, and demonstrates that they are colored by partisan feeling or vindictiveness, and are either unsupported assertions or are directly contradicted by convincing evidence. His review, although in the form of a brief pamphlet, is a valuable contribution to the personal annals of our war of independence.

THE late Bishop Whittingham was remarkable for his amiability, and, as is often the case with men of gentle manners and disposition, he was equally remarkable for the steadfastness with which he adhered to his convictions, and the earnest energy with which he gave utterance to them. His gentleness and amiability were native to him; from his earliest youth the sweetness of his character and demeanor attracted the love of all who came in contact with him; and as he advanced in years he cultivated these gracious amenities till they assumed the proportions of Christian virtues. There was nothing of weakness in his gentleness, nor of obstinacy in his resolute adherence to his opinions, and his fervid defense and advocacy of them. Loyalty and faith were as native to him as gentleness and sweetness; and just as, by a careful training of himself, he removed the latter from the lower level of temperament into the higher atmosphere of Christian duty, so by diligent study and research he converted his natural predisposition to reverence sacred things into convictions and beliefs concerning them. He was not a Christian merely because he had the disposition natural to a Christian, but also because he had painfully and thoroughly investigated the evidences on which Christianity is founded, and had satisfied his intellect of their truth. These dominant characteristics of Bishop Whittingham are everywhere visible in the fifteen practical and instructive sermons[14] which his friends have collected into a volume as a memorial of him. A faithful reflection of his life and character, their every entreaty, appeal, argument, warning, and denunciation glows with love and tenderness; and although they are uttered in the gentlest tones, their earnestness and impressiveness attest the depth of his sincerity.

THE argument for Sunday observance is temperately and forcibly stated severally from the religious, the moral, the legal, the physiological, and the economic stand-point, in a number of essays, papers, and addresses by eminent clergymen and laymen, presented in October of last year at the Massachusetts Sabbath Conventions held at Boston and Springfield. These have been collected and edited by Rev. Will C. Wood,[15] and, as arranged by him, fall under

[13] *Observations on Judge Jones's Loyalist History of the American Revolution.* By HENRY P. JOHNSTON. 8vo, pp. 86. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *Fifteen Sermons.* By WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM, Fourth Bishop of Maryland. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[15] *Sabbath Essays:* Papers and Addresses Presented at the Massachusetts Sabbath Conventions, at Boston and Springfield, October, 1879. Edited by Rev. WILL C. WOOD. 8vo, pp. 440. Boston: Congregational Publication Society.

three general heads: (1) The Rationale of the Sabbath, comprising the arguments for a day of weekly rest, drawn from Nature and from the Word of God; (2) a Historical View, tracing the Sabbath in history from the pre-Mosaic and later Jewish times, and through the epochs of the primitive Christian Church and of the Reformation, down to the present; and (3) an exposition of the Sabbath in its civil and social bearings, exhibiting its relations to the state and society. Each of the papers under these divisions is a concise plea, presented in terms so clear and simple as to be on a level with the plainest understanding, enforcing some special essential position of the general argument; and, combined, they cover the entire ground, if not exhaustively, yet with great fullness and ingenuity, and great amplitude of illustration and inference. Among the themes discussed with signal vigor and ability, and with peculiar closeness of reasoning, are "The Sacredness of the Sabbath Essential and Eternal," by Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D.; "The Physical, Intellectual, and Economic Advantages of the Sabbath," by Rev. Joseph Cook; "The Sabbath and the Family," by Rev. Henry M. King, D.D.; "The pre-Mosaic Sabbath," by Rev. Joshua T. Tucker, D.D.; "The Sabbath in Jewish History," by President Hovey; "The Change of the Sabbath to the Lord's Day," by Professor E. C. Smyth; "Civil Law and the Sabbath," by ex-President Woolsey; and "The Sabbath and Free Institutions," by President E. G. Robinson.

Mr. Joseph Cook has so long indulged in the habit of coupling preludes and lectures that have no possible relationship that it has become chronic. The incongruity of the practice may not be patent to himself, or to those of his admirers who assemble to listen to his Monday evening talks, but it is becoming monotonous and slightly suggestive of the farcical to the rest of mankind. Few men need as little as he to have recourse to an affectation of originality of this questionable sort. A quick and sagacious observer, a clear though not profound thinker, the master of a copious and expressive vocabulary, and an aggressive and forcible writer and speaker, he can command attention without resorting to such a poor device. The latest two volumes of his Monday lectures[16] [17] afford unequivocal evidence of this; for, although they betray an increasing tendency to handle sensational topics in a sensational way, they embody so much sound common-sense and practical wisdom, and they present hackneyed themes in a light so new and impressive, that they irresistibly arrest the attention, and can not fail to influence opinion and action. In these volumes Mr. Cook does not discuss labor and socialism scientifically, it may be, but we doubt if there have been any utterances of a popular kind that give the reader so clear an insight of those important problems, or that more skillfully anatomize the fallacies which form the staple of those demagogues who insist that labor and capital are natural or necessary enemies, and that Socialism is the panacea for all our social and political ills. His lectures on "The Rich and Poor in Factory Towns," on "Sex in Industry," on "Wages and Children's Rights," and on "Natural and Starvation Wages," in the volume on *Labor*, and the lectures and preludes in the one on *Socialism*, on "Socialism as a Political Blunder," on "Self-Help, and not State Help, the Hope of the Poor," on "Co-operation," on "Lax Honor in Commercial Life," and on "Party Greed," are remarkable for their rugged eloquence, the severity of their analysis, and the simplicity and appositeness of their illustrations and deductions.

[16] *Labor.* With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. 12mo, pp. 307. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[17] *Socialism.* With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. 12mo, pp. 307. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

Dr. Bartol has compressed into a volume of moderate dimensions, entitled *Principles and Portraits*,[18] eleven essays on subjects of impressive interest, touching matters spiritual and mundane, and half a dozen portraitures of personal character, each of which sparkles with antithesis or is pregnant with sententious though occasionally exaggerated thoughts. The essays are on such large subjects as education, deity, science, art, love, life, politics, etc.; and the portraitures include among others sketches of Shakspeare, Channing, and Bushnell. As we read his pithy, brief sentences, sharply punctuated with epigram and paradox, the rush of his ideas fairly puts us out of breath, so rapidly does he pile thought upon thought, and so quickly does one axiomatic or speculative proposition tread upon the heels of another. Each of his essays and portraitures is a spur to thought: one can not read them without being made to think, any more than the flint may be struck by the steel without giving out a spark. We may not always see the immediate connection between the several parts of his compositions, owing to his habit of enunciating his fervid ideas in an apparently vagrant or dislocated way, with the result of some obscurity as to the ultimate drift; but as we grow familiar with his style and methods of reasoning, we discover that each seemingly unrelated part is a link in the chain of his argument, and has a distinct, though perhaps remote, bearing upon it. Dr. Bartol's characteristics as a suggestive thinker and a terse, bold, and vigorous writer are everywhere perceptible in this exceedingly thoughtful and incisive volume.

Those who have been deterred from reading French novels because of their reputation (too

[18] *Principles and Portraits.* By C. A. Bartol. 16mo, pp. 460. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

justly deserved by many of them) for pyrotechnical display and excessive frivolity and immorality, may read Edmond About's *Story of an Honest Man*[19] without any apprehension that their taste will be offended or their delicacy subjected to the slightest strain. Its tone is pure, its incidents are perfectly natural and, although striking, free from extravagance, and its *dramatis personæ* are genuine men and women, whose oddities even are the spontaneous outgrowth of their native character, and invariably lean to the side of honor and virtue. Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, though a more humorous conception, is not a nobler specimen of simplicity, integrity, and chivalrous purity than the grandfather of the hero of M. About's story, and lacks many of the sturdy, fine qualities of the latter. The father of the hero is another robust character, who possesses all the simple and heroic virtues of the grandfather, with the addition of greater intellectuality and that more progressive spirit which enables him to regard all mankind with the kindly feelings that the older man reserved for Frenchmen only. The pictures of the domestic life of these loyal and true-hearted men, of the early training of the child who is the hero of the story, and of the effect wrought upon the child by the death of his father, and its influence upon his choice of a career, are as elevating as they are tender. M. About has interwoven with a love story which is replete with interesting mutations a graphic view of the state of feeling and of the social condition of a rural province of France prior to one of the periodical national revolutions, and also a spirited and suggestive description of the methods by which the hero of the tale was enabled, by his tact, ingenuity, skill, self-devotion, and mastery of delicate business problems, to raise one of the industries of France to the highest pitch of excellence and prosperity. The novel couples instruction with entertainment in a way so unobtrusive and attractive as to rivet the attention of the reader without any consciousness of effort or sense of weariness.

No. 13 *Rue Marlot*[20] is the characteristic title of another French novel, which has few of the sterling qualities of the fine tale just noticed. It is an exceedingly clever detective story, in which the interest turns upon the supposed murder of a gentleman, as the Parisian police suspect, by the husband of his daughter, an Italian musician and exile who had married the daughter against her father's will, and had thereby incurred the old man's wrath. Among other circumstances, the suspicion of the French police was increased by the discovery of violent letters addressed to the father by the son-in-law. Through the cleverness and address of an American detective who happened to be in Paris, and who became interested in the case, it turns out, after numerous involvements, and after the innocent daughter has been made to endure imprisonment and protracted misery, that the French police were totally at fault, and that the supposed murder was no murder, but that the death of the father had been caused by a fit, excited by the discovery of his lost daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and that the wound to which his death had been attributed was received, after his death-stroke, from a fall upon a weapon that had belonged to the son-in-law, and had come accidentally into the old man's hands. On this slight thread a sensational story is constructed which has at least the merit of being curiously ingenious.

THERE are few of our contemporary novelists to whom we are as much indebted for thoroughly genial reading as we are to the author of *Mr. Smith*. None of Mrs. Walford's novels may be styled dramatic; her plots have no exciting entanglements; the incidents of her stories are rarely imposing or affecting; and it is seldom that the characters who figure in them are of the kind that we recognize as typical, whether we have regard to their peculiarities or their representative qualities. Nevertheless, we are familiar with no recent romances whose stories are more fascinating, or whose characters are more animated and engaging. Her latest production, *Troublesome Daughters*,[21] combines all her best characteristics. Fresh, lively, sparkling with gayety and a sense of motion, shaded here and there by trials and vexations that are sufficient to awaken our solicitude for her actors, but are not so heavy as to leave a scar on any of them, and chastened by an occasional under-tone of deep and tender feeling, it is a book to raise the spirits of an invalid, and to cheat even the most confirmed *ennuyé* of his indifference.

FIVE passages from the supposititious diary of a young girl, describing her experiences of fashionable city life, from the first ball at her "coming out" till, at the close of her "second season," she settles down into the comparative quiet of wedded life, form the staple of a story entitled *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*,[22] which abounds in clever and piquant sketches of society usages, manners, and people, looked at from the stand-point of a *débutante*. The assumed diarist records with refreshing spirit and vivacity the impressions made upon her by the gayeties in which she became involved, and by the typical society men and women by whom she was surrounded; and although she

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[19] *The Story of an Honest Man.* By EDMOND ABOUT. 8vo, pp. 270. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[20] *No.* 13 *Rue Marlot.* Translated from the French of RENÉ DE PONT-JOST. By VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. 16mo, pp. 258. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[21] *Troublesome Daughters.* By L. B. WALFORD. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 530. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[22] *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl.* A Story of Fashionable Life. Edited by ROBERT GRANT. 16mo, pp. 220. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

styles herself "a frivolous girl," and for the time being surrenders herself, butterfly-like, to the enjoyments of the hour, and revels in the brilliance and glitter and allurements of society, she is far from being as thoroughly empty or irreclaimably giddy as the term would seem to indicate. On the contrary, being naturally sound at heart and gifted with good sense, she is prompt, as her arch revelations plainly show, to detect the shams and hollowness of her gay life, and equally quick to penetrate and estimate at their true worth the characters of the gallants who flutter in her train and flatter her with their devotions. This native soundness of her disposition saves her from degenerating into a vain and soulless woman of the world, and enables her so to distinguish between the glamour of superficial seeming and the genuineness of real worth, and so to blend her enjoyments and duties, that she comes out of the furnace of fashionable society unscathed, though still relishing its innocent gayeties, and fit to become the loving and helpful wife of the sterling but staid man who wins and merits her fresh young love.

Cross-Purposes[23] is one of the most pleasing, though perhaps least pretentious, novels of the month. Its heroine is one of those brave and loving women who refuse to succumb to adversity, and who, putting their own shoulders to the wheel, take the burdens of those they love upon themselves, and bear them heroically and cheerfully. The type is not an uncommon one in romance or in real life, but it has seldom been made to appear more engaging than in the resolute, spirited, joyous, warm-hearted, and beautiful Elsé Bertram of this tale. The reader will have all his sympathies enlisted for her, as she sets herself now to one and then to another self-imposed and self-sacrificing task, and as she overcomes every difficulty by her straightforward and loving energy, till the sunshine of happiness not only gilds the pathway of those for whom she had toiled and endured, but irradiates her own faithful heart.

[23] *Cross-Purposes.* A Novel. By Cecilia Findlay. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 42. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The readers of this Magazine will be glad to learn that Mr. Nordhoff has collected his stories[24] depicting phases of New England life, which originally appeared, with one exception, in its pages, and that they have been made accessible to those who can appreciate their racy humor and rich stores of proverbial wisdom by their publication in the popular "Franklin Square Library."

No words of description or criticism are needed to introduce to the reader Charles Kingsley's brilliant religio-historical novel *Hypatia*,[25] or Dr. Warren's well-known tales, *The Experiences of a Barrister*.[26] The former has been republished by the Messrs. Harper in their "Franklin Square Library," and the latter in permanent form by Messrs. Estes and Luariat.

[24] *Cape Cod and All Along Shore.* Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 39. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *Hypatia: New Foes with an Old Face.* By Charles Kingsley. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 81. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *The Experiences of a Barrister, and Confessions of an Attorney.* By Samuel Warren. 8vo, pp. 376. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of August.—State Conventions were held as follows: Ohio Democratic, Cleveland, July 22, nominating Judge William Long, of Tiffin, for Secretary of State; M. B. Follett for Supreme Judge; Richard J. Fanning, present incumbent, for Clerk of the Supreme Court; W. J. Jackson for Board of Public Works; J. J. Burns, present incumbent, for Commissioner of Schools; R. P. Ranney and John F. Follett for Presidential Electors at Large. Missouri Democratic, St. Louis, July 22, nominating Colonel Robert A. Campbell, of St. Louis, for Lieutenant-Governor; Robert D. Ray, of Carroll County, for Judge of the Supreme Court; M. K. McGrath for Secretary of State; and Phil. E. Chappell for Treasurer. California Greenback, San Francisco, July 22, nominating two Congressmen. Vermont Democratic, Burlington, July 22, nominating Edward J. Phelps for Governor; George W. Gates for Lieutenant-Governor; and James K. Williams for Treasurer. Ohio Greenback, Columbus, July 28, nominating Charles A. Lloyd, of Seneca, for Secretary of State; D. W. C. Louden, of Brown County, for Supreme Judge. Michigan Republican, Jackson, August 5, nominating Moreau S. Crisby for Lieutenant-Governor; William Jenny for Secretary of State; Benjamin L. Pritchard for Treasurer; W. J. Latimer for Auditor-General. Georgia Democratic, Atlanta, August 10, renominating A. H. Colquitt for Governor. Colorado Democratic, Leadville, August 20, nominating John S. Hough, of Hillsdale County, for Governor; W. C. Stover, of Larimer County, for Lieutenant-Governor; O. Urfug for Secretary of State. New Jersey Republican, Trenton, August 18, nominating Frederic A. Potts for Governor. Connecticut Democratic, New Haven, August 18, nominating James E. English for Governor, and Charles M. Pond for Lieutenant-Governor. New York Greenback, Syracuse, August 18, nominating Thomas C. Armstrong for Judge of Court of Appeals. Michigan Democratic, Detroit, August 12, nominating F. M. Holloway for Governor; E. H.

Thompson for Lieutenant-Governor; Henry P. Henderson for Attorney-General; I. M. Weston for Treasurer; General Richard Moore for Auditor; James I. David for Land Commissioner; Zelotus Truesdale for Superintendent of Public Instruction. Tennessee Democratic, Nashville, August 12, split and made two nominations for Governor, John V. Wright and S. F. Wilson. California Republican, Sacramento, August 12, choosing Electors at Large. Connecticut Republican, Hartford, August 11, nominating H. B. Bigelow for Governor, and William H. Bulkeley for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Independent People's Labor Convention met at Sharon, Pennsylvania, July 28, and indorsed the nominations of Garfield and Arthur.

The Alabama State election was held August 2. A majority of 90,000 is reported by the Democrats.

During the year ending June 30, 1880, 457,243 immigrants arrived in the United States, or 279,417 more than those of the previous year.

The recent disturbances in Ireland are causing some anxiety to the British government. In the House of Commons, August 23, Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, stated that it was not thought necessary to ask for exceptional powers for the preservation of peace and the protection of life and property. A rising was not feared, but the condition of the country is precarious, and should the necessity arise, government would not hesitate to summon Parliament to obtain additional powers; but they do not think the occasion is likely to arise.

The British House of Commons, July 26, passed the bill providing for the compensation of Irish tenants, when ejected by their landlords, for the improvements which the tenants have made upon the property. The House of Lords, August 3, rejected the bill by a vote of 282 to 51.—The House of Lords passed the Irish Relief Bill July 30.—The government's proposal to increase the income tax was rejected by the House of Commons July 27.

A return published in connection with the bill introduced by Mr. Plimsoll, before quitting Parliament, for the better security of vessels with grain cargoes, shows that between the years 1873 and 1880 twenty-six steam-ships, laden wholly or partially with grain, foundered at sea, and twenty-four were reported as missing; and during the same period 100 grain-laden sailing vessels foundered, and 111 were reported as missing.

Fresh disturbances have occurred in Afghanistan, and the situation is far from satisfactory. On July 22 the British government formally recognized the new Ameer, Abdurrahman Khan, and announced the proposed early withdrawal of their troops within the frontier fixed by the Treaty of Gandamak. Hardly had this announcement been made when tidings came of a serious disaster to the British arms. General Burrows's brigade, while re-enforcing Shere Ali, the newly appointed ruler of Candahar, in a defense against Ayoob Khan, sovereign of Herat, who had attacked him, was badly routed, with a loss of 1000 men, including 400 Europeans and 21 officers. General Primrose's division was driven into the citadel. The enemy is besieging the city, and General Roberts is on his way to relieve the defenders. Re-enforcements have been sent from England.

The returns of the elections for Councils-General in France—with Corsica yet to be heard from—show that 902 Republicans and 372 Conservatives were chosen. The Republicans gain 240. One hundred and twenty-five second ballotings will be necessary.

Mr. Goschen, the British ambassador, has communicated to the Porte a telegram from the British consul at Scutari, announcing that the Albanians are preparing to resist the surrender of territory to Montenegro. The diplomatic body at Constantinople are convinced of the sincerity of the Porte in offering to cede Dulcigno, but doubt its ability to do so. Several ambassadors have received instructions from their respective governments in reference to their reply to the Porte in regard to the Greek frontier question. The powers decline the proposal of the Porte to open direct negotiations with the ambassadors at Constantinople.

A royal decree has been issued in Spain abrogating the decree of May 16, 1850, and declaring the sons of Alfonso direct heirs to the throne, with the title of Princes of Asturias.

DISASTERS.

July 17.—Powder explosion at Kosk, Southern Russia. Eighteen killed and twelve wounded.

July 22.—Steam-yacht *Mamie* cut in two by steamer *Garland*, on the Detroit River, nine miles below Detroit. Sixteen lives lost.

August 11.—Collision of two excursion trains on the West Jersey Railroad, at May's Landing, New Jersey. Twenty-three persons killed.

OBITUARY.

July 23.—In Philadelphia, Dr. Constantine Hering, founder of the homœopathic school of medicine in the United States, aged eighty years.

August 9.—In Clearfield, Pennsylvania, ex-Governor William Bigler, in his sixty-sixth year.

August 15.—In Paris, Adelaide Neilson, the celebrated actress.—In London, England, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for many years British Ambassador to the Porte, aged ninety-two years.

August 16.—At his residence in Jefferson County, Georgia, ex-Governor Herschel V. Johnson, aged sixty-eight years.

August 18.—In Bergen, Norway, Ole Bornemann Bull, violinist, aged seventy years.

August 24.—In Buffalo, New York, General Albert J. Myer, Chief Signal Officer of the United States.

Editor's Drawer.

THE following composition, written by a young hopeful in Onondaga County, was read before a Teachers' Institute by a grave and reverend LL.D., whose sense of the ludicrous is so keen that he fairly shook and gasped in his efforts to suppress unseemly mirth until he finished:

"MEAT MARKET.

"Meat Market is a place where there is things to sell. There is most trade in the morning and evening, as they butcher their things in the afternoon. There is two Meat Market in this place; we trade to both. Meat Markets are very useful; if it was not for Meat Market we should have to butcher our own things. I think all these things show the providence of God."

WE are getting to have many curious epitaphs in this new country of ours. The last one of which we have heard comes from Indianapolis, Indiana, where a man has had the uncommon experience of losing five excellent wives. He was desirous of erecting a headstone for each, setting forth their virtues, but was deterred by the expense. A happy thought struck him. The wives were buried side by side. He accordingly had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Emma," "Jane," "Mary," "Margaret," "Elizabeth"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand were the words, "For epitaph, see large stone."

LEN PEEK'S WAGER.

HENDERSON was a farmer on a small scale, residing a short distance from the mill-pond on the north side. How he obtained the title of Doctor will be told hereafter. This was before he had become a divine. A great talker was he—the greatest in the neighborhood. Among other possessions of which he boasted was a very large, savage dog—a cross of the cur and bull. One day at the mill, where Len Peek, himself, and others were assembled, he wound up a discourse on this dog by saying that there wasn't a man on top of the ground who could dare to come into his house day or night without arms or other protection. Len was a man of very few words, and those were usually uttered in low tones. "Henderson," said he, almost in a whisper, "I can go thar without a thing in my hand, and run him out o' yer yaard."

Everybody but Henderson laughed, and *he* was disgusted.

"You?—you?—Len Peek?"

"Yes, me, Len Peek. I can go thar without a thing in my hand, and run him out o' yer yaard. And I'll bet you a dollar on it."

Henderson's disgust seemed to hinder any words from his mouth, and the laugh was redoubled. "You know I don't bet, Len." For he was even then somewhat anticipating and preparing in his mind for the ministry.

"Well, I'll *lay* you a dollar. If I do what I say, you give me a dollar without bettin', and likewise, also, I the same will give you a dollar if I don't." And he shifted his tobacco from his jaw, and chewed it rapidly between his front teeth, as if he felt that he had Henderson where he wanted him.

"Len's got you there, Henderson," said Jim Hart. "You can't get around that."

"Oh, I admit it, boys," said Henderson. "I see the difference, but I don't want to see the poor creeter hurt. I wouldn't see that, and at my own house, *fur* a dollar."

"Oh, I see, I see." And Len turned away in disgust, and the company laughed yet louder.

"See what, you weazened— See what?"

"That you're 'fraid—'fraid for yer dollar, or 'fraid for yer dorg, and I don't know which. But ef I was in your place, I would never say anything about that thar dorg any more; that is, right round and about here, in this here neighborhood."

"Oh, well, if you want to git eat up—"

"That's adzactly what I'm arfter," said Len, "or—that thar dollar o' yourn; and ef I *am* to be eat up by a dorg, and 'specially your dorg, Henderson, it's time it was done. But never you mind."

This was too much. The bet was made, though, in respect to Henderson's scruples, it was called a *lay* instead of a bet. Poor Len had to borrow a quarter here, and a sevenpence there. The money was deposited with Jim Hart, and the trial was to take place at any time within a fortnight.

Two days afterward Dr. Henderson was sitting, about an hour after dinner, in his front piazza, and alternately reading and drowsing. The house was forty or fifty paces from the gate. Suddenly, hearing a smothered cough, he looked up, and saw Len Peek standing before him.

"Why, hello, Len! that you? You liked to 'a skeered me. How did you git in?"

"At the gate."

"How long have you been here?"

"About two minutes and three-quarters."

"Good gracious! long as that?"

"It mout not 'a been more'n two minutes and a half, but I'd swar it's been over two, and not beyont three."

"How did you git in, did you say, Len?"

"At the gate. How do you supposen I could 'a got in providin' I didn't git in by the gate?"

"I thought maybe—" and Henderson looked up at the ceiling and back through the door leading into the house, and around generally.

"No, sir," said Len, in very low tones, "in

none o' them places, but right plum through your gate."

"I wonder whar Tige is?"

"He's out yonder a-layin' down on the grass by the kitchen door. I've come for my dollar, Henderson. I come yisterday, but I come too soon."

"You here yisterday?"

"Yes; not adzactly here—that is, in the house—but I was a-prowlin' around, and I seed that yer dorg were a-hungry, and he were res'less. Considerin' what a good *geard* he is, Henderson, you ought to feed that dorg better and give him his dinner sooner. I looked at him, and I seed it warn't the right time, and I left."

"Did he see you?"

"Not as I knows of."

"You may thank your stars for that, Len."

"Better for you and him to be a-thankin' o' yer stars, providin' you and him hev got any stars to be a-thankin'."

"Look here, Len, come now, don't be a foo—that is, don't be brash. I'm thankful that Tige didn't see you when you come yisterday nor to-day. If he had, you wouldn't 'a wanted a dollar soon, except it mout be to help pay the doctor, if any of you had a-been left. Set down, Len, and let me talk with you awhile."

"Look here, Henderson, I promised Jimmy Sharp a pan of suckers for breakfast, and I've got to catch 'em to-night. You're a mighty interestin' talker, but I hain't the time now to listen to you. If you say, I go to Jim Hart and git the two dollars, and you willin' to be laughed at and talked about at the mill, all right."

"No, I'll be blam— No, Len. I've dealt with you farly; and if you're such a foo—if you are determined to be so brash, why, go ahead. But I'll go 'long with you, for I don't want—"

"Keep yer seat," said Len, in a passionate whisper. "Keep yer seat. I wants none o' yer help. Will you keep yer seat?"

Henderson looked at him with amazement. "Look here, Len, it's understood that I'm clear o' the law?"

"Yes, yes, clear o' the law and everything else except yer dollar; that I'm goin' to have. Will you keep yer seat, and say nothin'?"

"I will."

"Good."

Len glided out of the piazza, and down the steps; then he got upon his all fours. Noiselessly and swiftly as a duck upon the pond, he crept to the dog, as, being fully fed, he lay asleep upon the grass. Then bending over him, he whispered in his ear. The great beast instantly sprang up and gave an amazed look at his awakener, who crouched and grinned and chattered in his face. Suddenly he uttered a howl that echoed far and wide, turned, scampered to the fence, cleared it at a bound, and, howling yet, plunged into the woods hard by.

"Good-by, Henderson," Len said, as he walked back by the piazza without stopping. "I'm all right, ain't I? What shall I say to Jim?"

"Take it, you devil."

"All right."

What had become of Tige? His master mourned him for three days. On the morning of the fourth a little negro ran into the house with the news that Tige was come back, and that the cook was feeding him in the kitchen.

"But, oh, marster, you wouldn't know Tige! He so po'. Look like dat little white man done bin skeered all de lights outen Tige. Mammy say he were a witch."

And down to his dying day Len would never tell what it was that he said to the dog.

THE following is from a friend of the *Drawer* in Massachusetts:

The late Judge W——, on a visit to Niagara, when the car was in use on the inclined plane, raised and lowered by steam-power, went into the starting-house to witness the descent, too timid to go himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge, and said, "Suppose, sir, the rope should break?"

The man, with a serious countenance and a single eye to business, replied, "Oh, they all *paid* before they went."

MANY years ago there lived near Albany a queer Dutch family named Smith. The men were not particularly addicted to hard work, but spent most of their time hunting and fishing. One day the old man was telling a neighbor what a large flock of pigeons he had seen that morning. "Why," said he, "there must have been eleven hundred, 'most a tousand."

"More as tat, taddy," said the son—"more as tat, taddy; f-i-v-e hundred."

SENATOR EDMUNDS was not long ago spoken to by some of his intimates in the Senate about his Presidential aspirations. He answered them by saying, "I see not a single feature in the Presidential office which would please me."

"What!" exclaimed Senator Hoar, "not even the power to veto bills?"

THERE lived at one time in Monmouth County, New Jersey, a widow whose husband had kept a country tavern in his day, but imbibing too freely of his own apple-jack, had departed, leaving his wife mistress of the business. She used to tend her own bar, and sold a great deal of rum to a rough class of men. On the principle that "evil communications corrupt good manners," she became about as rough as her customers. At length she was taken sick, and the doctor said she must go. So the minister was sent for to prepare her mind for the coming change. After some talk, he took his Bible, and asked her what part she would like to have read to her. "Well," she replied, "I

don't know much about that book, and I guess it won't make much difference anyway; but if you're a mind to, you may read about Samson and the foxes, for I think *that is about as lively as any of it.*"

MISS MINERVA'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

YES, Debby, 'twas a disapp'intment; and though, of course, I try
To look as ef I didn't mind it, I won't tell *you* a lie.

Ye see, he'd ben a-comin' stiddy, and our folks sez, sez they,
"It's you, Minervy, that he's arter; he's sure to pop some day."

He'd walk in with the evenin' shadders, set in that easy-chair,
And praise my doughnuts, kinder sighin' about a bachelor's fare.

And then his talk was *so* improvin', he made the doctrines plain,
And when he'd p'int a moral, allers looked straight at Mary Jane.

She'd laugh, and give sech silly answers that no one could approve;
But, law! the men can't fool *me*, Debby—it isn't sense they love.

It's rosy cheeks, and eyes a-sparklin'. Yes, yes, you may depend
That when a woman's smart and handy, knows how to bake and mend,

And keep her house and husband tidy, why, the fools will pass her by,
Bekase she's spent her youth a-learnin' their wants to satisfy.

Now Mr. Reed was allers talkin' of what a wife should be,
So, Debby, was it any wonder I thought his hints meant me?

And then when Mary Jane would giggle, and he would turn so red,
Could *you* have guessed that they was courtin', when not a word was said?

It all came out at last so sudden. 'Twas Wednesday of last week,
When Mr. Reed came in quite flustered. Thinks I, "He means to speak."

I'll own my heart beat quicker, Debby; for though, of course, it's bold
To like a man before he offers, I thought him good as gold.

Well, there we sot. I talked and waited; he hemmed and coughed awhile:
He seemed so most uncommon bashful I couldn't help but smile.

I thought about my pine-tar balsam that drives a cough away,
And how when we was fairly married I'd dose him every day.

Just then he spoke: "Dear Miss Minervy, *you* must hev seen quite plain
That I'm in love—" "I hev," I answers. Sez he, "—*with Mary Jane.*"

"*What did I do?*" I nearly fainted, 'twas sech a cruel shock,
Yet there I had to set, as quiet as ef I was a rock,

And hear about her "girlish sweetness," and "buddin' beauty" too.
Don't talk to me of martyrs, Debby—I know what I've gone through.

Well, that's the end. The weddin's settled for June, he's in such haste.
I've given her the spreads I quilted, so they won't go to waste.

I'd planned new curtains for his study, all trimmed with bands of blue.
I'm sure her cookin' never'll suit him—he's fond of eatin' too.

Well, no, I wa'n't at meetin' Sunday. I don't find Mr. Reed
Is quite as edifyin' lately; he can't move *me*, indeed.

And, Debby, when you see how foolish a man in love can act,
You can't hev sech a high opinion of *him*, and that's a fact.

"*I don't look well?*" Spring weather, mebbe: it's gittin' warm, you know.
Good-by; I'm goin' to Uncle Jotham's, to stay a week or so.

RECENTLY, in an argument before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Chief Justice Cartter presiding, counsel for the appellant said that he "preferred reading from the cited cases rather than from text-books; that it was far better that the Court should drink from the fountain head, where it bubbles up in its original purity."

The Chief Justice replied, "Yes, I understand; you would rather have us drink whiskey from the still."

A FRIEND was talking, not long since, in Washington, with the eloquent and witty Senator Blaine about friendships among men, how strong they were, etc. "Yes," said the Senator, "some of the most striking incidents in sacred and profane history are connected with the remarkable friendship existing between men. Take, for instance, the affection of David and Jonathan, of Damon and Pythias, of Scylla and Charybdis, and others of less renown."

THE true uses of this department of *Harper's Magazine*, and the physical and mental advantages of a little honest hilarity, are thus set forth in jolly terms by our Presbyterian contemporary the Chicago *Alliance:*

"God help the man who has outgrown the relish for a hearty laugh. No doubt He who made them loves to see the foxes in their gambols on the snow, and the lambs on their new-grown legs, and loves to hear the glee of the little children at their play, and is not displeased at the care-dispersing laughter of His burden-bearing servants. Flippant! We had rather a man would be flippant, as the anti-smilers term it, six hours a day, than too sour to laugh at a ridiculous thing, or too dignified to cut across lots to a picnic."

FOR the amusement of our readers we reprint some excellent stories recently published, under the title of *Scotch Folk*, in Edinburgh:

In a country parish church a young and

very energetic preacher was officiating for the parish minister. As he warmed with his subject in the sermon, he used liberties with the old pulpit not quite consistent with its rather crazy condition, sometimes throwing the weight of his body on it, as he threw out his arms toward the congregation, at other times bringing his hand down with a heavy thump. An old laird, sitting in a square table-seat below, had been anxiously watching all this with visions of an assessment for maintenance of the fabric. At last things seemed to be approaching a crisis, as the preacher, piling his periods, had wrought himself into a state of intense fervor, which would inevitably have vented itself on the rickety pulpit. Just as he was gathering himself for the final burst, he was snuffed out by the warning voice of the laird: "Noo, ma man, mind, gin ye break that, ye'll pay't."

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'er thocht o' that. Is it necessar?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister; "you should have a groomsman and bridemaid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jen, do ye think?"

The bride, so addressed, suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and, after consultation, a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' alang, Jen, an' ask them, an' I'll walk aboot till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired, and, after some time, returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride.

When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said, "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gaun to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad raither hae that ane"—pointing to the bridemaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

"Who's there?" asked the Rev. A. Wilson, minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, Paisley, in a loud and somewhat indignant voice, from the bedroom window up stairs in the manse, at 11.30 P.M., in response to a violent pull of the door-bell.

"Oh, it's us, sir; ye ken ye were to hae married us the nicht."

"I know that, but not at this hour. What time of night is this to come, after the servants have gone to bed, and the gas been turned out?"

"It was na oor faut, sir; there were so many marriages the nicht, that the best-man couldna get a carriage till noo."

"COULD YE NA DAE'T OWER THE WINDOW, SIR?"

"I can't help it; you must just go home, and come back to-morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Wulson, ye ken we canna gang hame without bein' married," struck in a female voice.

"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye na dae't ower the window, sir?"

"Nonsense; it's impossible."

"Oh, ye micht; ye ken we attend the *Aibbey* on your day, an' na on Mr. Brewster's."

This was not to be resisted. As the story goes, the window was put down, the gas lighted, and the door opened, to the relief of the perplexed couple.

A minister with a rather florid complexion had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after

which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the

"IT MAK'S THE SKIN VERRA TENNER."

face with blood. The minister turned to the barber, and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Ay," replied Thomas; "it mak's the skin verra tenner."

The Rev. Mr. McDougal, of Paisley, was once at a funeral, when a man stepped up close to him, just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, and said, very solemnly, "Dae ye ken, Mr. McDougal, what I aye think, on an occasion like this, just when they're letting doun the coffin?"

"No; what do you think?—solemn thoughts of eternity, I suppose."

"No; I aye think I'm awfu' glad it's no' me."

A clerical friend, formerly settled in the far north of Scotland, had occasion to speak to the ferryman over a somewhat dangerous bit of sea, of his habits in respect of a too free use of whiskey. In the course of their talk he said, "But, Donald, do you not think now that you would be better without it altogether, especially as you have to be out so often when the sea is rough?"

"Well, I dinna ken; but, Mr. M——, will you no' be sometimes taking a dram yoursel'?"

"Oh yes," said the minister, "I do occasionally; but, Donald, I have been thinking seriously about this dram-drinking, and I'll tell you what I will do. If you will promise to give it up altogether, I will."

"Aye, well," replied Donald, "it is very kind of you, I'm sure, but if I would give you a promise, I am feared that I wadna be able to keep it; and you see, it micht be a long while afore I wad be seein' you, and I wad be so sorry to think that you wadna be gettin' your dram, while I was takin' mine."

A minister, visiting a widow recently bereaved, found her at tea, in apparently a less desponding state than he expected.

"I'm glad to see you bearing up so well, Janet," he said.

"Oh, aye," she answered. "An' ye'll jist be wunnerin' at me; but I'm a wunner to mysel', an' I'm a wunner to a'body. I've been greetin' a' day, an' when I get this cup o' tea I'm just gaun to begin again."

Before the erection of the new pier at the Castle Rock, passengers from Dumbarton had to be conveyed down the Leven to the Clyde steamers by a ferry-boat rowed by two sturdy and generally elderly ferrymen. On one occasion an English commercial traveller had seated himself on the gunwale, at the stern. One of the old ferrymen, aware of the danger to any one so placed, when the rope of the steamer should be attached to the bow of the boat, took occasion to warn the man of his danger. "Noo, ma man, come doun aff that, or ye'll coup ower." The bagman only replied by telling him to "mind his own business, and trust him to take care of himself."

"Weel," said the ferryman, "mind I've telt ye; as sure as ye're sittin' there, ye'll coup ower."

No sooner had the rope been attached, and the boat got the inevitable tug from the steamer, than the fellow went heels up over the stern.

"Gowk, I telt him that." However, being in the water, it behooved that every effort should be made to rescue him. So the ferryman made a grab at what seemed the hair of his head, when a wig came away. Throwing this impatiently into the boat, he made a second grip at the collar of his shirt, when a front

"HE'S COMIN' A' AWA' IN BITS!"

came away. Casting this from him with still greater scorn, he shouted to his companion, "Tummas, come here, and help to save as muckle o' this man as ye can, for he's comin' a' awa' in bits."

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ST. CECILIA.—[FROM A PAINTING BY DOMENICHINO.]

SAINT CECILIA.

"As thou standest there,
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber."
—Longfellow's *Golden Legend.*

IN the daily mass of the Roman Catholic Church occurs this stately invocation: "Nobis quoque peccatoribus famulis tuis, de multitudine miserationum tuarum sperantibus, partem aliquam et societatem donare digneris cum tuis sanctis Apostolis et martyribus: cum Joanne, Stephano, Matthia, Barnaba, Ignatio, Alexandro, Marcellino, Petro, Felicitate, Perpetua, Agata, Lucia, Agnete, Cœcilia,

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Anastasia, et omnibus sanctis"—perpetually commemorating among the well-beloved names of its martyr-saints that of the Roman virgin Cecilia.

The story of this saint is told by various authors, with no very noteworthy discrepancies between the different versions; and however its fact and legend may be proportioned, it has sufficient of both the beautiful and the marvellous to explain its influence as an inspiration in connection with music and the other arts.

It is supposed that St. Cecilia was born in Rome somewhere in the third century. Her parents were people of high distinction who secretly adhered to the Christian faith. Religion and melody seem to have composed the gentle temperament of the little Cecilia, who from her birth expressed herself in prayer and song. At a very early age she took the vow of chastity, and carried always with her a copy of the Gospels hidden in the folds of her dress. As she grew to womanhood her musical talent, mental graces, and personal loveliness distinguished her even among the gifted and beautiful; while the religious ardor and virginal calm of her life completed a personality so impressive as to lead naturally to its own lasting effect in statue, painting, and song. She composed hymns, and sang them in a voice of such quality that the angels, it is declared, could not remain in heaven when Cecilia was singing, but descended to mid-air to listen to her. She could play skillfully on all the musical instruments of her day, but was so little content with them that she set herself to the invention of something better, and produced the organ (whose compass and rich vibration were more suited to express her musical fervors), and consecrated it to the worship of God.

Submitting to her parents' wish, she became, at the age of sixteen, the wife of Valerian, a wealthy and worthy young Roman noble. She wore sackcloth next her tender skin under her wedding dress, and went to her nuptials fasting, and invoking God and the angel hosts to give her power to so prevail with her husband that he should respect her vow of chastity. On their return from the temple to their bridal chamber, Cecilia, first pledging her husband to secrecy, told him that she was nightly and daily guarded by a glorious angel, who would not permit a mortal lover to come near her.

"I have an angel which thus loveth me
That with great love, whether I wake or sleep,
Is ready aye my body for to keep."
—CHAUCER, *Second Nonnes Tale.*

Valerian, listening in astonishment, asked to be permitted to see this angel, to which she replied that he must first become a Christian and be baptized; and sent him to the venerable Pope St. Urban, who succeeded in converting Valerian, after which he hastened back to Cecilia. Exquisite music proceeded from his dwelling, and as he opened the door of his young wife's chamber he beheld an angel standing in the midst of a white radiance near to Cecilia, and smiling upon her as she knelt in prayer. In his hands were two wreaths or crowns of pure white and pure red roses, which had been plucked in Paradise, and still held the perfume and dew of the gardens of heaven.

Valerian knelt beside Cecilia, and the angel crowned them with these roses, and blessed them, and offered to Valerian the fulfillment of his dearest wish in return for having respected the virgin sanctity of his wife. Valerian at once made known that he desired, above all things, the conversion and baptism of his beloved brother Tiburtius.

After the angel vanished, Tiburtius came in, and immediately, and with surprise—for it was not the time of flowers—noticed the odor of the roses, which were invisible to him because of his unbelief. Cecilia explained her faith to him, and her husband's conversion, and all with so much tenderness and eloquence that Tiburtius was convinced, sought Urban for baptism, and then joined earnestly in the loving labors of Cecilia and Valerian, helping the poor, and comforting and encouraging the persecuted Christians. Cecilia herself converted over four hundred persons to Christianity by her preaching, and sent them to Pope Urban for baptism.

At last the prefect Almachius learned of and endeavored to put a stop to this work. He demanded that Valerian her husband and his brother should publicly abjure their faith, and make sacrifice to Jupiter.

They firmly refused, and the brothers were seized and cast in prison, where their keeper, Maximus, was so impressed with their teaching and their behavior in their troubles that he was converted, and suffered martyrdom with them. After their execution the barbarous prefect, who was covetous of her estates, persecuted the vir-

CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA, IN ROME.

gin widow, who bore herself with such dignity, gentleness, and patience under the threats of Almachius* that forty persons who were present at the scene professed her faith and desired to share her fate. Baffled and angry, the prefect gave orders that she should be taken home and cast into her own bath, after it had been heated to the intensest degree. This was done; but when she had been shut in "for a day and a night, in which the fires were heated up and made to glow and roar their utmost," Cecilia was found unharmed.

Almachius then condemned her to death by the sword. Cecilia knelt calmly before her executioner, and as he raised the sword above her head, she began to sing, and so moving were the tones of her sweet voice that he smote unsteadily, and with three blows—the limit permitted by the Roman law—had but partially severed the head, which drooped meekly, while the martyr continued her dying hymn.

She lived for three days, during which the people flocked in crowds around her, while she taught them, and prayed for them, and gave away her possessions to the needy. To St. Urban she gave her house in which she had been stricken down, to be converted, after her death, into a church or chapel for the service of God.

At the close of the third day (November 22, A.D. 280), in the midst of a tremblingly sung hymn of praise, she expired, and her body was buried by Pope Urban and his deacons.

Her palace was changed, as she had desired, into a temple consecrated to the worship of the Saviour. One of its aisles opens into the sudatorium in which her life had been miraculously preserved from the boiling bath, the pipes or calorifers of which remain to this day. This room is held in special veneration.

During the period from her death to the ninth century—marked by municipal disturbances and disastrous invasions—this church was suffered to fall into decay; but in 821 Pope Paschal I. carefully restored it, and transferred to it the remains of Cecilia, Valerian, and Tiburtius.

The manner of finding these sacred relics is told as follows by Baring-Gould, who, while relating the Cecilia legend with considerable detail, seasons it throughout with a piquant flavor of incredulity.

* It is said that there was no prefect of this name.

"In the fourth century," says he, "appeared a Greek religious romance on the loves of Cecilia and Valerian, written, like those of Chrysanthus and Daria, Julian and Basilissa, in glorification of the virginal life, with the purpose of taking the place of the sensual romances of Daphnis and Chloe, Chereas and Callirhoe, etc., which were then popular. There may have been foundation of fact on which the story was built up, but the Roman calendar of the fourth century, and the Carthaginian calendar of the fifth, make no mention of Cecilia. It is said, however, that there was a church dedicated to St. Cecilia in Rome in the fifth century, in which Pope Symmachus held a council in 500. But Symmachus held no council in that year!....But Pope Paschal I. dreamed that the body of the saint lay in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, along with that of her husband Valerian. He accordingly looked for them, and found them, or *some* bodies—as was probable in the catacombs—which he was pleased to regard as those of Cecilia and Valerian, and he translated these relics to the Church of St. Cecilia, and founded a monastery in their honor."

St. Cecilia's chroniclers differ in opinion as to the date of her appearance. "Usuardus," says Baring-Gould, "makes Cecilia suffer under Commodus, and Molanus transfers the martyrdom to the reign of Aurelius."

The "*Lives of the Saints*, collected from Authentick Records of Church History: The Whole Interpreted with suitable Reflections"—an interesting old tome, printed in Gray's Inn, London, in 1750—states that "several authors, considering how much that Prince (Alexander Severus) favour'd the Christians, date St. Cecily's Death in the Reign of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, joint Emperors from 176 to 180. The Grecians are persuaded she suffered in Diocletian's Persecutions, and keep her Festival on the same day with the Latins."

The Rev. Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, gives no account of the manner of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, but alludes to the dream of Paschal by which her original burial-place was discovered, and mentions that St. Cecily's Church is called "in Trastevere," or Beyond the Tiber, to distinguish it from the two other churches in Rome bearing her name. After acknowledging the rare musical gift of St. Cecily, the Rev. Alban Butler delivers himself of a quaint little homily—that from some pens would read like broad humor—warning the young from the effects of "soft, effeminate music, which bewitches the senses, dissipates the mind, alienates it from serious studies, is the corrupter of the heart, and the poison of virtue!"

Mr. Hare, Mrs. Clement, and Mrs. Jameson all give pleasing versions of the St. Cecilia story, Mrs. Jameson's being much the fullest account of the various representations of Cecilia in art.

After the time of Pope Paschal the Church of St. Cecilia again sank into ruin, but in 1599 Cardinal Sfondrati had it carefully repaired and redecorated. On this occasion the tomb was re-opened, the robe of gold tissue in which the embalmed body was first shrouded still remained, together with the linen cloths steeped in her blood and wrapped around her feet. Touched by the pathetic grace of the recumbent figure, Sfondrati sent for Stephano Maderno, a sculptor of celebrated skill, and ordered him to represent it in marble. This work, entitled "Cecilia Lying Dead," is perhaps the most perfect and beautiful of all bearing her name, and is thus described by Sir Charles Bell: "The body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up; the hands are delicate and fine; they are not locked, but crossed at the wrist; the arms are stretched out. The drapery is beautifully modelled, and modestly covers the limbs.... It is the statue of a lady perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble, and the unspotted appearance of the statue altogether. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly, as the dead when left to expire—I mean in the gravitation of the limbs."

The yearly festa of St. Cecilia occurs on the anniversary of her martyrdom, November 22, in her church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, which is then thronged with the worshipful and music-loving of Rome. The papal choir assemble, and respond to each other in these antiphons:

"And Cecilia, Thy servant, serves Thee, O Lord, even as the bee that is never idle.

"I bless Thee, O Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, for through Thy Son the fire hath been quenched round about me.

"I asked of the Lord a respite of three days, that I might consecrate my house as a church.

"O Valerian, I have a secret to tell thee: I

ST. CECILIA.—[BY RAPHAEL.]

have for my lover an angel of God, who with great jealousy watches over my body.

"The glorious virgin ever bore the Gospel of Christ in her bosom, and neither by day nor night ceased from conversing with God in prayer."

INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA, ROME.

Then follows the anthem:

"While the instruments of music were playing, Cecilia sang unto the Lord, and said, Let my heart be undefiled, that I may never be confounded.

"And Valerianus found Cecilia praying in her chamber with an angel."

The Church of St. Cecilia has not been materially altered since its rebuilding by Sfondrati in 1599, though in 1725 Cardinal Doria added certain modern decorations, which do not seem to be regarded as improvements. The church stands at the "extremity of the Trastevere, near the Quay of La Ripa Grande." A picturesque house in the style of the Middle Ages stands opposite. The frieze of the portico has mosaic arabesques, with crude portraits of St. Cecilia and pictures of other saints, which, together with the mosaics in the Tribune—a part of the church not touched since Paschal's time—are supposed to date from the ninth century.

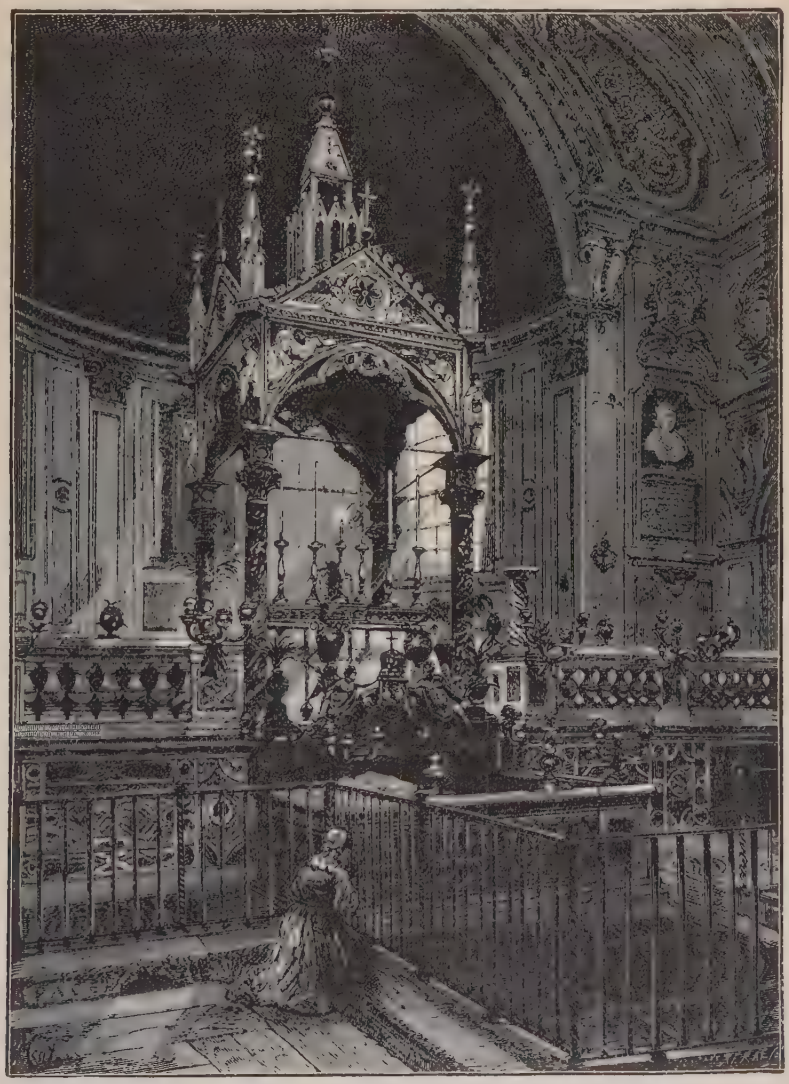
Her body since the time Maderno made his expressive copy of it has lain in the confession, which is directly under the high altar. The tomb of Cardinal Adam of Hertford, a prelate who figured in the opposition to Urban VI., is near the entrance of the church, to the right. He was the only one saved from a cruel death after the triumph of that Pope, England interfering in his behalf. His tomb is adorned with the English arms—three leopards and a fleur-de-lis quartered.

The beautiful urn of Cardinal Fortiguerra stands also near the entrance, to the left. The mosaics in the church ceiling represent Christ surrounded by the saints Cecilia, Paschal, and Paul, Valerian, Peter, and Agata, with appropriate symbols. Behind the altar is a picture of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, supposed to be the work of Guido. The painting at the extremity of the right aisle represents St. Cecilia appearing in a beautiful garment wrought with jewels, and showing the slumbering Pope Urban where he will find her body. This is believed to have been painted in the ninth century; it is the last in a series of fine frescoes which were destroyed in the seventeenth century, and were supposed to be the work of Byzantine artists under the direction of Pope Paschal. Fortunately a copy of the entire series is preserved in the Barberini Palace Library, and forms a dramatic pictorial account of the main incidents of Cecilia's life and martyrdom.

Mrs. Jameson is undecided as to the

period when St. Cecilia was first regarded as a patron saint of music, but says that previous to the fifteenth century she is seldom portrayed with musical instruments. Her influence upon music is of course that of tradition and idea. Belief in her rare musical gift, not only as a singer, composer, and inventor of musical instruments, but as one whose powers of religious harmony were such as to draw irresistibly to her presence angelic audiences, gives to her idea a something which, if vague and indeterminable, is still in accord with the aspiring, religious, and renunciative moods of musical composition.

The influence of her idea upon painting and sculpture is, however, more easily traced and definite, and that it has been considerable is indicated even in the mere progress of her story.



GREAT ALTAR IN CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA.

Cimabue, Lucas van Leyden, Maderno, Zurburan (in the Louvre), Mignard, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Jean Scheffer, Domenichino, and Domenico Zampieri are among the great artists of the world who, under the Cecilia inspiration, have por-

trayed her and her story on canvas and in marble in some of the most beautiful work to which their names attach.

Some idea of the surpassing merits of the Cecilia art memorials by the last six of the above-mentioned artists may be gained by a study of the exquisite outline copies of them in the plates of *Le Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, par Reveil.*

Says Louis Viardot, in his *Les Merveilles de la Peinture:* "Among Raphaels, we must not omit to mention clothed with almost severe simplicity; with a rich turban, or with the celestial red and white roses on her head, or with a slender aureole faintly raying upon her hair; with the organ at her side or at her feet, while she looks upward in rapture to the descending angels. "Sometimes a dramatic feeling has been given, ... as where St. Cecilia is playing to the Virgin, and St. Antony of Padua is listening, in Garofalo's work. Or as in a picture by Giulio Campi, where St. Cecilia is seated

SHRINE STATUE OF ST. CECILIA.—[BY MADERNO.]

what is and always will be the pearl of the museum at Bologna—the St. Cecilia. . . . . He has represented her in an ecstasy, listening to celestial music, and letting fall from her hands a little portable organ on which she has begun the concert finished by the angels. . . . This St. Cecilia was ordered of Raphael in 1515 by a lady of Bologna named Elena dall' Olio Dugli-oli, of the house of Bentivoglio, who was subsequently canonized; thus the picture came to Bologna, where it has since remained."

The copies by Carracci and Guido have made this beautiful work widely known. Viardot remarks that people educated to admire the dazzle, splendor, and wonderful effect of Guido, Guercino, and Domenichino, do not at first receive the full impression of Raphael's coloring, so much more subdued, but so deep and so full of meaning that it comes at last, by a real growth in the observer's mind, to impress as the supreme in art.

In connection with adherence to certain fixed emblems, there is much versatility of treatment in the St. Cecilia paintings. Sometimes she is represented in rich, even regally gorgeous, apparelling, and again before an organ, attired in the rich Florentine costume of the sixteenth century; near her stands St. Catherine, listening to the heavenly strains."

In her many fine descriptions of the St. Cecilia pictures, Mrs. Jameson gives the following: "She is very seldom represented in the devotional pictures as the virgin martyr only, but I remember one striking example; it is in a picture by Giulio Procaccino. She leans back, dying, in the arms of an angel, her hands bound, her hair dishevelled, the countenance, raised to heaven, full of tender, enthusiastic faith; one angel draws the weapon from her breast; another, weeping, holds the palm and a wreath of roses. This picture was evidently painted for a particular locality, being on a high, narrow panel, the figure larger than life, and the management of the space and the foreshortening very skillful and fine. I know not any picture of St. Cecilia *sleeping* except Alfred Tennyson's:

> 'There, in a clear walled city on the sea,
> Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
> Bound with white roses, slept St. Cecily.
> An angel looked at her.'

But the roses brought from paradise

should be *red* and *white*, symbolical of love and purity, for in paradise the two are inseparable, and purity without love as impossible as love without purity."

The idea of St. Cecilia seems to have brooded over art in its most richly sensuous development, and to have infused it with a fine spiritual sentiment, without exacting any real sacrifice of the warm and the splendid. Her idea, though virginal, is without austerity; it is young, fresh, and feminine, with the blended charm of child and angel.

In much the same way as it came to music and to art has the St. Cecilia influence come to poetry—the third strand of the triple inspiration. Her beauty, innocence, and submission, her high yet gentle heroism, and her tragic fate, could not appear in the majestic, pregnant silence of sculptured marble, in the heart-felt and heart-awakening color of Raphael's touch, and be absent from the great mosaic of song.

ST. CECILIA.—A LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

It was a high-born Roman maid,
Valerian's virgin wife,
Who, long ago, for Christian faith,
Gave her pure life.

She loved to swell God's praise, and sang
So sweetly day and night,
That angels, listening, leaned from heav'n
In mute delight.

And when they came to take her life,
She sang the hymn of death,
So that the headsman drew in awe
His trembling breath.

O'er her meek head he held the sword
In hands that stayed its flight,
Nor, till the tender song was done,
Dared he to smite.

Half severed, falling not, but trembling—
O graceful, piteous sight!—
Leaneth her head, as in her statue
Of marble white.

E'en as she sank in death, her moans
From songs could not be told.
Around her in her tomb they wrapt
Her robe of gold.

Her blest remains, long after found,
Sleep 'neath her altar's ceil,
Before them, praying from their hearts,
The people kneel.

The traveller in Rome is shown
Where she escaped the flame
In the fair church now ever known
By her sweet name.

And yearly in its sacred walls,
When comes the winter-time,
The people glorify this saint
With song and chime.

To her all arts yield tribute due;
Great Raphael makes her fair,
By her own songs interpreting,
In colors rare.

With halo crowned, clasping her lute,
And beauteously attired,
Cecilia is the patron saint
Of the Inspired.

Virgin, type of harmony,
She inspires the sacred song,
And her voice responds to Genius
From heaven's throng.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

JOHN DRYDEN.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above,
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs,
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing
of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue;
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labors in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base;
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skillful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and trump of every song.

III.

Forever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below:
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire,
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he played,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious hearts inspires;
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with the
song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our
pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world.
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy and harmony and love.

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music
floats;

Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine War no more our passions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!—
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortured ghosts respire.
See shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove—
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or restore the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies.
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See! wild as the winds o'er the desert, he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah! see, he dies!
Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

CHINON.

RABELAIS AT HOME.

SEULLY is one of those tiny out-of-the-way villages in France which appear to have grown out of the ground, each house lifting its proportion of dead grass. The only house which appeared to have been built within the memory of any one living was that at which we alighted, having a letter to its proprietress, Mlle. Réjaudry, a clever and educated lady, whose garden adjoins that of the old abbey in which Rabelais was placed to learn the rudiments.

The abbey, founded about seven centuries ago, has been turned into a fairly comfortable residence. The family occupying it were very kind in showing us the rooms, and it was rather droll to find a billiard table where little Rabelais used to study his primers. The kitchen ceiling is of arches blackened by time and smoke. In one room there is a bust, life size, which I took for Socrates, but learned that it was meant for Rabelais. Several hundred yards distant is the old homestead where he was born. Why was and is it called "Clos de la Devinière"? Had it been the residence of a fortune-teller? or was the business of a chemist—which the father of Rabelais pursued—connected with the black-art? The house is very peculiar, but is not in itself sufficiently picturesque to furnish a motive for illustration. It is itself "out of drawing." On one side of the building there is an external stone stairway reaching to the second story. In front there is a huge pigeonnier, so large as to suggest that it must have helped the income of the Rabelais family considerably. The premises are occupied by a family of kindly peasants, the women wearing the quaintest head-dress I have ever seen. They do not appear to be very appreciative of antiquity, but were much delighted that one of the pigeons, nearly white, immediately flew to Mlle. Réjaudry, and remained perched upon her shoulder while she conducted us about the premises. Their inappreciation of antiquity, or even lack of curiosity, appears from the fact that shortly before our visit they had discovered a subterranean stairway, and, instead of exploring it, had filled it up. True, they had some excuse. The

top of the stairway was discovered in the utilized grotto whose door stands nearest the base of the house. The men were trying to enlarge the grot, and when this opening to a lower cave was made, the air was, to use their own words, "so bad that it put out the candle." They lit the candle several times, but each time it was held down near the hole it went out. Whereupon they concluded that where a candle couldn't live, man couldn't live, and so filled up the place. They even sent for a stone-mason, whose fresh wall was all we could see of a stairway which may wind down to the treasure chambers of ancient kings. Their story sounded like a droll travesty of Panurge and his comrades at the cave of the Holy Bottle. La Devinière is, indeed, quite a mysterious place. In the old grotto now used as a barn, which is larger than the residence, there are the remains of an ancient oratory (so they called it), the ceiling finely arched. Did Thomas Rabelais, the father, have this little chapel carved in the rock? were his drugs blessed there? or was it the hermitage of some prototype of the Sibyl of Panzoult? In Chinon, where Thomas carried on his main business, he does appear to have carved out a cave, which is still shown, and which justifies the description his son has left of it. Its nearly faded frescoes still report why it was called "the painted cave," and attest that it was a cabaret. Rabelais speaks of the descent by an arch painted with a dance of nymphs and satyrs around old Silenus laughing on his ass. Pantagruel says he knows well where this painted cave of "the first town of the world" is, having often drunk good wine there. Mlle. Réjaudry gave me to drink some wine from the self-same vines that yielded their juice to the cabaret of Rabelais, their thickness (nearly that of one's arm) showing four or five centuries of growth. Alternate glances into the oratory cave and the painted cave give one a second-sight by which he may see the boy Rabelais with his parents praying before the Virgin on the Sunday morning, and drinking wine before the nymphs in the evening. He would oscillate between the crucifix and the Silenus. Meanwhile he would see something of life by frequenting the village fairs. He would witness the Mysteries and Miracle Plays; he would gaze on the royal pageants going to and fro about the great castle; he would have witnessed all the ecclesiastical splendors and holy ceremonials of S. Mexme Church—a church of which, though now of diminished proportions, an antiquarian of Chinon has just discovered the original plan, proving it to have been an almost unique edifice for serious and quaint beauty. This church, a very museum of antiquities and pictures, taught Rabelais many a secret before it was turned, partly through his influence, into the college it now is—of which, indeed, we shall discern more presently.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

Pantagruel has given us his reason for designating Chinon "the first town in the world." The Bible says Cain was the first builder of cities; and since it has always been the custom of founders of cities to give them their own names, it is plain that Chinon, anciently *Caino*, was founded by Cain! Pantagruel, who belabored the Paris student for Latinizing his French, might have spared a few blows for himself, except that this derivation was only another hit at the pedants.

No doubt it was at this cave that Francis Rabelais learned the fine interpretation of Alcibiades's description of Socrates with which *Gargantua* opens. The medical training he was undergoing also contributed to this prologue. In "The Banquet" Alcibiades says that Socrates resembles the Sileni. "Sileni of old," says Rabelais, "were little boxes like those still seen in apothecaries' windows, painted outside with merry wanton figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares, saddled ducks, flying goats, thiller harts, and other such pictures, made at fancy to make people laugh—as Silenus, master of the good Bacchus, was wont to do—but within were preserved fine drugs, balm, ambergris, musk, civet, precious stones, and other things of high value. Such, he said, was Socrates; for, eying his outside, estimating him by his external appearance, you would not have given the beard (*coupeau*) of an onion for him, so ugly was he in body and ridiculous in deportment. With pointed nose, the look of a bull, the countenance of a fool, he was crude in manners, boorish in dress, poor, unhappy in his wives, unfit for all offices of the republic; always laughing, tippling with every one, continually jesting, and so always hiding his divine knowledge. Now, opening this box, you would have found within it a celestial and inestimable drug, an understanding more than human, a marvellous virtue, invincible courage, unequalled sobriety, assured contentment, perfect self-reliance, an incredible disregard of all that for which men commonly do so much—watch, run, toil, sail, and fight."

STATUE OF DESCARTES, CHINON.

Rabelais was born in 1483. The approach of the four-hundredth fête of this strange genius has already given signs that it will abound in demonstrations. Chinon will have a statue beside the Vienne next year, and Tours has already selected a very striking design, which will be set up in marble next year beside the Loire, and at the end of the street in which Rabelais was born. Descartes, on his pedestal, is precisely in the way of every vehicle which passes the great bridge: his graven motto, "Cogito, ergo sum," seems to be materialized in the obstruction offered by the philosopher's earthly immortality to the traffic of Tours; but he is to be removed into a pretty grass-plot on one side, and Rabelais is to be placed in the corresponding one across the bridge-road. So will be fulfilled the hope of Balzac, who, in his encomium on the Rue Royale, where he was born, says that it required only these two statues to be the finest street in the world.

If France had not become a republic, it is probable Rabelais would still have to wait for his statue. The clerical and monarchical parties do not understand him yet; they still beat and stone the old mythical effigy labelled with his name, but inside which he never was; but they rightly feel that he started that Titanic laughter at all shams—that terrible side-shaking, throne-and-altar-shaking laughter—which has never ceased. The average priest and bourgeois have never cracked the bone and got the marrow, but they have felt it about their ears. The revival of interest in Rabelais is remarkable. The works which have been writ-

ten concerning him during the last thirty years are worth all that went before. In 1852 Brunet published his *Recherches Bibliographiques et Critiques sur les Éditions originales des cinq Livres du Roman satirique de Rabelais;* since then there have been printed in Paris works of importance by Geruzez, Lenient, Sainte-Beauve, Reaume, Littre, Fleury, Gebhart, Brémond, and Noël. Gustave Doré has illustrated Rabelais, and a complete edition with his pictures has been published by Chatto and Windus. The pleasant novel *The Monks of Thelema* has lately appeared, and Mr. Walter Besant has since given us a still better piece of work in his little book entitled *Rabelais.* There is even a "Rabelais Club" in London, and it was quite as much needed as the "New Shakspeare Society." No other author who has written this thousand years is so likely to reward careful study. How much we have to unlearn as well as learn about Rabelais may be seen in the confidence with which the old and very good translation which is still that most commonly found on English and American shelves, the Bohn edition, supplies a whole bunch of keys to unlock the characters in Rabelais, of which every one is now regarded by scholars as worthless. Chatto and Windus have rightly left out of their edition the old misleading prefaces and biographies, but one may wish they had substituted for them a paper by Joseph Knight which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (December, 1877)—the best essay on Rabelais which has yet appeared in English.

MURAL PICTURE IN CHURCH OF S. MEXME.

The greater part of the work on Rabelais yet remains to be done. Behind his mask are concealed also some of the finest chapters of the Renaissance and of the Reformation. There are treasures buried with him compared with which those of Troy are trifling. It is to be hoped that when the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth has brought scholars here in Chinon, the unveiled statues may be followed by the unveiled man. I have never read any writer on Rabelais who appears to have visited his birth-place, Seully; even the enthusiastic Mr. Besant stops at the later house "La Lamproie," in Chinon. I note this because it seems to me significant of a further thing, namely, that the interpreters fail and halt through not recognizing the strong local

coloring in these works, the facts and features, physical and traditional, of this region, which naturally frame the author's thoughts. For example, in the Bohn Rabelais, translated by Urquhart and Motteux, annotated by Duchat, Ozell, etc., chapter lv. of *Gargantua*, describing the ideal Abbey of Thélème, opens: "In the middle of the lower court there was a fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with their cornucopias, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouths, ears, eyes, etc." To this a note is appended attributing this idea to certain statues in Belgium. But in old S. Mexme Church at Chinon is a mural picture which was surely there when Rabelais was a boy. It is as wonderful as any picture in Europe. It represents Jesus on the cross. From his five wounds fall streams of blood into a large ornamental basin, square, and of white marble or alabaster; on this square basin filled with blood, from the centre of which the cross arises, there are four heads (symbols of the evangelists, ox, eagle, lion, and angel), from the four mouths of which fall again the fountains of blood into a still larger basin beneath. The general effect of this mural painting is that of a large marble fountain in the centre of a fine park. The contrast between the agonies of the cross and the decorative environment could hardly have failed to strike the imagination of Rabelais, and suggest the more appropriate substitute of the Graces, and fountains of pure water, whereof the friars stood in so much need.

It appears to me also an oversight that none of these writers have connected the ideal Abbey of Thélème with the unique historical Abbey of Fontevrault. At the close of the eleventh century a great excitement was caused throughout this region by the eloquent preaching of Robert d'Arbrissel (who went about dressed in an animal's skin, and was believed to be John the Baptist), which culminated in the foundation by him of an abbey for persons of both sexes. Such an innovation as the residence together in one edifice of men and women must have had a powerful support to render it possible. Several hundred devotees dwelt there, all of whom were of high rank. It was superintended by a titled lady. When the religious enthusiasm amid which it was built had passed away, scandalous rumors naturally went abroad concerning this abbey; nevertheless, it remained a flourishing institution for seven centuries or more, and in its time was ruled by fourteen abbesses of royal blood. When Rabelais was a youth he was sent about to various abbeys and convents for his education—from Seully to Baumette, and then to Fontenay-le-Comte, and finally at Maillezais. But, for one reason or another, he was never permitted to stop at the beautiful abbey amid the woods of Fontevrault, where elegant ladies and gentlemen formed a society which other abbeys could only gossip about and envy. But the imagination of Rabelais could dwell where his body could not. The literature of the sixteenth century may be searched in vain for anything sweeter, purer—nay, profounder and more prophetic—than Rabelais's dream of Thélème Abbey. "There remained only the Monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seully; but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or that of Saint-Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him. But the Monk gave him a peremptory answer, that he did not wish to take upon himself the charge nor the government of monks. 'For how,' said he, 'shall I govern others, that can not govern myself? If you think I have done or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me grant to found an abbey after my own mind.'" The request pleased Gargantua, who offered him all the country of Thélème by the Loire to within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Hualt. The Monk requested Gargantua to institute his religious order in reverse of all others. "'First, then,' said Gargantua, 'no walls must be built around it; other abbeys are strongly walled.' 'True,' said the Monk, 'and not without cause: where there is a *mur* before and a *mur* behind, there will be plenty of *murmur* within, envy, and mutual conspiracy.' Moreover, seeing that in certain convents there is a custom when any woman enters—chaste and modest women—to sweep the place where they have passed, it was here ordained that if any man or woman belonging to any religious order should by chance enter this new abbey, all the places where such had been should be thoroughly cleansed. And because in other abbeys all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this one there should be neither clock nor dial, but according to occa-

sions and opportunities all their works should be disposed of. 'For,' said Gargantua, 'the veriest loss of time I know of is to count the hours. What good comes of it? The greatest dotage of the world is to guide one's self by the sound of a bell, instead of by one's good sense and judgment.'" Passing over (reluctantly!) other provisions of Thélème—as that only the fair, healthy, and well-bred should be admitted; that women should be admitted between the ages of ten and fifteen, men between twelve and eighteen; that all might depart in peace when they desired; that they might marry, might be rich, and live at liberty—and the suggestive details of the architecture of Thélème and costume of its residents, we may note the significance of the position assigned to woman. "All was done according to the pleasure of the ladies," says Rabelais. In order that the gentlemen might not dress inharmoniously with the ladies, a messenger was sent every morning to tell them how the ladies were to be dressed that day.

Such was the supreme soul of Thélème. "Their life was passed, not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free-will and pleasure. They rose from their beds when they thought good; they drank, ate, labored, slept, as the desire came. None did awake them; none constrained them to drink, or eat, or to do aught else. So had Gargantua established it. In their rule was but this one clause—

'DO WHAT THOU WILT.'

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, conversant in honest companies, have a natural instinct and spur which prompts them to virtuous action, and withdraws them from vice. It is called Honor. Those same men when, by base subjection and constraint, they are repressed and kept down, turn from that high inclination to virtue only to shake off and break that bond of servitude. It is the nature of man to long for things forbidden, and to desire what is denied. By this liberty they [the Thelemites] entered into a laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw pleased one."

It gives a sorry suggestion of the halting movement of the world that Victor Hugo should to-day be under the necessity of taking up the burden of Epistemon against war, put into his mouth by Rabelais, Rabelais bore so long ago. Gargantua writes to his son Pantagruel: "Printing likewise is now in use, so elegant and so correct that better can not be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side

HOUSE IN WHICH HENRY II. OF ENGLAND DIED, CHINON.

was the invention of ordnance." The birth of Rabelais (1483) was nearly coincident with the death of Louis XI., who had introduced printing into France, and whose last words included an entreaty that peace might be preserved. The first of all Quakers was that old Echephron who gave counsel to Picrochole adverse to his belligerent friends the Duke of Smalltrash and the Earl of Swashbuckler. (*Gargantua*, xxxiii.) These tremendous fellows had sketched out a campaign for Picrochole, which included Africa, Italy,

Arabia, Turkey, Germany, England—the world. Among them it had even been arranged how these countries were to be distributed. "There was there present an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, a stern soldier who had been in many dangers, named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said, 'What do you contemplate in these large conquests? What shall be the end of such great labors and crosses?' 'It shall be,' said Picrochole, 'that, having returned, we shall rest at our ease.' 'But what if you never return? For the voyage is long and perilous. Were it not better that we should rest now, without incurring all these hazards?' 'Oh,' said Swashbuckler, 'pardieu, here is a good dotard! let us go hide ourselves in some chimney-corner, and pass our life with the ladies, spend our time threading pearls, or spinning, like Sardanapalus! He that nothing ventures hath neither horse nor mule, says Solomon.' 'He that adventures too much,' said Echephron, 'loseth both horse and mule, as Malchon answered.'"

It is related that when Rabelais was dying, his friend Cardinal du Bellay sent a page to inquire about him. Rabelais said, "Tell my lord I go into the great perhaps." Some have added that he said, "Let down the curtain, the farce is done." But the verdict of the generations since then has been that the drama of that life had very serious issues. At Montpellier it was even in the last century a custom (which may yet be renewed) that each person admitted to the degree of M.D. should first put on the gown and cap of Dr. Rabelais, preserved there in remembrance of the recovery of the privileges of the university by his wit and learning. When he repaired to Paris on that errand, the porter and servants of the chancellor sought to prevent his gaining access to the palace; but Rabelais, by speaking to them in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and finally in Syriac, excited a sufficient sensation to be reported to the chancellor as a merry fool. Ordered before the chancellor, he apologized for his buffoonery, and proceeded to urge his case so ably that the minister was charmed, promised all he asked, and made him stay as his guest. By the joke of securing from the University of Orleans, by sending the usual fees, a degree for one Dr. Johannes Caballus, who turned out to be his jackass, Rabelais brought ridicule upon the prevalent custom of admitting ignorant pretenders to medical degrees.

It is certain that much that has passed as the "Life of Rabelais" is mythical, and more mere malice; it is probable that even many of the good stories told of him are not true; but the spirit of all these stories points to the fact that Rabelais's fun feathered a fine and formidable arrow. "Though the boldest and most outspoken of the reformers of his age," says Mr. Knight, "Rabelais escaped the perils to which less ardent spirits succumbed, and sailed lightly over the seas of persecution in which his friends and associates were ingulfed. Of the small circle of his intimate acquaintance during his residence at Legugé, the court of the Bishop of Maillezais, or at Montpellier while prosecuting his studies in medicine, one, Étienne Dolet, was tortured first, then hanged, and lastly burned on the Place Maubert, in Paris; a second, Bonaventure Despériers, the author of the *Cymbalum Mundi*, committed suicide through fear of a similar fate; Marat, a third, after undergoing repeated imprisonment, died in banishment at Turin.....To what cause, then, may be attributed the comparative impunity with which the boldest and most formidable adversary of the papacy launched his satires? It is necessary to use the qualifying word 'comparative,' since Rabelais, though he died in peace and in honor, did not wholly escape from the fangs of the bigots. Again and again he had to fly from one city to another, now hurrying to Rome, where, strange as it may seem, views concerning heresy were more tolerant than elsewhere in Catholic Europe, now hiding himself and living by his profession at Metz; making friends at one time with the king, and at another with the Pope, and seeking always the patronage of the more liberal among the French prelates. That protection was always forth-coming was due to the fact that he had sheltered himself behind the robes of a jester, and that he never failed to move the laughter of those to whom he appealed for shelter or patronage. Had his animal spirits been less sanguine, or his grimaces less extravagant, he would soon have changed the cap and bells for the *sanbenito*." All of which is pleasant to know when one remembers that Rabelais was perfectly faithful to a task higher than keeping out of the fire; that even in the presence of

the Pope (Paul III.) he managed to denounce the persecution of Protestants; and that there was not a powerful oppressor or humbug of his time whom he did not impale. Calvin could not recognize in him the great force of France, and naturally, for there was not a particle of the Puritan about Rabelais. His ideal reformed world is not Geneva with Servetus amid its fagots, but Thélème. Fontevrault in its end would appear rather to have justified the dogmas of Calvin than the visions of Rabelais: it is now a prison for eleven departments. Beside the dust of English kings and queens whose monuments fill its ancient cathedral—Henry II., Eleanor, Richard Cœur de Lion, Isabella—toil the violent and the vile, who remind us that the earth is yet far from the freedom and fraternity of the great man's Utopia. But amid the same beautiful forest, and beneath the same star-lit sky, one may still dwell with reverent love on the life and thought of the large-hearted scholar, and still hope that the destinies of man will follow the dreams of his youth.

The great saint of Chinon is S. Mexme (Maximus). It is hard, amid the Mexme mythology, to find a real man. He is said to have been a contemporary of St. Martin, and a story is told of how, on one occasion, when he hesitated to accede to that archbishop's request that he should go to Rome, the boat in which he was presently crossing the Vienne was capsized by a violent gust of wind, and he sank. But it seemed to Mexme that just above his head the water was suspended by the mantle of Martin. Martin then said: "Brother Maximus, do you still refuse to go to Rome?" Maximus had not now the heart to refuse the request, and being drawn up out of the water, threw himself at the feet of Martin, and promised to go wherever he should command. Which fable is simply a primitive way of transmitting from generation to generation the tradition that Chinon owes obedience to Tours.

In the latter part of the fifth century Chinon was besieged by Ægidius. He surrounded the town, and knowing that the people could get no water, awaited their submission. But Mexme called up a model storm; its lightnings bore terror among the besiegers, its rain filled the pitchers of the Chinonese. If any one doubts this, he has only to visit the Church of S. Étienne on the spot, and he will find it recorded in a window. Obstinate skeptics, however, will find suggestiveness in the resemblance of this miracle to those most characteristic of St. Martin, who was developed into a stormy power. It does look somewhat like a plagiarism from the Tours saint.

In passing through the castle grounds we paused on the yet traceable foundation of a little chapel of St. Martin, in which Joan of Arc went to pray after she had "given her message to the king." We asked the woman who was conducting us whether St. Martin was much venerated at Chinon. She replied:

"There used to be a pilgrimage from Chinon every year to his shrine at Tours. It is now discontinued—this year for the first time."

"And why is that?"

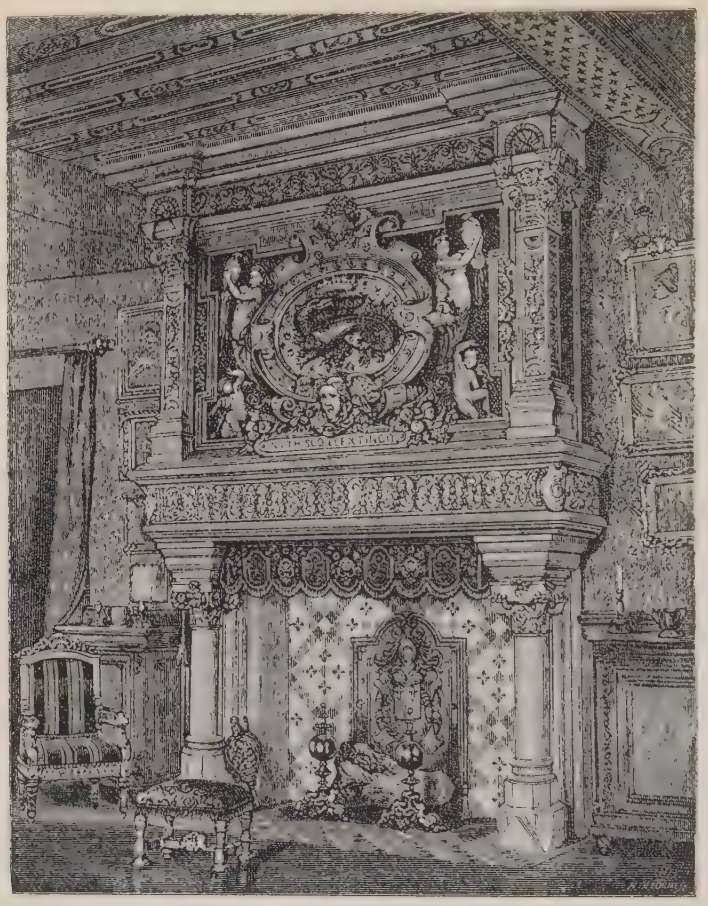
"There are always changes." So after some forty generations Chinon scores one for Mexme against Martin.

The ancient church called after S. Mexme is now an academy, and so his sanctities and relics have been preserved in the neighboring Church of S. Étienne, the latter being a fine fifteenth-century structure. It contains, besides the Mexme window already mentioned, one representing Saint Radegonde, Queen of Clotaire, visiting the hermit John, whose cell, by-the-way, is now called by her name instead of his. (It is now a cattle shed.)

In this same church (S. Étienne) there is a relic which has been preserved with great veneration for centuries. It is called the "Chape de S. Mexme." This mantle is certainly of ancient Persian make, but it is probably seven centuries later than the death of Maximus. There is on it an inscription in Arabic which the writers of guide-books are careful not to disclose, there being nothing Christian about it, but the contrary. The words marked on the extreme edge, and hardly distinguishable from the marginal ornamentation, are these, "*Al Sulthan, al malee, al nassar.*" They mean, "Sultan, prince, protector." The old mantle was probably a prize brought back by one of the crusaders who went to the East under the inspiration of the enthusiasm which Urban II. excited by preaching from the steps of Marmoutier Abbey. It has preserved its colors wonderfully; its leopards and birds, red and yellow in alternate, might offer a good suggestion to a decorative artist. Besides the Arabic inscrip-

tion, I observed several signs here and there representing characters sacred in the East, and which were cabalistic and "magical" when imported into Europe by Faustus and others.

veneration. It has long been kept in a gold model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. For some centuries it has been regarded as of such holiness that there were only two or three



MANTLE-PIECE AT AZAY-LE-RIDEAU.

I had heard that there was an Arabic inscription, and it was in response to my demand that the sacristan unfolded the cloth so that I could find it. In another case in this vicinity, at the Church of S. Ours (Loches), the curé who exhibited to me a very precious relic did not know there was an inscription on it until it was pointed out to him. This was a girdle alleged to have been worn by the Virgin Mary. This relic is said to have been sent from Constantinople to Charles le Chauve in the ninth century, and there are preserved the names of fifteen royal personages who came to pay it special personages of high rank who were entitled to go and demand a sight of it. But the republic having reduced privileges of this kind, the curé at once consented to exhibit it to our party, one of whom made the discovery that there are letters on it. The curé was somewhat disconcerted by this discovery. The letters were not Arimaic, the language of Mary and Jesus, but Roman. The first is plainly I, the second N. The third is not so easy to make out, but I believe it to be M. In this case the inscription would probably stand for "Iesu Nazareni Mater." The girdle is woven of some fine substance that appeared to me

vegetal. The inscription is at one end of it. The curé requested me to be careful in publishing anything about this discovery, "since some might suppose that it is not really the ceinture of Our Lady." I told him that the inscription proved to my mind that the relic is older than I should otherwise have supposed; which is strictly true, the final letter being very antique, and something like)I(. The more important reflection did not occur to him, namely, how far the general credibility of relics might be affected, even in honest Catholic minds, by the fact that the devout inspections of the faithful through so many centuries had not revealed an inscription which to merely curious eyes appeared at the first glance.

To return from this episode to Chinon. At every step through this old town one may remark the survival of Oriental influences. One of the antique inns in Chinon has for its sign "The Thousand and One Nights," and at every turn one meets with touches of Eastern architecture and decoration. I have already referred to the strange crucifix fountain in S. Mexme Church. On either side of this fountain there are life-size figures representing Mary Magdalen and St. Mary of Egypt, each holding a scroll relating in eight lines how she had been cleansed of many sins by bathing in this fountain. The figure of the Egyptian Mary as here presented is very peculiar, the colors being such as are employed in Persia to represent their conventional saints or demonesses. The hair is brightly golden. The whole figure is rather that of a female dervish than a Christian saint. It appears that about the time when this picture was painted, and before the time of Rabelais, some women dwelt in the caves of this region, and were called sibyls. One of these was the model from which Rabelais drew his "sibyl of Panzoust," and the painter of this fresco may have had a similar figure in his mind. These sibyls, however, were acting out Eastern notions.

The companion picture to this is a wonderful fresco of the Last Judgment, which is also thoroughly Eastern. It is one of the finest pictures of its kind that I have ever seen, and has been admirably restored by M. Galembert. Its main archæological interest rests in an arch-fiend more majestic than usual, and rarely found in any pictures uninfluenced by the Persian representations of Ahriman. But there is another interest derived from the theory that the forms and faces of this fresco, which are numerous, and of the size of life, are portraits of persons connected with the court of Louis XI. They have not yet been identified. It appears to be pretty certain that the paintings were made in the time of Louis XI.,

AZAY-LE-RIDEAU.

though I suspect they must have been copies from previously existing works. I thought one of the evangelists, seated near the throned Christ as judges, bore a resemblance to Louis XI. himself; and have no doubt that in all his administration of human affairs that remarkable king believed himself to be acting in the spirit of this tremendous scene. Possibly he may have regarded his remorseless agent Tristan l'Hermite in the light of a serious and dignified Satan like this one of the picture, who has one claw on a tonsured head, which he ushers into the mouth of hell.

After pondering this picture one may call at Azay-le-Rideau, and in that château, fairer than any dream that can be dreamed out of Touraine, he will see that kings undertook to give their favorites paradise. It was a paradise as Oriental as the Hades into which their enemies were shoved—a Moslem heaven, with voluptuous houris therein. These exquisite palaces of luxury, of which the most beautiful are Azay-le-Rideau and Chenonceaux, are pictorial illustrations in a yet unwritten history of France, which will tell how it has always been ruled by fascinating women. But next one may go to Loches, and there descend by aid of candles into dungeons stretching through nether stories, where, adjacent to the princely paradise, was the abode of the lost. Between these the mediæval king sat, believing himself to be a god. His dispensations of reward and punishment were chiefly irrespective of any actual good or evil done, but related chiefly to things pleasant or unpleasant to himself. Louis XI. at least made the paradise or the cachet depend on service or treachery to the state. So much must be said for him.

However, there is one pious-looking edifice in Chinon which, to my eyes, was invested with more horrors than any oubliette. It was the remains of that ancient church of Saint Jacques whose canon was the infamous Judge Barré, who presided at the trial of Urbain Grandier for bewitching the nuns of the neighboring Abbey of Loudun. It was he who, when the abbess and the other conspirators came into the court in their chemisettes, with cords around their necks, and confessed that they had pretended they were bewitched in order to ruin the noble young monk (because the abbess loved him, and was jealous of his sweetheart!), declared the confession to be only another ruse of the devils that possessed them, and had poor Grandier burned in the public square. The terrible story has been told with force and pathos by Alfred de Vigny in his novel *Cinq-Mars*. It was with satisfaction that I remembered how speedily retribution fell upon Barré. He tried to resist the reaction by getting up "possessions," and then exorcising them here at Chinon, but it all ended in his being exorcised himself. He was degraded, and Chinon set free of him, after which there were no more possessions. The French revolutionists of the last century had long memories, and they dismantled this old church, which is now turned into a wine-shop. Had Rabelais lived in our century, he might have fixed there his Oracle of the Holy Bottle, and given us the talk of the friendly peasants, who have no doubt there often rehearsed the tragedy in which Barré bore the part of heavy villain. But I will forget him, and as the sun shines fair on my last glimpse of the great castle and the towers of Étienne—the summer saint, whom no winter can martyr—will go off singing with Pantagruel:

"Chinon!
Little town,
Great renown,
On old stone
Long has stood:
There's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the wood."

AROUND THE YEAR.

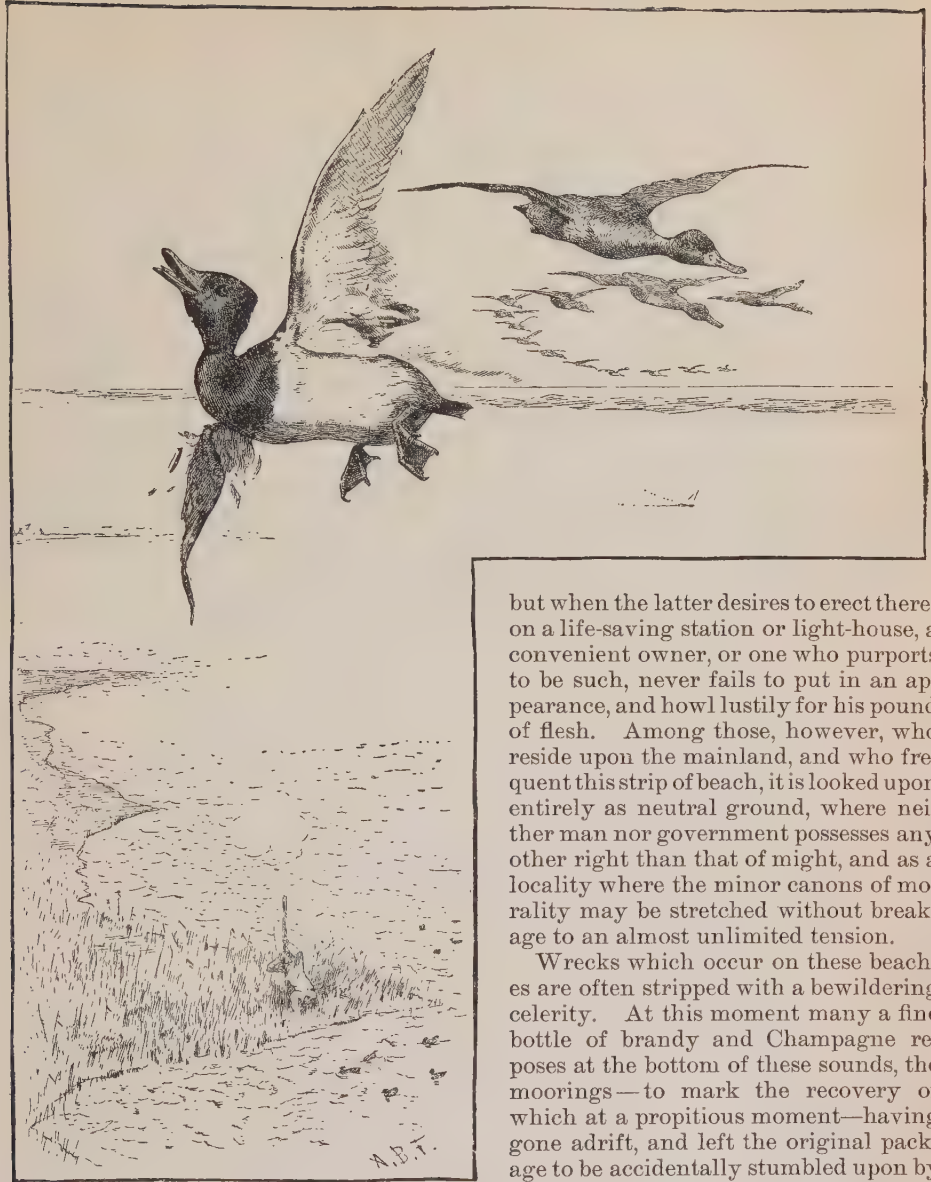
Love came to me in the Spring-time,
With the soft, sweet April showers;
Her breath was the breath of the woodland,
And her lap was filled with flowers.

Her step was a song in the silence;
Its melody rose and fell
As she danced through the fragrant twilight
To the bower we knew so well.

And the Spring glided on to the Summer
With the flame of its fervent darts,
And the noon of the fleeting season
Was the noon of our beating hearts.

But the Autumn came with its shadows,
And noon was no longer hot;
And the frost crept into our pulses,
And Summer and Spring were not.

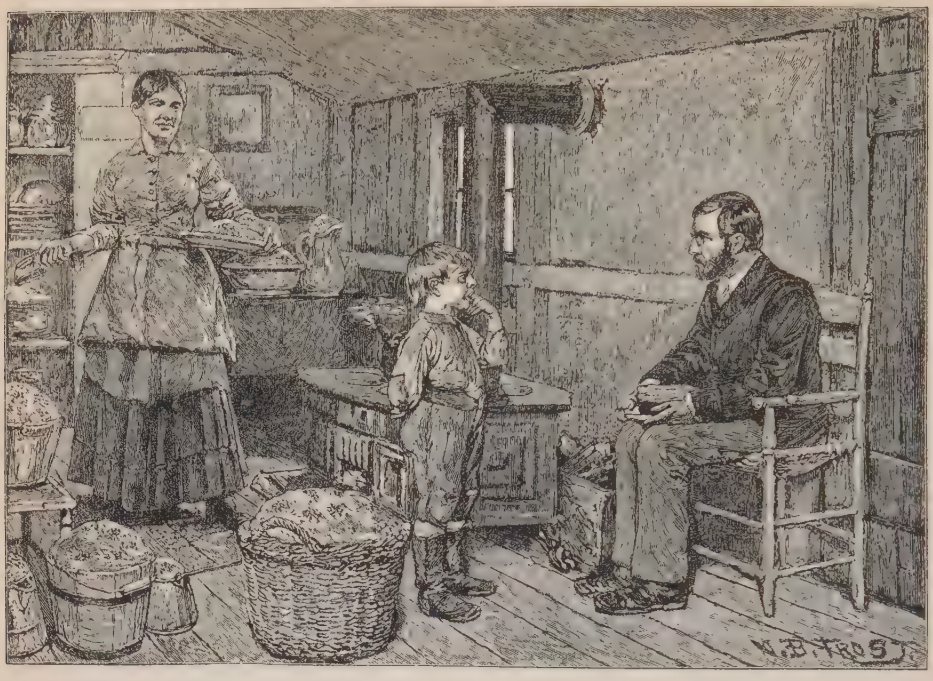
And Love was alive with the Winter,
But her beauty and grace had fled;
'Mid the snows of March I left her,
With a cypress wreath at her head.



ON almost the entire length of the Atlantic coast of the United States are to be found bodies of water, or sounds, varying in size, defended from the encroachments of the sea by sand-dunes and narrow strips of sandy beach. This breakwater on some portions of the coast is a sort of neutral territory, whose ownership is a matter of dispute. Some maintain that it belongs to the Federal government, but when the latter desires to erect thereon a life-saving station or light-house, a convenient owner, or one who purports to be such, never fails to put in an appearance, and howl lustily for his pound of flesh. Among those, however, who reside upon the mainland, and who frequent this strip of beach, it is looked upon entirely as neutral ground, where neither man nor government possesses any other right than that of might, and as a locality where the minor canons of morality may be stretched without breakage to an almost unlimited tension.

Wrecks which occur on these beaches are often stripped with a bewildering celerity. At this moment many a fine bottle of brandy and Champagne reposes at the bottom of these sounds, the moorings — to mark the recovery of which at a propitious moment—having gone adrift, and left the original package to be accidentally stumbled upon by a coming generation. The writer upon one occasion drank from goblets at a little weather-beaten cottage on these shores the very finest quality of Château d'Yquem—a wine so choice as to be attainable, at its best, more by favor than by the purchasing power of money.

On another occasion, subsequent to the wreck on the sands of a schooner loaded with sugar, the writer called upon one of the most austere pietists of a neighboring



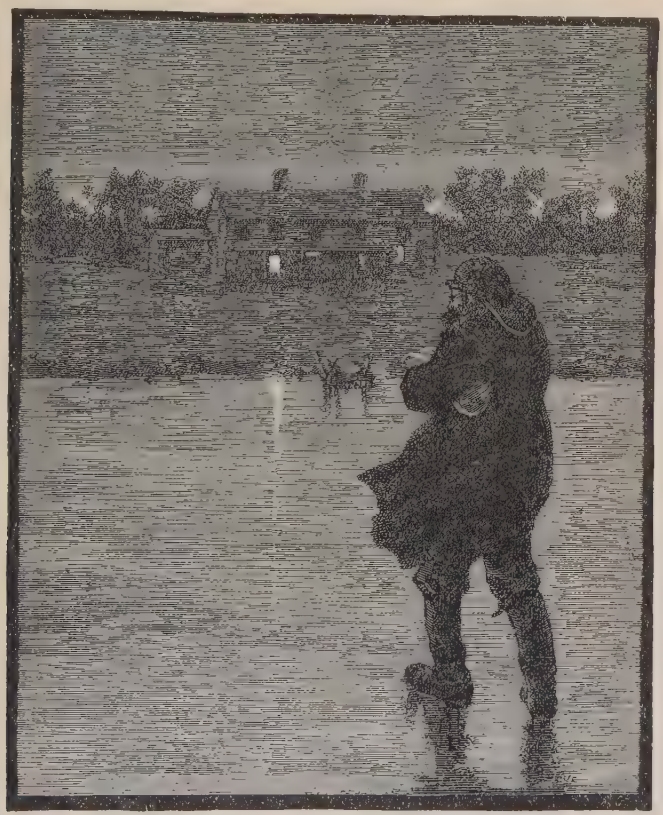
SUGAR.

hamlet. The entire premises were surrounded, so to speak, by a cordon of flies. Once within the circle, an overpowering odor of raw sugar infected the atmosphere. Within the house every article was covered with the stuff. After the briefest interview, which etiquette demanded should be performed seated, the visitor sallied from the house so incrusted with a saccharine deposit that clouds of flies pursued, hovering with mortifying persistence over that portion of the visitor which had been nearest in contact with the seat of the chair. Betrayed *en évidence*, as it were, his progress, which necessarily lay through the most populous part of the village, was greeted with derisive chaff by those who at that very moment had every available domestic utensil filled to overflowing with the plunder. At one time it is sugar, at another brandy, at another the whole country about is carpeted with India matting, and a Chinese idol grins from every dooryard.

Then, again, there may be years of wreckless monotony, to be followed by a plethora of damaged mackerel and domestic prints. But no man should grudge these people an occasional wreck. In winter, when all otherwise would be idle, a wreck throws these little hamlets and villages into spasms of remunerative activity. Money circulated by wrecking companies brings comforts to the hearth as much appreciated as by those whose good fortune enables them to look with critical superciliousness on this struggle for existence. A life by the sea begets a spirit of sturdy independence. Should one, out of pure wantonness and a voluptuous disregard for expense, present his neighbor with eight or ten clams, an equivalent in kind is immediately given. There is nothing offensive in this reactive generosity; it is simply intended to convey an honest appreciation of services rendered. Neither do little acts of kindness from one to another ever fail to meet with thoughtful recognition, as the following anecdote will attest.

On a certain winter's day, not many years since, an uncommonly cold northwester blistered the Atlantic coast. Over toward the sand-dunes which protect a particular bay from the sea a man is fighting his way across the frozen surface in the face of the bitter gale. His objective is a house on the mainland near the shore. The contrast between the luxurious warmth and coziness of the interior of this house

and the cold desolation which prevails without would furnish ample material for the modern artistic "symphony" in color. After a hard struggle the man reaches the shore; under his arm flutters a paper parcel.



A "SYMPHONY" IN COLOR.

He enters the kitchen of this particular house, and with merely a nod to the cook seats himself in silence by the fire. He is perhaps sixty years of age—an ancient mariner whom many battles with the elements have rendered uncommonly reticent and uncommunicative. His head is bald, but an enormous tuft upon the chin makes amends for this deficiency, and adds to the grim solemnity of his appearance. At a recent revival, after fifty years' practical contemplation of life in various portions of the globe, he experienced religion. Friends and his dead wife's mother had hoped that under this soothing influence he might develop more genial methods of expression; but he was a man, as we have said, in whom experience had confirmed a natural reticence. When the moment arrived in which by some sign or word of mouth he was, before the assembled multitude, to show his ripeness for grace, a great silence fell on the congregation. With no change of countenance he arose in his place, faced to the northeast, the point from which he had always encountered the hardest gales, and roared out, as if addressing a man at the mast-head, "Look a here! I want religion, and I'm bound to have it!" This said, he dropped back into his seat, silent and grim. No change was observed in his deportment; he had satisfied the exigencies of the conventional village life. Under no influence could he be induced to alter or soften the angles of his brief but emphatic vocabulary. On the particularly cold day which I have mentioned, he was moved by another sentiment, for snugly tucked in blankets on the upper floor of

A TYPE.

the house in which he was then seated, a newly born infant lay sleeping. From the mother, surrounded by every attainable luxury and comfort, this ancient mariner had once accepted a signal service, for which, up to this time, he had never given any sign of appreciative recognition. On this occasion for twenty minutes or more he sat by the fire grimly ruminating. Finally he started up, and taking from under his arm the package which he had thus jealously guarded during the entire session, he advanced and placed it on the table.

"Look a here," he said to the cook, "I onderstand Y——'s woman" (*Anglicè*, wife) "is hove to with a baby"—here he paused, and nodded assent to his own statement, in the direction of the northeast. "Look a here" (confidentially), "wimmin is mighty onsartain at them times, so I fetched this 'ere off the beach, a-thinkin' she might like suthin' sorter tasty." This said, he reseated himself in solemn silence by the fire. An examination of the "suthin' sorter tasty," which was enveloped in a thoroughly thumbed copy of the county paper, revealed a well-sanded salt mackerel—a waif washed on the beach from a recent wreck off the coast.

On the borders of all these sounds and estuaries reside numbers of professional gunners—men who shoot for market, or hire themselves to amateur sportsmen from the neighboring towns and cities. From the gradual extinction of the wild fowl which formerly frequented all these waters, and the small profit which even the closest and most assiduous application extracts from the pursuit, the veterans have almost all retired from the profession. Many of these are very old men of quaint and grotesque individualities. To each clings some anecdote or legend, many apocryphal, but all, which have some foundation, subject to the embellishments of a succeeding and younger generation. Odd peculiarities of speech and manner are noted, and personal habits are subjected to a criticism both elaborate and incisive. The most biting of these yarns are too acrid for the pages of a magazine. Many

A PROFESSOR.

of these old gunners were specialists in their profession. Some were more expert in calling snipe to the decoys, while others excelled in the pursuit of ducks and wild-geese. Professors in the last-named branch—gunners for wild-geese—probably occupied a higher plane in the science. With great judgment, one must possess the gift of a natural "honk," or voice capable of imitating with naturalness and preciseness the cry of the wild-goose. Among the most gifted in this direction was an old man by the name of Stoner, who resided with his wife near the feeding grounds of these birds. The lives of the wives of these gunners, as may be imagined, are intolerably dull and monotonous. In the season, from daybreak until black night, Stoner and his fellow-gunners were absent from their homes. Even when he returned to his home he made life a burden for his unfortunate "woman," for, unlike any other well-regulated man, instead of snoring in his sleep, he replaced it by a series of "honks," under the infliction of which no peace or rest could be found. Mrs. Stoner naturally became morbid and hypochondriacal. From an unceasing perusal of medical almanacs she came to associate the phases of the moon with biliary and other disorders, and thus she fell an easy prey to the insidious attacks of itinerant venders of quack medicines.

Her first assailant was a brilliant fellow,

"PERRY PECK'S IRON-CLAD REPULSER."

BURIAL OF MRS. STONER.

who appeared in a red wagon drawn by four black horses. He diagnosed her case, and pronounced it cancer, the result of bilious rheumatic dysentery, and recommended as positively specific the "Red-eye Bitters," of which he was the only reliable salesman. As the moon was then in the quarter favorable to the development of cancer, Mrs. Stoner produced the old stocking from the cupboard, and became the possessor of four bottles of the specific. Before the agent of the bitters could make his rounds with a new consignment, a second dealer had put in an appearance. He was a tall, slim, handsome fellow, who made of the practice of medicine a blind to cover questionable transactions in horseflesh. He drove a blue wagon with yellow wheels, drawn by a spike team of three sorrels. He fairly shook with merriment when he diagnosed Mrs. Stoner's case.

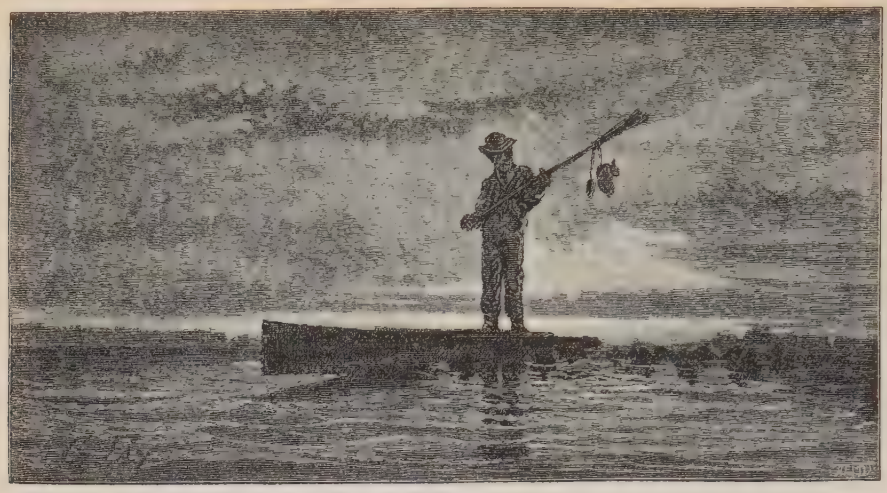
"Why, my dear woman," said he, "what you need is 'Perry Peck's Ironclad Repulser.' You have got calcareous deposits in the liver."

The idea of possessing the only cancer in the village was very dear to Mrs. Stoner. It made her an object of interest to the neighbors—indeed, the people had a sort of local pride in the thing. To give it up was very hard; but he was a plausible fellow, full of technical terms; moreover, he gave a religious bias to his diagnosis, and as Mrs. Stoner was a "professor," this went a great way. Moreover, the moon just at that moment happened to be at the full, and as this planetary condition was favorable, according to the authorities, to the development of calcareous deposits in the liver, the scale was turned, the old stocking again produced, and Mrs. Stoner commenced at once on the first of four bottles of P. P. I. C. R. Calcareous deposits are awkward things to attack, and after a time the "Repulser" became monotonous. At this opportune moment there appeared another fellow. He was framed in a yellow wagon with black wheels, drawn by six calico horses. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he listened to the story of Mrs. Stoner's "doctorin'." He adopted another rôle. His was the optimist theory. He was willing to leave everything to Providence, assisted by "Toby Jeremoff's Cumulative Pills." He was a sweet talker, tender and sympathetic, and made a large reduction to the purchaser of a dozen boxes. He was irresistible. The old stocking was again produced, and the agent for "Toby Jeremoff" disappeared in the distance.

When Stoner, who had been detained on the Sound by a northeast wind, returned, he found that the Cumulative Pills had done the business for his poor "woman." Time presses, with the wind southwest, and wild-geese on their flight. Mrs. Stoner was quickly coffined, and the funeral fixed for the following afternoon at sundown, for every man Jack in the neighborhood, from the parson down, followed gunning, either for profit or for an occasional "mess" to eat. All were experts more or less.

It was decided to bury the poor woman in the family lot, which was situated on the premises, near the well. A little to the right was a large pond, a favorite feeding ground for wild fowl. From this the widower had bagged many a dollar's worth of game. Attendance on the melancholy occasion was prompt, while sedge-colored jumpers had been exchanged for store clothes. It was a notable group of veteran gunners, when all had assembled about the grave, across which the body of the lamented deceased was supported on trestles. Considerable progress has been made in the proceedings, when the faint sound of the "honk" of the wild-goose is heard in the distance. A perceptible pause ensues. Necks are craned, and eyes furtively directed toward the northeastern sky. High up in that direction a noble bunch of geese is discovered, breasting the wind on the way to the south. As the "honk" of the approaching bunch grows louder, the crowd becomes restless, the parson stammers and loses his words; he pretends to keep his eyes shut, but now and again he goes one peeper on the advancing flock. If one may imagine the celebrated Sarah Bernhardt surrounded by all the most distinguished members of the Comédie Française, the stalls filled with superlative critics, and all eyes directed to her in anticipation of and incentive to a supreme effort, so at that moment, by one impulse, all instinctively turned to the veteran Stoner. He is equal to the occasion. At the exact moment, but at first with a slight tremble in the tone, he answers the "honk" of the approaching bunch. The birds were wild, but he had a great audience. The sad ceremonies were forgotten in concentrated desire to see those wild-

A MORNING TALK BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. STONER.



PICKING UP DECOYS.

geese alight in the adjacent pond. Now these birds possess quite an extensive vocabulary, and the use by a "honker" of the wrong note at a critical moment will send them whirling in ragged terror to the sky. But the squat, thick-chested old fellow at the head of the grave, with a voice of mammoth power, makes no mistakes. Nods of critical approval from his friends and the parson encourage and inspire him. "Honk" after "honk" he hurls at the on-coming birds. On a sudden the leader is within hearing of Stoner's voice. He hesitates. Stoner gives him in another "honk" assurance of safety. He hesitates no longer; with a joyous cackle he spreads his wings; his companions follow suit; they drop their legs and tumble downward. At a certain distance from the water they recover themselves, and hesitate; a low cackle of assured safety is spoken to them; they head to the wind and settle complacently in the pond. The victim of "Toby Jeremoff's Cumulative Pills" is buried to the requiem of the "honk" of the wild-goose.

About two years after the funeral services I happened to be joined by the widower while out shooting black-ducks. The warm shelter of the sedge in which we were concealed, and the balmy air of Indian summer, were conducive to confidences. We ambled gently to the question of a second marriage, with suggestions as to the availability of this or that woman of the neighborhood. The widower listened to it all, but at the end, "Mate," said he, "I ain't on the marry no more. For sixty-four years and nine months the 13th day of November I've followed the water, man and boy. I've gunned it, and I've eeled it, and I've whaled it; I've been wracked, and I've had my toes roasted by them niggers onto the Pacific islands, and I've been married, and I've sperienced religion. I was oncommon good to that woman. I never said nothin' about her goin' to meetin', and she had all the physic she could swallow, and no grumblin' about the expense; but ef *I* had a notion to git up sort o' early in the mornin', I was allers *too* early; ef I was a little tardy in gittin' up, I was allers late; ef thar was one stick of wood short, I didn't have no ambition; and ef I got to dreamin' at night that geese was flyin', and, unbeknown like, I honked a spell, she said I was no fit man for no decent woman to live with. I tell you, mate, when I got married I thought I was experienced, but I tell you what it is, I didn't know nothin'. After I got 'nitiated, it used to make me laugh to see the goslin's courtin' and marryin'; and whenever I see a pair of 'em struttin' up the road, I used to go out to the woodpile and laugh to split my sides. Then the old woman she'd come out, hoppin' mad, and she'd ask me what I was a-doin', and I'd tell her I was a-thinkin'. Then she'd say, 'You derned old fool, what with?'" Just at this juncture a black-duck pitched toward the decoys. This gave the widower fresh inspiration. "Thar," said he, "do you see that black-duck? Ain't he a wary old sarpint? He's been thar before, and been stung. See him

POLISHING HIS JAWS.

flirt and gibe two gunshots off! Them decoys is purty and temptin', but he knows what's hid in the grass behind 'em. I tell you, mate, that old black-duck's jest like me: I've been thar before, and been stung; and them decoys is jest like the wimmin, purty and innocent-lookin', but ef you drop to 'em like a chicken, whar be you? The fust thing you know, you don't know nothin'; or you're short wing broke; then whar be you? Dive and skulk ever so hard, you're bound to have your neck wrung. I'm jest like that black-duck; I slick up in my store clothes, and I flirt and gibe around; but I tell you, mate, I let the wimmin alone; I know what's behind 'em hid in the grass." The widower paused and gazed around him. Before us was the beautiful and calm bay; behind, the golden sedge; while the sun diffused a most genial warmth. "Pleasant, ain't it?" he continued. "Things is changed, mate, from what they was: ef I feel hungry now, I eats; ef I don't, I lets it alone; ef I want to git up early, I git; ef I want to sleep mornin's, I sleep. Thar's nobody to ask what I think with. Mate, I ain't on the marry no more."

It is extraordinary to what an extent false teeth are used by the veteran shellbacks. By these blunt and outspoken saline connoisseurs they are termed "jaws." They think nothing of having fifteen or more fangs "hauled" — to speak technically — in order to substitute therefor a set of false teeth. Once provided for in this way, their satisfaction is complete. To encounter one on a moonlight night, on the full smile, the effect is weird and phosphorescent, and is apt to startle one when taken, so to speak, unawares. These false teeth, however, interfere sadly with the proper modulation of the various cries, honks, and whistles in which these gunners indulge in order to call birds to the decoys. But, bereft of their "jaws," they are absolutely *hors de combat*. Often, in the hurried and early morning start, they will be mislaid or forgotten. Then, indeed, is there "woe in Israel." I have often been startled in the dark of early morning by a certain weird and hazy articulation of my shooting companion. "You have forgotten your 'jaws,'" is the instinctive exclamation.

"I'm derned if I hain't," is the sorrowful answer, as he rubs his fangless gums.

Then there is nothing for it but to put back. The return is not a pleasant one, for an acrimonious controversy is apt to ensue with the partner of his joys, in her second sleep, who is aroused by the stumbling search in the dark for the lost implements. The wife is often the possessor of a "full set." Then there is wafted on the early morning air a combat full of meaning to the contestants, but ludicrously incoherent and grotesque to the listener.

The relations of the sexes in these localities are often an amusing study to the observer. Roving Lotharios are apt to be gently chided with a double-barrelled shot-gun loaded with goose-shot. Prudent and experienced beaux will not even allow themselves to be entrapped into desultory conversation with a neighbor's wife. An amusing instance of this occurred within my recollection. There lived, in considerable elegance, at a certain isolated spot on the coast, a very accomplished and elegant woman. It happened one day that her husband was absent on a visit to a friend at a distance.

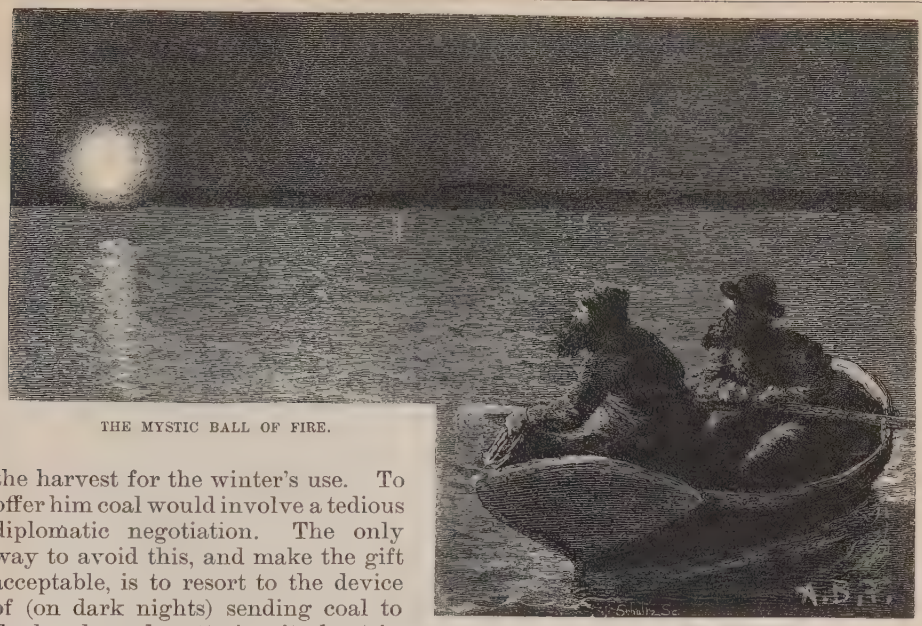
FOOD FOR GOSSIP.

During his absence a certain old fisherman, Uncle Tommy D——, called to make a social visit, bringing with him a paper parcel. Uncle Tommy in appearance was as if he had just been imported from high-caste Esquimau circles at the north pole. He announced his errand, and was invited in. He remained two hours or more, holding the while in his lap the mysterious paper parcel.

As the master of the house did not return, Uncle Tommy finally took his departure, previously taking care to deposit on the drawing-room table the package, which on examination proved to contain a venerable sea-flounder. Some time after, the master of the house happened to encounter Uncle Tommy. He expressed his regret at not having been at home on the occasion of the latter's visit, "and, by-the-way," he said, "whenever you happen to call, and I am out, do not hesitate to go in, as Mrs. P. will always be glad to see you." Uncle Tommy was not to be caught in such a trap as this. He looked at his interlocutor, and with a sharp wink pointed to the distant village, "No you don't," he said; "they will be talking about us next." And on general principles he was correct. One more visit during the absence of the husband, and the gossips of the place would have made short work of the venerable Uncle Tommy.

There is no more high-spirited and independent class of people than that bred by the sea. Did we require large military and naval forces, they would come to the fore, stanch and brave defenders of the flag. As our destiny is more in the commercial way, they yield readily to the blandishments of the almighty dollar. Under these circumstances, there is one sure road to their esteem and respect—to pay cash, and three prices, for a thing without cavil. This for strangers. With one another esteem is vouchsafed according to the capacity of the one or the other to pay as little for an article and at as distant a date as may be allowable.

Gifts, as we have already said, are not accepted without the immediate return of an equivalent in kind. A friend of mine has for neighbor a good old man, a veteran gunner and fisherman, who through physical disability has withdrawn into retirement on a small place of his own. His residence is opposite that of my friend. Present him some little gift, and presently he hobbles over with some return. On the shore adjacent to both places the coal for the villagers is landed. It is brought ashore in lighters; consequently small quantities fall therefrom into the water. Given a hard southwest wind, followed by a low tide, and many of these particles of coal are exposed to view. On every such occasion my friend's neighbor trundles his wheelbarrow to the beach to secure



THE MYSTIC BALL OF FIRE.

the harvest for the winter's use. To offer him coal would involve a tedious diplomatic negotiation. The only way to avoid this, and make the gift acceptable, is to resort to the device of (on dark nights) sending coal to the beach, and scattering it about in the water. Whether the old man has ever suspected the source of the bonanza, his independence of spirit is not touched, and he takes what comes to him from the waters without being able to offer an equivalent.

Mention has been made in the first part of this article of a strip of beach which follows the line of our coast, and protects the bays and inland waters from the encroachments of the sea. Many squatters have settled on this beach. Whether the solitary life led by them imparts a warmer tone to the imagination, they are never at a loss for a marvellous embellishment of simple facts. Mention the occurrence of a fog, and they will recall a similar phenomenon when it was so thick and dense that, in order to find the oxen stabled in the sheds, recourse was had to long poles with which to feel for the cattle, though not above ten feet distant. Sixty years or more ago this strip of beach was uninhabited, save at long intervals. Its chief visitors were wreckers on a plundering expedition from the mainland. At a still earlier date some local pirate and his crew used it as a rendezvous. The "Old House," opposite Patchogue, in Suffolk County, Long Island, was the abiding-place of a notorious pirate named Bill Jones. This Jones, inspired by the fame of Stede Bonnet, the sentimental pirate who took to the profession through disappointment in love, ravaged the seas just previous to and during the war of 1812. For a time he confined his depredations to the South Bay and the Connecticut shore. There is a tradition that he went into piracy on a more extended scale after a personal interview with the devil, under whose auspices he launched out into very extensive enterprises. The terms of the agreement were never divulged, but true it is that from the moment of the signing of the contract until its abrogation, through an unpardonable indiscretion of the pirate, Jones was never seen asleep. He incurred the devil's displeasure for the following reason: He was weather-bound on the Connecticut shore on a certain occasion. He took advantage of the opportunity to secure certain ship's supplies, a portion of which consisted of a pound of tallow candles. In the evening, while on the way to his vessel, he happened to pass by a Methodist chapel in which a prayer-meeting was being held. Inspired by curiosity, he entered; once within, he succumbed to the fascination of the exercises.

At a most interesting point in the proceedings the illuminating apparatus of the worshippers gave out. The leader of the meeting was about to bring the affair to an abrupt termination, when Jones interposed.

"Mate," said he, addressing the parson, "I want to see this thing out. Here's a

pound of candles; ef they're any use, take 'em and welcome."

Jones was the last man to leave. It is unnecessary to add that no well-regulated devil could condone an offense of this character; consequently he terminated the contract with the pirate, and withdrew his protection. The consequences of Jones's imprudence were made apparent in the results of his next and last cruise. On this occasion he rallied the Spanish Main in a brig. All went well until the home port was in sight, when, through the vigilance of the authorities, the pirates were obliged to abandon the vessel at sea, at a point opposite the "Old House." In attempting to make the beach in the small boats, they were overturned in the surf, the crews all drowned—with the exception of Jones—and the money, in canvas bags, buried under many feet of water on the outer bar. Jones had been married, but had lost his wife. In speaking of this melancholy event he always remarked that if he ever married a second time, it would be to a widow whose first husband had been hanged; then she never could reproach him. He made a second marriage, in conformity with this system of ethics; but his bride, with the ingenuity of woman, debarred from reproaching him, invented a method of marital torture so novel and effective that the pirate was glad to take to his heels and decamp for parts unknown. The treasure lost by the pirates was seen some years afterward. A fisherman while rowing over the spot on the outer bar saw the canvas bags on the bottom. He attempted to grapple them; but the bags were rotten, and his implements unsuited to the purpose. He hastened ashore, and to the mainland, to procure more suitable tools. In the mean time a storm arose, and when he returned to the spot, where nine feet of water existed on the occasion of his first visit, he now found eighteen or more—so treacherous and shifting are these sands. With this depth of water, nothing could be done to recover the money.

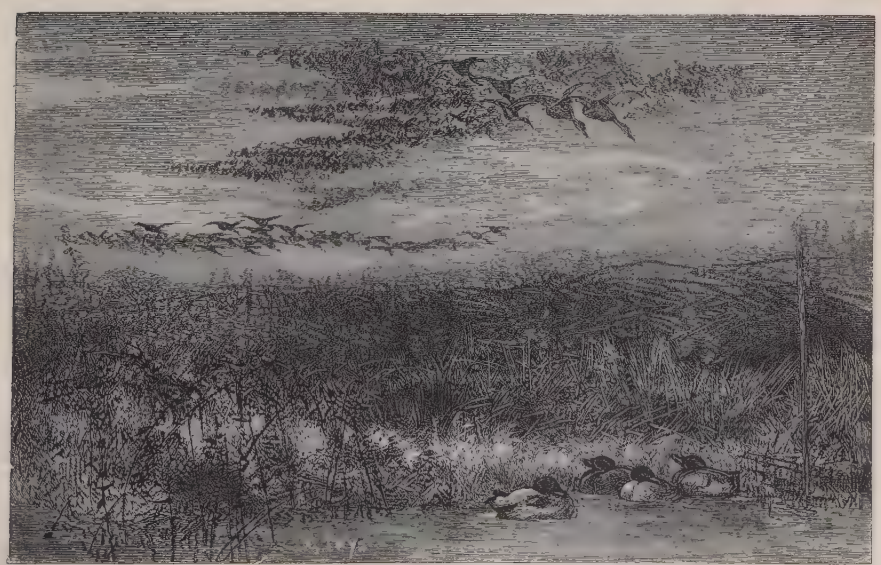
A BLIND.

The vicinity of the former home of Jones is surrounded with a halo of superstition. I was told by a fisherman that on a certain occasion, while, with a partner, setting eel-pots opposite the "Old House," he observed a ball of fire slowly ascend from the water, float in the air for a moment, then sink beneath the waves. This was repeated three times before he called the attention of his partner to the circumstance. The phenomenon was repeated for a fourth time. Then his companion, an adept in reading omens and portents, advised an immediate retreat to their smack. They had barely reached the vessel when a tempest from the south burst upon them. Whether or no Bill Jones or his second wife were the performers with this ball of fire is a matter for science to determine. The present owner of the "Old House" has in his possession silver coins found on the site of the original structure. Visitors interested in such matters will find him willing to impart information concerning the mysterious sounds which pervade the premises, as well as the quaint habits of the door latches attached to the mansion. If they indulge freely, before retiring to rest, in the famous eels for which the locality is justly renowned, they may be able to have a personal experience of the mysterious results of such a diet partaken of on the site of a former pirate's retreat.

All along the Atlantic coast the modern sportsman has introduced vicious methods. He is rather a persecutor than a hunter of wild fowl. His decoys lure the bird by day, and they are used to such an extent that the duck and wild-goose with difficulty find a "sanctuary." At night the persecutor pursues his illegitimate sport under cover of darkness. "Blinds" also are resorted to in the daylight. In consequence of this devastation (in defiance of the game-laws) the wild fowl is fast disappearing.

But—whatever there may be to offend the genuine sportsman—the student of human nature can find no better field in which to pursue his studies than on the coast-line from Maine to Texas.

There is a kindly side to the character of these quaint old salts, particularly in the smaller communities. When the fishery schooner founders at sea, leaving the widows dependent on the community, even the closest and most conservative come to the fore, and divide share and share alike. Generosity is a hereditary quality; it loses its grip when the wolf has stood at the door for generation after generation; but when an old salt is really moved by the generous impulse, he is apt to go to the other extreme.



THE SANCTUARY.

·Vpon ·Spvr·

Spvr jingles nowe, and fweares by no mean oaths
He's double-honovr'd, fince h'as got Gay Cloathes
Moft like hys fvite, and all commend the trim
And thvs they praife the fvmpter; bvt not him
As to the Goddefse people did conferre
Worfhip, and not to'th' affe that carried her

III.—ADRIAN BRAUWER.

OUR knowledge of Adrian Brauwer is derived chiefly from Houbraken, who claimed to be well informed in regard to him; but as Houbraken has been proved mistaken—to use no harsher term—in many instances, his biography of Brauwer is probably not to be implicitly relied upon. According to Houbraken, who in support of his statement quotes from a letter of Nicholas Six, of Haarlem, Brauwer was born there in 1608, instead of at Oudenarde, as has been claimed, and his parents were too poor to give their son any education. His talent as an artist was apparent at an early age, for his mother, who embroidered for a living, had her son design for her the flowers, birds, and decorations with which she adorned the bonnets and gorgets intrusted to her. One day Franz Hals, passing by the shop where the mother and son were busily at work, noticed the latter, was struck with the grace of his designs and his rapidity of execution, and entering into conversation with the boy, asked him if he would not like to become a painter. The boy eagerly assented, and his mother being referred to, gave her consent on the condition that the master should support her son, and consider his services as equivalent for his board, and on these terms the bargain was made.

Brauwer, when installed in Hals's studio, performed his part of the agreement better than his master, according to his biographer (who, it must be remembered, however, has so much to say in disparagement of Hals, and so little in his favor, that one is tempted to wonder if there was not some personal cause of dislike); for Hals being keen enough to discern the boy's originality and freedom of treatment of his subjects, determined to profit by the genius chance had thrown in his way, and accordingly separated Brauwer from the rest of his pupils, and kept him under lock and key in the garret.

Here, supplied with barely enough food to prevent his losing his strength, the young artist was made to work incessantly. Of course the curiosity of the other pupils was excited by such peculiar conduct, and watching their opportunity during Hals's temporary absence, they ascended to the attic, and in turn peeping at the prisoner through the little skylight, watched him at his never-ending labors, and saw for themselves what spirited work he did. One of them proposed to Brauwer to paint the "Five Senses," promising to give him four sous apiece for the paintings. The young artist accepted this munificent offer, and treated the subject, we are told, hackneyed as it was, with great *naïveté*, and in a manner entirely original. Remembering he had had no chance to study the works of others, it is remarkable that he was able to do anything worthy of approval. These pictures were such a success that another pupil ordered of him the "Twelve Seasons," at the same high price, but promised to increase the pay if the artist would, on his part, promise to finish with more care his charming compositions, instead of only making spirited sketches. These payments were an unlooked-for piece of good fortune to the youthful prisoner, who in order to fill his orders had stolen a few hours from the time that should have been devoted to his master's work. Hals suspected something, and desired his wife to watch Brauwer when he was necessarily absent; but the boy growing discontented at his poor fare and incessant toil, seized a favorable opportunity to run away. He did not go far, and was met by an acquaintance of Hals sitting in the shadow of the great organ in the ca-

ADRIAN BRAUWER.

thedral, eating gingerbread. The friend hearing his story of his flight and the causes thereof, persuaded him to return to his master, promising him that he would intercede for better clothing and more generous living. Hals continued to keep him hard at work, and to sell his pictures as the work of an "unknown" artist, which mystery enhanced their value, and the young painter, though he did not know it, was fast gaining a reputation.

Among his fellow-students was Adrian Van Ostade, who, better able than the others to appreciate the delicacy of finish and the warmth and harmony in Brauwer's works, urged him to emancipate himself from Hals's tyranny, and start for himself; that not only could he gain money but fame by his works; and that he, Ostade, was sure that at Amsterdam, where Hals had sold many of his pictures, Brauwer would find no difficulty in earning a living.

Brauwer did not need much urging, and started, without even a letter of recommendation, for Amsterdam, where he knew no one, and arrived there well-nigh penniless.

Fate led him, on entering the city, to the inn L'Écu de France, kept by Van Sommeren, who in his youth had essayed painting, and whose son Henry was a skillful painter of landscapes and flower pieces. The Van Sommerens became interested in the young vagabond, who, finding at their inn a much better kept table than that furnished by Madame Hals, took courage, and opening his color-box, made several small sketches of different groups in the inn, which so charmed his hosts that they gave him a fine copper plate upon which to exert his skill. Brauwer painted a scene representing a quarrel arising from a game of cards between soldiers and peasants; tables were overturned, cards thrown on the ground, the players were hurling pots of beer at each other, and one, dangerously hurt, foaming with rage, lay on the floor half drunk and half dead. This picture, full of life, was painted in a warm tone, with much energy in the pantomime, and great vivacity and force in the faces of the disputants. The "unknown" artist of Franz Hals, whose pictures commanded such high prices, was at once recognized in the seeming vagabond. M. Du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, rushed to meet the painter, and bargain for the picture, but so fearful was he of losing the prize that, instead of waiting to bargain, he offered at once a hundred ducatons* as a fair price. Brauwer could hardly believe his eyes or his ears—he who had begun his artistic career a short time before by painting pictures for four sous (or two pennies). He took the money, spread it out, then carefully gathering it up, went away, saying nothing, but evidently resolving to spend it right royally, for the sight of so much money awakened in him the desire to have, for a time at least, a gay life.

At the end of nine days he returned to the inn singing and smiling, and when asked as to what he had done with his ducatons, "Heaven be praised," said he, "I have got rid of them."

Charles Blanc thinks this anecdote gives the key to Brauwer's character. His bitter apprenticeship, his toilsome youth, his impetuosity of temperament, made him desirous to enjoy his "liberty"; but, without education or refinement, to him pleasure and debauch were synonymous, just as in his pictures jovial humor degenerates into buffoonery. "As a rule, great artists love their art; but with Brauwer life, drink, pleasure, stood first. His art was only the means by which he could indulge in his real loves."

When one reflects on the character of the man as portrayed by his biographers, and betrayed by his pictures, the question arises whether Vandyck's portrait of him (here given) was Brauwer as he was, or as he should have been. If Vandyck has given a likeness of the artist, not an idealized picture, one can hardly imagine this fine-looking cavalier as the frequenter of the tavern, the boon companion of gamblers and drunkards, incapable of steady work, deliberately throwing himself away, with no ambition beyond that of supplying his present needs, and no aspirations beyond those of drinking, gaming, and living a so-called "merry life."

When his landlady, wearied with delay, would insist upon payment, Brauwer would shut himself in his room, paint a picture, and offer it for sale. If it did not find a ready buyer at the price demanded, he would burn it up, and begin another, finishing it with more care; then, the old score settled, work was given up, and he would resume his careless life.

* A Dutch silver coin worth about 5*s.* 6*d.* sterling.

Cornelius de Brie asserts that Brauwer once had a suit made of coarse unbleached cloth, and painted it with flowers, etc., in imitation of the rich India stuffs then in vogue. Giving by varnish the requisite lustre to the cloth, he went into the street, attracting the attention of Amsterdam ladies, who flocked about him admiring the stuff, and asking where it could be bought, but receiving no answer from the eccentric wearer. In the evening, near the close of the play, Brauwer went to the theatre, and was again the focus of all eyes. This time he had with him a wet sponge, and when tired of the attention he excited, he produced it, and telling the crowd that he was the maker of the goods, and the sole person who could procure such a suit, he coolly proceeded to rub off the gorgeous branches, flowers, etc., and show his coarse cloth, which was, he said, an emblem of human life, of which they should make as little account as of his wretched clothes, which only a few moments ago they had regarded as beautiful and precious.

Jacques Houbraken, who engraved the portraits with which his father illustrated his *Lives of the Painters*, gave Brauwer, as an emblem, a monkey, in order to typify his buffoonery, which increased rather than diminished with years. Yet, spite of his laziness, Brauwer has painted admirable pictures, of which Visscher has made incomparable engravings. The scarcity of his works renders them almost priceless; and though they all represent low tavern life, critics unite in declaring they are inimitable in their action, coloring, expression, and faithful, intense realism. No one, according to Blanc, "save a tavern frequenter, could raise himself to the height, or rather descend to the baseness, of such representations. It was in wine that Brauwer found the verisimilitude of his pictures. *In vino veritas.*"

If Houbraken and his other biographers are to be relied on—and they give us more particulars about Brauwer than of scores of other equally good artists, showing that scandal in connection with one's name will insure remembrance, "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones"—Brauwer lived a life of reckless dissipation at Amsterdam, earning much but spending more, and thus accumulating such a load of debt that he saw no way of escape from his creditors save by flight, and accordingly secretly left the city for Antwerp. Being more acquainted with the vagaries of tavern frequenters than with the vagaries of government, he did not provide himself with a passport, and accordingly, when he reached Antwerp, was arrested as a spy (the war between Spain and the Netherlands then raging), and imprisoned in the citadel, where he found as a companion the Duke d'Arenberg. Brauwer, taking the duke for some one in authority, protested he was no spy, but only a poor travelling artist, and that, had he colors and canvas, he would prove the truth of his words. The duke sent to his friend Rubens for the necessary materials, and Brauwer began to work. Several Spanish soldiers were seated in the court playing cards, and the painter took them for his models. "He painted the group with spirit and fidelity, carefully studying the expression, attitude, and face of each player. Behind them is an old soldier, who is the judge of the throws; his face is a study, and between his half-open lips his two remaining teeth are visible. Never has Brauwer painted with more fire and spirit, nor with greater success." The duke was delighted, sent for Rubens to come and examine the "daub," and tell him if it were worth keeping. No sooner had the "master" glanced at it than he declared the painter must be Brauwer, and placed the "daub" at such a high valuation that the duke exclaimed, "You rightly judge it is not for sale. I intend it for my cabinet, as much on account of the singular way in which I have obtained it as for its intrinsic value."

Rubens procured Brauwer's release, took him to his house, and generously provided for him; but the vagabond artist could not long endure the regular, orderly life, declared he had as lief be in prison, stole secretly away, and went to live with Joseph van Craesbeck, whose acquaintance he had made, who combined the occupation of a broker in pictures with the trade of a baker, had aspirations after art, and wanted Brauwer to teach him painting. Craesbeck had some talent, and, like his master, preferred to paint and enjoy tavern life. The two worthies, after one of their orgies, had some trouble with the watchmen, and Brauwer was forced for a while to leave Antwerp. He went to Paris; there he did but little work, and returned to Antwerp, where, falling sick,

"THE CAROUSERS."—[ADRIAN BRAUWER.]

and being without means, he was taken to a hospital, and there died, in the year 1640. Being without money or friends, he was buried in the "Potter's Field." But the news of his sad end coming to Rubens's knowledge, he had the body disinterred at his own expense, and buried at the church of the Carmelites. He declared his intention of erecting a monument to Brauwer, but died himself ere he could put his design into execution, though he had made a model of what he intended.

Brauwer's genius and originality are strikingly exemplified by the fact that though Hals was his only master, and until he left him he had had a chance to study the works of no other painter, he early in life emancipated himself from Hals, and started to form a career for himself, creating a style entirely different from Hals's, drawing and finishing each object in his pictures with care, but without too much minutiæ or coldness. Oftentimes the pictures are merely finished sketches, of which the paint is so thin that through it can be easily distinguish-

ed the priming of the canvas or the tone of the panel. But besides this style Brauwer has another, where to the light soft touch is added firmness, and the delicacy gains in breadth. As finished and *spirituel* as Teniers, he has warmer tones, more *mordoré*, and in these respects resembles Ostade and Rembrandt. Brauwer, according to Blanc, is an artist "who as a model for style and manner of working is excellent to follow, though in choice of subjects he is perhaps to be shunned; yet notwithstanding the grossness of his models, the vulgarity of their actions, and their superlative ugliness, he has for more than two centuries captivated amateurs by the exquisite finish, warmth, and harmony of his pictures."

Kugler says: "His pictures display a singular power of keeping a delicate and harmonious coloring which inclines to the cool scale, an admirable individuality, and a *sfumato* of surface in which he is unrivalled, so that we can well understand the high esteem in which Rubens held the power of the artist."

His pictures are not numerous (which leads one perhaps to doubt whether Hals could have been such a very hard taskmaster), and it is very rarely one is offered for sale. The Munich gallery has the largest share, the Louvre containing but one example of him. Brauwer was also a spirited engraver, and there are nineteen authenticated engravings of his.

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

IV.—ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

What little is known of Adrian Van Ostade's life can be told in a very few lines, as it would seem from the scanty details to have been a singularly eventless one. Though born in Lübeck in 1610, and therefore by birth a German, he is always classed among the Dutch painters, being one of the many who, wishing to study art, in the seventeenth century left Germany for the Low Countries. About his early life, his parentage, etc., there is absolutely nothing known, nor can the date be fixed with any precision of when he left Lübeck; the first known of him is hearing that with Brauwer he studied under Hals, and was the one to counsel Brauwer to leave his master. "Ostade by his temperament was, in spite of his birth-place, a true Dutchman. He was one in his appearance as well as in his genius. His grave yet open face shows the honesty of his character and the regularity of his life; the orderly arrangement of his pictures, and their exquisite finish in details, speak alike for the conscience of the artist and his scrupulous care and patience."

It is conjectured that Ostade studied long under Hals, but just when he followed himself the advice he gave to Brauwer is not known. One of his biographers says that after leaving Hals he is said at first to have painted in imitation of Rembrandt, then in the manner of Teniers; but that Brauwer, an acknowledged artist, seeing his friend in perplexity, roughly told him that Rembrandt was inimitable, and that he might as well paint as Ostade as after Teniers. Ostade saw the wisdom of the advice, but there still clung to him traces of his first tendencies: in abandoning Rembrandt and Teniers, he preserved what he had borrowed from the genius of the two masters, and became "one Ostade, a familiar Rembrandt, a serious Teniers." Ostade mar-

ried a daughter of Van Gojen, the famous marine painter, and settled at Haarlem. There were many reasons for so doing: that city held the second rank in Holland; the country was easy of access for his rustic scenes; good cheer could easily be had, for Haarlem was celebrated for its beer then as now; and his models—smokers and drinkers—were at hand, and there no doubt he would have preferred quietly to remain, had not the rumors of the invasion of Holland by Louis XIV. decided our quiet-loving, hard-working artist, who then had a large family to provide for, to leave Haarlem, and he started with the avowed intention of returning to his native place. "He stopped at Amsterdam," says Houbraken, "on his way to Lübeck, but an amateur there, named Constantine Sennepart, overpersuaded him to remain there. He pointed out to him the pecuniary advantages to be gained by living in a large city where he was well known by reputation, and stood a better chance of having his works appreciated, and finding purchasers willing and able to pay good prices.

Ostade found himself among famous artists, Wouvermans, Linglebach, Douw, Van Tempel, Metzu, Potter, and Rembrandt at the head of all, and here assiduously working, but still ignoring, as did all the others, the scenes passing around them (for his pictures show no traces of war or civil discord), carefully depicting rustic views and silent smokers, he tranquilly lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1685, at the age of seventy-five.

As to his merits as an artist, Blanc writes: "Certain people by their predisposition to love art have acquired a vague and rudimentary knowledge of it, have learned a few of the terms, some historic facts without any connection or sequence, and know just enough to formulate many errors; still they have taken the first degree, for it is no trivial matter to be able to talk on art, even though making mistakes. Others have enlarged and generalized their knowledge in order to draw from it arbitrary inductions; they have acquired a habit of criticising founded upon their first impressions. These rank among the amateurs; their mission is to throw light on æsthetical or historical points which they have examined into from choice. They are in the second degree of initiation. Others, still, join to the pleasure of loving painting the pleasure of making it a study. They have searched into and sifted the subject. By reason of examining and comparing, of attention, love, and sagacity, they have discovered the cause of their emotion; then, tracing back by analysis, they have found out the few great principles which compose the poetry of art. These are in the highest degree. Only these last can appreciate Ostade, one of the most cultivated and most original of the masters who have lived since Rembrandt."

Ostade has been called the Rembrandt of genre painters, and he certainly imbibed from the study of Rembrandt his management of light, particularly his half-lights, fading by degrees, by imperceptible gradations, giving even to his shadows a transparency, and this is specially noticeable in "The Rustic Household." The engraving from which the wood-cut is copied was exhibited in the Paris Salon by M. Adrien Laveille in 1848, and he was awarded for it a gold medal. The painting is in the possession of Mr. Halford, of England. It is the artistic management of the light which renders this picture so charming, for all the accessories are of the simplest. The homely details of a peasant's house are given with scrupulous fidelity; but the harmony of tone, the soft, diffused light, the charming simplicity of the whole interior, render it one of the best examples of Ostade in his happiest vein. It is from such pictures as these Blanc asserts we should judge the artist, not from his drinking or gaming pictures, for they were executed to please buyers; but in these genre paintings the artist portrays himself, his love of domestic peace and simple home scenes.

Ostade is valued not only for his paintings, the works of a finished artist and harmonious colorist, particularly in the originality of his tints, but his engravings are also regarded as of inestimable value, for, like all the Dutch artists, he was an engraver and etcher. His engravings are distinguished by great painstaking. There is no slurring of any detail; no stroke but what serves to accentuate the face, to shade a fold in the drapery, to indicate some action; even the tint of the paper is evidently carefully considered; the lights and shadows are accurately defined; and when half-tones are multiplied, it is an exception. Ostade, like Berghem, well understood the picturesque. He gave character to the most trivial detail; "a rustic grace

"THE RUSTIC HOUSEHOLD."—[ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.]

even to a rotten, damp, tumble-down penthouse; everything he painted had a charm, and was, as amateurs say, *plein de ragoût*." According to Bartsch, the number of Ostade's engravings is fifty. Add to these his numerous pictures, found in all European galleries, his portraits, and his water-colors, and it will be readily granted that his seventy-five years were not passed in idleness.

Kugler ranks him as the greatest among the genre painters of his school; considers him as resembling Rembrandt in his warm, clear coloring, perfection of chiaroscuro, and also in being "utterly without the sense of beauty of form or grace of movements. Although the fact that his pictures seldom represent anything more sympathetic than scenes of low comfort and enjoyment deprives them of any *moral* interest, yet they afford a striking proof that works of art, in spite of great deficiencies, may yet, if only possessing excellences of one class, offer high attractions to the cultivated eye, the excellences of Ostade consisting in genuine feeling for nature, picturesqueness of arrangement, harmony of coloring, and ex-

JAN STEEN.

traordinary technical mastery. He varies greatly in the coloring of his pictures, especially in his flesh-tints. In his earlier manner we find a light golden tone of extraordinary clearness; later, this tone, while equally clear, becomes rather redder. In his latest pictures the reddish tones become colder, and the shadows less clear."

V.—JAN STEEN.

It seems to be conceded by all who have written of Jan Steen that he was a hard drinker, and a so-called jovial fellow, the only writer of any note who has dissented from this opinion, and tried to clear the reputation of Steen from these charges, being M. Immerzeel, whose book on the Dutch and Flemish painters was published at Amsterdam in 1842. In this work M. Immerzeel contends, noticing the contrast between the established reputation of Steen and the style of his works, that it was impossible that an artist who painted so many charming pictures could have been a debauchee; however, he brings forward no proofs, but thinks the inference he draws from Steen's works is all-sufficient. But a bad name once gained, it is impossible to get rid of it. And it is always asserted that "Steen was *par excellence* the painter of the habits and lives of himself and his circle," though on examining Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* of his pictures, it will be seen of the three hundred and more authenticated works of his, only about thirty have for their subject drunkenness, and for their theatre the tavern—a small percentage certainly; and though perhaps this fact may serve as corroborating testimony in support of M. Immerzeel's theory, yet, in absence of more convincing circumstances, credence will still be given to Weyermans and Houbraken, who assert that they knew Jan Steen to be a rollicking, careless fellow, who loved wine better than his art.

Jan Steen was born at Leyden in 1636, and was the contemporary and friend of Mieris and Lievens, both of whom were also free livers. He studied under Jean Van Gojen, who, admiring his talents and gay humor, made him welcome at his house. As was to be expected, Steen repaid his kindness by falling in love with his youngest daughter, Margaret, and gained more easily the consent of Van Gojen to the marriage than he did that of his own father, Havik Steen, a wealthy brewer, then living at Delft. He considered his son too young to marry, and too improvident to be able to support himself, let alone a wife—and subsequent events proved the worthy brewer to be right. However, after much persuasion, he yielded, and started the young couple in a brewery at Delft, with a capital of ten thousand florins. Steen, delighted with his prospects, took no heed of the business, and Margaret, indolent by nature, took no heed of the expenses, and between the two the result could easily be foretold. The accounts were kept on a slate with a piece of chalk, and the exciseman claiming that Steen had not paid the city tax, he was called to an accounting; but, alas! when the slate was brought, the chalk marks were well-nigh illegible. On examination Margaret could not tell what she had written, and so judgment was obtained against them; but when it was enforced, it was found that the merry brewer had neither money, beer, nor credit; so the brewery was formally closed.

"THE DANCING DOG."—[JAN STEEN.]

Again his father started him in the business, but the same thing was repeated, and one fine day Margaret informed her husband there was in the cellar no beer and no wine, in the house not meal enough to make a loaf. Steen was a philosopher; he took the news calmly, concluded it was time to remember he was a painter as well as a brewer, and reproduced faithfully on canvas the picture presented by his own disordered household. This one writer asserts to be his first authentic picture, and perhaps this fact may have led to the statement so often repeated that Steen painted only tavern scenes. His works show the falsity of this assertion; and when he does represent drinking scenes, he always jeers at the drinkers, "counsels temperance while holding the glass in his own hand, and strikes at the vices and follies of human nature over his own back."

His father dying in 1669, and leaving Steen a house in Leyden, he determined to leave Delft, and in his old home open a tavern; but to his new business he carried the same jovial temperament, his wife the same careless disregard of all

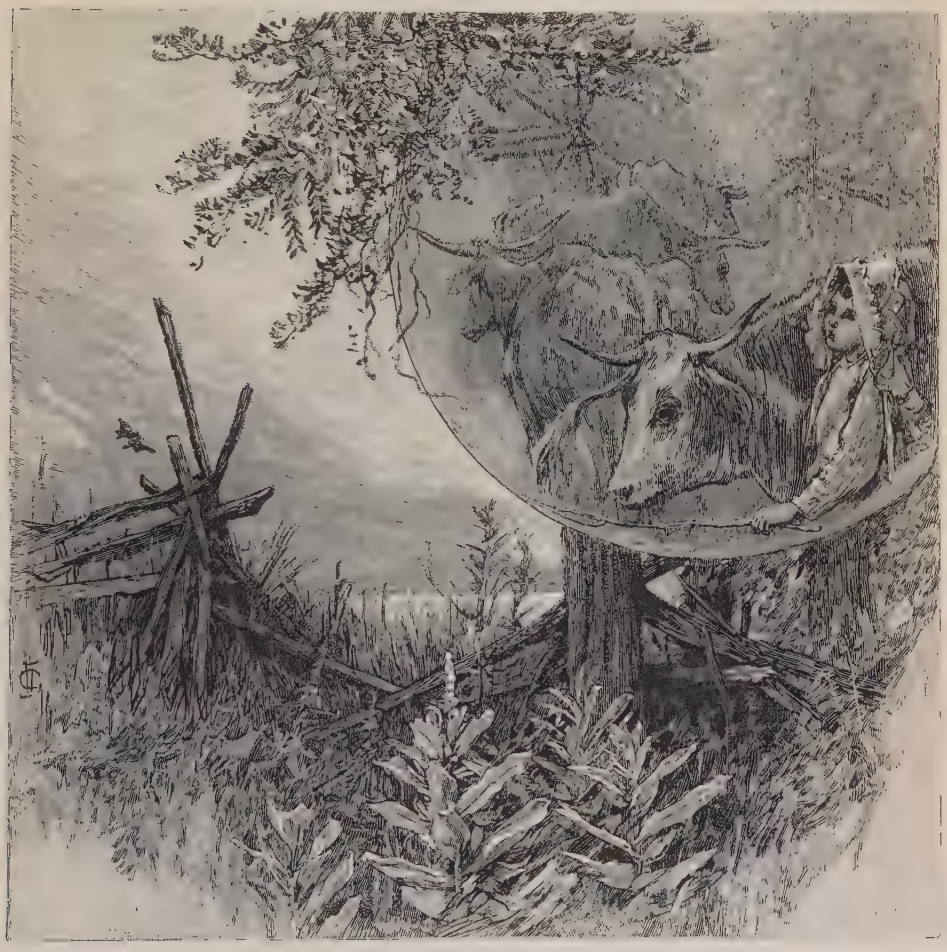
household economy, and as those who could not pay for drinks, particularly friends such as Mieris, Lievens, and De Vos, were allowed unlimited trust, there came a day when, like the brewery, the tavern had to be closed. Again the painter had to come to the aid of the tavern-keeper, and whatever providing was done for the family, Steen's brush was the means by which he procured such providing. Spite of the number of his works, and their excellence, Steen never gained much money, for two reasons: one, that he never took pains to sell his pictures, did not rate them highly, and disposed of them, according to Descamps, generally to liquor-dealers; and the other, that as soon as money came into his hands he was uneasy until he had spent it. "'Having been paid one day for a picture, he took the gold pieces, without heeding the request of his wife to give them to her, and went to the nearest tavern, where he lost at play what he did not spend for drink. On his return, his wife asked him what had become of his money. 'I haven't it now,' he answered, 'and what amuses me is that those who have gained it from me think they have cheated me, whilst they have been duped by me. Of all the pieces of gold I had to-day, there was not one that was not light weight. You can imagine how they will feel to-morrow when they find it out.'" After relating this story, Blanc adds, "'Light weight!' this expression, charming under the circumstances, Jan Steen could apply to life—his own, at any rate. Nothing weighed on him; his life was passed in observing men, laughing at their follies, whilst painting them, and drinking at the same time. If one may judge from his pictures, one could well believe that no shadow of trouble ever clouded the serenity of his soul. It was not that he did not see the dark side of nature, but he guarded against abandoning himself to discouragement, and, never afflicted with melancholy himself, scrupulously refrained from allowing it to tinge his compositions."

His wife died, leaving him six children, and he hastened to supply the loss by marrying a widow with two, Marietta Herkulens, who had been a market-woman. Among Steen's friends was Karel de Moor, and Marietta, who had often begged her husband to paint her, without his finding the time, finally accepted the offer of De Moor. The picture finished, she proudly showed it to her husband, who said it only lacked one thing he would add, and with a few strokes painted a large basket filled with calves' heads and feet, and hung it on her arm. "'Without that,' said he, 'no one would recognize you.'" There is at the Hague a picture by Steen representing himself and family, and the painter has placed himself between his two wives. They are both pretty, Margaret the prettier; and as the painter was proverbial for never flattering, the likenesses are probably excellent. Steen died in 1689, at the age of fifty-three; and, spite of his jovialness, he must have been tolerably industrious to produce so many works, besides many engravings. The stories of Houbraken and Weyermans have not done him justice, for, though a drinker, he was not solely that, but a careful observer, full of roguishness, with a fine appreciation of humor, quick at perceiving character in all its shades, and correcting absurdities, not with severity, but gayly, as would be fitting in a man who saw the ludicrous side of the great and little miseries of life.

Kugler says of him that, after Rembrandt, he is the most genial painter of the Dutch school. "'His abundant feeling for invention, in which he far surpasses all other genre painters of the school, gives expression to inexhaustible humor and boundless high spirits, while in every other quality—composition, coloring, impasto, spirited and yet careful touch—he yields, when he puts forth his whole strength, to none of them." Fromentin writes in the same strain, and Blanc asserts: "'Nobody could discourse better upon art than Jan Steen; and though he may never have learned the great rules of art, he divined them by his own acumen, for it is certain the true principles he observed in his pictures he never could have acquired from the teachings of his father-in-law. He makes every one act out his character to the end, and in every slight detail. His drunken men betray themselves to be so, even to the slight disorder of their dress and the balancing of their body. Steen would never have merited Garrick's fault-finding with an actor personating a drunken man—'My friend, your head is certainly drunk, but your feet and legs are undeniably sober.'"

Steen appeals to a large class of ad-

mirers, not only to those who can appreciate the technicalities of art, but to those who like pictures which they can understand; and when offered for sale, his works always command high prices. England and Holland are always rivals at a sale of any of his pictures, and so highly are his pictures prized by the English that they own more than two-thirds of his entire works.



THE BROKEN BARS.

THE broken bars upon the foot-path lie
  That leads across the upland, o'er whose brows
  At evening the home-returning cows
In long procession used to wander by.
A little maiden, with a fawn-like eye,
  And quick light feet, toward the old farm-house
  Drove the slow herd, that still would pause to browse
Upon the sweet grass standing ankle-high.
Now all is changed; the bars are always down;
  No tinkling bells come sounding o'er the hill;
  Upon the lonely place the sun and stars
See nothing but the tall grass thin and brown;
  And naught is heard save that the whip-poor-will
  Flutes his sad note above the broken bars.

THE LEVEL LAND.

Stirred by great aims, our eager souls leap high
As flame, or living tree, or slender tower;
But withered longings round such life must lie,
Fallen like flowers of spring foredoomed to die,
After a little space of sun and shower.
Our trodden world is touched with poets' fire;
Star-like, unknown, there hangs a world above;
And we have life, can labor and aspire,
And seek for God; yet sometimes I desire—
Ah! how desire a level land I love!

A land of sunny turf and laughing rills,
A land of endless summer, sweet with dew,
Girt with a range of everlasting hills,
Asleep beneath a sky of white and blue.
There, with a silver flash, 'mid grove and lawn,
Like curving blades are thrust the narrow creeks,
And ocean breezes rush at dusk and dawn
With songs of freedom round the guardian peaks.

In sparkling air the poplars quiver high;
In every thicket sing the birds unseen;
O'er sculptured walls, beneath the glowing sky,
Fruits cluster, purple-ripe; and waters lie
Lucid in fountains rimmed with mossy green.

A clearer music whispers in the reeds
Than reeds have ever learned by brooks of ours,
And throughout all the year the level meads
Are golden-green, and sprinkled full of flowers.
As some dear child once more at home might stand,
Her very self, but taller and more fair—
Herself, yet changed in eyes and brow and hair—
So like, unlike, the flowers in that far land,
And violets grow very thickly there.

And there is many a wide and busy way
Which echoes with the singing of sweet words
And greetings; for the wayfarers are gay,
Light, and unwearied as the darting birds.
Their eyes are glad for beauty that has been,
Glad for new beauty, where they feast afresh.
And every face is delicate and keen,
Clothed but not burdened with its garb of flesh.
Nor is among them stammering thought nor tongue,
But eyes and lips and hands have perfect speech.
Outlines, or mingled hues, words said or sung,
Sweet wordless looks, and music finely strung
Belong to all, and answer each to each.

Maidens are there might bid a gazer deem
That the soft shadows of the eventide—
The balmy dusk when day has newly died—
Flowed in their veins, a swift and subtle stream,
So darkly sweet among the flowers they glide.
Their garments, as they flit between the trees,
Blend their rich dyes in one imperial glow,
Like a fair garden of anemones
When blossoms open and the south winds blow.
And others look upon that land's delight,
Gray-eyed and stately—women queenly souled—
Golden their hair, and in their raiment white
Have cunning fingers woven flowers of gold.

They have no laughter there of lofty scorn,
Nor of a gladness from the world apart,
No sidelong merriment, no satire born
Of hidden pain and weariness of heart.
Joy of the world with joy of man unites—
Gladness of brooks that glitter in the sun,
Greetings of lovers, leafy shades and lights
Dancing in golden riot, all are one.
Sweet with the kiss of ripples on the sand,
With mirth of flower and bird, of maid and boy,
Goes up the laughter of the level land,
Its clearest note the note of human joy.

Like a midsummer madrigal which tells
Of golden love in notes like golden bells
Is that fair land for which I vainly long;
And even were I throned where gladness dwells,
Mine were a note of discord in the song.
For dim perplexities, and hopes that wane,
Doubt, and the ghastly riddles Sin and Pain,
Burden of Duty, and contending creeds,
Would still pursue, oppress my weary brain,
And mar the music of the river reeds.

O heavy Thought! Can Sleep no comfort yield,
Who conquers every pain with transient health—
Lost ere the sick heart knew that it was healed—
Fair Sleep, who mocks and blesses us by stealth,
Bids us be kings and rule the empty air,
Fly on swift pinions, or renew our youth—
Can Sleep no comfort yield in my despair?
O for a sleep whose visions, faint and fair,
Should gather strength, should win a virtue rare,
Open like buds, and blossom into Truth!
Is there such perfect slumber 'neath the sky?
Nay, is there not? It might be found, I think,
Could I attain that land. Could I but lie
Upon the level turf, and softly sigh,
'Mid the soft sighing of the water's brink,
Till I forgot the strife of Right and Wrong,
Forgot the gloom of overhanging Death,
And slept off all my care 'mid rippling song,
Might I not rise, and drawing fuller breath,
Wake to no torpid creeping of the blood,
But a quick rush of life—no languid flow
Of joy wrung out amid encircling woe,
But gladness pouring in a golden flood?
Dream of a fool! The soul makes answer, No.

Not mine, nor shall be mine from first to last,
That level land. There rises from the sod—
O glory inconceivable and vast!
Awful as fate, and silent as the past—
Dimly, an infinite ascent to God.

Not mine that land, in days afar or near.
How could I ever long its shores to win?—
I who strain upward toward an atmosphere
Of sovereign calm, so thin and crystal clear
All lower life must faint and die therein.

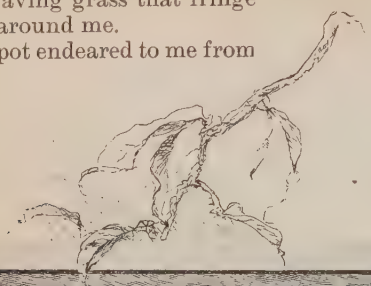
Yet is my path encompassed by the spell.
It lurks in written page and carven stone,
And blossoms from our labored gardens tell
Of fair lands golden-crowned with asphodel,
Where joys and flowers spring up, alike unsown.
What marvel if at times I dream again,
When earth is warm, and heaven is blue above,
And yearning for that vision sweet and vain,
Shrink from the soul's high heritage of pain?
O land—fair land! O level land I love!

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

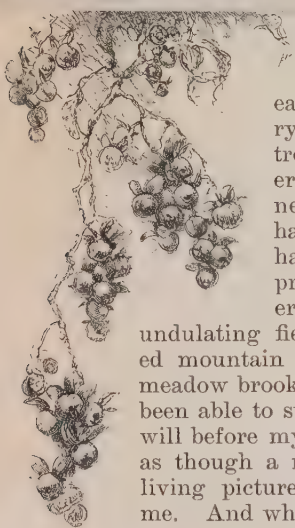
NOVEMBER.

I AM sitting alone upon a wooded knoll at our old farm at Hometown. Above me a venerable oak holds aloft its dome of bronze-

green verdure, and on either side the gnarled and knotty branches bend low, and trail their rustling leaves among the tufts of waving grass that fringe the slope around me.



It is a spot endeared to me from earliest memory, a loved retreat whose every glimpse beneath the overhanging boughs has left its impress, whose every feature of undulating field, of wooded mountain and winding meadow brook, I have long been able to summon up at will before my closed eyes, as though a mirror of the living picture now before me. And what is this picture?



It is an enchanted vision of nature's autumn loveliness, a vision of peace and tranquil resignation, that lingers like a poem in the memory. It is a glorious October day, one of those rarest and loveliest of days when all nature seems transfigured, when a golden misty veil swings from the heavens in a haze through which the commonest and most prosaic thing seems spiritualized and glorified. The summer's full fruition is passed and gone, the dross has been consumed, and in the lingering life whose yielding flush now lends its sweet expression to the declining year we see the type of perfect trust and hope that finds a fitting emblem in the dim horizon, where heaven and earth are wedded in a golden haze, where purple hills melt softly in the sky. It is a day when one may dream with open eyes, and whose day-dreams haunt the memory as sweet realities.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

The sky is filled with rolling fleecy clouds, whose bases seem to float upon a transparent amber sea, from whose depths I look through into the blue air beyond.

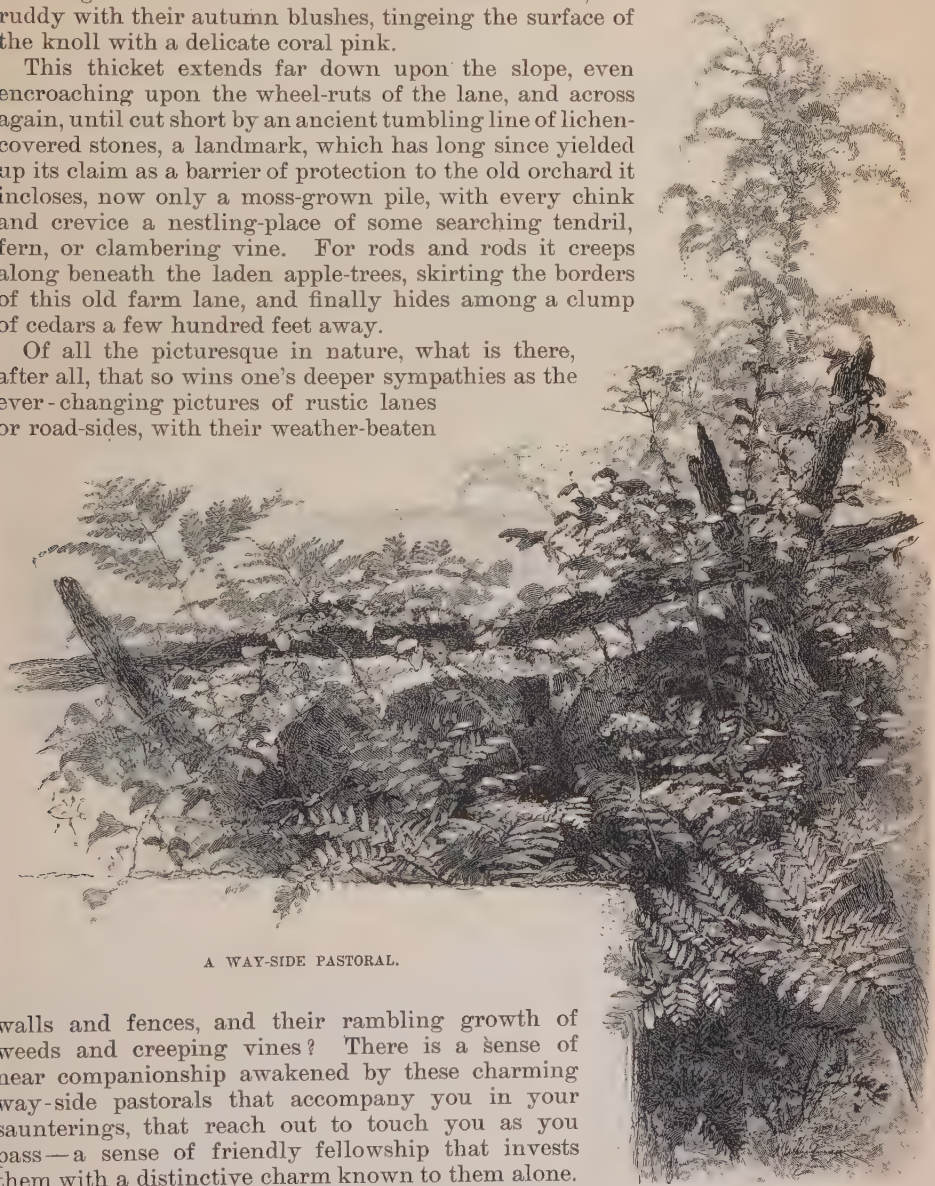
Below me an ancient orchard skirts the borders of the knoll. Its boughs are crimson-studded, and the ground beneath is strewn with the bright red fruit. They mark the minutes as they fall, running the gauntlet of the craggy twigs, and bounding upon the slope beneath. Beyond the orchard stretch the low flat meadow-lands, set with alders and swamp-maples, with swaying willows, now inclosing, now revealing, the graceful curves of the quiet stream as it winds in and out among the overhanging foliage. Soon it is lost beneath a wooded hill where an old square tower and factory bell betray the hiding-place of the glassy pond that sends its splashing water-fall across the rocks beneath the old town bridge. Looking down upon this bridge, Mount Pisgah, with its rugged cliff, is seen rising bold and stern against the sky above a broad and bright mosaic of elms and maples, spreading from the grove of oaks near by in an unbroken expanse to the very foot of the

precipice, with here and there a sunny cupola or gable peering out among the branches, or a snowy steeple lifting high its golden cross or weather-vane glittering in the sun. The mountain-side is lit up with its autumn glow of intermingled maples, oaks, and beeches, with its changeless ledges of jutting rock and dense defiant pines, standing like veteran bearded sentinels in perpetual vigilance.

Beyond the bed of moss near by, a scrubby growth of whortleberry takes possession of the ground. The bushes are now bare of fruit, but ruddy with their autumn blushes, tingeing the surface of the knoll with a delicate coral pink.

This thicket extends far down upon the slope, even encroaching upon the wheel-ruts of the lane, and across again, until cut short by an ancient tumbling line of lichen-covered stones, a landmark, which has long since yielded up its claim as a barrier of protection to the old orchard it incloses, now only a moss-grown pile, with every chink and crevice a nestling-place of some searching tendril, fern, or clambering vine. For rods and rods it creeps along beneath the laden apple-trees, skirting the borders of this old farm lane, and finally hides among a clump of cedars a few hundred feet away.

Of all the picturesque in nature, what is there, after all, that so wins one's deeper sympathies as the ever-changing pictures of rustic lanes or road-sides, with their weather-beaten

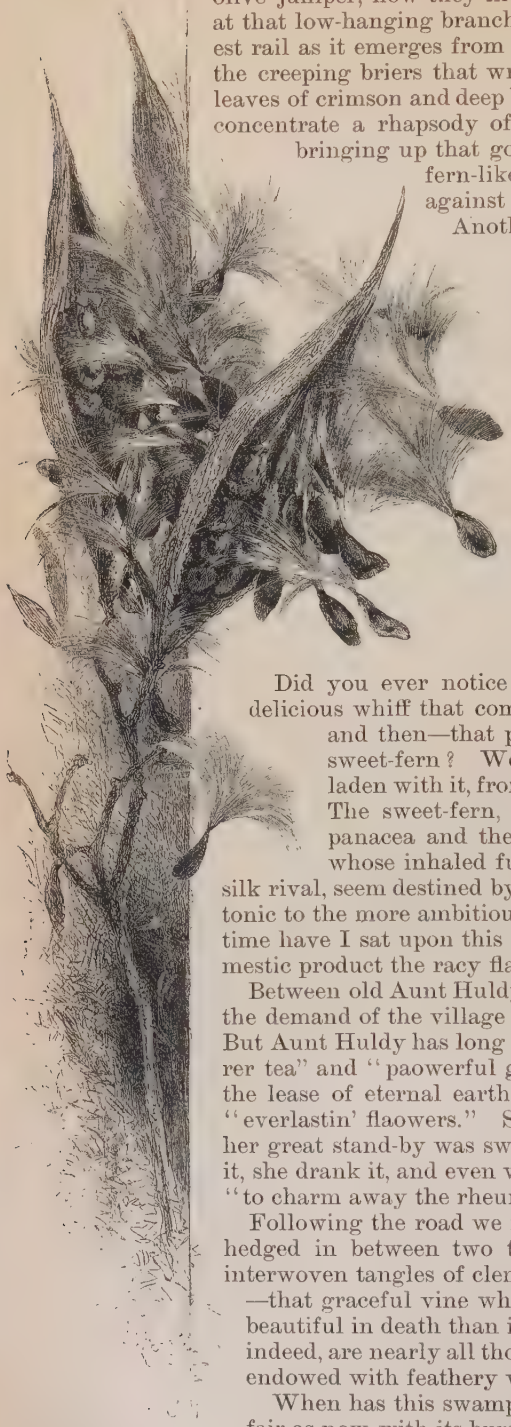


A WAY-SIDE PASTORAL.

walls and fences, and their rambling growth of weeds and creeping vines? There is a sense of near companionship awakened by these charming way-side pastorals that accompany you in your saunterings, that reach out to touch you as you pass — a sense of friendly fellowship that invests them with a distinctive charm known to them alone.

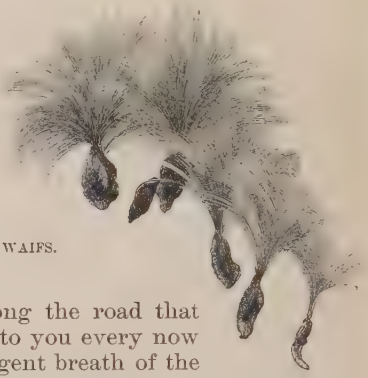
Even in this lane at the foot of the knoll below us, see the brilliant luxuriance of clustered bitter-sweet draping the side of that clump of cedars! It is only an indication of the beauty that envelops this lane for a full half mile beyond. Every angle of its rude rail fence incloses a lovely pastoral, each a surprise and a contrast to its neighbor.

See how the cool gray rails are relieved against that rich dark background of dense



olive juniper, how they hide among the prickly foliage! Look at that low-hanging branch that so exquisitely conceals the lowest rail as it emerges from its other side, and spreads out among the creeping briers that wreathe the ground with their shining leaves of crimson and deep bronze! Could any art more daringly concentrate a rhapsody of color than nature has here done in bringing up that gorgeous spray of scarlet sumac, whose fern-like pinnate leaves are so richly massed against that background of dark evergreens?

Another jutting corner, and we confront a swaying mass of gold and purple, that magnificent regal combination of graceful golden-rod and asters that glorifies our autumn.



WAIFS.

Did you ever notice along the road that delicious whiff that comes to you every now and then—that pungent breath of the sweet-fern? We get it now, the air is laden with it, from the dark green beds across the road. The sweet-fern, as I remember it, was the simpler's panacea and the small boy's joy—an aromatic shrub whose inhaled fumes, together with those of its corn-silk rival, seem destined by sympathetic Nature as a preparatory tonic to the more ambitious fumigation of after-years. Many a time have I sat upon this bank and tried to imagine in my domestic product the racy flavor of the famed Havana.

Between old Aunt Huldy, with her mania for the simples, and the demand of the village boys, I wonder there is any of it left. But Aunt Huldy has long since died; all her "yarbs" and "yarrer tea" and "paowerful good stimmilants" could not give her the lease of eternal earthly life which she said lurked in the "everlastin' flaowers." She knew every herb that grew, but her great stand-by was sweet-fern. She smoked it, she chewed it, she drank it, and even wore a little bag of it around her neck "to charm away the rheumatiz."

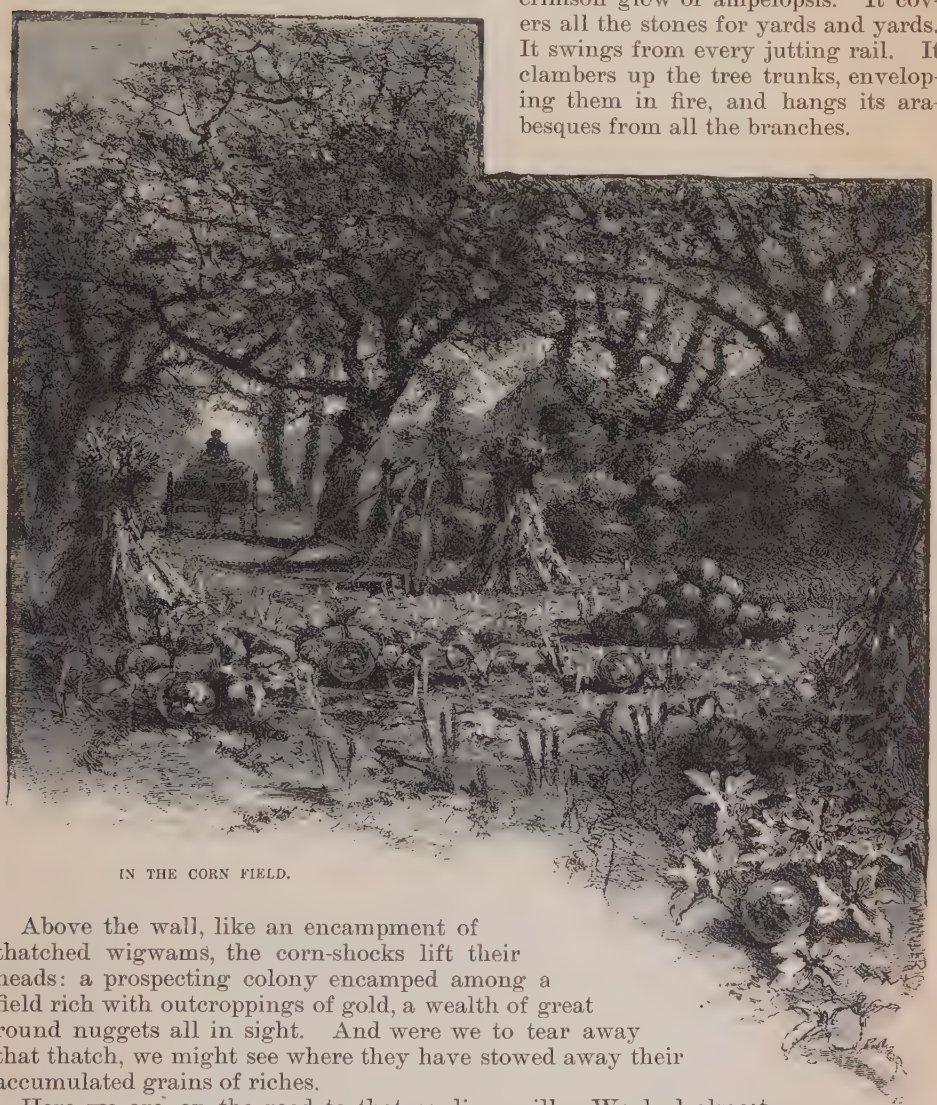
Following the road we now descend into a long, low stretch, hedged in between two tall banks of alder, overtopped with interwoven tangles of clematis, with its cloudy autumn clusters—that graceful vine which, like the dandelion, is even more beautiful in death than in the fullness of its bloom. And so, indeed, are nearly all those plants whose final state nature has endowed with feathery wings to lift them from the earth.

When has this swamp milkweed by the road-side looked so fair as now, with its bursting pods and silky seeds—those little waifs thrown out upon the world with every passing breeze. How tenderly they seem to cling to the little cozy home where they have been so snugly cradled and

protected! and see how they sail away, two or three together, loath to part, until some rude gust shall separate them forever.

And here's the great spiny thistle, too, that armed highwayman with pompon in his cap. But he has had his day, and now we see him old and seedy; his spears are broken, and his silvery gray hairs are floating everywhere and glistening in the sun.

Now we leave the alders, and another road-side mosaic of rich color opens up before us, where the old half wall fence, with its overtopping rails, is luminous with a crimson glow of ampelopsis. It covers all the stones for yards and yards. It swings from every jutting rail. It clambers up the tree trunks, enveloping them in fire, and hangs its arabesques from all the branches.



IN THE CORN FIELD.

Above the wall, like an encampment of thatched wigwams, the corn-shocks lift their heads: a prospecting colony encamped among a field rich with outcroppings of gold, a wealth of great round nuggets all in sight. And were we to tear away that thatch, we might see where they have stowed away their accumulated grains of riches.

Here we are, on the road to that carding mill. We had almost forgotten it, and now, as we look ahead, we see the old lumber shed that marks the upper ledge of Devil's Hollow. From this old shed a trout brook plunges through a series of rocky terraces, now winding among prostrate moss-grown trunks, now gurgling through the bare roots of great white birches, or spreading in a swift, glassy sheet as it pours across some broad shelving rock, and plunges from its edge in a filmy water-fall. It roars pent up in narrow cañons, and out again it swirls in a smooth basin worn in the solid rock. At almost every rod or two along its precipitous course there is a mill somewhere hid among the trees. Queer, quaint little

THE ROAD TO THE MILL.

mills, some built up on high stone walls, others fed with trickling flumes which span from rock to rock, supporting on every beam a rounded cushion of velvety green moss, and hanging a fringe of ferns from almost every crevice. And one there is in ruins, fallen from its lofty perch, and piled in chaos in the stream. There are saw-mills, and shook mills, and carding mills, seven altogether in this one descent of about three hundred feet. The water enters the ravine as pure as crystal, but in its wild booming through raceways, dams, and water-wheels, it gradually assumes a rich sienna hue from the débris of sawdust everywhere along its course. The interior of the ravine is musical with the trebles of the falling water and the accompaniment of the rumbling mills. Tiny rainbows gleam beneath the water-falls, and swarms of glistening bubbles and little islands of saffron-colored foam float away upon the dark brown eddies.

At last we reach the carding mill, which is the lowest of them all—in every sense, it seems, for it is as I had feared: the flume is but a pile of brown and mouldy timbers in the bed of the stream, and the old box-wheel has rotted and fallen from its spokes, almost obscured beneath a rank growth of weeds. No sound of buzzing teasels, no rumbling of the water-wheel, no happy carder singing at his work: nothing—but a couple of boys, kneeling in a corner, sucking cider through a straw.

Yes, the old mill has fallen from grace; but what else might one expect from a mill in "Devil's Hollow," where all its neighbors are engaged in making hogshead staves, and the very water has turned to ruddy wine?

The carding-machine is gone, and has given place to a rustic cider-press. A temporary undershot wheel has been rigged beneath the floor, and a rude trough, patched up with sods, conducts the water from the stream.

It is the same old cider-press we all remember, and with the same accessories. Here are casks of all sizes waiting to be filled, and the piles of party-colored apples spilled upon the floor from the farmers' wagons that every now and then back up to the open door. There is the same rustic harangue on leading agricultural topics, among which we hear a variety of opinions about the belated "line storm."

"Seems to gi'n the slip this year," remarks one old long-limbed settler, with a slope-roofed straw hat, "'n' I don't know zactly what to *make* on't; but I ain't so sartin nuther"—he now takes a wise observation of a small patch of blue sky through the trees overhead. "I cal'late we'll git a leetle tetch on't yit."

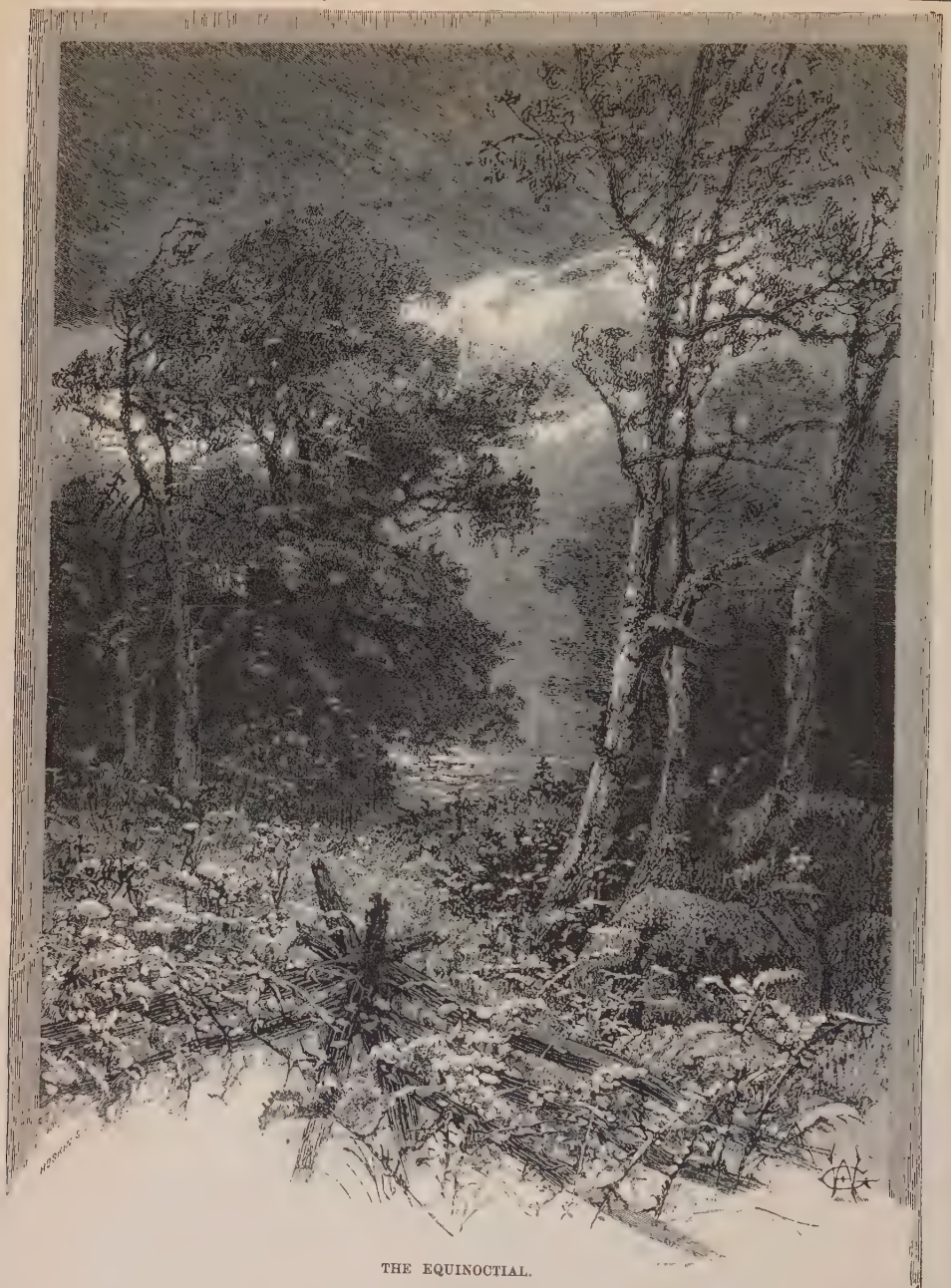
"Likenuff, likenuff," responds another, with a squeaky voice; "the ar's gittin' ruther dampish, 'n' my woman hez got the rheumatiz ag'in. She kin alluz tell when we're goin' to git a spell o' weather; it's sure to fetch her all along her spine. But I lay *most* store on them ar pesky tree-tuds. I heern um singin' like all possessed ez I wuz comin' through the woods yender; 'n' it's a sartin sign o' rain when them ar critters gits a-goin', you kin depend on't."

THE CIDER MILL.

Presently we hear all about the pumpkin and the corn crop, the potato yield, and the regular list of other subjects so dear to the rural heart.

In a corner by themselves we see the pile of "vinegar nubbins"—a tanned and soft variety of apple—in all stages of variegation. The "hopper" receives the shovelfuls of fruit for the crushing "smasher," which again supplies the straw-laid press. We hear the creaking turn of the lever screw, the yielding of the timbers, and a fresh burst of the trickling beverage flowing from the surrounding trough into the great wooden tub below. Here, too, is the swarm of eager urchins, with heads together, like a troop of flies around a grain of sugar. Ah! what unalloyed bliss is reflected from their countenances as they absorb the amber nectar through the intermediate straw—that golden link that I have missed for many a year!

Here is the low thicket of weeds and hazel bushes where we always flushed that flock of quail, or started up some lively white-tailed hare that jumped away among the quivering brakes and golden-rod. Here are soft beds of rich green moss studded with scarlet berries of wintergreen



THE EQUINOCTIAL.

and partridge vine. Now we come upon a creeping mat of princess-pine, and here among the leaves we had almost stepped upon a spreading chestnut burr. That same burr I have so often seen before; that same fuzzy open palm holding out its tempting bait to lure the eagerness of youth—an eagerness which always invested a neighbor's chestnuts with a peculiar charm too tempting to resist. "Take one," it seems to say, as it did years ago; and its hedge of thorny prickles truly typifies the dangers which surrounded such an undertaking, for these trees belong to Deacon Turner, and he prizes them as though their yellow autumn

leaves were so much gold. He guards them with an eagle's eye, and he gathers all their harvest. No single nut is ever known to sprout in Turner's woods if *he* knows it.

This pointed reminder among the leaves fairly pricks my conscience as I recall the many October escapades in which nutting formed the chief attraction. I remember one occasion in particular, for it is indelibly impressed on my memory, and it was on this very spot.

A party of adventurous lads, myself among the number, were out for a glorious holiday. Each had his canvas bag across his shoulder, and we stole along the stone wall yonder, and entered the woods beneath that group of chestnuts. Two of us acted as outposts on picket guard, and another, young Teddy Shoopegg by name, the best climber in the village, did the shaking. There were five busy pairs of hands beneath these trees, I can tell you, for each one of us fully realized the necessity of making the most of his time, not knowing how soon the warning cry from our outposts might put us all to headlong flight, for the alarm, "Turner's coming!" was enough to lift the hair of any boy in town.

But luck seemed to favor us on that day. We "cleaned out" six big chestnut-trees, and then turned our attention to the hickories. There was a splendid tall shagbark close by, with branches fairly loaded with the white nuts in their open shucks. They were all ready to drop, and when the shaking once commenced, the nuts came down like a shower of hail, bounding from the rocks, rattling among the dry leaves, and keeping up a clatter all around. We scrambled on all fours, and gathered them by quarts and quarts. There was no need of poking

UNDER THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

over the leaves for them, the ground was covered with their bleached shells, all in plain sight. While busily engaged, we noticed an ominous lull among the branches overhead.

"'Sst! 'sst!" whispered Shoopegg up above; "I see old Turner on his white horse daown the road yender."

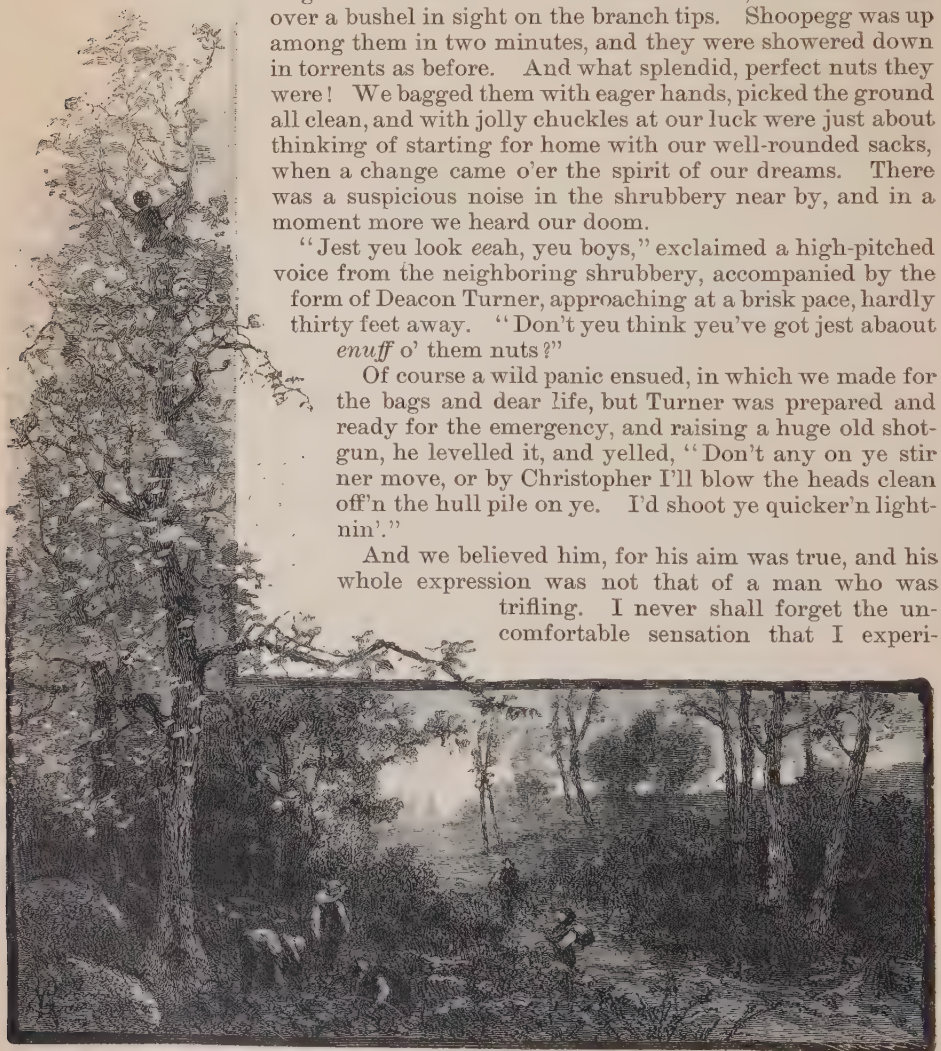
"Coming this way?" also in a whisper, from below.

"I dunno yit, but I jest guess you'd better be gittin' reddy to leg it, fer he's hitchin' his old nag 't the side o' the road. *Yis*, sir, I bleeve he's a-cummin'. Shoopegg, you'd better be gittin' aout o' this," and he commenced to drop hap-hazard from his lofty perch. In a moment, however, he seemed to change his mind, and paused, once more upon the watch. "Say, fellers," he again broke in, as we were preparing for a retreat, "he's gone off to'rd the cedars; he ain't cummin' this way at *all*." So he again ascended into the tree-top, and finished his shaking in peace, and we our picking also. There was still another tree, with elegant large nuts, that we had all concluded to "finish up on." It would not do to leave it. They were the largest and thinnest-shelled nuts in town, and there were over a bushel in sight on the branch tips. Shoopegg was up among them in two minutes, and they were showered down in torrents as before. And what splendid, perfect nuts they were! We bagged them with eager hands, picked the ground all clean, and with jolly chuckles at our luck were just about thinking of starting for home with our well-rounded sacks, when a change came o'er the spirit of our dreams. There was a suspicious noise in the shrubbery near by, and in a moment more we heard our doom.

"Jest yeu look *ee*ah, yeu boys," exclaimed a high-pitched voice from the neighboring shrubbery, accompanied by the form of Deacon Turner, approaching at a brisk pace, hardly thirty feet away. "Don't yeu think yeu've got jest abaout *enuff* o' them nuts?"

Of course a wild panic ensued, in which we made for the bags and dear life, but Turner was prepared and ready for the emergency, and raising a huge old shot-gun, he levelled it, and yelled, "Don't any on ye stir ner move, or by Christopher I'll blow the heads clean off'n the hull pile on ye. I'd shoot ye quicker'n lightnin'."

And we believed him, for his aim was true, and his whole expression was not that of a man who was trifling. I never shall forget the uncomfortable sensation that I experi-



A POINTED REMINDER.

INDIAN SUMMER.

enced as I looked into the muzzle of that double-barrelled shot-gun, and saw both hammers fully raised too. And I can see now the squint and the glaring eye that glanced along those barrels. There was a wonderful persuasive power lurking in those horizontal tubes; so I hastened to inform the deacon that we were "not going to run."

"Wa'al," he drawled, "it looked a leetle thet *way*, I thort, a spell *ago;*" and he still kept us in the field of his weapon, till at length I exclaimed, in desperation,

"Point that gun in some other way, will you?"

"Wa'al, *no!* I'm not fer pintin' it enny whar else jest *yit*—not until you've sot them ar *bags* daown agin, jist whar ye *got* 'em, every *one* on ye." The bags were speedily replaced, and he slowly lowered his gun.

"Wa'al, naow," he continued, as he came up in our midst, "this is putty bizniss, *ain't* it? Bin havin' a putty likely sort o' time teu, I sh'd jedge from the looks o' these 'ere *bags*. One—two—*six* on 'em; an' I vaow they must be nigh on teu two an' a half bushel in every pleggy *one* on 'em. Wa'al, naow"—with his peculiar drawl—"look eeah: you're a putty ondustrious lot o' *thieves*, I'm *blest* if ye ain't." But the deacon did all the talking, for his manœuvres were such as to render us speechless. "Putty likely place teu cum a-nuttin', ain't it?" Pause. "Putty nice mess o' shell-barks ye got thar, I tell ye. Quite a sight o' *chestnuts* in *yourn*, ain't they?"

There was only one spoken side to this dialogue, but the pauses were eloquent on both sides, and we boys kept up a deal of tall thinking as we watched the deacon alternate his glib remarks by the gradual removal of the bags to the foot of a neighboring tree. This done, he seated himself upon a rock beside them.

"*Thar*," he exclaimed, removing his tall hat and wiping his white-fringed forehead with a red bandana handkerchief. "I'm much *obleeged*. I've been a-watchin' on ye gittin' these 'ere nuts the hull arternoon. I thort ez haow yeu might like to know it." And then, as though a happy thought had struck him, what should he do but deliberately spit on his hands and grasp his gun. "Look *ee*ah"—a pause, in which he cocked both barrels—"yeu boys wuz paowerful anxyis teu git

BEECH-NUTTING.

away from eeah a spell ago. Naow yeu kin *git* ez lively ez yeu please. I hain't got nothin' more fer ye teu deu to-day." And bang! went one of the gun-barrels directly over our heads.

We *got*, and when once out of gun range we paid the deacon a wealth of those rare compliments for both eye and ear that always swell the boys' vocabulary.

"All right," he yelled back in answer, as he transported the bags across the field. "Cum agin next year—cum agin. Alluz welcome! alluz welcome!"

As I have already said, the deacon gathered all his nut harvest, but in so doing he sometimes took a very novel method.

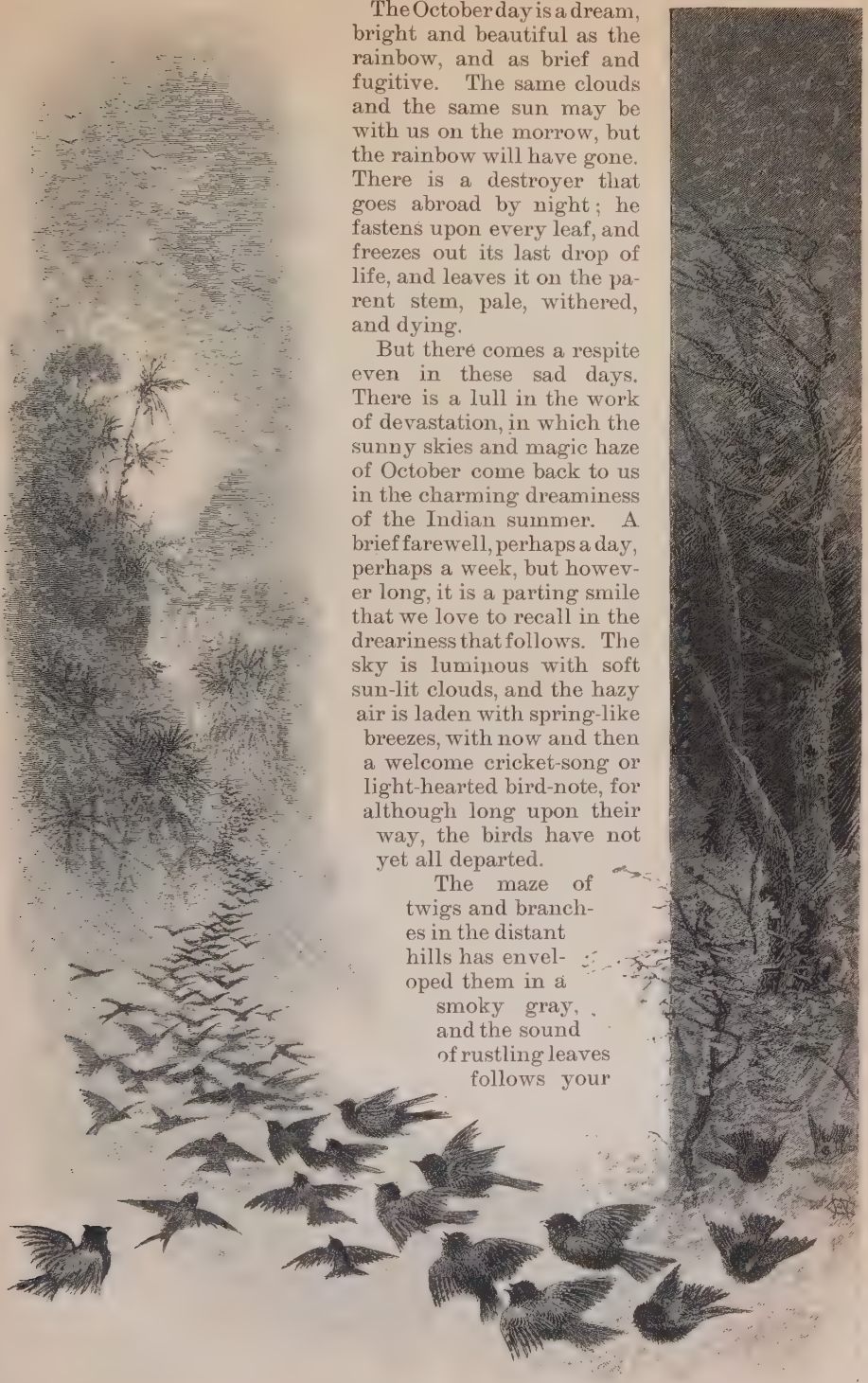
Who does not remember some such episode of his old jolly days? If it was not a Deacon Turner, it was some one else. I am sure his counterpart exists in every country town, and in the memory of every one's boyhood days.

There was another, a little three-cornered nut that fell among the beech-trees where we held our October picnics, and the autumn beech forest I remember as a lovely woodland parlor.

The October day is a dream, bright and beautiful as the rainbow, and as brief and fugitive. The same clouds and the same sun may be with us on the morrow, but the rainbow will have gone. There is a destroyer that goes abroad by night; he fastens upon every leaf, and freezes out its last drop of life, and leaves it on the parent stem, pale, withered, and dying.

But there comes a respite even in these sad days. There is a lull in the work of devastation, in which the sunny skies and magic haze of October come back to us in the charming dreaminess of the Indian summer. A brief farewell, perhaps a day, perhaps a week, but however long, it is a parting smile that we love to recall in the dreariness that follows. The sky is luminous with soft sun-lit clouds, and the hazy air is laden with spring-like breezes, with now and then a welcome cricket-song or light-hearted bird-note, for although long upon their way, the birds have not yet all departed.

The maze of twigs and branches in the distant hills has enveloped them in a smoky gray, and the sound of rustling leaves follows your



THE NORTH WIND.

footsteps in your woodland rambles. The fringe of yellow petals is unfolding on the witch-hazel boughs; and if you only knew the place, you might discover in some forsaken nook a solitary pale blue lamp of fringed gentian still flickering among the withered leaves. The Indian summer is soon a thing of the past. Perhaps before another daybreak it will have flown. There is no dawn upon that morning. The night runs into a day of dismal cheerless twilight, and the sky is overcast with ominous darkness. That angry cloud that left us, driven away before the conquering spring, now lowers above the northward mountain. We see his livid face, and feel his blighting breath, "a hard, dull, bitterness of cold" that sweeps along the moor in noisy triumph, that howls and tears among the trembling trees, and smothers out the last smouldering flame of faded autumn.

PIG-STICKING IN INDIA.

EVERY reader of modern English novels is familiar with the term "pig-sticking." The gallant young officer who has won the heroine's heart, and who goes to India in order that the wicked rival may intercept his letters and destroy his happiness, is always engaged, while in that distant land, in either tiger-shooting or pig-sticking. The London *Times* recently classed pig-sticking with polo as a sport of inestimable value in developing the manly qualities of the British soldier. In this country we have lately learned that polo is a sort of horseback croquet, in which heads instead of feet are smashed, but of the true nature of pig-sticking we are shamefully ignorant. Let us, then, in a sincere and earnest spirit, inquire as to the character of the pigs and the process by which they are stuck.

Those who have formed their conception of pig exclusively upon the tame pig of the civilized sty, have no adequate idea of the free wild pig of the Indian jungle. Like the North American Indian, the pig is debased by contact with civilization. He becomes cowardly, weak, dirty, and a prey to an inordinate thirst for swill. The distance between the tame Indian of Saratoga, who steals chickens and wallows drunken in the gutter, and the fierce warrior of the Western plains, is not greater than that which separates the despised pig of civilization from the wild and fearless quarry of the East Indian pig-sticker. The latter pig, whose spirit has never been broken with pig yokes, and whose moral nature has never been poisoned with swill, is one of the bravest inhabitants of the jungle, and has been known to attack and put to rout the majestic elephant and the ferocious tiger.

The full name of the East Indian pig is *Sus indicus*, though no one except a punctilious scientific person ever calls him by it. Among beginners in the art of pig-sticking he is sometimes magniloquently described as a wild boar—though he is very often a wild sow; but pig-stickers of reputation uniformly call him a pig, or a hog. *Sus indicus* often grows to the length of four feet and eight or ten inches, and reaches the height of three feet, or even forty inches, at the shoulder. When full grown his strength is enormous, and in speed he will sometimes rival the fastest Arabian horse. He enters upon existence in a striped state; subsequently he becomes brown; when in the prime of life he affects a dingy black color; and when old he is gray and grizzled. At no period can he be honestly called a handsome or a graceful animal, but his courage and tenacity of life demand our respect.

In point of teeth the tame pig has sadly deteriorated. The wild boar of India, which is the type of the barbaric pig of all ages, is armed with long semicircular tusks. Those in the lower jaw sometimes attain the length of eight or nine inches. They curve outward and upward, and the edges are kept sharp by the pig's constant habit of scouring them against the tusks of the upper jaw. The swiftness and power with which he uses those tusks to carve an enemy are almost incredible. A hunting dog is frequently cut nearly in two by a single stroke of a boar's tusks, and horses and men are occasionally killed by boars which have become tired of being hunted, and which try to infuse a little variety into the affair by hunting their enemies. When wounded he is an exceedingly dangerous beast to face on foot, unless the hunter is a lawless ruffian who is capable of killing him with a rifle. One can scarcely imagine an Englishman so lost to all sense of decency as to shoot a fox, and next to that crime ranks, in Anglo-Indian estimation, the loathsome outrage of killing a pig by any process except that of pig-sticking.

The wild hog is gregarious, but it would be extremely improper to speak of a herd or a drove of wild hogs. Several hogs living together constitute what the pig-sticker calls "a sounder of hog." In like manner our sportsmen speak of a "gang" of wild-geese, and leave the term "flock" to be applied only to tame geese. The reason of these apparent freaks of nomenclature is unknown except perhaps to some accomplished sportsman, though it is possible that they were originally intended to serve as pass-words by which true sportsmen could detect an impostor who should venture to tell apocryphal stories of his prowess in killing whole herds of wild hogs, and whole flocks of wild-geese. All wild hogs, however, do not live in the society of the "sounder." Frequently an aged boar whose personal habits render him disagreeable, or whose character fails to command respect, is expelled from his "sounder," and forced to live alone. Occasionally, too, a younger boar, whose affections have been blighted, voluntarily withdraws from the world, and devotes himself to celibacy and a general disapproval of all things. The solitary boars are much more dangerous than those whose ferocity has been softened by social intercourse. They are like the solitary "rogue" elephants in their reckless and savage temper, and there is no animal that they will hesitate to attack. It can scarcely be said with truth that a wild boar is a match for an elephant, but it sometimes happens that two of these animals become involved in "a difficulty," in which case the elephant, after having had his legs badly gashed, usually comes to the conclusion that he is degrading himself by fighting his social inferior, and thereupon limps away.

A "SOUNDER" OF WILD HOG.

For pig-sticking there are two requisites in addition to the pig—a fast, steady horse, and a good hog spear. The Nugger Hunt spear-head, which is now generally used in India, is shaped somewhat like a myrtle leaf, with long slight curves from point to shank, so that it can be easily withdrawn, as well as easily driven home. A four-edged spear-head is also sometimes

used, but as it is difficult to sharpen, it is not much liked. Of course the spear-head is made of the best quality of steel, and its edges ought to be sharp enough to shave with, in case any lunatic should desire to put it to such a use.

The spear shaft is a stout male bamboo about nine feet long, with the butt weighted with lead so as to balance the weight of the spear-head. The veteran pig-sticker is particular to have his bamboo cut at night, and at the time of the new moon; in which case it is his belief that it will not yield to dry-rot. This is a native superstition, and perhaps strikes an Englishman, whose sisters make a point to cut their hair only at the change of the moon, as a rather respectable superstition which it can do no harm to adopt.

Armed with this weapon, and well mounted, the pig-sticker rides off, sometimes alone, but usually with a gay company of pig-sticking brother officers, and halts on the border of the jungle while the native beaters drive the inhabitants of the jungle down toward the hunters. The master of the hunt posts the sportsmen here and there in pairs, so that each hunter has an especial rival, against whom he is pitted, and whom he must, if possible, forestall in spearing the hog. When the line of spearmen is in readiness the beaters advance, usually with shouts and the beating of tom-toms. Presently one of them sounds a horn, and the hunters then know that the game has been started. A little later, and out from the jungle marches the "sounder," led by the patriarchal boar. When the master of the hunt considers that the game has had a fair start in advance of the hunters, he sounds his bugle, and the horsemen, with poised spears, bear down upon the devoted boar, which bounds away with a speed more worthy of an antelope than a pig.

The one great secret of success in pig-sticking is to ride straight after the pig with all the speed that your horse can muster. The pig must be "blown" within the first two miles, or else he performs the curious respiratory feat known as "getting his second wind," in which case the chances are that he will outrun the horse, and squeak derision at the baffled hunter. But to ride straight after a flying pig over a grass-grown Indian plain requires courage as well as skillful horsemanship. There are several small animals whose delight it is to make pitfalls in the ground large enough to receive a horse's hoof. When a horse is thus snared, his leg usually breaks, and his rider, after a brief trip through the air, tries the experiment of viewing the landscape in an upside-down position. Then there are frequent nullahs, or sunken water-courses, which the hunter does not discover until he is on their very brink. If the nullah can be leaped, the hunt goes on without interruption. If, however, it is too wide, the rider dismounts, and leads his horse through it. The dismounting is a very simple operation; and the horse, if he is well trained, and has saved himself from plunging into the nullah, expresses no surprise when his master has slid over his neck, but waits quietly until the latter has picked the pebbles from his face and is ready to remount. Meanwhile the pig, with grunts of sarcastic joy, has put half a mile between himself and his pursuer, and is mentally prepared to offer odds that he will finally escape.

When riding, the pig-sticker carries his spear with the butt down, and the point well forward in a line with his horse's ears. When closing with the pig, he aims to reach his left side, so as to use the right arm freely. The pig is to be stuck immediately behind the shoulder, so that the spear will pass through his lungs and out at the breast. The rush of the horse drives the spear home, and a sudden wheel to the left withdraws it, and leaves the hunter ready to receive a charge in case the wound is not immediately mortal. If the pig does charge, he is received on the point of the spear, and permitted to insert as much of it into his interior as his ferocious temper demands. A good pig-sticker nearly always kills the game at the first blow, and a novice who is charged by a powerful boar incurs great danger, unless he is thoroughly cool and self-possessed.

There are pigs which do not wait until they are wounded before charging. A young and high-spirited boar will abandon the attempt to escape by flight as soon as he finds that the hunter is gaining on him, and will suddenly turn, and dash at the horse's legs. If the rider is master of himself and his horse, the pig is promptly spitted. If not, the pig gathers the laurels of the hunt, and rejoins his "sounder" to boast of having spoiled a horse and discomfited a British officer.

JONATHAN EDWARDS'S BETROTHED.

IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

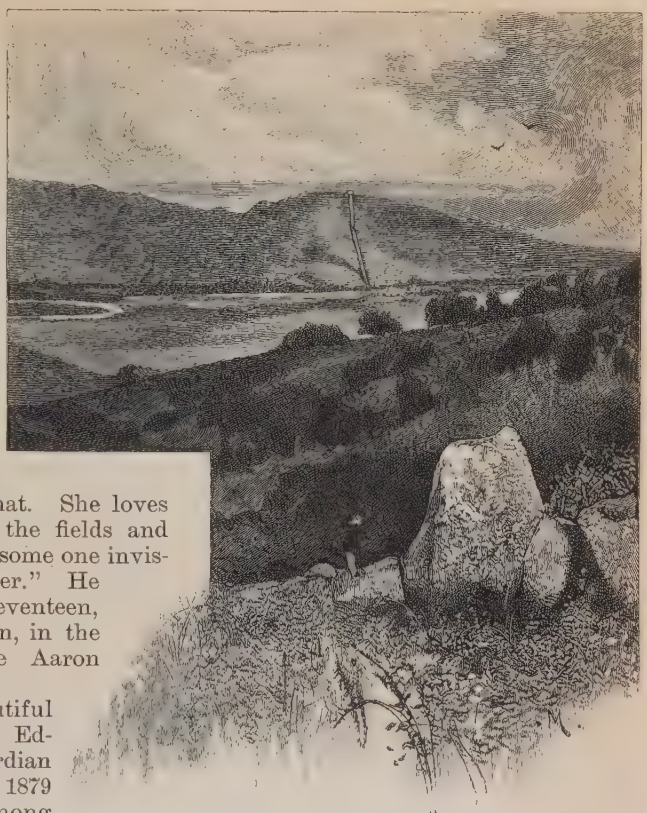
MY acquaintance with Western Massachusetts had been confined to a ride from Springfield to Pittsfield by rail, when, tired of waiting for my friend, who lived on the high ridge between the Connecticut and the Westfield rivers, to say, "Come," I informed him of my intention of making a descent upon his premises. An ascent would be more correct considering their topography. My railroad ride

might have been a tolerably æsthetic experience but that I went to sleep just before we came to the beautiful part, and did not wake up till we had got well past it. On another occasion a friend had taken me up to the top of Mount Holyoke. It was the hottest of hot days, and the whole landscape had a dull and ashen look. The Connecticut meadows, "geometrically diversified," as said the bill, with strips of corn and other cereals, looked like a piece of fady patchwork. As I looked across the winding river to the hills beyond, I little thought what joy and peace they had in store for me along their woodsy roads and in their quiet hollows. Indeed, I did not think of much of anything that day except the story my companion told me as we sat upon a mossy crag together—the story of John Brown's famous raid on Harper's Ferry, about which he knew all that is worth knowing, having been himself one of the arch-conspirators.

When, having warned my friend of my approach, I finally, in the one-hundredth year of the Republic, set my face in his direction, my journey was about as unmomentous as a journey of one hundred and fifty miles could well be. Had it been in the spring-time, and my approach had been by the Canal Road, as generally since, I could have counted the turtles in the old canal which gives the road its name. I was getting along bravely once with this amusement, when suddenly my count was spoiled by a log on which were perched some twenty or thirty at the least calculation. As it was, the liveliest incident upon my journey was the coming in of a big wasp at the car window. On the opposite side of the car sat three large-hooded Sisters of Charity, so serene, so imperturbable, that I could not help wondering what would be the consequence if the wasp should light on either of their ascetic noses. But he did not gratify my curiosity. At Northampton there was a prelude of happy faces to my coming joy, which would, I think, have given Jonathan Edwards, the genius of the place, a pang of doubt as to the soundness of his creed. He was a man of heart as well as brain. For every once I think of his "sinners in the hands of an angry God," I think twice of that most rare and beauteous passage in which he describes Sarah Pierrepont, his destined wife, at the age of fourteen. Dante's "Vita Nuova" has hardly anything more mystical: "They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who makes and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him. She has a singular purity in her affections; is most just and

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give her all this world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, sweetness, and universal benevolence, especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always talking with her." He married this dear girl at seventeen, and of their blessed union, in the second generation, came Aaron Burr!



MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Northampton is so beautiful that you might imagine Edwards's wife to be its guardian angel. The tornado of 1879 made dreadful havoc among its noble elms, trailing the finest of their leafy summits in the dust, but there are still enough remaining to make the streets exceedingly beautiful, even without a bevy of Smith's College girls taking their constitutional, with eyes that look right on. It is an up grade of some 300 feet from Northampton to Williamsburg, where the railroad comes to an end, and then you must go seven miles further on, and up hill 1200 feet more, before you come to Chesterfield, which is the heart of Western Massachusetts. From various letters which my friend had written me from this proud eminence, I had formed a very distinct idea of the place, and especially of my friend's house and its surroundings. I had imagined a hill not unlike Mount St. Michel, my friend's house answering to the monastery on the top. I am bound to say it proved as unlike this as possible. But it proved wonderfully sweet and good, the journey up through overarching trees, and the hill-top itself, where all at once the hills beyond the Westfield break upon your view. They lie range behind range to the westward, until they touch the sky at an altitude of 2300 feet. Northwest is Greylock, 3500 feet in height, some thirty miles away, and from this point of view looking wonderfully symmetrical, with a truncated top like an extinct volcano. To the northwest,

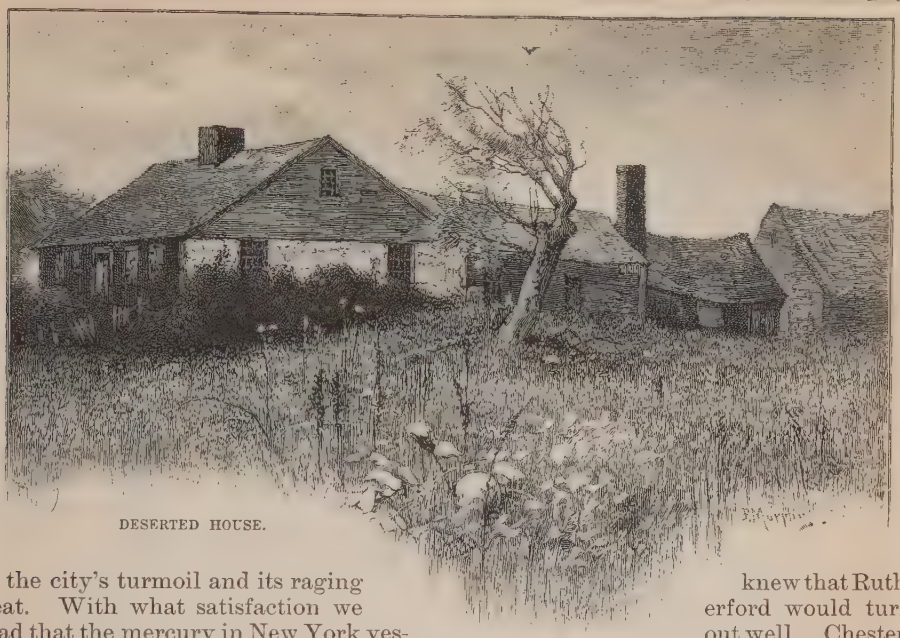
> The merest bulge above the horizon's rim,
> Of purplish blue, as if it were a cloud
> Low-lying there, that is Monadnock proud,
> Full seventy miles away.

But the peak by which I was the most attracted was the somewhat obtuse one of the old farm-house next-neighboring my friend's pretty cottage, and only a few hundred feet off. I broke the Tenth Commandment all to pieces the moment that I saw it. I broke it into smaller pieces the next year when I came again, and the third year I had a quiet talk with the proprietor as he leaned upon his scythe under his apple-trees, and the consequence was that, immediately after, I went to my friend, and said to him, in the words of the dying emperor, "I feel myself becom-

GREYLOCK, FROM CHESTERFIELD.

ing a god." I was a landed proprietor. I had a house a hundred years old, three acres of grass land, a thriving orchard, a vegetable garden, and four barns. Since then, what comfort I have had upon my heaven-kissing hill! My constant wonder is that hundreds who must leave the city in the summer do not do as I have done. It means ten times the comfort for about one-half the expense of boarding in your trunks. And New England is dotted all over with homesteads going to decay, which can be purchased for a song, and made habitable and even charming for a few hundred dollars.

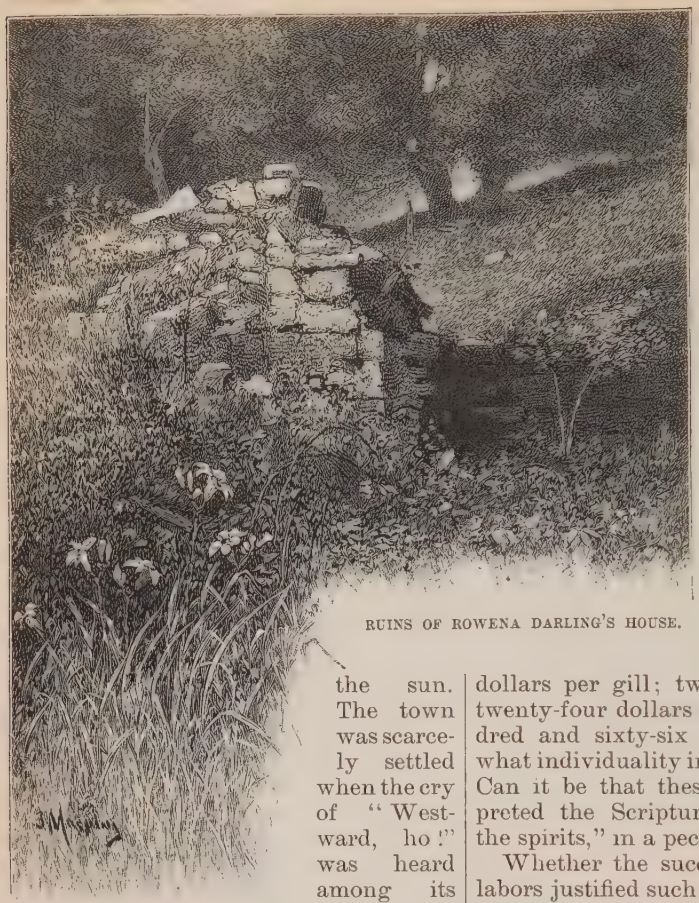
Chesterfield is as pleasant a village as one could desire to see. A genius of order and neatness presides over the place. At the village centre there are about a dozen houses, but among them there are some fine old mansions. Time was when Chesterfield was on the regular stage route from Boston to Albany, and in the old coaching days many were the four-in-hands that stopped at the old tavern door (nine a day sometimes), a lineal descendant of which still opens to receive the casual guest. Then there were three churches, and as many stores. Now there is one variety store, and one variety church, inclusive of all sects. I do not attend the latter as frequently as I should, but I am a regular attendant at the former. The arrival of the afternoon stage is the event of every day. It is a mysterious bond between us and the great outside world. It brings to our quiet and coolness news



DESERTED HOUSE.

of the city's turmoil and its raging heat. With what satisfaction we read that the mercury in New York yesterday stood at 103° Fahrenheit! And here I like to watch the tidy women coming in to barter their eggs and butter—such butter!—for the shop-man's goods. It takes a rainy day to bring out the menfolk in full force. They are a silent race. In the coast towns of Massachusetts backshop discussion very soon gets loud and damnatory. It does not in Chesterfield. But here, as there, the stove is subject to what Mr. Emerson felicitously calls "the fury of expectoration." I am convinced that for real enjoyment of country life one must become a citizen. A visitor may enjoy the scenery, but not till you become a resident do the village people say, "He has become as one of us," and open their hearts to you accordingly. We are assured that pessimism is the only proper frame of mind in view of present social conditions. But it is very hard to be a pessimist in Western Massachusetts.

It is a piece of singular good fortune for me that my friend and neighbor was to the manner born. He knows the home and ancestry of every resident, and every spot suggests for him a history. He knows all the local traditions. He can tell me where the menagerie elephant fell over the bank, and who brought the first pineapple to Chesterfield—a boy from Brattleborough, who is now President Hayes. His venerable aunt, who lives beside our village green, assures me that she always knew that Rutherford would turn out well. Chesterfield was incorporated about one hundred and twenty years ago, but once out from the centre, where everything is fresh and bright, one finds at every turn the pathos of a life that has been and has passed away. Many are the empty and deserted houses on these roads; many the houseless cellars overgrown with vines and trees. My friend can tell me what men and women, what young men and what pretty girls, once lived in these now ruined and deserted homes. He is so eloquent about the girls that I am sometimes inclined to parody Charles Lamb's question to his mother, "Where are the bad people buried?" and ask, "Where did the plain girls live?" But I am more than willing to believe all that he tells me about Rowena Darling and the rest. Somehow her name has found the tenderest lodgment in my memory. There is a cross-road leading to her door, along which she is sometimes my invisible companion. I stand upon the doorstone on which she used to linger with her lovers. I note the cellar stairs down which she used to go for apples and cider on cold winter nights. The roses that Rowena and her dear companions planted bloom in many a door-yard still for any hand that chooses to pluck them, but the roses in their cheeks were withered long ago. And every ruin has its clump of "laylocks" and its tiger-lilies blazing in



RUINS OF ROWENA DARLING'S HOUSE.

the sun. The town was scarcely settled when the cry of "Westward, ho!" was heard among its young men. But then the West was the valley of the Mohawk. By the beginning of the present century the favorite songs at apple-bees and huskings were all pitched to the tune of emigration.

"And we will plough and hoe, girls, and you shall knit and sew,
And we'll settle on the banks of the O-hi-o."

The wonder is that men were ever led to settle on these windy heights. Now all their homely culture and the ruins of their former thrift have turned to pleasantness.

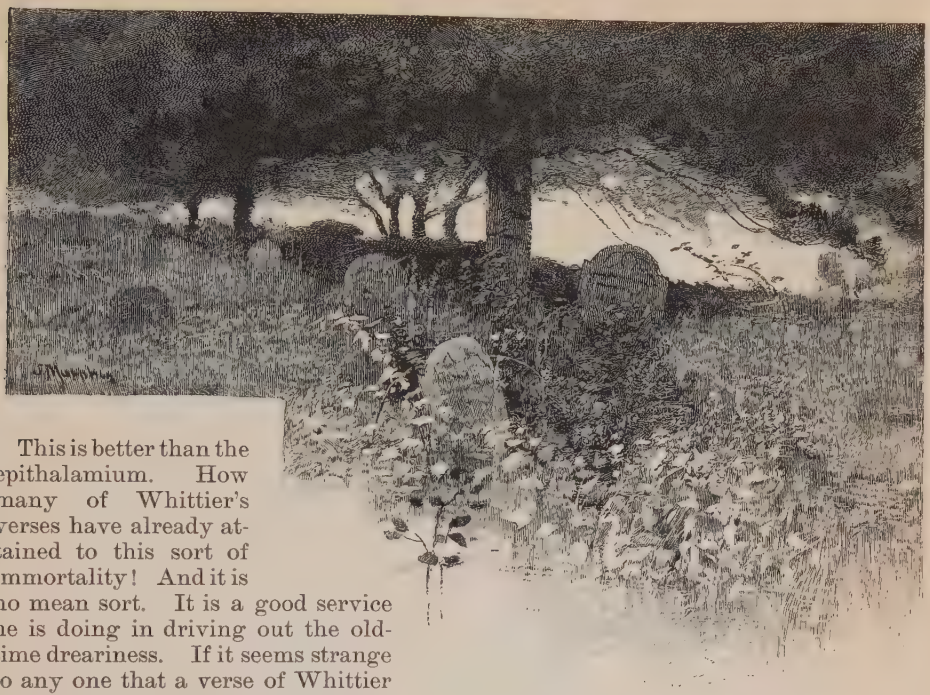
Times change, and the manners with them. Evidently the average Christian was not a teetotaler a century ago. For it is on record that at the first church raising in Chesterfield Robert Webster received £4 16*s*. 10½*d*. for a barrel of rum wherewith to raise the meeting-house. And Chesterfield was not exceptionally a rum place. This was the order of the day. The ordination of the second minister happened during the Revolutionary war, and the depreciation of the currency is happily illustrated by the prices charged for the drinks which clarified the minds of the council called to determine whether Mr. Kilburn was a man well-furnished for the Gospel ministry. Lieutenant Abner Brown supplied the drinks, and charged for them as follows: "Thirty-eight mugs of flip, twelve dollars per mug; twenty-four mugs of cider, four dollars per mug; eleven gills of rum bitters, six dollars per gill; two mugs of sling, at twenty-four dollars per mug." Six hundred and sixty-six dollars in all! But what individuality in the choice of drinks! Can it be that these saintly men interpreted the Scriptural injunction, "Try the spirits," in a peculiar manner?

Whether the success of Mr. Kilburn's labors justified such an expensive ordination, I have not been able to discover. The nearest approach to genius I have discovered in the annals of the church was at the beginning of the present century, at which time a poet-preacher occupied the sacred desk. An epithalamium which he wrote for one of the maidens of his flock is still preserved. It is not as imaginative as Edmund Spenser's. A single stanza introduces us at once into "the haunt of the main region of his song":

"Eliza's bridal day draws nigh,
And yet that day may never come;
For like her sister she may die,
And sink untimely to her tomb."

But, as it happened, Eliza lived to a good old age, and in the little burying-ground, not far from the village church, I found her grave, and on its headstone a verse of Whittier:

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books and scrolls."



OLD BURYING-GROUND, CHESTERFIELD.

This is better than the epithalamium. How many of Whittier's verses have already attained to this sort of immortality! And it is no mean sort. It is a good service he is doing in driving out the old-time dreariness. If it seems strange to any one that a verse of Whittier should reach this retired spot so soon, I know a stranger thing. There is a stone on "the old hill" in Marblehead, erected only a year after the publication of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," which contains a stanza of this poem, for which Wolfe might well be willing to exchange the glory of Quebec.

The location of the burying-ground of our village was determined in a pathetic manner. There was much difference of opinion as to where the burying-ground should be. Before a decision was arrived at, Benjamin Bonney's wife died, and Abiel Stetson dug her grave upon the land of Archelas Anderson. Then the burying-ground was laid out so as to include her grave, so many yards to the east of it, so many to the west, and so on. With a little trouble it would be possible to discover now the exact situation of that first lonely grave. To return for a moment to the matter of churches, there used to be a Baptist church in what we call the Hollow, through which flows the Westfield, two miles west of the village, and several hundred feet below its altitude. But a freshet carried off this church, and the proprietors, astonished that their peculiar element should not respect their meeting-house, broke up their organization.

A pleasant thing about our village is the homely

> "names
> Wherewith the lowly farmer tames
> Nature to mute companionship
> With his own mind's domestic mood,
> And strives the surly world to clip
> In the arms of familiar habitude."

One of the most unique of these is "the Bofat," the name of a section of the township. Constable Benjamin Bryant had been sent over to this section to collect certain unpaid taxes. Being asked on his return how the settlers in that region were prospering, he replied that they were "as poor as the devil's bofat." Hence the name. A bofat, I need hardly say, is a little corner closet where the family rum was generally kept. The word is evidently a corruption of buffet, to which our ancestors did not give the French pronunciation. Indeed, this word buffet seems to tend easily to corruption, the king's "beef-eaters," the yeomen of the guard, being the king's buffetiers, the keepers of the king's buffet.

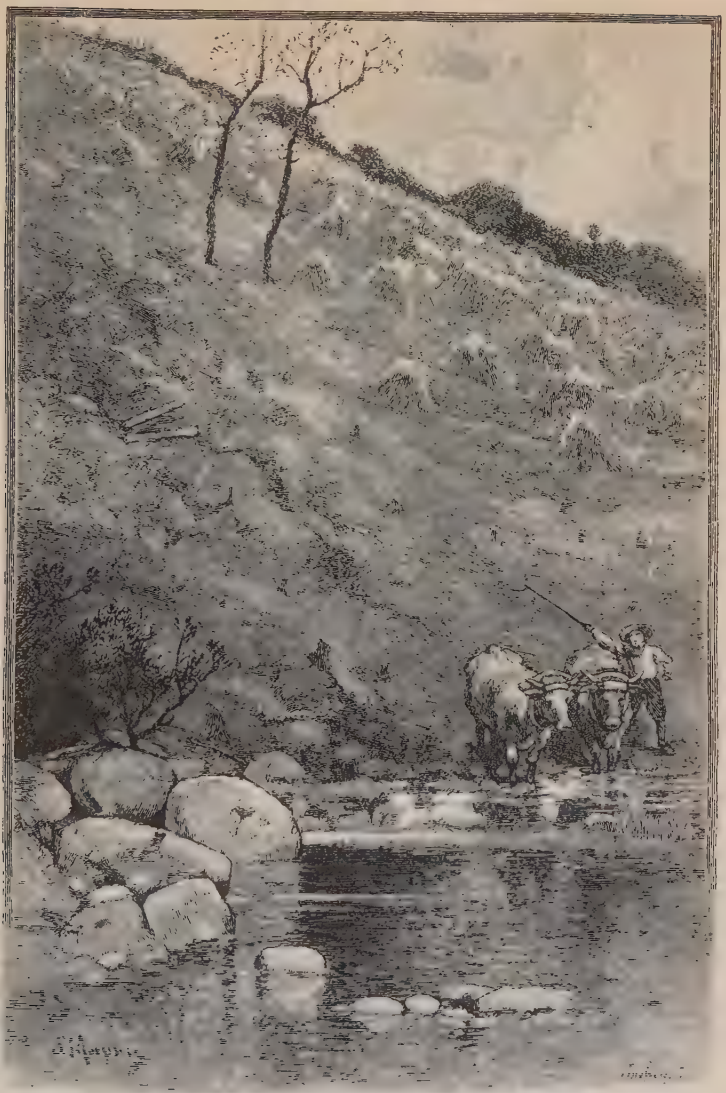
No race of weaklings could have tamed these rugged hills. A type of the majority was the man whose favorite relax-

DANGEROUS PASSAGE.

ation was to "step over to Northampton and get a bag of salt." Now to Northampton and back is a distance of twenty-eight miles, to say nothing of the bag of salt. This race has not died out. One of them plants a stumpy hill-side with thirty acres of rye. It was a sight to make a painter's heart dance with delight to see the steep declivity one mass of billowy gold set in a frame of forest green; or later, when the rye had been cradled, to see the clumsy oxen lumbering down into the ford, and out upon "the river road." This river road is hardly safe for young people to travel on, the branches overarch it so pleasantly, the river makes such a delicious murmur all the way, the seclusion is so perfect. If John has got anything to say to Mary, now is his chance. "When one thinks of country houses and country lanes," says Thackeray, "it is a wonder that anybody remains unmarried."

The Westfield River is a miracle of beauty all along its course. I have walked twenty miles with it for a companion, besides driving many times the five-mile piece which is the river road *par excellence*. So far as artist work upon it is concerned, it seems to be as yet *The Unknown River*. The artists will find it abounding in material for them whenever they choose to turn their eyes in this direction. The hills through which it works its sinuous way have even greater attractions for the man of science than the landscape has for the artist. There is no other town in New England which is so rich in minerals. Short of Siberia, there is no such vein of tourmaline as that which runs through "Clark's Ledges" in the West Village. Tons of these ledges have been blasted away to liberate the beautiful crystals which have enriched every celebrated museum in America and Europe. Other minerals are hardly less beautiful than the tourmaline. The garnet is the most plentiful of all, but the specimens are without any mercantile value. In blasting for a drain on my own premises I brought to light one of these crystals as big as an after-dinner coffee-cup. Then there are beautiful specimens of beryl, spodumene, staurolite, and I know not what besides, though for the last two years we have kept a first-rate mineralogist in our village, Professor Brush, of the Yale Scientific School. There is a certain cave in the vicinity of "Clark's Ledges," to enter which at one end and emerge at the other is possible for some, but not for all. I am not one of the some, and in making the attempt there was a dreadful moment when retreat or advance seemed equally impossible. But while the lower extremities of my guide were painfully worrying after his head and shoulders into the open air, I managed to back out.

The valley of the Connecticut is hidden from Chesterfield by a range of hills a little higher than the village, two or three miles away. From these hills—"Ram Hill" and "Kidd's Lookout" are the most commanding—the valley of the Connecticut and the adjacent hills and mountains are exceedingly beautiful to see. The long range of Holyoke nowhere reaches an altitude exceeding 1200 feet, but it has all the character of a much higher range. Monadnock, seen from these hills, reveals its true proportions. On a clear day, with your naked eye, you can see the Half-way House "sparkle like a grain of salt" in the intense sunlight. With my mind's



RYE FIELD AND FORD.

eye, upon the cloudiest or mistiest day, I can see forms and faces of dear friends upon the top, and with my mind's ear hark their cheery voices signaling across to me. Wachusett shows a less and fainter bulge to the eastward, and to the northwest Greylock shows its entire length, and justifies its homely farmer's name, Saddleback.

I suppose that every village seems central to its inhabitants. But Chesterfield to me seems quite exceptionally intended for sallying out of into the country round about. I have driven hundreds of miles of various road, and found nothing but loveliness in the general aspect of the land. Directly north is Goshen, celebrated by Mr. Warner as the place where a boy died from *not* eating green apples. He was very fond of them, and he pined so for them that he died. Next north of Goshen is Ashfield, in a high mountain nook 1200 feet or more above the level of the sea. I do not know a sleepier hollow than its village street. Ashfield has the least pretentious and most suggestive sol-

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S HOUSE, ASHFIELD.

diers' monument I have yet seen—a little drinking fountain, of simple and elegant design, inscribed with the names of the brave men who perished for the sake of Union and Emancipation. George William Curtis lives close by in a very simple and pleasant home, where from June to October he mixes work and play—a little of the latter with a good deal of the former. I felt sure the fountain idea was his, but he gave all the credit of it to his friend Charles Eliot Norton, to whose house he looks across under his orchard trees, and the foot-path thither is well trodden. As we drove home, past hills and meadows where the mowing-machine was buzzing like a great locust, and the mowers' scythes were gleaming in the sun, and all the air was sweet from the fresh-fallen grass, how could we but recall that little song which Mr. Curtis wrote "a many years ago"?

"I walked among the golden grain
That bent and whispered to the plain,
'How gayly the sweet summer passes,
So quietly treading o'er us grasses.'

"A sad-eyed reaper came that way,
But silent in the singing day,
Laying the graceful grain along,
That met the sickle with a song.

"The sad-eyed reaper said to me,
'Sad are the summer fields you see;
Golden to-day, to-morrow gray:
So fades young love from life away.'

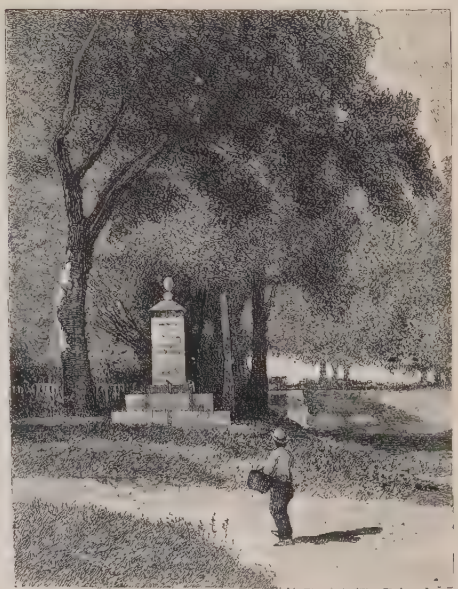
"'"'Tis reaped, but it is garnered well,'
I ventured the sad man to tell;
'Though love declines, yet Heaven is kind:
God knows his sheaves of life to bind.'

"More sadly then he bowed his head,
And sadder were the words he said:
'Though every summer green the plain,
This harvest shall not bloom again.'"

Cummington, as well as Goshen, is next to our village on the northern side. The spirit and the memory of Bryant haunt the place. The poet had some years more to live when I first visited his hill-side home. The broad-browed, stately housekeeper gave us a hearty welcome. Now the pile of walking-sticks beside the door gets no additions from the poet returning from his solitary walks. They are rotting in the sun and rain, and getting decimated by the crowd of relic-hunting visitors who come and go. The maple forest, which suggested the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," is still thickening its trunks, and yielding annual sweetness, as human beings do not do, alas! when they are bored. We could easily credit the assurance of the poem:

"Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
To make thee loathe thy life."

I have not contented myself with driving over the pleasant roads that radiate from Chesterfield. I have done some walking too. Once the objective point was Greylock, thirty miles away. We were off at six o'clock one bright and



SOLDIERS' FOUNTAIN, ASHFIELD.

glistening morning after a day of rain. Thanks to the "gay, guiltless pair" who cut short the confidences of their virgin nest, and lent their morning freshness to encourage our first mile! The rain of yesterday was lying heavy on the foliage;

Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new."

We had intended to rest for the night in Savoy, eighteen miles from Chester-

"And singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading voice of men."—BRYANT'S "RIVULET."

every leaf was flashing in the sun. We broke our fast at Cummington, and did it so well that if I ever follow Thackeray's example and write "Memorials of Gormandizing," that morning's meal shall have an honored place. On the way to West Cummington we dallied for a while in the exquisitely beautiful ravine through which comes tumbling down the brook about which Bryant has sung one of his rarest songs:

"This little rill, which from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,

field. But the public-house was not inviting, and the general aspect of the place was melancholy and morose. We discovered afterward that a villager had just committed suicide, and hence the cloud upon the common heart. The "Pearl of Savoy" did not appear upon the scene, and we wondered whether she might not be buried in the bleak and lonely burying-ground, concerning which the legend is that the inhabitants, getting tired of waiting for one of their number to occupy the first grave, borrowed a corpse from one

of the neighboring villages to start the settlement. It is now populous enough. There is another village hereabout, a trifle dull, which has a burying-ground so spruce and fine that a facetious person said of it that it was "the life of the place."

We came to the head-waters of the Westfield about five o'clock. The Westfield flows into the Connecticut. Turning the ridge of the divide, in a few moments we came upon the head-waters of the Hoosac, which flows into the Hudson. I had hoped that from the topmost ridge of the divide Greylock would break upon us, as Monadnock breaks all at once on one who climbs the Peterborough hills. But it was not so to be. At length the revelation came, ample and splendid—an enormous bulk spread out and clothed with forests, and softly veiled with trailing shadows; a background sombre and huge and rough contrasting with a foreground of wide slopes of field and pasture lying bright and warm in the strong sunlight. The vision kindled in our veins a fine hilarity. But by the time we had accomplished the thirty-two miles which brought us to North Adams, we were glad to go to bed.

Sunday, another rainy day, made Monday all the better for the ascent of Greylock. It is not an ideal mountain. The ascent is not difficult, but long and tedious. A sharp climb, like that which carries you up over the sunburned ledges of Kearsarge or Monadnock, is much more inspiring. Ascending Greylock from the north, the path dips down between Mount Williams, a great spur, and the main peak, so that you walk some miles without getting up an inch. The wetness of the ground and the dampness of the foliage reduced us to a cherubic condition; that is, in Dr. Holmes's phrase, we had "no conveniences for sitting down." The mountain is wooded to the very top, so that we were first apprised of our nearness to it by meeting a Williams College student and a young lady, who had lost their way, poor things! but did not seem at all unhappy. Suddenly we came in sight of the Coast Survey beacon, made a quick rush, and stood upon the summit, looking eastward, with a wide, billowy landscape stretching leagues away in front of us. Westward the Catskills looked so vast and blue that I must believe some trick of atmosphere had done its best for them. We saw the Hudson gleaming at their feet, and the smoke of furnaces upon its banks. To the northwest the Adirondacks looked like dim and shadowy ghosts of mountains that had been in some primeval world, and so did the further Green Mountains that completed the circle of our vision between the Adirondacks and Monadnock's beauteous dome.

What a pity that by some device of engineering the Troy and Greenfield road could not have been carried over Hoosac Mountain instead of under it! Not that I would have availed myself of it. "Shanks's mare" was good enough for me. But no time-saving can compensate the under-ground traveller for the loss of that which the traveller across the top enjoys. It would be hard to say whether the westward look back upon Greylock or the eastward down the Deerfield Valley is the more enchanting. Either is beautiful enough. And so is the Deerfield Valley itself, which I followed down till night-fall of the day after my Greylock excursion, when I came to Shelburne Falls. Sixteen miles of pleasant walking the next morning brought me to Deerfield's famous century-growing elms. Deerfield is a beautiful old town, but there is a general flavor of mild decay about it which suggests an ebbing life. It so happened that on the day of my arrival the trustees of the Deerfield Academy held their annual dinner. How sudden and dramatic are the transitions of human fortune! I who an hour before had been taken for a tramp and eyed askance, from whom innocent children had run to hide their faces in their mothers' gowns, sat at the right hand of the president, and feasted like a king. In the tavern hall, safely inclosed in glass, is shown the door of the famous Indian House, which was inconsiderately destroyed not many years ago. The clefts made by the tomahawks in 1704 look as fresh as though they had been made but yesterday, and speak wonders for the Indians who made them. They must have had the strength of Hercules.

Another time we struck due west as far as Pittsfield, and then down into Southern Berkshire. This made a splendid tramp. From Chesterfield to Worthington, the next village westward, the road has such companionship of brooks and streams that it is a continual delight. At Peru, seven miles further on, you are at the top of the water-shed between the Westfield and the

Housatonic. The meeting-house is so exactly on the top that the rain on one side runs off into the eastern and on the other into the western river. Fancy two drops, falling a hair's-breadth apart, finding their way into the ocean by such different routes, and reaching it a hundred miles asunder! What a parable of life is here!

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare:
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!"

French's Hill at this point is 2300 feet high, only a hundred less than Wachusett, but the view which it affords is infinitely more beautiful and grand. On our way from Worthington to Peru we found the tiniest, dreariest church that ever was seen, at the bottom of a little hollow set in the heart of the most dainty bit imaginable of out-door loveliness. We could not but hope that every pleasant Sunday there was an adjournment to the adjacent grove. A striped snake of quite magnificent proportions was basking in the hot sunlight that was beating down upon the broad, flat door-stone of the church, and within there was evidently a scattering of church mice on our approach, the remains of yesterday's lunches left in

WESTFIELD RIVER.

the pews being well nibbled. It is not every city church, we thought, that has such signs of life about it. My friend was congregation and I was minister, and we held a little service, reading a few of Wesley's noble hymns, and then we resumed our journey.

From Peru to Hinsdale is pleasant walking; but the crown of our rejoicing came a little further on, when, leaving the modern turnpike, we struck into the old Boston and Albany stage route. The ascent was pretty sharp, and in a little while Hinsdale was nestling far down below us in an embosomed hollow. Then for a moment we stood in the presence of two worlds, and in another the eastern dropped behind the mountain's brow, and Berkshire was revealed to us in all its glory. At the north old Greylock loomed dark and immense, seeming almost oppressively near, and at the west stretched a great mountain wall, beautiful with upland pastures, and great patches of sunlight and cloud shadows, and the darker shadows of the deep cool ravines. From this point of vantage it was hard to break away. Pittsfield, to which we came in time for tea, is a most charming town. East Street and South Street will compare favorably with any streets New England has to show, those of Williamstown and Stockbridge perhaps excepted. But Pittsfield is a beautiful *town*—a city in everything but name; and so, though we had walked twenty-nine miles since morning, and were not so fresh as when we set out, we pushed on to Lenox, that we might sleep at length in country air, and amid country sights and sounds.

A mile out of Pittsfield there is a fine view up the valley. Its beauty was enhanced for us by the splendors of a brilliant sunset, clothing the eastern hills with violet, and the western with deep blue-black dyes. "It is not the goal, but the course, that makes us happy," says Richter; but as we went on, it gradually came to pass that the goal assumed supreme attractiveness, and the course became a little wearisome. But when we reached the hill-top overlooking Lenox from the north, where stands the fine old church in which, August 1, 1842, Dr. Channing spoke his last word for liberty, his last public word of any sort—his remarkable address on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies—thinking of him and of that glorious word, we turned aside into the church-yard close at hand. No wonder Fanny Kemble wished to be buried here! The night was fast shutting down as we went in among the quiet graves and looked down the valley. Only the outlines of the hills were visible, with here and there a light down in the village, or in some farm-house on beyond. The last faint streaks of sunset lingered in the west. There never was a sweeter ending to a happier day.

Continuing down the valley the next morning, we came upon a little low red cottage, at which we stopped and asked if we might have a bowl of bread and milk. Assured that we might do so, we were about to sit upon the threshold, where the cat was dozing, with a still warm chipmunk under her fatal paw; but the genial housekeeper insisted that we should come into the dining-room, where we ate our bread and milk out of rare china bowls, and drank the remainder of the family coffee with a grateful mind. And, behold! the house was one out of a hundred thousand; for here lived Nathaniel Hawthorne, and here he wrote the *Blithedale Romance*, the *House of the Seven Gables*, and the *Tanglewood Tales*. For such work as his it would be difficult to imagine a more suitable spot.

Our hostess refusing to take anything "from young students," we went on to Stockbridge, and there came again upon Jonathan Edwards's tracks, and barred the door of his parsonage with the same bar with which he kept out bores and Indians midway of the eighteenth century. Of all New England villages Stockbridge is the most beautiful. There are no other trees so fine, no other lawns so velvety. But Sheffield's dozy street pleased us with its homelier beauty quite as much as anything we had seen.

The following day we took the cars as far as Huntington, upon the Boston and Albany road. From this point a walk of fourteen miles—ten along the banks of the Westfield and four up the hills—brought us again to Chesterfield. But a mile or two short of home there was a well-kept tryst, and after that, music of friendliest voices and young people's happy laughter made us oblivious of dust and weariness.

Thus, after a fashion, something has been told about our village and its belongings, and the regions round about. But how much remains unsaid! Indeed, the most that goes to make a country summer

beautiful can not be floated off upon the printed page. It is a matter of a moment here, a moment there—the children coming home upon the loaded hay; the farmers driving their teams afield; the cattle coming home at night; sunset enchantments that no mortal can describe; the glistening of the trees and grasses after the rain; wonderful moonlight and starlight; and, best of all, the heavens of love and tenderness opening to you, deep beyond deep, in this pure world, as somehow they do not, can not, in the great city's hot and crowded ways, albeit

> "Only those who in sad cities dwell
> Are of the green trees fully sensible."

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1879.

I.

Midnight—in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores:
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out-of-doors:

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight—and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent under-ground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III.

And, now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
And all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

Note.—Charles Tennyson Turner, in whose memory this poem was written, was the brother of Alfred Tennyson, and was himself a poet. He was born July 4, 1808. He graduated at Cambridge in 1832, and became vicar of Grasby. By the will of a relative, who bequeathed him a small estate, his surname of "Tennyson" was exchanged for that of "Turner." He died April 25, 1879. His brother, the poet laureate, says of his sonnets that some of them have all the tenderness of the finest Greek epigram, and that a few of them are among the noblest in our language.

"I SAW HER FACE WHITE EVEN IN ALL THAT IMMENSE RUDDY GLARE."—[SEE PAGE 893.]

THE DRIFT-WOOD FIRE.

IT was our last night at the Beach House, and those of us that were left had clustered round the fire that had been laid on the hearth of the great hall, where all summer we had been wont to do our masquerading and our dancing.

We were none of us very gay; indeed, we were some of us very sad. We were just about to separate, and summer was over. It was a wild autumn storm outside, and there was not another house within a half-dozen miles of this lonesome hostelry; but, more than all, it was two days and a night since we had seen or heard of Raymonde, and everybody about the place loved Raymonde, whose royal foreign name only bespoke a royal foreign nature; for how such a tropical soul came out of our commonplace temperate existence and civilization was not to be explained. He was wonderfully charming in his appearance: dark and pale, with glowing eyes as dark as eyes dare be, and the dark locks falling over a wide low white brow. As you looked up at his face, you were reminded of something of the princes in the halls of Eblis before their hearts took fire, so gentle a melancholy was stamped there. Yet it was not easy to understand this melancholy; he seemed to have almost everything in his life that made other people glad and gay. He was rich, and had no sordid cares; he was so manly that women adored him, and so gentle that men loved him; he had such marvellous powers that he could acquit himself well in almost every one of the arts—could paint, could model, could harmonize; and he had such discretion that he contented himself

with swallow flights, and stretched no broad canvases, planned no great symphonies. He liked his gun better than any of his playthings, and really seemed to be a little proud of being able to toss a penknife in the air, and split a bullet on its descending blade, and of nothing else. He had been at the Beach House since June, and had unconsciously led all hearts captive, although he cared for nothing less. We were a little interested to see how he would strike Marion Mercer when she arrived, with her mother and aunt, and the maids, and the bird, and the dogs, without which Mrs. Mercer never travelled. Apparently he struck her no more than if he had been the shadow of somebody else. She never had any color, and so none rose to her cheek, and no fresh light came to her eyes, as—when hailed and saluted on the piazza, as she came in, by Sallie Worthen—Mr. Raymonde, standing near, was presented by Sallie with the air of treasure-trove; and Miss Mercer bowed in her slow, graceful way, and passed on, while Mr. Raymonde lifted his hat as indifferently. We wondered a little that Marion did not give so extraordinary a person, as we had come to consider him, a second glance, and at Mr. Raymonde's languid carelessness as well in the presence of Marion, who had never known anything but conquest; but perhaps we were just as well content, although, for my part, nothing of the sort made any difference to me—a sick old maid, on the outside of all such matters. But sometimes the lookers-on in Vienna have a better time than the players in the pageant; and I realized it one evening, after a week had gone by, in which no one saw Raymonde looking over Marion's sketching book, or asking her to dance, or exchanging a single glance with her, or Marion's eye once flashing in his direction. I had taken a longer walk on the lonely beach than I had intended, and, quite tired with hurrying, I had stopped to rest, on my way back, in the shadow of the cliff, and I think I must have fallen asleep a few moments; for all at once I started, shivering, to think what had happened, and finding that it was quite dark, and to hear a voice—a voice that I knew at once was Raymonde's—exclaiming, "Marion, how long do you think I can endure this?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," was the cold reply.

"Aha, Miss Marion Mercer!" thought I; "now I know why it is that none of these suitors suit. And you and Mr. Raymonde such strangers, too!"

"Marion!" he exclaimed again, in a tone that would have rent her heart if she had had any, I thought.

"Be so good as to let me pass," she said, very low and distinctly.

"No," he returned, "not till I know of what it is that you hold me guilty, why my letters have been returned, unopened, and my name refused at your door."

"You wish to know!" she cried out, as if repression suddenly ceased, and the flood-gates were opened. "You dare to address me so—you, whose wife I had promised to be, whom I adored, who forsook me for a dancing girl, and left me desolate!"

There was one moment's silence.

"And you believed this!" he gasped. "I suppose it was the dancing girl who stood to me for my picture of the Almée—that innocent little thing, the support of mother and sisters. Since you could believe that," he said, in a voice shaking with suppressed passion, "I will not ask you to believe the truth, that, sketching in the Maremma, I was seized with fever, and nursed back to life by the peasants living in a tomb, and came to my reason only to find that you and all of yours had left Rome—had left it with insult and obloquy to me. As for the dancing girl—my God! is it possible? You believe that of me! I ask nothing more of you." And I heard his steps ringing on the shingle; and then Marion had sunk down where she was, in a storm of uncontrollable and unappeasable sobs, from knowledge of which I crept away like a contemptible eavesdropper, for those sobs said more than either she or Raymonde had. But if I had stirred before, it would have only increased the trouble, after all.

It was the night for the band to play; but I did not see Marion that evening among all the gay couples, till, just before eleven o'clock, she was visible, leaning against an open window-way, in her creamy crape, and her shawl of red Madeira lace like a crimson cobweb round her hair and shoulders, not a trace of tears or of any emotion on her proud and lovely face, as she listened rather dreamily to the music, took one turn down the room with Mr. Munson, and going up the stairs, in her slow, calm way of doing ev-

erything, passed Mr. Raymonde coming in wild and wet from the sea. I kept my own counsel, and rather pleased myself with the idea of being the single spectator of the spectacle.

It was a day or two before Mr. Raymonde appeared upon the scene—delving at his sketches in his own rooms, they said—and then as naturally as ever he sauntered down among the bathers, and took his dip, and frolicked with the children as usual. Water did not make him look as it does some people; the more he was wet, the closer curled the dark rings of his hair, that had only a long wave in it when dry, and the rich color lighted his cheek, that was always so pale on shore. Marion, too, was one of those women that are not ruined by sea-bathing; she came down to the brink completely wrapped in her long thick white cloak, which one of the Mercer maids became useful for once by taking, and the moment that she was in the water the waves all seemed to flow down from her shoulders like the folds of a garment about her, and as she swam away she was more like a Nereid than a boarder at the Beach House. But I suppose even a Nereid might have had a cramp, or a shark or other sea-monster seize her beautiful foot, or something of the sort; for one morning, as I sat on a rock sketching the bathing scene, there was a cry from Sallie and Charlotte and the rest, but none at all from Marion, who had thrown up her arms and gone under. Arthur Santley was swimming to the spot directly, followed by young Maybank, and almost before one knew it a boat was putting out from shore, when Mr. Raymonde, who had been playing with the children at the other side of the little bathing cove, and had dived at once, now appeared swimming in, with Marion's head over his shoulder; and wading up the sands, he delivered her to the howling maids and Mrs. Mercer, and stalked away to his dressing-room.

Of course Mr. Raymonde was a hero for the rest of the day, though he begged off from some of the worship by declaring that it was nothing to him, for he spent his days rescuing drowning maidens. But Marion was not down stairs. I confess I was a little curious to know what Marion would say to him when they met, or if she would send for him to thank him. But my curiosity was not likely to be gratified, and nobody knew of her sending for him, and after she re-appeared she probably said nothing, and they passed and repassed with the customary indifferent inclination.

"I declare," exclaimed Sallie once, as she witnessed the movement, and before Raymonde was really out of hearing, "I don't believe she has ever thanked the man for saving her life!"

"Perhaps she doesn't thank him," said Miss Carmen. "Miss Mercer always acts as if life were a gift not worth the taking."

Still I saw that Marion did not go into the water again without a shudder, and presently ceased to go at all, although she went down to the shore with the rest. She was standing alone at the head of the cove, looking out seaward, not far from my sketching-block, when Raymonde came down one morning, and joined her so unexpectedly that she started.

"Perhaps Miss Carmen's words were true," he said, "and you really do not think life a gift worth thanks."

"Oh no," she answered, quietly. "Life is precious. But I did not think of thanking you for what you could not help doing. I do not suppose you would let a dog drown before your eyes."

"You flatter me," he said, and remained silent; and if, after a moment or two, either would have said anything more, there was no chance for the scurrying and scampering with which the bathers hurried up the cove, having seen a man-eater, or a sea-serpent, or an old log, or something of the sort riding along its outer reach. But if either had spoken, I made up my mind it would have had to be Raymonde: the solid firmament might crack, but since he had said that he asked nothing more of her, nothing was his portion, for all of Marion. She did *not* thank him for saving her life, I said to myself; she would rather have died than have owed it to him; and I noticed that although her manner was only a shade less haughtily distant to others, yet her smile would sometimes come when Arthur Santley brought her flowers, and she never refused Mr. Munson the dance or the drive he asked, and was possibly a degree kinder to others if Raymonde were seeing it all, kindness from her in her coldness and her sweetness having the effect to them all of kindness from some young queen. I thought it a little singular that Raymonde did not leave the Beach, but then he had established himself and taken

his rooms for the season, and it would perhaps have been absurd to allow himself to be driven away. After all, did it signify? Did he care? A month had passed, and he had hardly glanced at Marion, save once or twice with a furtive sparkle in his eye that seemed to break all his melancholy up in anger.

Yet she was worth looking at; there are few people of such severe clear beauty as hers. I remember her especially one morning, as we were all on the piazza when the old mail-coach came lumbering in from the post-town, five or six miles away. She had been tossing Charlotte's baby, who had clutched her long dusky brown hair and pulled it all about her face, and the coils were streaming down her white gown, and as she looked up, laughing and dimpling, she saw Mr. Raymonde climbing down from the coach box, and such a red shot over her cheeks and through her smile, such a light into her great hazel eyes, as she stood one instant transfixed under his gaze, and then dropped the baby into Charlotte's lap, and moved away so quietly that it seemed to me I had been dreaming, and had not really seen Marion at all, but a vision of her.

It was the same evening that there was shooting in the long meadow, when Marion, coming across the field with Mr. Munson and Sallie, stopped, as they did, at the target one moment, to observe the character of the shots, just as Raymonde—who had come in from the shore with a bag of birds, and looking like a brigand, in his high boots and slouched hat—had been called and compelled to add his shot to the score, and had just drawn his gun to the shoulder. Maybank shouted to Mr. Munson, and he and his party were hurrying up the field and out of the way, when, like a thunder-bolt from a blue sky, Mr. Raymonde's gun went off. With a single bound, as it seemed, he was by Marion's side.

"Are you hurt?" he cried. "By heavens! There is another ball left for me if you are!"

But Marion, with the same hasty red staining her cheeks for the second time since I had known her, had started back, and conscious that all eyes were on them, laughing, held up the end of the little lock of hair the ball had sheared. "I heard it whistle," she said.

"How tragedy treads on our heels this summer!" exclaimed Sallie.

"But we escape him," said Marion, lightly, and passed on, as Raymonde stepped aside, stooping presently to caress the spaniel that, by jumping on Raymonde as he stood waiting, had been the cause of the possible disaster. There was no more shooting that evening, but I saw who caught and hid the lock of hair the bullet cut away.

Day by day went by, and Marion swept along with the same indifferent beauty, dancing and driving and bowling and rowing and strolling with this one and the other, and never observing Raymonde's existence other than when sometimes that rebellious red again flushed her cheeks, or she laughed more gayly than usual when she felt rather than saw his presence. Meantime all Raymonde's old-time sweetness went; he had neither smiles nor interest for any; he no longer paused to look over my poor sketching-board, with the old pleasant words, although he sometimes caught Charlotte's baby and tossed it in the air, if the nurse went by with it as he sat on the smoking piazza with his cigar. The children missed him in the bathing cove, and the amateur players in the hall; and the gossipers on the porches were busy with him, you may be sure. But he gave no sign of leaving. I had kept my observations to myself, and, except to think him stony-hearted for being so untouched by the loveliness of the woman whose life he had saved, and then again so nearly taken, as to make no more advances, I had allowed them as little thought as possible; and no one else ever coupled his name with Marion's, even in thought, I suppose, and so the gossipers were none the wiser. I, to be sure, had never had any experience in love affairs, but I knew enough to mind my own business, although I was often sorely tempted to give Raymonde a piece of my mind, and Marion a dreadful taking down.

Suddenly, in the midst of the pleasuring, we awoke one day to find that there had been a frost; and although, as the sun mounted, it was still warm and genial, everybody felt that summer and pleasuring were at an end. The luggage came down as if it had wings, and the air, so to say, was full of flying trunks. A few, however, yet remained, and among them Mrs. Mercer and her suite, she awaiting her husband and the cluster of more intimate friends. Marion appeared to be in a fever

to get away; but Raymonde said to me that he should stay as long as the house was open, for he had always enjoyed the Indian summer by the sea. And he went on painting in the morning, and gunning in the afternoon, sometimes one or other of the gentlemen going with him, and we could hear the puff of their rifles echoing away in the fairy music all along the shore.

It was the most perfect day that last one that he went out, and went, as it chanced, alone. All the distant marshes and woody thickets were blazing with gold and carmine under the softest violet haze, and a silver sheen hung over the sea like a stretch of gauze, behind or through which phantom sails slipped by. For a time we heard the rifle here and there, at least we might have heard it; *I* did; and then there was a pack peddler with smuggled shawls and laces at the door, and we were so occupied in trying to get something for nothing, with the true feminine instinct, too, in some of us for smuggling, that sunset was on us in no time, its wide blush dying out presently in grayness and mist that before we rose from the tea table had settled over everything like rain, and through which no star was to be seen.

> "'Rain on the flood, nothing but scud;
> Rain on the ebb, as well go to bed,'"

quoted Mr. Munson. "It's going to be a storm of quality, if that holds good."

It was a gloomy evening, and after the landlady assured us we were going to have the equinoctial, as we should see when the tide turned, and it still rained and blew, and we might then expect a glorious surf, we went to our rooms early, and were surprised to hear, when we woke next day to find a wild gale blowing with gusts of sleety rain, that Mr. Raymonde had not returned. However, he had undoubtedly found shelter in some hut along the beach, they said; and after the mail-coach, an hour late, came in, we addressed ourselves to our various tasks, having vainly tried to penetrate the thick weather, which hid even the first white line of the breakers. I saw Marion, in her waterproofs, go out for a wrestle with the tempest, which suited her defiant mood; but she was quite powerless in it, and came back, half blown on her way by the blast, and wet with the flying spray and foam-flakes as well as with the rain. An hour or two later, as one by one of the gentlemen, and of the men about the place, came in and threw off their cloaks and overalls, we found that there had been some uneasiness in the house concerning Mr. Raymonde, which was increasing, and presently that was the one theme of conversation.

It did not need much urging to cause exploring parties to range up and down the shore; and as I did not care a straw for what any one said, I did not hesitate to urge. But by night-fall they had all returned, unsuccessful, and the rain was still lashing the panes, the wind howling round the house, while the roaring and pounding of the surf made it impossible to hear any other sound if one put one's head outside the door. And the storm and darkness did not diminish the anxiety about Mr. Raymonde, when those who knew the region stated that there was no shelter on all the shore, except it should be some casual gunner's tent, and as for that, no tent could have resisted the gale, and the danger was in the marshes, into which he might have wandered in the sudden shutting down of night and mist, without light of any kind to guide him, and where he might perish with exposure.

Marion had sat calmly at a window of the drawing-room, with her silk knitting, ever since she came in, for we none of us kept our rooms; once she played a part of a sonata, when some one asked for it, and once she took up a book and turned its pages slowly—not too slowly. By-and-by she laid the book down, and sat there, motionless as a statue, till the dark fell.

"What a gloomy night!" sighed Charlotte. "It will certainly do no harm if we go into the great hall and amuse ourselves."

"And have a drift-wood fire there!" cried Marion. "A monstrous one!"

"A drift-wood fire!" echoed I, for I knew where the sun-soaked timbers of the old wreck had been stowed away, and I divined instantly what the light of the great uncurtained hall windows might be to any lost wanderer. When we returned from the tea table, where Mr. Urquhart, the last arrival, was jesting with Marion quite as if nothing was the matter, although I fancied that repeated motion of her hand across her face was to brush away some trouble, but could not tell if it were anything but fancy, knowing she well deserved to feel the trouble of memo-

ries never to be brushed away—when we returned, I say, a fire was crackling and rolling up the big chimney-place, and transfiguring everything in the room with its rosy illumination. Marion sat down in one corner by the heap of old wood, tossing every little while, with her white hands and jewelled fingers, another splinter on the blaze. Young Maybank sat on a hassock at her feet, Arthur Santley leaned over the back of her chair, and kept up the jesting with Urquhart, since the latter would have it, in the pauses of the rather dull game that went on, all in a way that allowed Marion to be silent. She sat erect and strangely still, like one listening for life or death, her only motion being now and then to bend and throw on a billet that sent a shower of sparks up the chimney, and then a great wallowing flame, a sapphire changing to an emerald glory, or burning away in a ruby red glow of strontium, according to the salts of the sea with which the wood chanced to be saturated. The splendid colors seemed to roll through the windows wide and high, and lay great beams of beauty on the storm, and we imagined the flames to be the risen spirit of the old shipwreck, and as we clustered about the hearth we fell to telling stories of the dangers of the seas till we could talk of nothing else. It had come to be past midnight, but nobody thought of sleep; and while they talked I sat conjuring darker fancies yet; and I wondered, as I remembered his melancholy, if there were any possibility of Raymonde's having sought his own destruction. And glancing over at Marion, I felt assured that she too had no other thought. She stooped mechanically, for she was not gazing at the fire, but at the windows, and threw another piece on the blaze, and Santley stooped too, and heaped an armful there. "The last of the rudder-post," said he. "It was a bad guide once. But such are the metempsychoses of nature, let us hope that it has now become a beacon star!" As the fragments caught the flame and kindled it afresh, the great chimney-place seemed to burst into a gigantic blossom, or as if a holocaust of rainbows took flight up and into outer darkness, and we all exclaimed at the wonder of it —all but Marion; and as I turned to bid her look, I saw her face white even in all that immense ruddy glow and glare, white, and fixed in a terror, while her lips seemed vainly striving to move. And then, in a moment, restraint, doubt, despair, horror, had given place to a wild joy, and she had sprung to her feet with a cry, scattering us to right and left, was throwing up the window and letting in a gust that swept the hall, was stooping to drag in after it something that had just fallen against the sash.

It was Raymonde, who, wandering all night and day in the marsh, had found his bearings at last only when reason was near fled, and the darkness and fog were faintly penetrated by the blaze of the drift-wood fire. As he slowly opened his great gaunt eyes she was kneeling on the floor, her arms about him, his head on her breast, her lips warming his frozen lips to life, while Santley and the rest, in their hurry for brandy and hot blankets, forgot even to be amazed. "I had better die now," he whispered, with the smile glorifying his face.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, regardless who heard. "Oh, we have just begun to live!" And I can see Mrs. Mercer's speechless horror and petrifaction at this moment.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AFTER THE GALE.

"WELL, indeed!" exclaimed the Laird, on putting his head out next morning. "This is wonderful—wonderful!"

Was it the long imprisonment in the darkness of the equinoctials that made him welcome with so much delight this spectacle of fair skies and sapphire seas, with the waves breaking white in Scalpa Sound, and the sunlight shining along the Coolins? Or was it not rather our long isolation from the ordinary affairs of the world that made him greet with acclamation this picture of brisk and busy human life, now visible from the deck of the yacht? We were no longer alone in the world. Over there, around the big black smacks, that looked like so many hens with broods of chickens, swarmed a fleet of fishing-boats; and as rapidly as hands could manage it both men and women were shaking out the brown nets,

and securing the glittering silver treasure of the sea. It was a picturesque sight—the stalwart brown-bearded men in their yellow oil-skins and huge boots, the bare-armed women in their scarlet short gowns, the masses of ruddy brown nets, the lowered sails. And then the Laird perceived that he was not alone in regarding this busy and cheerful scene.

Along there by the bulwarks, with one hand on the shrouds and the other on the gig, stood Mary Avon, apparently watching the boats passing to and fro between the smacks and the shore. The Laird went gently up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder. She started, turned round suddenly, and then he saw, to his dismay, that her eyes were full of tears.

"What! what!" said he, with a quick doubt and fear coming over him. Had all his plans failed, then? Was the girl still unhappy?

"What is it, lass? What is the matter?" said he, gripping her hand so as to get the truth from her.

By this time she had dried her eyes.

"Nothing—nothing," said she, rather shamefacedly. "I was only thinking about the song of 'Caller Herring,' and how glad those women must be to find their husbands come back this morning. Fancy their being out on such a night as last night! What it must be to be a fisherman's wife—and alone on shore—"

"Toots, toots, lass!" cried the Laird, with a splendid cheerfulness; for he was greatly relieved that this was all the cause of the wet eyes. "Ye are jist giving way to a sentiment. I have observed that people are apt to be sentimental in the morning, before they get their breakfast. What! are ye peetying these folk? I can tell ye this is a proud day for them, to judge by they heaps o' fish. They are jist as happy as kings; and as for the risk o' their trade, they have to do what is appointed to them. Why, does not that doctor friend o' yours say that the happiest people are they who are hardest worked?"

This reference to the doctor silenced the young lady at once.

"Not that I have much right to talk about work," said the Laird, penitently. "I believe I am becoming the idlest crayture on the face of this world."

At this point a very pretty little incident occurred. A boat was passing to the shore, and in the stern of her was a young fisherman—a handsome young fellow, with a sun-tanned face and yellow beard. As they were going by the yacht, he caught a glimpse of Miss Avon; then, when they had passed, he said something in Gaelic to his two companions, who immediately rested on their oars. Then he was seen rapidly to fill a tin can with two or three dozen herrings; and his companions backed their boat to the side of the yacht. The young fellow stood up in the stern, and with a shy laugh—but with no speech, for he was doubtless nervous about his English—offered this present to the young lady. She was very much pleased; but she blushed quite as much as he did. And she was confused, for she could not summon Master Fred to take charge of the herrings, seeing this compliment was so directly paid to herself. However, she boldly gripped the tin can, and said, "Oh, thank you very much;" and by this time the Laird had fetched a bucket, into which the glittering beauties were slipped. Then the can was handed back, with further and profuse thanks, and the boat pushed off.

Suddenly, and with great alarm, Miss Avon remembered that Angus had taught her what Highland manners were.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she called out to the bearded young fisherman, who instantly turned round, and the oars were stopped. "I beg your pardon," said she, with an extreme and anxious politeness, "but would you take a glass of whiskey?"

"No, thank ye, mem," said the fisherman, with another laugh of friendliness on the frank face; and then away they went.

The girl was in despair. She was about to marry a Highlander, and already she had forgotten the first of Highland customs. But unexpected relief was at hand. Hearing something going on, John of Skye had tumbled up from the forecastle, and instantly saw that the young lady was sorely grieved that those friendly fishermen had not accepted this return compliment. He called aloud in Gaelic, and in a severe tone. The three men came back, looking rather like schoolboys who would fain escape from an embarrassing interview. And then at the same moment Captain John, who had asked Fred to bring up the whiskey bottle, said, in a low voice, to the young lady,

"They would think it ferry kind, mem,

if you would pour out the whiskey with your own hand."

And this was done, Miss Mary going through the ceremony without flinching; and as each of the men was handed his glass, he rose up in the boat, and took off his cap, and drank the health of the young lady in the Gaelic. And Angus Sutherland, when he came on deck, was greatly pleased to hear of what she had done; though the Laird took occasion to remark at breakfast that he hoped it was not a common custom among the young ladies of England to get up early in the morning to have clandestine flirtations with handsome young fishermen.

Then all hands on deck: for now there are two anchors to be got in, and we must not lose any of this pleasant sailing breeze. In these sheltered and shining waters there are scarcely any traces of the recent rough weather, except that the wind still comes in variable puffs, and from all sorts of unexpected directions. In the main, however, it is N. by E., and so we have to set to work to leisurely beat up the Sound of Raasay.

"Well, this is indeed like old times, Mary!" Queen Titania cries, as she comfortably ensconces herself in a camp-chair: for Miss Avon is at the helm, and the young doctor, lying at full length on the sun-lit deck, is watching the sails and criticising her steering; and the Laird is demonstrating to a humble listener the immeasurable advantages enjoyed by the Scotch landscape painters in that they have within so small a compass every variety of mountain, lake, woodland, and ocean scenery. He becomes facetious, too, about Miss Mary's sketches. What if he were to have a room set apart for them at Denny-mains, to be called the *White Dove* Gallery? He might have a skilled decorator out from Glasgow to devise the furniture and ornamentation, so that both should suggest the sea, and ships, and sailors.

Here John of Skye comes aft.

"I think," says he to Miss Avon, with a modest smile, "we might put the gaff topsail on her."

"Oh yes, certainly," says this experienced mariner; and the doctor, seeing an opportunity for bestirring himself, jumps to his feet.

And so, with the topsail shining white in the sun—a thing we have not seen for some time—we leave behind us the gloomy opening into Loch Sligachan, and beat up through the Raasay Narrows, and steal by the pleasant woods of Raasay House. The Laird has returned to that project of the Marine Gallery, and he has secured an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who prides herself that she has a sure instinct as to what is "right" in mural decoration.

This is indeed like old times come back again. The light, cool breeze, the warm decks, the pleasant lapping of the water, and our steerswoman partly whistling and partly humming:

"They'll put a napkin round my een,
They'll no let me see to dee;
And they'll never let on to my faither and mither,
But I am awa' o'er the sea."

And this she is abstractedly and contentedly doing, without any notice of the fact that the song is supposed to be a pathetic one.

Then our young doctor: of what does he discourse to us during this delightful day-dreaming and idleness! Well, it has been remarked by more than one of us that Dr. Angus has become tremendously practical of late. You would scarcely have believed that this was the young F.R.S. who used to startle the good Laird out of his wits by his wild speculations about the origin of the world and similar trifles. Now his whole interest seemed to be centred on the commonest things: all the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan put together could not have been more fierce than he was about the necessity of supplying houses with pure water, for example. And the abuse that he heaped on the Water Companies of London, more especially, and on the government which did not interfere, was so distinctly libellous that we were glad no alien overheard it.

Then as to arsenic in wall-paper: he was equally dogmatic and indignant about that; and here it was his hostess, rather than the Laird, who was interested. She eagerly committed to her note-book a recipe for testing the presence of that vile metal in wall-papers or anything else; and some of us had mentally to thank Heaven that she was not likely to get test-tubes and zinc filings and hydrochloric acid in Portree. The woman would have blown up the ship.

All this and much more was very different from the kind of conversation that used so seriously to trouble the Laird.

When he heard Angus talk with great common-sense and abundant information about the various climates that suited particular constitutions, and about the best soils for building houses on, and about the necessity for strict municipal supervision of drainage, he was ready to believe that our young doctor had not only for his own part never handled that dangerous book, the *Vestiges of Creation*, but that he had never even known any one who had glanced at its sophistical pages except with a smile of pity. Why, all the time that we were shut up by the equinoctials, the only profound and mysterious thing that Angus had said was this: "There is surely something wrong when the man who takes on himself all the trouble of drawing a bottle of ale is bound to give his friend the first tumbler, which is clear, and keep the second tumbler, which is muddy, for himself." But if you narrowly look into it, you will find that there is really nothing dangerous or unsettling in this saying—no grumbling against the ways of Providence whatsoever. It was mysterious, perhaps; but then so would many of the nice points about the Semple case have been, had we not had with us an able expositor.

And on this occasion, as we were running along for Portree, our F.R.S. was chiefly engaged in warning us against paying too serious heed to certain extreme theories about food and drink which were then being put forward by a number of distinguished physicians.

"For people in good health, the very worst adviser is the doctor," he was saying; when he was gently reminded by his hostess that he must not malign his own calling, or destroy a superstition that might in itself have curative effects.

"Oh, I scarcely call myself a doctor," he said, "for I have no practice as yet. And I am not denying the power of a physician to help nature in certain cases —of course not; but what I say is that for healthy people the doctor is the worst adviser possible. Why, where does he get his experience?—from the study of people who are ill. He lives in an atmosphere of sickness; his conclusions about the human body are drawn from bad specimens; the effects that he sees produced are produced on too sensitive subjects. Very likely, too, if he is himself a distinguished physician, he has gone through an immense amount of training and subsequent hard work; his own system is not of the strongest; and he considers that what he feels to be injurious to him must be injurious to other people. Probably so it might be—to people similarly sensitive; but not necessarily to people in sound health. Fancy a man trying to terrify people by describing the awful appearance produced on one's internal economy when one drinks half a glass of sherry! And that," he added, "is a piece of pure scientific sensationalism; for precisely the same appearance is produced if you drink half a glass of milk."

"I am of opinion," said the Laird, with the gravity befitting such a topic, "that of all steemulants nothing is better or wholesomer than a drop of sound, sterling whiskey."

"And where are you likely to get it?"

"I can assure ye, at Denny-mains."

"I mean where are the masses of the people to get it? What they get is a cheap white spirit, reeking with fusel-oil, with just enough whiskey blended to hide the imposture. The decoction is a certain poison. If the government would stop tinkering at Irish franchises, and Irish tenures, and Irish Universities, and would pass a law making it penal for any distiller to sell spirits that he has not had in bond for at least two years, they would do a good deal more service to Ireland, and to this country too."

"Still, these measures of amelioration must have their effect," observed the Laird, sententiously. "I would not discourage wise legislation. We will reconcile Ireland sooner or later, if we are prudent and conseederate."

"You may as well give them Home Rule at once," said Dr. Angus, bluntly. "The Irish have no regard for the historical grandeur of England; how could they?—they have lost their organ of veneration. The coronal region of the skull has in time become depressed, through frequent shillalagh practice."

For a second the Laird glanced at him: there was a savor of George Combe about this speech. Could it be that he believed in that monstrous and atheistic theory?

But no. The Laird only laughed, and said,

"I would not like to have an Irishman hear ye say so."

It was now abundantly clear to us that Denny-mains could no longer suspect of anything heterodox and destructive this

young man who was sound on drainage, pure air, and a constant supply of water to the tanks.

Of course we could not get into Portree without Ben-Inivaig having a tussle with us. This mountain is the most inveterate brewer of squalls in the whole of the West Highlands, and it is his especial delight to catch the unwary, when all their eyes are bent on the safe harbor within. But we were equal with him. Although he tried to tear our masts out and frighten us out of our senses, all that he really succeeded in doing was to put us to a good deal of trouble, and break a tumbler or two below. We pointed the finger of scorn at Ben-Inivaig. We sailed past him, and took no more notice of him. With a favoring breeze, and with our topsail still set, we glided into the open and spacious harbor.

But that first look round was a strange one. Was this really Portree Harbor, or were we so many Rip Van Winkles? There were the shining white houses, and the circular bay, and the wooded cliffs; but where were the yachts that used to keep the place so bright and busy? There was not an inch of white canvas visible. We got to anchor near a couple of heavy smacks; the men looked at us as if we had dropped from the skies.

We went ashore, and walked up to the telegraph office to see whether the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland—as the Cumbræ minister called them—had survived the equinoctials, and learned only too accurately what serious mischief had been done all along these coasts by the gale. From various points, moreover, we subsequently received congratulations on our escape, until we almost began to believe that we had really been in serious peril. For the rest, our friends at Borva were safe enough; they had not been on board their yacht at all.

That evening, in the silent and deserted bay, a council of war was held on deck. We were not, as it turned out, quite alone; there had also come in a steam-yacht, the master of which informed our John of Skye that such a gale he had not seen for three-and-twenty years. He also told us that there was a heavy sea running in the Minch, and that no vessel would try to cross. Stornoway Harbor, we already knew, was filled with storm-stayed craft. So we had to decide.

Like the very small and white-faced boy who stood forth to declaim before a school full of examiners and friends, and who raised his hand, and announced in a trembling falsetto that his voice was still for war, it was the women who spoke first, and they were for going right on the next morning.

"Mind," said Angus Sutherland, looking anxiously at certain dark eyes; "there is generally a good sea in the Minch in the best of weathers; but after a three or four days' gale—well—"

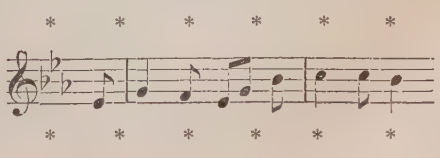
"I, for one, don't care," said Miss Avon, frankly regarding him.

"And I should like it," said the other woman, "so long as there is plenty of wind. But if Captain John takes me out into the middle of the Minch, and keeps me rolling about on the Atlantic in a dead calm, then something will befall him that his mother knew nothing about."

Here Captain John was emboldened to step forward, and to say, with an embarrassed politeness,

"I not afraid of anything for the leddies; for two better sailors I never sah ahl my life long."

However, the final result of our confabulation that night was the resolve to get under way next morning, and proceed a certain distance until we should discover what the weather was like outside. With a fair wind, we might run the sixty miles to Stornoway before night; without a fair wind, there was little use in our adventuring out to be knocked about in the North Minch, where the Atlantic finds itself jammed into the neck of a bottle, and rebels in a somewhat frantic fashion. We must do our good friends in Portree the justice to say that they endeavored to dissuade us; but then we had sailed in the *White Dove* before, and had no great fear of her leading us into any trouble.

And so good-night!—good-night! We can scarcely believe that this is Portree Harbor, so still and quiet it is. All the summer fleet of vessels have fled; the year is gone with them; soon we too must betake ourselves to the south. Good-night! —good-night! The peace of the darkness falls over us; if there is any sound, it is the sound of singing in our dreams.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"A GOOD ONE FOR THE LAST."

"AH, well, well," said the Laird, somewhat sadly, to his hostess, "I suppose we may now conseeder that we have started on our last day's sailing in the *White Dove*?"

"I suppose so," said she; and this was before breakfast, so she may have been inclined to be a bit sentimental too.

"I'm thinking," said he, "that some of us may hereafter look back on this sailing as the longest and grandest holiday of their life, and will recall the name of the *White Dove* with a certain amount of affection. I, for one, feel that I can scarcely justify myself for withdrawing so long from the duties that society demands from every man; and no doubt there will be much to set right when one goes back to Strathgovan. But perhaps one has been able to do something even in one's idleness—"

He paused here, and remained silent for a moment or two.

"What a fine thing," he continued, "it must be for a doctor to watch the return of health to a patient's face—to watch the color coming back, and the eyes looking happy again, and the spirits rising, and to think that maybe he has helped! And if he happens to know the patient, and to be as anxious about her as if she were his own child, do not ye think he must be a proud man when he sees the results of what he has done for her, and when he hears her begin to laugh again?"

Despite the Laird's profound ingenuity, we knew very well who that doctor was. And we had learned something about the affection which this mythical physician had acquired for his imaginary patient.

"What a sensitive bit crayture she is!" said he, suddenly, as if he were now talking of some quite different person. "Have ye seen the difference the last few days have made on her face—have ye not observed it?"

"Yes, indeed, I have."

"Ye would imagine that her face was just singing a song from the morning till the night—I have never seen any one with such expressive eyes as that bit lass has—and—and—it is fairly a pleasure to any one to look at the happiness of them."

"Which she owes to you, sir."

"To me?" said the Laird. "Dear me! —not to me. It was a fortunate circumstance that I was with ye on board the yacht, that is all. What I did no man who had the chance could have refused to do. No, no; if the lass owes any gratitude to anybody or anything, it is to the Semple case."

"What?"

"Just so, ma'am," said the Laird, composedly. "I will confess to ye that a long holiday spent in sailing had not that attraction for me it might have had for others—though I think I have come to enjoy it now with the best of ye; but I thought, when ye pressed me to come, that it would be a grand opportunity to get your husband to take up the Semple case, and master it thoroughly, and put its merits in a just manner before the public. That he does not appear to be as much interested in it as I had reason to expect is a misfortune—perhaps he will grow to see the importance of the principles involved in it in time; but I have ceased to force it on his attention. In the mean while we have had a fine long holiday, which has at least given me leisure to consider many schemes for the advantage of my brother pareeshioners. Ay, and where is Miss Mary, though?"

"She and Angus have been up for hours, I believe," said his hostess. "I heard them on deck before we started, anyway."

"I would not disturb them," said the Laird, with much consideration. "They have plenty to talk about—all their life opening up before them, like a road through a garden, as one might say. And whatever befalls them hereafter, I suppose they will always remember the present time as the most beautiful of their existence—the wonder of it, the newness, the hope. It is a strange thing that. Ye know, ma'am, that our garden at Dennymains, if I may say so, is far from insigneeficant. It has been greatly commended by experienced landscape gardeners. Well, now, that garden, when it is just at its fullest of summer color—with all its dahlias and hollyhocks and what not—I say ye can not get half as much delight from the whole show as ye get from the first glint o' a primrose, as ye are walking through a wood on a bleak March day, and not expecting to see anything of the kind. Does not that make your heart jump?"

Here the Laird had to make way for Master Fred and the breakfast tray.

"There is not a bairn about Strathgovan," he continued, with a laugh, "knows better than myself where to find the first primroses and bluebells and the red dead-nettle, ye know, and so on. Would ye believe it, that poor crayture Johnny Guthrie was for cutting down the hedge in the Coulterburn Road, and putting up a stone dike!" Here the Laird's face grew more and more stern, and he spoke with unnecessary vehemence. "I make bold to say that the man who would cut down a hawthorn hedge where the children go to gather their bits o' flowers, and would put in its place a stone wall, for no reason on the face of the earth, I say that man is an ass—an intolerable and perneecious ass!"

But this fierceness instantly vanished, for here was Mary Avon come in to bid him good-morning. And he rose and took both her hands in his, and regarded the upturned smiling face and the speaking eyes.

"Ay, ay, lass," said he, with great satisfaction and approval, "ye have got the roses into your cheeks at last. That is the morning air—the 'roses weet wi' dew.' It is a fine habit that of early rising. Dear me, what a shilpit bit thing ye were when I first saw ye about three months ago! And now I dare say ye are just as hungry as a hawk with walking up and down the deck in the sea-air. We will not keep ye waiting a moment."

The Laird got her a chair, next his own, of course, and then rang Master Fred's bell violently.

"How's her head, skipper?" said Queen T——, when the young doctor made his appearance: he had roses, too, in his cheeks, freshened by the morning air.

"Well," said he, frankly, as he sat down, "I think it would be judicious to have breakfast over as soon as possible, and get the things stowed away. We are flying up the Sound of Raasay like a witch on a broom, and there will be a roaring sea when we get beyond the shelter of Skye."

"We have been in roaring seas before," said she, confidently.

"We met a schooner coming into Portree Harbor this morning," said he, with a dry smile. "She left yesterday afternoon just before we got in. They were at it all night, but had to run back at last. They said they had got quite enough of it."

This was a little more serious, but the women were not to be daunted. They had come to believe in the *White Dove* being capable of anything, especially when a certain aid to John of Skye was on board. For the rest, the news was that the day was lovely, the wind fair for Stornoway, and the yacht flying northward like an arrow.

There was a certain solemnity, nevertheless, or perhaps only an unusual elaborateness, about our preparations before going on deck. Gun-cases were wedged in in front of canvases, so that Miss Avon's sketches should not go rolling on to the floor; all such outlying skirmishers as candlesticks, aneroids, draught-boards, and the like, were moved to the rear of compact masses of rugs; and then the women were ordered to array themselves in their water-proofs. Water-proofs?—and the sun flooding through the skylight! But they obeyed.

Certainly there did not seem to be any great need for water-proofs when we got above, and had the women placed in a secure corner of the companionway. It was a brilliant, breezy, blue-skied morning, with the decks as yet quite white and dry, and with the long mountainous line of Skye shining in the sun. The yacht was flying along at a famous pace before a fresh and steady breeze; already we could make out, far away on the northern horizon, a pale, low, faint blue line, which we knew to be the hills of Southern Lewis. Of course one had to observe that the vast expanse of sea lying between us and that far line was of a stormy black; moreover, the men had got on their oil-skins, though not a drop of spray was coming on board.

As we spun along, however, before the freshening wind, the crashes of the waves at the bows became somewhat more heavy, and occasionally some jets of white foam would spring up into the sunlight. When it was suggested to Captain John that he might set the gaff-topsail, he very respectfully and shyly shook his head. For one thing, it was rather strange that on this wide expanse of sea not a solitary vessel was visible.

Further and further northward. And now one has to look out for the white water springing over the bows, and there is a general ducking of heads when the crash forward gives warning. The decks are beginning to glisten now; and Miss Avon has received one sharp admonition to be more careful, which has somewhat damp-

ed and disarranged her hair. And so the *White Dove* still flies to the north—like an arrow—like a witch on a broom—like a hare, only that none of these things would groan so much in getting into the deep troughs of the sea; and not even a witch on a broom could perform such capers in the way of tumbling and tossing, and pitching and rolling.

However, all this was mere child's play. We knew very well when and where we should really "get it": and we got it. Once out of the shelter of the Skye coast, we found a considerably heavy sea swinging along the Minch, and the wind was still freshening up, insomuch that Captain John had to take the mizzen and fore sail off her. How splendidly those mountain masses of waves came heaving along, apparently quite black until they came near, and then we could see the sunlight shining green through the breaking crest; then there was a shock at the bows that caused the yacht to shiver from stem to stern; then a high springing into the air, followed by a heavy rattle and rush on the decks. The scuppers were of no use at all; there was a foot and a half of hissing and seething salt-water all along the lee bulwarks; and when the gangway was lifted to let it out, the next rolling wave only spouted an equal quantity up on deck, soaking Dr. Angus Sutherland to the shoulder. Then a heavier sea than usual struck her, carrying off the cover of the fore-hatch, and sending it spinning aft; while, at the same moment, a voice from the forecastle informed Captain John in an injured tone that this last invader had swamped the men's berths. What could he do but have the main tack hauled up to lighten the pressure of the wind? The waters of the Minch, when once they rise, are not to be stilled by a bottle of salad oil.

We had never before seen the ordinarily buoyant *White Dove* take in such masses of water over her bows; but we soon got accustomed to the seething lake of water along the lee scuppers, and allowed it to subside or increase as it liked. And the women were now seated a step lower on the companionway, so that the rags of the waves flew by them without touching them; and there was a good deal of laughing and jesting going on at the clinging and stumbling of any unfortunate person who had to make his way along the deck. As for our indefatigable doctor, his face had been running wet with salt-water for hours; twice he had slipped and gone headlong to leeward; and now, with a rope double-twisted round the tiller, he was steering, his teeth set hard.

"Well, Mary," shrieked Queen Titania into her companion's ear, "we are having a good one for the last."

"Is he going up the mast?" cried the girl, in great alarm.

"I say we are having a good one for the last."

"Oh yes!" was the shout in reply. "She is, indeed, going fast."

But about mid-day we passed within a few miles to the east of the Shiant Islands, and here the sea was somewhat moderated, so we tumbled below for a snack of lunch. The women wanted to devote the time to dressing their hair and adorning themselves anew; but Purser Sutherland objected to this altogether. He compelled them to eat and drink while that was possible; and several toasts were proposed—briefly, but with much enthusiasm. Then we scrambled on deck again. We found that John had hoisted his foresail again, but he had let the mizzen alone.

Northward and ever northward; and we are all alone on this wide, wide sea. But that pale line of coast at the horizon is beginning to resolve itself into definite form—into long, low headlands, some of which are dark in shadow, others shining in the sun. And then the cloud-like mountains beyond: can these be the far Suainabhal and Mealasabhal, and the other giants that look down on Loch Roag and the western shores? They seem to belong to a world beyond the sea.

Northward and ever northward; and there is less water coming over now, and less groaning and plunging, so that one can hear one's self speak. And what is this wagering on the part of the doctor that we shall do the sixty miles between Portree and Stornoway within the six hours? John of Skye shakes his head; but he has the main tack hauled down.

Then, as the day wears on, behold! a small white object in that line of blue. The cry goes abroad: it is Stornoway light!

"Come, now, John," the doctor calls aloud, "within the six hours—for a glass of whiskey and a lucky sixpence!"

"We not at Styornaway light yet," answered the prudent John of Skye, who is no gambler. But all the same he called

two of the men aft to set the mizzen again; and as for himself, he threw off his oil-skins, and appeared in his proud uniform once more. This looked like business.

Well, it was not within the six hours, but it was within the six hours and a half, that we sailed past Stornoway light-house and its outstanding perch; and past a floating target with a red flag, for artillery practice; and past a bark which had been driven ashore two days before, and now stuck there, with her back broken. And this was a wonderful sight—after the lone, wide seas—to see such a mass of ships of all sorts and sizes crowded in here for fear of the weather. We read their names in the strange foreign type as we passed—*Die Heimath*, *Georg Washington*, *Friedrich der Grosse*, and the like—and we saw the yellow-haired Norsemen pulling between the vessels in their odd-looking, double-bowed boats. And was not John of Skye a proud man that day, as he stood by the tiller in his splendor of blue and brass buttons, knowing that he had brought the *White Dove* across the wild waters of the Minch, when not one of these foreigners would put his nose outside the harbor?

The evening light was shining over the quiet town, and the shadowed castle, and the fir-tipped circle of hills, when the *White Dove* rattled out her anchor-chain and came to rest. And as this was our last night on board, there was a good deal of packing and other trouble. It was nearly ten o'clock when we came together again.

The Laird was in excellent spirits that night, and was more than ordinarily facetious; but his hostess refused to be comforted. A thousand Homeshes could not have called up a smile. For she had grown to love this scrambling life on board; and she had acquired a great affection for the yacht itself; and now she looked round this old and familiar saloon, in which we had spent so many snug and merry evenings together, and she knew she was looking at it for the last time.

At length, however, the Laird bethought himself of arousing her from her sentimental sadness, and set to work to joke her out of it. He told her she was behaving like a school-girl come to the end of her holiday. Well, she only further behaved like a school-girl by letting her lips begin to tremble; and then she stealthily withdrew to her own cabin, and doubtless had a good cry there. There was no help for it, however: the child had to give up its plaything at last.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ADIEU!

NEXT morning, also: why should this tender melancholy still dwell in the soft and mournful eyes? The sunlight was shining cheerfully on the sweep of wooded hill, on the gray castle, on the scattered town, and on the busy quays. Busy was scarcely the word: there was a wild excitement abroad, for a vast take of herring had just been brought in. There, close in by the quays, were the splendidly built luggers, with their masts right at their bows, and standing up in them their stalwart crews, bronze-faced, heavy-bearded, with oil-skin caps, and boots up to their thighs. Then, on the quays above, the picturesquely costumed women busy at the salting; and agents eagerly chaffering with the men; and empty barrels coming down in unknown quantities. Bustle, life, excitement, pervaded the whole town; but our tender-hearted hostess, as we got ashore, seemed to pay no heed to it. As she bade good-by to the men, shaking hands with each, there were tears in her eyes: if she had wished to catch a glance in the direction of the *White Dove*, she could scarcely have seen the now still and motionless craft.

But by-and-by, when we had left our heavier luggage at the inn, and when we set out to drive across the island to visit some friends of ours who live on the western side, she grew somewhat more cheerful. Here and there a whiff of the fragrant peat smoke caught us as we passed, bringing back recollections of other days. Then she had one or two strangers to inform and instruct, and she was glad that Mary Avon had a bright day for her drive across the Lewis.

"But what a desolate place it must be on a wet day!" that young person remarked, as she looked away across the undulating moors, vast, and lonely, and silent.

Now, at all events, the drive was pleasant enough; for the sunlight brought out the soft ruddy browns of the bog-land, and ever and again the blue and white surface of a small loch flashed back the daylight from amid that desolation. Then

occasionally the road crossed a brawling stream, and the sound of it was grateful enough in the oppressive silence. In due course of time we reached Garra-na-hina.

"WE ALL GO OUT TO THE TOP OF A SMALL HEADLAND AND WAVE OUR HANDKERCHIEFS."

Our stay at the comfortable little hostelry was but brief, for the boat to be sent by our friends had not arrived, and it was proposed that in the mean time we should walk along the coast to show our companions the famous stones of Callernish. By this time Queen Titania had quite recovered her spirits, and eagerly assented, saying how pleasant a walk would be after our long confinement on shipboard.

It was indeed a pleasant walk, through a bright and cheerful piece of country.

And as we went along we sometimes turned to look around us—at the waters of the Black River, a winding line of silver through the yellow and brown of the morass; and at the placid blue waters of Loch Roag, with the orange line of sea-weed round the rocks, and at the far blue bulk of Suainabhal. We did not walk very fast; and indeed we had not got anywhere near the Callernish stones, when the sharp eye of our young doctor caught sight of two new objects that had come into this shining picture. The first was a large brown boat rowed by four fishermen; the second was a long and shapely boat—like the pinnace of a yacht—also pulled by four men, in blue jerseys and scarlet caps. There was no one in the stern of the big boat; but in the stern of the gig were three figures, as far as we could make out.

Now no sooner had our attention been called to the two boats which had just come round the point of an island out there, than our good Queen Titania became greatly excited, and would have us all go out to the top of a small headland and frantically wave our handkerchiefs there. Then we perceived that the second boat instantly changed its course, and was being steered for the point on which we stood. We descended to the shore and went on to some rocks, Queen Titania becoming quite hysterical.

"Oh, how kind of her! how kind of her!" she cried.

For it now appeared that these three figures in the stern of the white pinnace were the figures of a young lady, who was obviously steering, and of two small boys, one on each side of her, and both dressed as young sailors. And the steerswoman—she had something of a sailor look about her too, for she was dressed in navy blue, and she wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon and letters of gold. But you would scarcely have looked at the smart straw hat when you saw the bright and laughing face, and the beautiful eyes that seemed to speak to you long before she could get to shore. And then the boat was run into a small creek; and the young lady stepped lightly out—she certainly was young-looking, by-the-way, to be the mother of those two small sailors—and she quickly and eagerly and gladly caught Queen Titania with both her hands.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon," said she—and her speech was exceedingly pleasant to hear—"but I did not think you could be so soon over from Styornaway."

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—It appears that now all our voyaging is over, and we are about to retire into privacy again, I am expected, as on a previous occasion, to come forward and address to you a kind of epilogue, just as they do on the stage. This seems to me a sort of strange performance at the end of a yachting cruise; for what if a handful of salt-water were to come over the bows, and put out my trumpery foot-lights? However, what must be, must, as married women know; and so I would first of all say a word to the many kind people who were so *very* good to us in those distant places in the north. You may think it strange to associate such things as fresh vegetables, or a basket of flowers, or a chicken, or a bottle of milk, or even a bunch of white heather, with sentiment; but people who have been sailing in the West Highlands do not think so—indeed, they know which is the most obliging and friendly and hospitable place *in the whole world.* And then a word to the reader. If I might hope that it is the same reader who has been with us in other climes in other years—who may have driven with us along the devious English lanes; and crossed the Atlantic, and seen the big cañons of the Rocky Mountains; and lived with us among those dear old people in the Black Forest; and walked with us on Micklcham Downs in the starlight—why, then, he may forgive us for taking him on such a tremendous long holiday in these Scotch lochs. But we hope that if ever he goes into these wilds for himself, he will get as good a skipper as John of Skye, and have as pleasant and *true* a friend on board as the Laird of Denny-mains. Perhaps I may add, just to explain everything, that we are all invited to Denny-mains to spend Christmas; and something is going to happen there; and the Laird says that so far from objecting to a ceremony in the Episcopal church, he will himself be present and give away the bride. It is even hinted that Mr. Tom Galbraith may come from Edinburgh, as a great compliment; and then no doubt we shall all be introduced to him. And so—good-by!—good-by!—and another message—*from the heart*—to all the kind people who befriended us in those places far away.—T.]

THE END.

PORCELAIN-PAINTING.

IT must be to all thinking minds an assured fact that what was half-sneeringly spoken of two years ago as the ceramic mania, or even less dignifiedly as a whim of fashion, a new extravagance for the wealthy to indulge in, has developed among us into a decided art industry.

Since the Centennial Exhibition it is easy to trace its steady growth, until, as Mr. Sparks aptly remarks in his excellent book on pottery-painting, "it has got to be a mark of inculture to be wholly ignorant of ceramic art."

Many things have tended to make us, as a people, grow suddenly enthusiastic over any new line of culture, be it in the

drama, art in its technical sense, or, as in this instance, the renewing of an industry and art as old at least as the court of the great Rameses II. Sometimes, to our shame be it added, this interest and enthusiasm dies as soon as the fashion for them passes. What has taken many years, in countries whose age and learning make ours seem but a new-born babe, to work out and perfect, we expect to jump into after a few months' labor. Perhaps because being so quick to see excellence when it is reached in others, we are also quick enough to copy that excellence, ignoring the imperfections and failures that have combined to bring forth the perfection we admire and recognize.

To-day in almost every family in our larger cities one member at least has taken up pottery or porcelain painting; and yet, considered as an art and not as a pastime, not one in five thousand can ever reach anything but mediocrity. It is a pleasant and a harmless occupation for the young ladies of the present day, and to those more fortunate ones who do not look to it as a visible means of support, no doubt it seems as easy as it is desirable.

There is surely a certain amount of pardonable pride in being able to set out your lunch or dinner table with a service of your own handiwork, and your friends are all surely too well bred to do anything but praise, although the drawing may be out, or the coloring harsh and crude. Try to sell one of your pretty "services," my dear young amateur, at any of the leading shops or sales-rooms, and you will find they are not what you have fondly believed them to be. You are not a Dieul, nor a Hélène de Haugest-Genlis, nor a Longlacé, Béranger, or a Bracquemond in embryo, or indeed anything more than a humble imitator of any one of these giants in the ceramic world.

So much has been better said and better written in this connection that I fear my few personal experiences, failures, and successes may seem as commonplace as a twice-told tale that will scarcely bear repeating, but they may at least be of some service in defining very simply and concisely what was to me for a long time an ununderstood distinction and difference; that is, what constitutes the peculiarities of over-glaze and under-glaze.

The work most familiar to us as taught in America during the last three or four years has all been on the over-glaze, that is, painting in mineral colors on either pottery or porcelain which has already received a fire glaze or enamel, so that the article is equally fit for use before as after decoration.

Few pieces in over-glaze, unless of exceeding fineness in finish, need more than one firing, this firing being of sufficient intensity to soften the glaze already on the article, thus allowing the colors to sink into it, and when it rehardens, renders them durable and impervious to most outside accidents. Some firers—the best, such as the Doultons, Mintons, Copelands, of London, and Bennett, of this city—have an extra glaze of their own manufacture, which resembles more nearly than anything I can call to mind a large vat of thick buttermilk, into which they dip the article to be fired, taking great care that it flows well and evenly over the entire surface; it is then placed in the kiln, and when taken out has a most beautiful and durable glaze. Different firers have different modes of preparing their enamels, and in doing work to receive this extra finish it is well to bear in mind the effects produced when completed.

For instance, the Doulton glaze is of a yellowish tint, thus making all whites and pinks appear of a creamy body. Minton's is more thoroughly white, though, if anything, inclining to a cold gray shade; while Copeland's is of a bluish-white, and therefore, as a rule, more to be desired than either of the other two. When once one has had work fired in this way, all other methods seem "flat, stale, and unprofitable," for not only are the beauty and effectiveness of the work enhanced, but its durability is increased; no amount of ordinary heat, wear, or tear will affect the work thus fired. I have two specimens illustrating the two methods. The one done in the ordinary way I first mentioned is uneven and gritty to the touch, and where the color has been used the glaze is much less brilliant than on the plain surface; it also will accept scratches, and in time wear down and off. The other is perfectly smooth, there being no perceptible difference between the painting and the surface; the colors are much more clear, pleasant, and lasting, while it is impossible to deface the glaze in any ordinary way. Both pieces were finished at the same time, and have been in equal use; the latter is as perfect to-day as when it first came home to me, while the other

already wears the look of having seen service.

If your work is of more than usual delicacy and fineness, it is often desirable to subject it to a second painting and a second firing. This is especially true when carmines, reds, or purples are used, as you can never be quite sure how they will appear when fired, and you can in this way rectify any imperfections. I remember when studying in Paris under M. Bernard, at one time an artist and master at Sèvres, that no piece was allowed to leave the atelier without going through at least three firings; but the work done there was of exquisite delicacy and minutiæ. It is also a well-known fact that the best work of the Chinese and Japanese, than which nothing can be finer, is sometimes passed through twenty firings and more, of different degrees of heat. When it is requisite to raise your work on over-glaze, two firings are a necessity, the first for your flat colors and outlines, the second for the raised portion of your design. This raising is done by using white enamel mixed with the fat oil and very little turpentine, until it becomes as thick as ordinary flour paste. It should be laid on with a full brush, first one layer, which must be allowed to harden perfectly, then another and another, until it reaches the desired solidity. This is not at all easy to do, as any little overhurry or an imperfect firing is apt to bring your time and patience to naught, especially if tried upon a surface of any considerable size.

The best colors for over-glaze painting are Le Croix's, either in tubes or powders; the former are better for a beginner, and in my estimation equally good at all times, for unless you can have your powders reground for you *en masse*, it is not only very fatiguing, but almost impossible, to grind them to a sufficient smoothness yourself, to say nothing of the delicacy required in obtaining the right proportion of paint and medium. The tubes come prepared for use, and only need a slight diluting with turpentine to run very evenly. The over-glaze colors change very little, if any, in firing, save one or two, such as carmine tendre, coral red, orange, and violette de fer. Of course every one must learn by personal experience what these changes amount to, and also the quantity of medium—that is, fat oil, turpentine, or anise-seed oil—the colors require in mixing.

Another advantage to be found in over-glaze painting is the facilities the colors give one in procuring bright and varied hues. In Le Croix's list can be found not only every fundamental color, but every shade or semi-shade of each. Of course this allows one a great latitude, and renders the result most satisfactory.

The painting on under-glaze is essentially different from the process I have just tried to describe. The vase, plaque, tazza, or whatever the article may be, designed for decoration, either in pottery or porcelain, is in what is called the biscuit, that is, fired thoroughly, but not glazed, so that the surface remains almost as porous as when it left the potter's hand. Both pottery and porcelain look very much alike in this state, and are equally pleasant to paint upon. It is necessary to cover your article with a thin lukewarm wash of size before applying the colors, otherwise they would sink into the ware and be lost.

The colors used in under-glaze painting are differently prepared from those for the over-glaze. The best, if you can procure them, are Copeland's, in Staffordshire, though those put up by Howell and James, at from eighteenpence to two shillings per bottle, are much used and very good. They consist of a powder so exceedingly fine that no extra grinding is necessary. The difficulty in over-glaze painting lies in getting it well fired, and also in there being a lack of brilliant colors; the reds in particular are generally dull and unsatisfactory, though Mr. Goode, of Minton's, showed me a red as vivid in color as the Poincetta; but they refuse to sell it or tell the secret of its manufacture. These colors are mixed with fat oil and turpentine to a moderate consistency, and laid upon the ware quickly and very evenly; the ware being so porous, it is somewhat difficult to accomplish this successfully, as it soaks up the color almost as you apply it. Yellows, greens, dark blue, buff, gray, brown, and pale crimson are the most sure colors in under-glaze. White is not desirable; it is apt to crack or split in the firing; therefore leave what you wish to appear white uncolored except for the shading; the glaze will be sufficiently heavy to make it appear in harmony with the remainder of your design. Under-glaze work is always put through two firings, though only one painting is necessary; the first dries out the oily matter in the mixing mediums, the second receives the glaze

and returns you your article in a completed state of beauty. One must also bear in mind continually the different appearance of the colors when first put on and when fired. The powders are most deceptive in color; for instance, a color so intense and positive as mazarin blue, in powder is a pale greenish-gray; black appears a purplish-gray; Vandyck brown, Quaker gray; chestnut brown, a light chocolate tint; deep crimson, the palest rose-color; and ultra marine, while in powder seemingly an azure blue, when applied has all the appearance of ivory black. Indeed, each color deepens several degrees as you mix and use it, and it requires skill and experience to learn how they will come out when fired. I own to a decided partiality for under-glaze work; there is a softness, a depth, and certain tenderness about it that you do not find in over-glaze. Very many of the finest specimens of old and modern faience or porcelain painting combine the two methods, under-glaze colors first for a richness and depth of tone, then, when fired, over-glaze colors for fine finish and brilliant effects. This mode is very often found most successful, and at a recent exhibition of amateur ceramic artists, held at Howell and James's, of Regent Street, London, many of the finest prize exhibits were done in this way.

Mr. Sparks, the master of the Lambeth School of Art, speaking *ex officio*, does not advise those who take up this study simply for pleasure to go into the under-glaze painting; it is more often than not disappointing, and is really better adapted for artistic work, *per se*, than for an idle amusement on a summer's afternoon. Mr. Bennett, late of Doultons', whose beautiful work has won him a high place among us, was, I believe, the first one to paint and fire under-glaze in this city, if not in this country, though he did not desire to teach the art or fire work of that description that might be brought to him. I was told at the Doulton's, however, that they were in negotiation with several prominent people of Boston to send out one of their good artists and firers, in which case we shall be able to have any amount of under-glaze well fired, though it is a decided drawback not to be able to do your work within a stone's-throw of the kiln.

At the Doultons', in Lambeth, London, where I wandered at "my own sweet will," I was much interested and pleased with their latest experiments and successes in producing what, for lack of a better name, they call modern *plat sur plat*. The clay when moulded into the desired shape is kiln-dried, that is, slightly hardened without being passed through a regular firing. It is then taken to the designing-room, where the artist sketches upon it in pencil or India ink the design to be carried out; from thence it goes into the coloring-room, where the workers employed are girls and women, and here the color is laid on. But these colors are prepared in a unique and original manner: first, a soft, almost running paste of clay is made, mixed with a medium known only to themselves; this is then remixed with the different colors desired, these colors having been prepared beforehand with a medium, so that the preparation when finished resembles a thin batter of different tints; this is applied with a very stubby brush upon the traced pattern. Each worker has but one color on her palette, and when all of that shade is put on, she passes it to the next, and so on until it is completed. Before each apprentice is a small pencil drawing of the design when finished, and there is usually one good-sized colored plate of it as well. The article then passes into another room, where an artist—also a woman—with a sharp instrument, half knife, half pencil, cuts away all superfluous edges or roughnesses, and returns it again to the coloring-room if a solid background is to be laid on. It is then set to dry, and when fired comes forth not only beautiful in color and design, but that color and that design have become an indissoluble part of the article, as the firing fuses the two clays together, and the glaze gives it an even enamel. The colors employed in this work are manufactured by the Doultons, and are all low and *fade* in tone. Very beautiful specimens of raised work were shown me, done by this same process, the figures and flowers modelled by Tinworth. These specimens were much and most justly admired at the Paris Exhibition; they are certainly exquisite and a novelty, if one can call the partial reviving of an old method a novelty. I followed a piece of this work from the drying-room to the final putting away to harden, and most interesting it was, not the least agreeable feature about it being the decided care and interest the young girls take in it. The younger ones—those from twelve to fourteen—are given the handles and rims to decorate, as they are in geometrical

patterns and not difficult to follow, and so it passes on into the more experienced hands.

The incising work is also mostly done by girls. Miss Barlow, the clever animal designer, draws her design upon the soft clay, always in outline; it is then incised or cut down by a fine steel point, and the groove thus formed is filled with the desired color, usually dark blue or brown, and then fired. It is said of Miss Barlow that she never makes a first sketch, consequently seldom repeats herself. She watches intently the subject she wishes to reproduce, be it dog, cat, or goat, and then from her memory draws at once upon the clay. Her designs have won her a fair reputation, and she is considered an artist of decided ability.

In this most rough and imperfect sketch it has been impossible to do more than describe in a general way the precise practical differences between the two methods of painting on pottery or porcelain. I can only hope that to some few it may be a little rush-light of advice in the midst of some of the difficulties sure to be met with by any one who takes up this work not simply *con amore*—difficulties which I have often experienced myself, and only worked out of through great tribulations.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

XXV.

THE voyage was indeed uncomfortable, and Catherine, on arriving in New York, had not the compensation of "going off," in her father's phrase, with Morris Townsend. She saw him, however, the day after she landed; and in the mean time he formed a natural subject of conversation between our heroine and her aunt Lavinia, with whom, the night she disembarked, the girl was closeted for a long time before either lady retired to rest.

"I have seen a great deal of him," said Mrs. Penniman. "He is not very easy to know. I suppose you think you know him; but you don't, my dear. You will some day; but it will only be after you have lived with him. I may almost say *I* have lived with him," Mrs. Penniman proceeded, while Catherine stared. "I think I know him now; I have had such remarkable opportunities. You will have the same—or rather, you will have better," and Aunt Lavinia smiled. "Then you will see what I mean. It's a wonderful character, full of passion and energy, and just as true."

Catherine listened with a mixture of interest and apprehension. Aunt Lavinia was intensely sympathetic, and Catherine, for the past year, while she wandered through foreign galleries and churches, and rolled over the smoothness of posting roads, nursing the thoughts that never passed her lips, had often longed for the company of some intelligent person of her own sex. To tell her story to some kind woman—at moments it seemed to her that this would give her comfort, and she had more than once been on the point of taking the landlady, or the nice young person from the dressmaker's, into her confidence. If a woman had been near her, she would on certain occasions have treated such a companion to a fit of weeping; and she had an apprehension that, on her return, this would form her response to Aunt Lavinia's first embrace. In fact, however, the two ladies had met, in Washington Square, without tears, and when they found themselves alone together a certain dryness fell upon the girl's emotion. It came over her with a greater force that Mrs. Penniman had enjoyed a whole year of her lover's society, and it was not a pleasure to her to hear her aunt explain and interpret the young man, speaking of him as if her own knowledge of him were supreme. It was not that Catherine was jealous; but her sense of Mrs. Penniman's innocent falsity, which had lain dormant, began to haunt her again, and she was glad that she was safely at home. With this, however, it was a blessing to be able to talk of Morris, to sound his name, to be with a person who was not unjust to him.

"You have been very kind to him," said Catherine. "He has written me that, often. I shall never forget that, Aunt Lavinia."

"I have done what I could; it has been very little. To let him come and talk to me, and give him his cup of tea—that was all. Your aunt Almond thought it was

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too much, and used to scold me terribly; but she promised me, at least, not to betray me."

"To betray you?"

"Not to tell your father. He used to sit in your father's study," said Mrs. Penniman, with a little laugh.

Catherine was silent a moment. This idea was disagreeable to her, and she was reminded again, with pain, of her aunt's secretive habits. Morris, the reader may be informed, had had the tact not to tell her that he sat in her father's study. He had known her but for a few months, and her aunt had known her for fifteen years; and yet he would not have made the mistake of thinking that Catherine would see the joke of the thing. "I am sorry you made him go into father's room," she said, after a while.

"I didn't send him; he went himself. He liked to look at the books, and at all those things in the glass cases. He knows all about them; he knows all about everything."

Catherine was silent again; then, "I wish he had found some employment," she said.

"He has found some employment. It's beautiful news, and he told me to tell you as soon as you arrived. He has gone into partnership with a commission merchant. It was all settled, quite suddenly, a week ago."

This seemed to Catherine indeed beautiful news; it had a fine prosperous air. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said; and now, for a moment, she was disposed to throw herself on Aunt Lavinia's neck.

"It's much better than being under some one; and he has never been used to that," Mrs. Penniman went on. "He is just as good as his partner—they are perfectly equal. You see how right he was to wait. I should like to know what your father can say now! They have got an office in Duane Street, and little printed cards; he brought me one to show me. I have got it in my room, and you shall see it to-morrow. That's what he said to me the last time he was here—'You see how right I was to wait.' He has got other people under him instead of being a subordinate. He could never be a subordinate; I have often told him I could never think of him in that way."

Catherine assented to this proposition, and was very happy to know that Morris was his own master; but she was deprived of the satisfaction of thinking that she might communicate this news in triumph to her father. Her father would care equally little whether Morris were established in business or transported for life. Her trunks had been brought into her room, and further reference to her lover was for a short time suspended, while she opened them and displayed to her aunt some of the spoils of foreign travel. These were rich and abundant; and Catherine had brought home a present to every one—to every one save Morris, to whom she had brought simply her undiverted heart. To Mrs. Penniman she had been lavishly generous, and Aunt Lavinia spent half an hour in unfolding and folding again, with little ejaculations of gratitude and taste. She marched about for some time in a splendid cashmere shawl, which Catherine had begged her to accept, settling it on her shoulders, and twisting down her head to see how low the point descended behind.

"I shall regard it only as a loan," she said. "I will leave it to you again when I die; or rather," she added, kissing her niece again, "I will leave it to your first-born little girl." And draped in her shawl, she stood there smiling.

"You had better wait till she comes," said Catherine.

"I don't like the way you say that," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, in a moment. "Catherine, are you changed?"

"No; I am the same."

"You have not swerved a line?"

"I am exactly the same," Catherine repeated, wishing her aunt were a little less sympathetic.

"Well, I am glad;" and Mrs. Penniman surveyed her cashmere in the glass. Then, "How is your father?" she asked, in a moment, with her eyes on her niece. "Your letters were so meagre—I could never tell."

"Father is very well."

"Ah, you know what I mean," said Mrs. Penniman, with a dignity to which the cashmere gave a richer effect. "Is he still implacable?"

"Oh yes."

"Quite unchanged?"

"He is, if possible, more firm."

Mrs. Penniman took off her great shawl, and slowly folded it up. "That is very bad. You had no success with your little project."

"What little project?"

"Morris told me all about it. The idea of turning the tables on him, in Europe; of watching him, when he was agreeably impressed by some celebrated sight—he pretends to be so artistic, you know—and then just pleading with him and bringing him round."

"I never tried it. It was Morris's idea; but if he had been with us in Europe, he would have seen that father was never impressed in that way. He *is* artistic—tremendously artistic; but the more celebrated places we visited, and the more he admired them, the less use it would have been to plead with him. They seemed only to make him more determined—more terrible," said poor Catherine. "I shall never bring him round, and I expect nothing now."

"Well, I must say," Mrs. Penniman answered, "I never supposed you were going to give it up."

"I have given it up. I don't care now."

"You have grown very brave," said Mrs. Penniman, with a short laugh. "I didn't advise you to sacrifice your property."

"Yes, I am braver than I was. You asked me if I had changed; I have changed in that way. Oh," the girl went on, "I have changed very much. And it isn't my property. If *he* doesn't care for it, why should I?"

Mrs. Penniman hesitated. "Perhaps he does care for it."

"He cares for it for my sake, because he doesn't want to injure me. But he will know—he knows already—how little he need be afraid about that. Besides," said Catherine, "I have got plenty of money of my own. We shall be very well off; and now hasn't he got his business? I am delighted about that business." She went on talking, showing a good deal of excitement as she proceeded. Her aunt had never seen her with just this manner, and Mrs. Penniman, observing her, set it down to foreign travel, which had made her more positive, more mature. She thought also that Catherine had improved in appearance; she looked rather handsome. Mrs. Penniman wondered whether Morris Townsend would be struck with that. While she was engaged in this speculation, Catherine broke out, with a certain sharpness, "Why are you so contradictory, Aunt Penniman? You seem to think one thing at one time, and another at another. A year ago, before I went away, you wished me not to mind about displeasing father, and now you seem to recommend me to take another line. You change about so."

This attack was unexpected, for Mrs. Penniman was not used, in any discussion, to seeing the war carried into her own country—possibly because the enemy generally had doubts of finding subsistence there. To her own consciousness, the flowery fields of her reason had rarely been ravaged by a hostile force. It was perhaps on this account that in defending them she was majestic rather than agile.

"I don't know what you accuse me of, save of being too deeply interested in your happiness. It is the first time I have been told I am capricious. That fault is not what I am usually reproached with."

"You were angry last year that I wouldn't marry immediately, and now you talk about my winning my father over. You told me it would serve him right if he should take me to Europe for nothing. Well, he has taken me for nothing, and you ought to be satisfied. Nothing is changed—nothing but my feeling about father. I don't mind nearly so much now. I have been as good as I could, but he doesn't care. Now I don't care either. I don't know whether I have grown bad; perhaps I have. But I don't care for that. I have come home to be married—that's all I know. That ought to please you, unless you have taken up some new idea; you are so strange. You may do as you please, but you must never speak to me again about pleading with father. I shall never plead with him for anything; that is all over. He has put me off. I am come home to be married."

This was a more authoritative speech than she had ever heard on her niece's lips, and Mrs. Penniman was proportionately startled. She was indeed a little awe-struck, and the force of the girl's emotion and resolution left her nothing to reply. She was easily frightened, and she always carried off her discomfiture by a concession—a concession which was often accompanied, as in the present case, by a little nervous laugh.

XXVI.

If she had disturbed her niece's temper—she began from this moment forward to talk a good deal about Catherine's temper, an article which up to that time had nev-

er been mentioned in connection with our heroine—Catherine had opportunity on the morrow to recover her serenity. Mrs. Penniman had given her a message from Morris Townsend to the effect that he would come and welcome her home on the day after her arrival. He came in the afternoon; but, as may be imagined, he was not on this occasion made free of Doctor Sloper's study. He had been coming and going, for the past year, so comfortably and irresponsibly, that he had a certain sense of being wronged by finding himself reminded that he must now limit his horizon to the front parlor, which was Catherine's particular province.

"I am very glad you have come back," he said; "it makes me very happy to see you again." And he looked at her, smiling, from head to foot, though it did not appear afterward that he agreed with Mrs. Penniman (who, woman-like, went more into details) in thinking her embellished.

To Catherine he appeared resplendent; it was some time before she could believe again that this beautiful young man was her own exclusive property. They had a great deal of characteristic lovers' talk—a soft exchange of inquiries and assurances. In these matters Morris had an excellent grace, which flung a picturesque interest even over the account of his début in the commission business—a subject as to which his companion earnestly questioned him. From time to time he got up from the sofa where they sat together, and walked about the room; after which he came back, smiling and passing his hand through his hair. He was unquiet, as was natural in a young man who has just been reunited to a long-absent mistress, and Catherine made the reflection that she had never seen him so excited. It gave her pleasure, somehow, to note this fact. He asked her questions about her travels, to some of which she was unable to reply, for she had forgotten the names of places and the order of her father's journey. But for the moment she was so happy, so lifted up by the belief that her troubles at last were over, that she forgot to be ashamed of her meagre answers. It seemed to her now that she could marry him without the remnant of a scruple, or a single tremor save those that belonged to joy. Without waiting for him to ask, she told him that her father had come back in exactly the same state of mind—that he had not yielded an inch.

"We must not expect it now," she said, "and we must do without it."

Morris sat looking and smiling. "My poor dear girl!" he exclaimed.

"You mustn't pity me," said Catherine. "I don't mind it now; I am used to it."

Morris continued to smile, and then he got up and walked about again. "You had better let me try him."

"Try to bring him over? You would only make him worse," Catherine answered, resolutely.

"You say that because I managed it so badly before. But I should manage it differently now. I am much wiser; I have had a year to think of it. I have more tact."

"Is that what you have been thinking of for a year?"

"Much of the time. You see, the idea sticks in my crop. I don't like to be beaten."

"How are you beaten if we marry?"

"Of course I am not beaten on the main issue; but I am, don't you see? on all the rest of it—on the question of my reputation, of my relations with your father, of my relations with my own children, if we should have any."

"We shall have enough for our children; we shall have enough for everything. Don't you expect to succeed in business?"

"Brilliantly, and we shall certainly be very comfortable. But it isn't of the mere material comfort I speak; it is of the moral comfort," said Morris—"of the intellectual satisfaction."

"I have great moral comfort now," Catherine declared, very simply.

"Of course you have. But with me it is different. I have staked my pride on proving to your father that he is wrong, and now that I am at the head of a flourishing business, I can deal with him as an equal. I have a capital plan—do let me go at him!"

He stood before her with his bright face, his jaunty air, his hands in his pockets; and she got up, with her eyes resting on his own. "Please don't, Morris; please don't," she said; and there was a certain mild, sad firmness in her tone which he heard for the first time. "We must ask no favors of him—we must ask nothing more. He won't relent, and

nothing good will come of it. I know it now—I have a very good reason."

"And pray what is your reason?"

She hesitated to bring it out, but at last it came. "He is not very fond of me."

"Oh, bother!" cried Morris, angrily.

"I wouldn't say such a thing without being sure. I saw it, I felt it, in England, just before he came away. He talked to me one night—the last night—and then it came over me. You can tell when a person feels that way. I wouldn't accuse him if he hadn't made me feel that way. I don't accuse him; I just tell you that that's how it is. He can't help it; we can't govern our affections. Do I govern mine? Mightn't he say that to me? It's because he is so fond of my mother, whom we lost so long ago. She was beautiful, and very, very brilliant; he is always thinking of her. I am not at all like her; Aunt Penniman has told me that. Of course it isn't my fault; but neither is it his fault. All I mean is, it's true; and it's a stronger reason for his never being reconciled than simply his dislike for you."

"'Simply'?" cried Morris, with a laugh. "I am much obliged for that."

"I don't mind about his disliking you now; I mind everything less. I feel differently; I feel separated from my father."

"Upon my word," said Morris, "you are a queer family."

"Don't say that—don't say anything unkind," the girl entreated. "You must be very kind to me now, because, Morris, because"—and she hesitated a moment—"because I have done a great deal for you."

"Oh, I know that, my dear."

She had spoken up to this moment without vehemence or outward sign of emotion, gently, reasoningly, only trying to explain. But her emotion had been ineffectually smothered, and it betrayed itself at last in the trembling of her voice. "It is a great thing to be separated like that from your father, when you have worshipped him before. It has made me very unhappy; or it would have made me so if I didn't love you. You can tell when a person speaks to you as if—as if—"

"As if what?"

"As if they despised you!" said Catherine, passionately. "He spoke that way the night before we sailed. It wasn't much, but it was enough, and I thought of it on the voyage all the time. Then I made up my mind. I will never ask him for anything again, or expect anything from him. It would not be natural now. We must be very happy together, and we must not seem to depend upon his forgiveness. And, Morris, Morris, you must never despise me!"

This was an easy promise to make, and Morris made it with fine effect. But for the moment he undertook nothing more onerous.

XXVII.

The Doctor, of course, on his return, had a good deal of talk with his sisters. He was at no great pains to narrate his travels or to communicate his impressions of distant lands to Mrs. Penniman, upon whom he contented himself with bestowing a memento of his enviable experience, in the shape of a velvet gown. But he conversed with her at some length about matters nearer home, and lost no time in assuring her that he was still an inflexible father.

"I have no doubt you have seen a great deal of Mr. Townsend, and done your best to console him for Catherine's absence," he said. "I don't ask you, and you needn't deny it. I wouldn't put the question to you for the world, and expose you to the inconvenience of having to—a—excogitate an answer. No one has betrayed you, and there has been no spy upon your proceedings. Elizabeth has told no tales, and has never mentioned you except to praise your good looks and good spirits. The thing is simply an inference of my own—an induction, as the philosophers say. It seems to me likely that you would have offered an asylum to an interesting sufferer. Mr. Townsend has been a good deal in the house; there is something in the house that tells me so. We doctors, you know, end by acquiring fine perceptions, and it is impressed upon my sensorium that he has sat in these chairs, in a very easy attitude, and warmed himself at that fire. I don't grudge him the comfort of it; it is the only one he will ever enjoy at my expense. It seems likely, indeed, that I shall be able to economize at his own. I don't know what you may have said to him, or what you may say hereafter, but I should like you to know that if you have encouraged him to believe that he will gain anything by hanging on, or that I have budged a hair's-breadth from the position I took up a year ago, you have

played him a trick for which he may exact reparation. I'm not sure that he may not bring a suit against you. Of course you have done it conscientiously; you have made yourself believe that I can be tired out. This is the most baseless hallucination that ever visited the brain of a genial optimist. I am not in the least tired; I am as fresh as when I started; I am good for fifty years yet. Catherine appears not to have budged an inch either; she is equally fresh; so we are about where we were before. This, however, you know as well as I. What I wish is simply to give you notice of my own state of mind. Take it to heart, dear Lavinia. Beware of the just resentment of a deluded fortune-hunter!"

"I can't say I expected it," said Mrs. Penniman. "And I had a sort of foolish hope that you would come home without that odious ironical tone with which you treat the most sacred subjects."

"Don't undervalue irony; it is often of great use. It is not, however, always necessary, and I will show you how gracefully I can lay it aside. I should like to know whether you think Morris Townsend will hang on?"

"I will answer you with your own weapons," said Mrs. Penniman. "You had better wait and see."

"Do you call such a speech as that one of my own weapons? I never said anything so rough."

"He will hang on long enough to make you very uncomfortable, then."

"My dear Lavinia," exclaimed the Doctor, "do you call that irony? I call it pugilism."

Mrs. Penniman, however, in spite of her pugilism, was a good deal frightened, and she took counsel of her fears. Her brother meanwhile took counsel, with many reservations, of Mrs. Almond, to whom he was no less generous than to Lavinia, and a good deal more communicative.

"I suppose she has had him there all the while," he said. "I must look into the state of my wine. You needn't mind telling me now; I have already said all I mean to say to her on the subject."

"I believe he was in the house a good deal," Mrs. Almond answered. "But you must admit that your leaving Lavinia quite alone was a great change for her, and that it was natural she should want some society."

"I do admit that, and that is why I shall make no row about the wine; I shall set it down as compensation to Lavinia. She is capable of telling me that she drank it all herself. Think of the inconceivable bad taste, in the circumstances, of that fellow making free with the house—or coming there at all! If that doesn't describe him, he is indescribable."

"His plan is to get what he can. Lavinia will have supported him for a year," said Mrs. Almond. "It's so much gained."

"She will have to support him for the rest of his life, then," cried the Doctor. "But without wine, as they say at the *tables d'hôte*."

"Catherine tells me he has set up a business, and is making a great deal of money."

The Doctor stared. "She has not told me that—and Lavinia didn't deign. Ah!" he cried, "Catherine has given me up. Not that it matters, for all that the business amounts to."

"She has not given up Mr. Townsend," said Mrs. Almond. "I saw that in the first half-minute. She has come home exactly the same."

"Exactly the same; not a grain more intelligent. She didn't notice a stick or a stone all the while we were away—not a picture nor a view, not a statue nor a cathedral."

"How could she notice? She had other things to think of; they are never for an instant out of her mind. She touches me very much."

"She would touch me if she didn't irritate me. That's the effect she has upon me now. I have tried everything upon her; I really have been quite merciless. But it is of no use whatever; she is absolutely *glued*. I have passed, in consequence, into the exasperated stage. At first I had a good deal of a certain genial curiosity about it; I wanted to see if she really would stick. But, good Lord, one's curiosity is satisfied! I see she is capable of it, and now she can let go."

"She will never let go," said Mrs. Almond.

"Take care, or you will exasperate me too. If she doesn't let go, she will be shaken off—sent tumbling into the dust. That's a nice position for my daughter. She can't see that if you are going to be pushed, you had better jump. And then she will complain of her bruises."

"She will never complain," said Mrs. Almond.

"That I shall object to even more. But the deuce will be that I can't prevent anything.

"If she is to have a fall," said Mrs. Almond, with a gentle laugh, "we must spread as many carpets as we can." And she carried out this idea by showing a great deal of motherly kindness to the girl.

Mrs. Penniman immediately wrote to Morris Townsend. The intimacy between these two was by this time consummate, but I must content myself with noting but a few of its features. Mrs. Penniman's own share in it was a singular sentiment, which might have been misinterpreted, but which in itself was not discreditable to the poor lady. It was a romantic interest in this attractive and unfortunate young man, and yet it was not such an interest as Catherine might have been jealous of. Mrs. Penniman had not a particle of jealousy of her niece. For herself, she felt as if she were Morris's mother or sister—a mother or sister of an emotional temperament—and she had an absorbing desire to make him comfortable and happy. She had striven to do so during the year that her brother left her an open field, and her efforts had been attended with the success that has been pointed out. She had never had a child of her own, and Catherine, whom she had done her best to invest with the importance that would naturally belong to a youthful Penniman, had only partly rewarded her zeal. Catherine, as an object of affection and solicitude, had never had that picturesque charm which (as it seemed to her) would have been a natural attribute of her own progeny. Even the maternal passion in Mrs. Penniman would have been romantic and factitious, and Catherine was not constituted to inspire a romantic passion. Mrs. Penniman was as fond of her as ever, but she had grown to feel that with Catherine she lacked opportunity. Sentimentally speaking, therefore, she had (though she had not disinherited her niece) adopted Morris Townsend, who gave her opportunity in abundance. She would have been very happy to have a handsome and tyrannical son, and would have taken an extreme interest in his love affairs. This was the light in which she had come to regard Morris, who had conciliated her at first, and made his impression by his delicate and calculated deference—a sort of exhibition to which Mrs. Penniman was particularly sensitive. He had largely abated his deference afterward, for he economized his resources, but the impression was made, and the young man's very brutality came to have a sort of filial value. If Mrs. Penniman had had a son, she would probably have been afraid of him, and at this stage of our narrative she was certainly afraid of Morris Townsend. This was one of the results of his domestication in Washington Square. He took his ease with her—as, for that matter, he would certainly have done with his own mother.

XXVIII.

The letter was a word of warning; it informed him that the Doctor had come home more impracticable than ever. She might have reflected that Catherine would supply him with all the information he needed on this point; but we know that Mrs. Penniman's reflections were rarely just; and, moreover, she felt that it was not for her to depend on what Catherine might do. She was to do her duty, quite irrespective of Catherine. I have said that her young friend took his ease with her, and it is an illustration of the fact that he made no answer to her letter. He took note of it amply; but he lighted his cigar with it, and he waited, in tranquil confidence that he should receive another. "His state of mind really freezes my blood," Mrs. Penniman had written, alluding to her brother; and it would have seemed that upon this statement she could hardly improve. Nevertheless, she wrote again, expressing herself with the aid of a different figure. "His hatred of you burns with a lurid flame—the flame that never dies," she wrote. "But it doesn't light up the darkness of your future. If my affection could do so, all the years of your life would be an eternal sunshine. I can extract nothing from C.; she is so terribly secretive, like her father. She seems to expect to be married very soon, and has evidently made preparations in Europe—quantities of clothing, ten pairs of shoes, etc. My dear friend, you can not set up in married life simply with a few pairs of shoes, can you? Tell me what you think of this. I am intensely anxious to see you, I have so much to say. I miss you dreadfully; the house seems so empty without you. What is the news down town? Is the business extending?—that dear little business: I think it's so brave of you! Couldn't I come to your office?—just for three min-

utes? I might pass for a customer—is that what you call them? I might come in to buy something—some shares or some railroad things. *Tell me what you think of this plan.* I would carry a little reticule, like a woman of the people."

In spite of the suggestion about the reticule, Morris appeared to think poorly of the plan, for he gave Mrs. Penniman no encouragement whatever to visit his office, which he had already represented to her as a place peculiarly and unnaturally difficult to find. But as she persisted in desiring an interview—up to the last, after months of intimate colloquy, she called these meetings "interviews"—he agreed that they should take a walk together, and was even kind enough to leave his office for this purpose during the hours at which business might have been supposed to be liveliest. It was no surprise to him, when they met at a street corner, in a region of empty lots and undeveloped pavements (Mrs. Penniman being attired as much as possible like a "woman of the people"), to find that, in spite of her urgency, what she chiefly had to convey to him was the assurance of her sympathy. Of such assurances, however, he had already a voluminous collection, and it would not have been worth his while to forsake a fruitful avocation merely to hear Mrs. Penniman say, for the thousandth time, that she had made his cause her own. Morris had something of his own to say. It was not an easy thing to bring out, and while he turned it over, the difficulty made him acrimonious.

"Oh yes, I know perfectly that he combines the properties of a lump of ice and a red-hot coal," he observed. "Catherine has made it thoroughly clear, and you have told me so till I am sick of it. You needn't tell me again; I am perfectly satisfied. He will never give us a penny; I regard that as mathematically proved."

Mrs. Penniman at this point had an inspiration.

"Couldn't you bring a lawsuit against him?" She wondered that this simple expedient had never occurred to her before.

"I will bring a lawsuit against *you*," said Morris, "if you ask me any more such aggravating questions. A man should know when he is beaten," he added, in a moment. "I must give her up!"

Mrs. Penniman received this declaration in silence, though it made her heart beat a little. It found her by no means unprepared, for she had accustomed herself to the thought that, if Morris should decidedly not be able to get her brother's money, it would not do for him to marry Catherine without it. "It would not do," was a vague way of putting the thing; but Mrs. Penniman's natural affection completed the idea, which, though it had not as yet been so crudely expressed between them as in the form that Morris had just given it, had nevertheless been implied so often, in certain easy intervals of talk, as he sat stretching his legs in the Doctor's well-stuffed arm-chairs, that she had grown first to regard it with an emotion which she flattered herself was philosophic, and then to have a secret tenderness for it. The fact that she kept her tenderness secret proves, of course, that she was ashamed of it; but she managed to blink her shame by reminding herself that she was, after all, the official protector of her niece's marriage. Her logic would scarcely have passed muster with the Doctor. In the first place, Morris *must* get the money, and she would help him to it. In the second, it was plain it would never come to him, and it would be a grievous pity he should marry without it—a young man who might so easily find something better. After her brother had delivered himself, on his return from Europe, of that incisive little address that has been quoted, Morris's cause seemed so hopeless that Mrs. Penniman fixed her attention exclusively upon the latter branch of her argument. If Morris had been her son, she would certainly have sacrificed Catherine to a superior conception of his future; and to be ready to do so, as the case stood, was therefore even a finer degree of devotion. Nevertheless, it checked her breath a little to have the sacrificial knife, as it were, suddenly thrust into her hand.

Morris walked along a moment, and then he repeated, harshly,

"I must give her up!"

"I think I understand you," said Mrs. Penniman, gently.

"I certainly say it distinctly enough—brutally and vulgarly enough."

He was ashamed of himself, and his shame was uncomfortable; and as he was extremely intolerant of discomfort, he felt vicious and cruel. He wanted to abuse somebody, and he began, cautiously—for he was always cautious—with himself.

"Couldn't you take her down a little?" he asked.

"Take her down?"

"Prepare her—try and ease me off."

Mrs. Penniman stopped, looking at him very solemnly.

"My poor Morris, do you know how much she loves you?"

"No, I don't. I don't want to know. I have always tried to keep from knowing. It would be too painful."

"She will suffer much," said Mrs. Penniman.

"You must console her. If you are as good a friend to me as you pretend to be, you will manage it."

Mrs. Penniman shook her head sadly.

"You talk of my 'pretending' to like you; but I can't pretend to hate you. I can only tell her I think very highly of you; and how will that console her for losing you?"

"The Doctor will help you. He will be delighted at the thing being broken off, and as he is a knowing fellow, he will invent something to comfort her."

"He will invent a new torture," cried Mrs. Penniman. "Heaven deliver her from her father's comfort! It will consist of his crowing over her, and saying, 'I always told you so!'"

Morris colored a most uncomfortable red.

"If you don't console her any better than you console me, you certainly won't be of much use. It's a damned disagreeable necessity; I feel it extremely, and you ought to make it easy for me."

"I will be your friend for life," Mrs. Penniman declared.

"Be my friend *now!*" And Morris walked on.

She went with him; she was almost trembling.

"Should you like me to tell her?" she asked.

"You mustn't tell her, but you can—you can—" And he hesitated, trying to think what Mrs. Penniman could do. "You can explain to her why it is. It's because I can't bring myself to step in between her and her father—to give him the pretext he grasps at so eagerly (it's a hideous sight!) for depriving her of her rights."

Mrs. Penniman felt with remarkable promptitude the charm of this formula.

"That's so like you," she said; "it's so finely felt."

Morris gave his stick an angry swing.

"Oh, damnation!" he exclaimed, perversely.

Mrs. Penniman, however, was not discouraged.

"It may turn out better than you think. Catherine is, after all, so very peculiar." And she thought she might take it upon herself to assure him that, whatever happened, the girl would be very quiet—she wouldn't make a noise. They extended their walk, and while they proceeded Mrs. Penniman took upon herself other things besides, and ended by having assumed a considerable burden; Morris being ready enough, as may be imagined, to put everything off upon her. But he was not for a single instant the dupe of her blundering alacrity; he knew that of what she promised she was competent to perform but an insignificant fraction, and the more she professed her willingness to serve him, the greater fool he thought her.

"What will you do if you don't marry her?" she ventured to inquire in the course of this conversation.

"Something brilliant," said Morris. "Shouldn't you like me to do something brilliant?"

The idea gave Mrs. Penniman exceeding pleasure.

"I shall feel sadly taken in if you don't."

"I shall have to, to make up for this. This isn't at all brilliant, you know."

Mrs. Penniman mused a little, as if there might be some way of making out that it was; but she had to give up the attempt, and, to carry off the awkwardness of failure, she risked a new inquiry.

"Do you mean—do you mean another marriage?"

Morris greeted this question with a reflection which was hardly the less impudent from being inaudible. "Surely women are more crude than men!" And then he answered, audibly,

"Never in the world!"

Mrs. Penniman felt disappointed and snubbed, and she relieved herself in a little vaguely sarcastic cry. He was certainly perverse.

"I give her up, not for another woman, but for a wider career," Morris announced.

This was very grand; but still Mrs. Penniman, who felt that she had exposed herself, was faintly rancorous.

"Do you mean never to come to see her again?" she asked, with some sharpness.

"Oh no, I shall come again; but what is the use of dragging it out? I have been four times since she came back, and it's terribly awkward work. I can't keep it up indefinitely; she oughtn't to expect that, you know. A woman should never keep a man dangling," he added, finely.

"Ah, but you must have your last parting!" urged his companion, in whose imagination the idea of last partings occupied a place inferior in dignity only to that of first meetings.

XXIX.

He came again, without managing the last parting; and again and again, without finding that Mrs. Penniman had as yet done much to pave the path of retreat with flowers. It was devilish awkward, as he said, and he felt a lively animosity for Catherine's aunt, who, as he had now quite formed the habit of saying to himself, had dragged him into the mess, and was bound in common charity to get him out of it. Mrs. Penniman, to tell the truth, had, in the seclusion of her own apartment—and, I may add, amid the suggestiveness of Catherine's, which wore in those days the appearance of that of a young lady laying out her *trousseau*—Mrs. Penniman had measured her responsibilities, and taken fright at their magnitude. The task of preparing Catherine and easing off Morris presented difficulties which increased in the execution, and even led the impulsive Lavinia to ask herself whether the modification of the young man's original project had been conceived in a happy spirit. A brilliant future, a wider career, a conscience exempt from the reproach of interference between a young lady and her natural rights—these excellent things might be too troublesomely purchased. From Catherine herself Mrs. Penniman received no assistance whatever; the poor girl was apparently without suspicion of her danger. She looked at her lover with eyes of undiminished trust, and though she had less confidence in her aunt than in a young man with whom she had exchanged so many tender vows, she gave her no handle for explaining or confessing. Mrs. Penniman, faltering and wavering, declared Catherine was very stupid, put off the great scene, as she would have called it, from day to day, and wandered about, very uncomfortably, with her unexploded bomb in her hands. Morris's own scenes were very small ones just now; but even these were beyond his strength. He made his visits as brief as possible, and, while he sat with his mistress, found terribly little to talk about. She was waiting for him, in vulgar parlance, to name the day; and so long as he was unprepared to be explicit on this point, it seemed a mockery to pretend to talk about matters more abstract. She had no airs and no arts; she never attempted to disguise her expectancy. She was waiting on his good pleasure, and would wait modestly and patiently; his hanging back at this supreme time might appear strange, but of course he must have a good reason for it. Catherine would have made a wife of the gentle old-fashioned pattern—regarding reasons as favors and windfalls, but no more expecting one every day than she would have expected a bouquet of camellias. During the period of her engagement, however, a young lady even of the most slender pretensions counts upon more bouquets than at other times; and there was a want of perfume in the air at this moment which at last excited the girl's alarm.

"Are you sick?" she asked of Morris. "You seem so restless, and you look pale."

"I am not at all well," said Morris; and it occurred to him that, if he could only make her pity him enough, he might get off.

"I am afraid you are overworked; you oughtn't to work so much."

"I must do that." And then he added, with a sort of calculated brutality, "I don't want to owe you everything."

"Ah, how can you say that?"

"I am too proud," said Morris.

"Yes—you are too proud."

"Well, you must take me as I am," he went on. "You can never change me."

"I don't want to change you," she said, gently. "I will take you as you are." And she stood looking at him.

"You know people talk tremendously about a man's marrying a rich girl," Morris remarked. "It's excessively disagreeable."

"But I am not rich," said Catherine.

"You are rich enough to make me talked about."

"Of course you are talked about. It's an honor."

"It's an honor I could easily dispense with."

She was on the point of asking him whether it was not a compensation for this annoyance that the poor girl who had the misfortune to bring it upon him loved him so dearly and believed in him so truly; but she hesitated, thinking that this would perhaps seem an exacting speech, and while she hesitated, he suddenly left her.

The next time he came, however, she brought it out, and she told him again that he was too proud. He repeated that he couldn't change, and this time she felt the impulse to say that with a little effort he might change.

Sometimes he thought that if he could only make a quarrel with her it might help him; but the question was how to quarrel with a young woman who had such treasures of concession. "I suppose you think the effort is all on your side," he broke out. "Don't you believe that I have my own effort to make?"

"It's all yours now," she said. "My effort is finished and done with."

"Well, mine is not."

"We must bear things together," said Catherine. "That's what we ought to do."

Morris attempted a natural smile. "There are some things which we can't very well bear together—for instance, separation."

"Why do you speak of separation?"

"Ah! you don't like it; I knew you wouldn't."

"Where are you going, Morris?" she suddenly asked.

He fixed his eye on her a moment, and for a part of that moment she was afraid of it. "Will you promise not to make a scene?"

"A scene!—do I make scenes?"

"All women do," said Morris, with the tone of large experience.

"I don't. Where are you going?"

"If I should say I was going away on business, should you think it very strange?"

She wondered a moment, gazing at him. "Yes—no. Not if you will take me with you."

"Take you with me—on business?"

"What is your business? Your business is to be with me."

"I don't earn my living with you," said Morris. "Or rather," he cried, with a sudden inspiration, "that's just what I do—or what the world says I do!"

This ought perhaps to have been a great stroke, but it miscarried. "Where are you going?" Catherine simply repeated.

"To New Orleans. About buying some cotton."

"I am perfectly willing to go to New Orleans," Catherine said.

"Do you suppose I would take you to a nest of yellow fever?" cried Morris. "Do you suppose I would expose you at such a time as this?"

"If there is yellow fever, why should you go? Morris, you must not go."

"It is to make six thousand dollars," said Morris. "Do you grudge me that satisfaction?"

"We have no need of six thousand dollars. You think too much about money."

"You can afford to say that. This is a great chance; we heard of it last night." And he explained to her in what the chance consisted; and told her a long story, going over more than once several of the details, about the remarkable stroke of business which he and his partner had planned between them.

But Catherine's imagination, for reasons best known to herself, absolutely refused to be fired. "If you can go to New Orleans, I can go," she said. "Why shouldn't you catch yellow fever quite as easily as I? I am every bit as strong as you, and not in the least afraid of any fever. When we were in Europe we were in very unhealthy places; my father used to make me take some pills. I never caught anything, and I never was nervous. What will be the use of six thousand dollars if you die of a fever? When persons are going to be married they oughtn't to think so much about business. You shouldn't think about cotton; you should think about me. You can go to New Orleans some other time—there will always be plenty of cotton. It isn't the moment to choose: we have waited too long already." She spoke more forcibly and volubly than he had ever heard her, and she held his arm in her two hands.

"You said you wouldn't make a scene," cried Morris. "I call this a scene."

"It's you that are making it. I have never asked you anything before. We have waited too long already." And it was a comfort to her to think that she had hitherto asked so little; it seemed to make her right to insist the greater now.

Morris bethought himself a little. "Very well, then; we won't talk about it any

more. I will transact my business by letter." And he began to smooth his hat, as if to take leave.

"You won't go?" And she stood looking up at him.

He could not give up his idea of provoking a quarrel; it was so much the simplest way. He bent his eyes on her upturned face with the darkest frown he could achieve. "You are not discreet. You mustn't bully me."

But, as usual, she conceded everything. "No, I am not discreet; I know I am too pressing. But isn't it natural? It is only for a moment."

"In a moment you may do a great deal of harm. Try and be calmer the next time I come."

"When will you come?"

"Do you want to make conditions?" Morris asked. "I will come next Saturday."

"Come to-morrow," Catherine begged; "I want you to come to-morrow. I will be very quiet," she added; and her agitation had by this time become so great that the assurance was not unbecoming. A sudden fear had come over her; it was like the solid conjunction of a dozen disembodied doubts, and her imagination, at a single bound, had traversed an enormous distance. All her being, for the moment, was centred in the wish to keep him in the room.

Morris bent his head and kissed her forehead. "When you are quiet, you are perfection," he said; "but when you are violent, you are not in character."

It was Catherine's wish that there should be no violence about her save the beating of her heart, which she could not help; and she went on, as gently as possible, "Will you promise to come to-morrow?"

"I said Saturday!" Morris answered, smiling. He tried a frown at one moment, a smile at another; he was at his wits' end.

"Yes, Saturday too," she answered, trying to smile. "But to-morrow first." He was going to the door, and she went with him quickly. She leaned her shoulder against it; it seemed to her that she would do anything to keep him.

"If I am prevented from coming to-morrow, you will say I have deceived you," he said.

"How can you be prevented? You can come if you will."

"I am a busy man—I am not a dangler!" cried Morris, sternly.

His voice was so hard and unnatural that, with a helpless look at him, she turned away; and then he quickly laid his hand on the door-knob. He felt as if he were absolutely running away from her. But in an instant she was close to him again, and murmuring in a tone none the less penetrating for being low, "Morris, you are going to leave me."

"Yes, for a little while."

"For how long?"

"Till you are reasonable again."

"I shall never be reasonable, in that way." And she tried to keep him longer; it was almost a struggle. "Think of what I have done!" she broke out. "Morris, I have given up everything."

"You shall have everything back."

"You wouldn't say that if you didn't mean something. What is it?—what has happened?—what have I done?—what has changed you?"

"I will write to you—that is better," Morris stammered.

"Ah, you won't come back!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"Dear Catherine," he said, "don't believe that. I promise you that you shall see me again." And he managed to get away, and to close the door behind him.

SECURING A COMPETENCE.

I.

IT is a stock remark that Americans love the dollar. The saying, like most stock sayings, misses the point; the real point is, not that Americans love money more than other people, but that they love comparatively few things besides money. We have fewer objects of serious pursuit than other Western nations have; we do not, as a people, pursue the fine arts, or literature, or scholarship, or society, with the zeal or the fruitfulness that we find in European communities, and so we are regarded as being still somewhat deficient in our duties as a civilized nation. We love these things less than the Old World communities love them. We do not love money more than they—probably, indeed, not so much as they. It is the exclusiveness, not the zeal, of our pursuit of money that is the thing to be regretted. Some day, perhaps, we shall try to do better than this; meanwhile, most of us pursue the dollar, without thinking

of stopping much for rest until we take rest where no work is. No community thinks so little about rest from work as ours.

We seek money, and we find it: yet do we love it either well or intelligently enough to use it fruitfully, to keep it safely, or to bequeath it wisely? First, let us glance at the wealth we possess as a nation. Let us see what place a century of money-making has given us. We call ourselves a rich people: how rich a people are we? A very little comparison of figures will show. And first, where do we stand as to the total valuation of the national wealth?

We stand near the head of the list—third on the list of all the Western nations. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland heads the list with a capital valuation of 44,400 millions of dollars; then come France with 36,700 millions, the United States with 32,000 millions, Germany with 22,000 millions, Russia with 15,000 millions, and the Low Countries with 11,150 million dollars of capital collectively. These are the valuations made by those countries of their entire resources. What is the average annual income per inhabitant in various countries? We come to the front in this comparison. The average annual income in the United Kingdom is $165; in the United States, $165 also; in the Low Countries, $130; in France, $125; in the British colonies, $90; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, $85. In this reckoning, Russia, with her ninety millions of people, is out of sight as yet: she will not be very long.*

Once more: taking the question from another point of view, let us ask, What is our annual accumulation of wealth, as compared with the annual accumulation of other nations? And here we step far in advance of any community which gives us full estimates; it should be borne in mind, however, that the rate of interest for agricultural capital, with us, is double the average rate for Europe.

The annual accumulation of wealth, then, in Germany, is 200 millions of dollars; it is 325 millions in the United Kingdom, 375 millions in France; in the United States it is 825 millions! Our increase of national wealth since 1850, says a good English authority,* would be enough to purchase "the whole German Empire, with its farms, cities, banks, shipping, manufactures, etc. The annual accumulation has been 825 millions of dollars, and therefore each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,300,000 to the wealth of the republic."

These are figures to make a poor man expect wealth; but let us hasten to say that they do not prove us any happier, or wiser, or more estimable in the sight of the world, than many another poorer nation is. What these figures do prove is a different thing: they prove the bounty of nature toward an energetic race; they do not prove what we sometimes take for granted on the strength of them, that our nation is great or admirable in the greatest and most admirable things. No: we have been busied with necessary things; in great and admirable things our record is still, for the most part, to be made.

II.

But let us leave aside the question of any national achievement except economic achievement. What do these figures of capital, of income, of accumulation, mean for the individual? Do they prove, as we might suppose, that we have many assured incomes, many permanent competences—that we get the good of the continent we have fructified so rapidly? It is here, unfortunately, that we shall fall behindhand, and very far behindhand, in the comparison with some poorer nations. It is a commonplace that we make money faster, but also spend it faster, than any other people. Money has with us a less permanent power and a less effective value than with other nations, for, with all our love of it, we do not often manage it well enough to preserve it long in the same hands. There is no table of the average duration of fortunes; but the statistics of business failures in the country since 1866 show that the average *yearly* failures ranged from 1 in 163 in the year 1871, to 1 in 75 in 1876.

* The Russian Empire contains 8,444,766 square miles; the United States and Territories, including Alaska, 3,603,844 square miles. A single Russian province, Siberia, is one-third larger than our total area: it contains 4,826,287 square miles. (*The Statesman's Year-Book.*)

* *The Progress of the World since the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.* By Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S. London: 1880. 12mo.

How many business men in a thousand fail, once or more, during their business lifetime, I can not learn. The proportion used to be estimated, for New England, at 97 per cent. That is probably too high a figure for the business of to-day, conducted as it is upon much shorter credits than formerly. But the proportion of traders who fail is probably not lower than 75 per cent. of the whole number.

How many of our people live upon their invested means? In 1866 our income-tax returns showed 771,000 incomes of $500 per year and over, and six million incomes of less than $500. But these were not incomes from capital; they were mostly earnings or wages. Probably not one in a hundred of these smaller incomes, and not over ten per cent. of the incomes over $500, represented the interest upon investments. In France, ten years later, the census returned no less than two millions of people, *rentiers*, who live entirely upon their invested means. In 1877 seven and a half millions of the people—one-fifth of the population—were enrolled as rentes-holders or savings-banks depositors; but it must be added that the savings-banks do not often fail in France, and that sooner or later they are apt to fail with us. Most of these deposits are small ones. But no less than two millions of the French can say with Petrarch, *Parva sed apta mihi:* "It is little enough, but it will do for me."

Thus, in spite of the resources of the country, in spite of the almost universal search for wealth, and in spite of the fact that we have a great many rich men at any given time, we still do not have a large class of permanently rich men; we do not even have, like the French, a large class of persons who have a permanent though small competence. The rich American's wealth is extremely volatile; in nine cases out of ten it is "fairy gold." The old land-owners form the chief exception to the rule; especially in our large cities, where the increase of values has been great.

But if our class of permanently wealthy people is small, so also is our class of destitute people. We are fortunate in having few of the very rich or the very poor, in having no such immense and harmful inequality of fortunes as we see in modern England. Our ill fortune is this, that our class of moderate competences is also small, that so few of us, in spite of our opportunities and our labors, have seized the good of even a small assured competence. The land is full of people who have not, on the other hand, and who are not likely to have, any assured competence, however moderate, but who have nothing to expect but labor to the end. That is, indeed, the appointed human lot for the majority in any community; but need it be, in a country of resources like this, so nearly the universal lot? Might not many of us avoid it by a greater care for a moderate competence, a lessened ambition for fortunes?

I am not going to make any plea for idleness, or for an indolent class, or for the weakening of any ambition that is rational. But perhaps we sing the praises of labor a little too indiscriminately; perhaps we confound it with work. Labor is essentially effort with suffering; work is natural power healthfully exerted. Labor is doing for pay what we do not want to do because we must do it. It is "the contest of the life of man with an opposite." From that we should seek the release which competence gives. But true work, especially in the higher pursuits, is often best done by those who are no longer under any obligation to labor.

Now is it not time, in view of the competence which is within easier reach among us than in most of the Old World's business communities, for our active men to give a little more thought to the securing of part at least of what they have won? We have subdued the land in great part; we have put the machinery of agriculture and manufactures into play; have we not earned some title to quiet fruition? It seems to me full time that our national usages began to improve in this matter. We present the curious anomaly of a rich nation in which the great majority of the inhabitants are practically poor. Some are rich, some have been rich, all hope to be rich; but meanwhile the comfort, the security, the independence, that are represented by a modest assured income are comparatively rare in the community. The Nile stream of wealth rushes past us, and sooner or later American business men have a chance to dip from it; how few of our gardens does it make permanently any greener! I say nothing about the ways of making money; I address myself to those, and they are many, who are now actually making money, and I say a considerable percentage of the men who are making money to-day or

who have made it will certainly lose it within five years from now. It is the way of fortunes in America. Now is it not better to invest, say, one-half of one's property, and in the securest way possible, before trying to double it? Are you "fifty thousand dollars ahead," as a friend of mine tells me he was lately? A half of that sum in the four per cents. will yield a thousand dollars a year: a man need not starve on that. Why risk the capital sum in trying to make it a hundred thousand, as my friend did? Perhaps in that case you may lose it all—as my friend did.

Our first need in this matter is to fix our thought clearly on the distinction between competence and wealth. Schopenhauer marks this, once for all, so well that I will quote him:

"I urge the care of earned or inherited competence. To possess at the outset so much that it were possible to live comfortably and in real independence—that is, without laboring—is an inestimable advantage; it is the exemption from the privation and worry attendant on human life, the emancipation from the universal villanage which is the natural lot of mortals. He only who is thus favored by fate is master of his time and his powers, and may say every morning, 'The day is mine.' For this reason, the difference between a man who has a thousand, and one who has a hundred thousand thalers income, is much less than between the former and one who has nothing. Hereditary fortune attains its highest value when it falls to a man who, endowed with intelligence of a high order, follows pursuits which are incompatible with bread-winning. He is doubly endowed by fate: he can live for his genius: but he will repay his debt to mankind a hundredfold. On the other hand, he who does not at least try to effect any such thing, who does not by the thorough acquisition of some service qualify himself to aid mankind—such a one, with a hereditary fortune, is despicable, and a mere idler."

We talk a great deal about our political, intellectual, moral, and social independence: all the world has heard us talk about them. We do not enjoy them as fully, perhaps, as we think. How much independence of thought has the journalist, for instance, who must bid for an audience, the author whose first thought must be never to displease a reader, the orator who must repeat the stock notions of his hearers, the professor who has to reconcile evolution with theology; how much liberty of action has the voter who depends upon a government salary, or who is in a politician's employ? One can not very seriously blame these people, to whom independence often means starvation. What I want to set in clear light is this: that independence in life and thought depends, more than we like to believe, upon pecuniary independence; it is not to be had by wishing merely. Individuals there are, and always will be, who will suffer for their moral or intellectual independence; but communities will be what circumstances make them. This, again, I want to set in clear light: that we are, as a community, deficient, in spite of all our national wealth, and unnecessarily deficient, in the best part of independence—the power to *enjoy* our lives. In this respect we are behind our friends in France, with their two millions of people living upon their incomes.

These two millions of people are not, for the most part, either idle, or frivolous, or wealthy people. Many of them live in the cities, but more of them are quiet people living on their modest properties in the country, and enjoying their competence in a rational way—enjoying friendships, social pleasures, family affections, and all the kindly observances of home life in a way that we have little idea of—in a way that the tourist in Paris sees nothing of. We have much to learn from the French, and among the things that we have to learn are some that may surprise us. One of these things is the comfort, the unity, and the permanence of French homes. The French home and family, their happiness, their unity, their permanence, these have been developed by the combined industry, thrift, and domestic sentiment of the most intelligent people in Europe, and especially by its great middle class. We have the significant testimony of Prince Bismarck "that the French nation has a social solidity such as no other nation of Europe enjoys." And Mr. Matthew Arnold, from whose *Mixed Essays* I quote, adds: "This can only come from the broad basis of well-being, and of cause for satisfaction with life, which in France, more than in other countries, exists." If we had two millions of people, or one million, who were enjoying a competence, earned or inher-

ited, can it be doubted that we should be a happier people, and a better one, than we are? France and the United States have this important feature in common—in each country nearly one-half of the people live directly by agriculture; but our country homes and families have not attained the comfort or the permanence of theirs.

III.

I have mentioned our homes and families. Those of my readers who are, or have been, in the current of successful affairs—the men who are winning money and who are enjoying it—such a reader may naturally say, if he has followed me as far as this: "Why should I take trouble about a future thousand dollars a year? I have made my place, I am able to keep it; if I should lose ten times that income, it will be an easy thing for me to make another fortune." And he would perhaps add that he has made two or three fortunes already, and that he is quite content to take the splendid chances, along with the risks, of this exciting American business life.

Well, we will quit commending to him a competence for his own sake. For the sake of his family we may perhaps say a little more, but changing the ground of the plea. For our successful business man is likely to object, not that it will be time enough for that when he shall have doubled his present fortune—he is more likely to say that he doubts whether it will do his children any good to leave them any money at all.

I was riding in the train the other day, and talking with a very successful business man, a man of intelligence and cultivation too—one of the large class who have made their money in railways, and one who has not, as yet, passed over to that larger class who have lost their money in railways. After a dusty stretch of road the train pulled up at a way-station (in front of an asylum for Destitute Children, I remember), and my friend said:

"I haven't made up my mind just how to leave my money, but I'll tell you what I'm not going to do with it. I don't believe it does boys any good to leave them any money at all. I'll give my son an education, so that he can take care of himself, and then turn him loose. Let him make his way as his father did. Money left to him would probably spoil him; besides, I don't want him to feel that he has anything to make by my death. As for my girl, I may give her something when she gets married; but I don't want anybody courting her for her money."

There spoke the stock ideas of seven millions of American fathers, thought I—I am hearing the almost unanimous voice of the American father from Maine to Montana. A stock idea—what a world of harm a single one may do, if it is entertained by seven millions of people, and is false! But in these words of my friend I thought I distinguished three or four stock ideas, none of them true ones; and it seemed to me a good thing to unravel them clearly, and convincingly, if I could, to others. And as the train began to pull away from the asylum for Destitute Children, I began to note down the points for this paper.

The first stock idea that I noted was my friend's notion that by giving his son "an education" he was thereby making it sure that he would succeed in the world. An education, yes; but what sort of an education? A bricklayer's education, an artisan's, a farmer's, would indeed help him to earn a living. A college education would give him a social advantage, but it would not, in itself, increase his chance of earning a living: it would rather diminish it. For, as was pointed out in an interesting paper lately published in this Magazine, our colleges do not, like the French and German universities, instruct a young man in the bread-winning pursuits; the American colleges are, on the contrary, institutions for general culture. I do not take up the question here of the amount and value of the culture they supply. The point for us to note is that the educated young American who has not a special education as a bread-winner is worse off, as to his money prospects, than the young American who has no college education at all. Dig he can not, and to beg he is ashamed. But perhaps my friend intended a professional course for his son—a course of law, or medicine, or divinity? Two of these professions at least are fatally overcrowded. The United States, with a population not greatly larger than that of the German Empire, graduates every year five times as many physicians; for the German Empire limits the number of its doctors, and we do not limit that of ours. Very many of our physicians not only wait years for practice, but never get into practice at all. It is much

the same with the profession of law. In both professions there are prizes for a few, and failures, more or less complete, for the many. The engineering, mining, and other scientific professions offer a somewhat better chance, and public life, almost neglected as a profession, will attract a better class of young men from year to year. But upon none of these, save in favored and exceptional cases, as where a son succeeds to his father's practice, can a young man depend for fortune, or even for immediate support. They, too, offer a certain social dignity. But as a rule it is the laborer, artisan, or tradesman that has the better chance of supporting himself: it is the educated man that has, more frequently, to wait before he can pay his way. If, therefore, we educate our sons, it is all the better reason why we should provide, not indeed for their independence, but some aid during the years which they are likely to spend in waiting before they can achieve their position.

It is to be remembered, too, that these years of waiting may become, with such aid, years of scholarly or scientific accomplishment, if not of money-making; years of strengthened preparation; years that might introduce and brighten a career, instead of wasted years that cloud or spoil it.

I am now speaking of sons who have character and ability, and who only need to wait. It is by character and ability that one succeeds; but not every one can count upon that energy which is needed for success in competition. Are we to cast our sons quite indifferently into the stream of the world, with John Adams's words for a motto, "Sink or swim, survive or perish"? "Let him make his way, as his father did"—that is the second of our stock sayings; and what a hard one it is! We forget, when we say that, that even in this country ten fail where one succeeds, and that the competition grows sharper with each new generation. Your doctrine, thought I, is a very old one; it is the Spartan doctrine of the exposure of infants; it is, in our day, the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest. But is it the doctrine for us to apply indiscriminately to our children? By all means let the hardy and the willing boys take to the water; but need we cast them all into the stream, to sink or swim? Surely not, if we can help it; surely we may find for some of our finer-grained young men a better way than the exposure to cold and hunger upon Mount Taygetus! Must we insist that they all pass through fire and water? Even Mill breaks off, in one of his discussions of capital, to say: "I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress." And, to say nothing of the cruelty of subjecting a young man of proud and delicate temperament to this way of life, it is a great waste of the best lives. The worthiest careers are not won by energy alone, but by fineness of intellect. How much chance has a delicate intellect in a scramble like this? What would Pascal have done, or Gray, in such case? what did poor Chatterton do? And to join the scramble lessens, in any case, the chance for the intelligent choice of a calling, because it throws too many of the young men into the comparatively few and crowded pursuits which offer the most immediate prospect of support: it makes lawyers of painters, clergymen of chemists, and doctors of literary men.

But, again, as my friend said, money left to his son might spoil him: it would make him an idler, a spendthrift; and he told me several cases of laborious fathers and spendthrift sons. We have all seen such cases, or heard of them; they are common enough, here and elsewhere: commoner, indeed, here than elsewhere. But they are not generally cases where the parents have been people of quiet lives who have bequeathed a competence simply: they have more generally been cases where the father has been engrossed in money-making, and the son an idler. And what sort of character and education has the parent fostered in his sons, who dares not leave them money? What sort of ideas have such parents had, and shared with their spendthrift children? I think you will find that the sons, in cases of this sort, have not been taught many of the old-fashioned virtues: they have learned, on the contrary, to look upon money as a means of ostentation: they value it for the show that a fortune makes, not for the serious good that may

come of it. A competence means simply the power of choice how to live, the power of escaping, if we choose, from the haste, the heat, the unscrupulousness, of the struggle. And our children need to be taught to see the better uses of money, the opportunity for finer pursuits than bread-winning, for something better than indolence or ostentation. It is indeed a peculiarly American difficulty, that money left to your son will ruin him. In the Old World they do not complain that this is the case; parents think that a bequest is likely to benefit a child, at least to save him from suffering. To cut your son off with a shilling—that, in England, is the last and gravest injury that a father can inflict. The American father, on the other hand, gravely makes up his mind that the best thing he can do is to cut off his son with a shilling. Could there be any sharper contrast—and is it to the credit of the English or of the American training?

And what shall we say of my friend's remark, "I don't want my son to feel that he has anything to make by my death"? Let us hope that that is not a stock remark, or thought, with the seven millions of American fathers. English novelists tell us of sons who have that thought; but they are the eldest sons who are to inherit entailed estates—estates that have neither been won, nor held, nor augmented, nor bequeathed, by any parental care or sacrifice. Such estates we have not in this country. Why did not my friend remember that in France the father's care to leave a better inheritance to his children than he received is one of the great bonds of affection and family union, not of distrust? There the property is equally divided among the children. The idea of a son's looking with expectation to his father's death would be looked upon with horror. I do not forget the frequent duty of the child to support the declining parent. But which parent is likely to win the most devotion from his children, the one who sends them into the world to shift for themselves, and says, Money will hurt you—look for nothing from me—or the parent who sees or divines when his children need his aid, and gives it, and saves for them that they may have the more when he is gone? Soon the son is planning in his turn to hand down a little competence to the next generation. And thus the family ties are strengthened, and extend across the generations; a natural bond of affection springs from the forethought or the sacrifice of the father. This deeper feeling of the bond of family is greatly needed in our community. It is a thing which does not spring from our boasted independence. What an opportunity the American parent misses when he takes this irresponsible attitude! The family ties are weakened by every father who says, when his children leave his roof, I have done with them. By every father who aids them, according to his means and to their need, the family bond is strengthened more surely than if he had given away ten fortunes in miscellaneous charities.

I have left myself no space to speak of my friend's dowry for his daughter, except to remind other independent parents how many girls have died old maids for want of that timely aid toward marriage.

This paper will be read in many families; in many, among others, where the means of assured future comfort are in easy grasp, but are not permanently secured. Of these families, now rich, it is certain that many will be poor before many years. If this paper should lead one father or guardian to think that an assured competence, though a small one, is a better thing than insecure wealth, however great, then there may be one more family living in comfort, one destitute family the fewer, than if it had not been written.

REV. MR. BLAND'S WRESTLE WITH THE CHESTER WHITE HOG.

THE scene of the Rev. Mr. Bland's trial lies among the Salt River hills, Kentucky, with a homely but picturesque village nestled in the low farming lands, which begin on the north bank, the limbo of politicians, and slope off into the Ohio basin. Handsome country-seats adorn the spurs of adjacent hills, and overlook the checker-board verdure of field and fallow, with the soft blue velvet knobs falling away, south and west, at either hand. The Ohio River has burst its way through the range, forming a beautiful cluster of sand and rocky islets, or more fertile tracts, in the rapids, which are fast wasting away under the grand trowels of the water-shed. But as we follow the little tributary we meet the contrast of wild and rugged scen-

ery of hill, dale, and river lying contiguous to arable and pasture, to which the pleased imagination gives the name of the Picturesque. A certain unexpectedness adds to the charm of contrasts in travel through this region, which, indeed, is best pursued with dog and gun. Now we come on farms lusty in tilth, the partridge whirring in the stubble, and wide-open barns bursting with harvest; then a turn brings us upon scenes of wild, untutored nature, unspoiled by the woodman's axe, or Macadam's invention of road-bed, out of which suddenly the wild glens develop a stately villa, embroidered with walks, drives, shrubbery, and fair pavilions set in the lonely forest. Crossing the various tributaries of Floyd's Fork, Long Run, Harrod's Creek, and classic Beargrass, we meet continuous examples of the physical law that ascribes to each water-shed its own peculiar features, till, from a gentle acclivity, the characteristic unexpectedness develops the broad, squared avenues, the stately roofs, chimneys, and cupolas of the city of Louisville. The same prevailing spirit of contrast re-appears in a population in which the highest culture associates with rural simplicity; or humanity preserves its savage characteristics among the rough, lawless charcoal-burners of the Wet Woods.

It has been many years since I looked upon these scenes, once so familiar to my boyish sports; yet they lie before the mind's eye as vivid as the soft, half tropical beauty of foliage that meets my daily walks. Many pleasing reminiscences of books and men and boyish playfellow have knitted themselves into the embroidery of these old home scenes; and it pleases my fancy to reflect that the subjective sensation still remains, as vivid to my imagination as if I were actually to look on them again, and more harmonious. Indeed, without the sensitive receptive faculty of the boyish heart, I fear the new impressions would come like a blurred photograph that disfigures more than it represents. Nothing is more dangerous than revisiting scenes on which memory too fondly dwells; for if we do not find saddening changes in the scenes themselves, we are sure to find them in the altered feeling in ourselves with which we look upon them.

The Rev. Mr. Bland was assigned to the village church in one of these neighborhoods, about the time it suffered a loss in the death of the Hon. James Griffin, formerly member of Congress from the district. The reverend gentleman was rather a strict disciplinarian for the gentle and forbearing Methodist Episcopal Church, but he had delivered his famous sermon on the prophecies of Daniel, and the city churches in which he had been alternated for many years were reluctant to lose the services of a preacher of such piety and scholarship. But the good man had lost his wife a short time before, and was anxious for a change. He brought with him his daughter Estella, no less an acquisition to the young people than her father proved to be to the society of her elders.

He bore with composure the pseudo-enthusiasm which welcomes every new-comer, and gradually established himself in the confidence of the more select body of reflecting persons capable of understanding his practical and mathematical theory of the prophecies. A part of his congregation did, indeed, look upon him a little coldly, as a Presbyterian in disguise; and one loose fish, of no Church at all, objected that Rev. Mr. Bland wanted every one to wear his Sunday-go-to-meetin's a-week-days—an extravagance of habit, he thought, few even of church-goers could afford. As usual, there was a leaven of justice in these criticisms. Mr. Bland inclined to severity in discipline, and his habits of accurate thought led him to election and predestination in theory.

But the mild gossip which, in America at least, grows out of an abstract difference of doctrine was soon lost in the keener zest of a rumor which connected his name with the relict of the late Mr. Griffin—a very interesting and wealthy widow lady of the neighborhood. There could be no inequality in a marriage between a gentleman of probity, piety, and reputation, and the widow of the late Representative in Congress, however ample her dower, and his congregation viewed it with satisfaction, as a means of attaching him to them. But others, connected with the lady, objected, from chiefly interested motives. Mrs. Miller, *née* Sally Sampson, wife of Robert Miller, the lady's brother, was the principal of these. My neighbor Tom Gwynn—a hearty, manly fellow—said that Mrs. Sally ordered up the junior of Miller, Sampson, and Co., Mr. Job Newsants, from the counting-house as she would order a horse from the stables, and came down to make a

Sabine marriage. It was good as a play to hear Tom swear out his prejudices about Mrs. Sally. He said she had traded on Hon. James Griffin's influence, and filled her sideboard full of china and silver as presents, until she drove him out of politics. Then she had borrowed his wife's inheritance of the Colonel to put in her husband's business, "because, you know, dear, you never gave Robert Miller anything when you *had* influence." "She got at him about our investments in wild land," laughed Tom; "said it was wicked, and quoted the parable of the buried talent on us. I offered to put up the monument to Jim myself," added Tom Gwynn, "if they'd let me write the inscription—'Died of a Sally Sampson.'"

"What sort of a person is this gentleman? what is his name?" I asked.

"Nuisance," blurted out Tom, stretching his long arm out for the flask. We had stopped to lunch at Rock Spring while partridge shooting. "A confounded nuisance. There are men, Will—and they fill no undistinguished places in the world—who find a corner in the midst of its most audacious ventures, and yet take no risk. *Messieurs, faites votre jeu*, is content with the sure per cent. of the table. That's the fellow, by the croupier's face of him. And that woman—oh Lord!" he ejaculated. "She heard of the parson's visits of condolence—I hope he may get her—and she just lit down on the poor woman: 'Robert Miller could not come. I've just run down to see how you are getting on. It must be right pleasant to have things your own way, and nobody to hinder.'"

"Come, old fellow," said I, "that is too strong—congratulating a woman on the death of her husband: draw it mild."

"Not a bit," said Gwynn. "Nelly heard it. Depend on it, Sally Sampson did not think it a shocking speech. It suited her to have poor Jim out of the way, and it must be so to everybody. Besides, there was more of it, Nelly told me. 'You'll like Job Newsants,' was her next speech. 'So much dignity, force of character. Just the husband for Emma,' I said. You know, if you or I had gone on in that style to Emma Griffin six weeks after poor Jim died, she would have dropped off in hysterics. But what's the use? The poor thing, with forty chattels of her own on the place, was wondering who would take Mr. Newsants's horse, and what in the deuce Aunt Abby in the kitchen would find for these people to eat. Oh, Em has got to marry. She can't manage that place. I hope Mr. Bland will come to time. What is he holding back for?"

Why, indeed? It was no use for the widow to try to defend herself, or to deny herself to Mr. Newsants. He would be rolled in on his casters by Mrs. Sally, and his merits as an article of furniture cracked up in the bagman's plainest prose. It was certainly time for a protector to appear.

But there was a burden on the spirits of Mr. Bland which deprived him of that airy lightness necessary to captivate the butterfly of a lady's affection. It was not his daughter Estella, for Mr. George Shanklin was anxious to relieve him of that incumbrance. Neither was it the prevalence of heretical opinion in mesmerism and table-tipping necromancy. Nor did it grow out of his interpretation of the Book of Daniel, by which the heaven was to be rolled up like a scroll at a period significant of nothing worse than the rolling up of the Southern rebellion. Neither was it that the want of a riding-horse gave his visits on an animal at livery too much the appearance of a shop-boy's holiday.

No: his difficulties were of far too serious a character to spring from wounded vanity, or morbid self-consciousness. It was of the kind that lies down with one and gets up with him. It was of the malicious I-don't-know-what-to-do-with-you kind.

> "This sort of grief
> Can not find in religion the slightest relief,"

or the Rev. Mr. Bland would have found it. It was too ridiculously insignificant and contemptible to think about; and he could think about nothing else. Yet he did not dare mention it, or even hint of it, for fear of ridicule. It did not touch his conscience or moral character, it affected no one but himself, and yet it was no physical defect or obliquity. It would injure him in the good opinion of no one if known, yet it lowered him in his own eyes, and rebuked his whole life for a want of charitableness for the weakness or foibles of others. It arose up in judgment, and turned his own intellectual skill against him, whipping through any casuistry with which he would shield himself. Moreover, it degraded him in his own eyes, as a man and a gentleman, to feel how severely its contemptible insig-

nificance preyed upon him. It was a pig.

One of his parishioners, soon after his coming to the village, had presented him with a Chester White pig. Mr. Bland had been bred in the city, and his life had been passed in cities. The country and its primitive habits he knew only through the mirage of his reading; and these pictured the life as full of rural simplicity, and healthful occupations among the flocks and herds. From the Bucolics to Thomson's "Seasons" the ideal felicities of such an existence had gone on ripening, in the turmoil of the city, until, indeed, it became the motive in him which had influenced the Conference to locate him among such scenes. The pig, therefore, was an expression, a realization to the preacher's mind, of many vague, half-poetic longings for a pastoral life: it was the thing itself incarnate, and he rejoiced in it. It was such a plump, full-bodied, cleanly pig. It was an intelligent pig, and subject to the gentler influences. He bragged about it, and turned the conversation to stock-raising in order to bring it in.

He had time to repent. That pig had not been appreciated. Vulgar minds had only regarded his perishable flesh, and kept him pent up, neglectful of his higher instincts. Now he was allowed to curl his tail over his back, and show the precocious daring of an original investigator in the natural sciences. As a horticulturist he was of the radical school, but, with a catholicity of spirit worthy of the philosopher, he pushed his researches into all branches that bore fruit. Cauliflower and columbine were alike gone into; and he left no subject until he had gotten to its roots, and digested them fully.

After investigation of some forty or fifty dollars' worth of rare exotics, a paling fence divided the front and back premises. This gave quite a new interest in life to the pig and the family. Often between the heads of his discourse the question of the pig's probable presence in the front yard crossed the preacher's mind. If it rendered the sermon somewhat desultory and disconnected, it schooled him in processes of carrying on two trains of thought simultaneously. Sometimes he was distracted by mental debate over the feasibility of climbing the fence, on his return home, in preference to opening the gate, at hazard of having the pig run between his legs, as was sometimes its habit of afternoon. It would cause him to give a troubled look to the pew where his daughter sat with Mr. George Shanklin, in devout attention, and perhaps suggest the tactics of allowing the young people to precede him—a sort of offering up of his children to that Moloch of a pig. In charity to such evil-minded promptings, let it be said that Mr. Shanklin and his daughter exhibited the most complete indifference upon the subject, as if unconscious of the existence of such a creature; or if the animal, by a spirit of diligent inquiry, did force itself upon attention, the young gentleman contented himself with compliments to its owner upon its fine condition. It comforted the father to discover such reckless courage in one so young, but it did not hurt the pig.

Denied the prospect of the front yard, the animal gave way to no vain repining, but cultivated a talent for opening gates and doors. The statement of a neighboring truant that it learned to climb a tree, in order to rob an apple orchard, lacks confirmation in its details. But it could insert its tough membranous rooter under a door, like a hand, and by leverage of neck and shoulders throw the valve off latch, and proceed to investigate the dough tray or pan of rusk, left to rise against the close of service. Sometimes it was the pantry; and its investigations included the consumptive and digestive labor of weeks in a single afternoon—so thrifty is a wise economy in household affairs.

As this intelligent animal grew in size and spirit, it comprehended the Shakspearean adage, "Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wit," and declined to limit its faculties. If a neighbor ventured to set a pail of slops for the evening cow, this sagacious animal threw its nose in the air, grunted, and, by gate, lane, and across lots, proceeded to investigate. It was equally unerring on a potato hill, and invariably turned up in the right place, until its impartial investigations left a general appearance of ploughed ground. Indeed, it threatened to create a village famine; for though it could not climb a tree, it was currently charged with shaking down the fruit; and no gate, fence, or hedge could stay its active industry, no cunning secreting foil its elaborate research. The fame of so enterprising and sagacious an animal spread far and wide, and came back to its happy possessor in the shape of various shaken heads and fists.

The good gentleman began to be timid, and not easy in mind about his sacred duties—terribly embarrassed in his exhortations to penitence and amendment. How could he preach the divine law of returning good for evil, when it seemed like asking perpetual license for the ravages of that terrible, impenitent pig? How could he speak to the widow of resignation to the Divine will, or the particular way in which widows may take comfort, when he felt that a whole neighborhood described him to her as "a man as fats his hogs off'n other folk's garden sass"? He knew they did, for—*et tu, Brute*—the very neighbor who had given him that frightful beast had addressed those very words to him that forenoon. As you take the fair Esmeralda by the hand, and look into her divine eyes, just fancy that she has that character of you strictly defined in her mind, and then go on with your pretty talk if you can.

This explains that curious reluctance of which Tom Gwynn had complained. Soon after, I was called into the case. Not by Mr. Bland—in whom was the stubborn blood of the martyrs, or rather the stoic spirit of the American Indian that dies and makes no sign—but by the widow. She was sure something preyed on his mind. She had asked Estella, but the young lady had interests of her own that occupied her entirely. Mr. Bland had not been at Dunhopen for a month. Would I see him, and try to draw him out, and say how glad Mrs. Griffin would be to see him, etc.?

Love is, I believe, much like the whooping-cough or measles, that passes lightly over the young, who are liable to a second or seventy-second attack; but as we get older our less flexible organization quivers with it; it enrheums the eyes, shakes the larynx and vocal organs, and hangs on desperately. The widow had my entire sympathy. She was forty, and did not look thirty; and her daughter Lucy—Of course I was interested.

But I was like a physician who has not the confidence of his patient, nor a single symptom by which to diagnose the case. He gave a sickly smile and blush at my message from the pretty widow at Dunhopen, and said he was physically well, and would call to relieve Mrs. Griffin's friendly anxiety.

But he failed to do so. He had begun to be superstitious about the hog. He would hear of ravages committed by that ubiquitous animal at opposite extremities of the village at the very time when he had the rational evidence of his own senses that it had broken into his storeroom and made havoc of his provisions.

He had not butchered the brute, partly because it was too much fresh meat for his little family, and partly because he was city bred, and thought it a proper and creditable thing to raise and cure his own meat, like a country gentleman. Had he been country bred, he would have thought little of such economy; but it is a confession of our poor humanity to think other lives finer than our own, and try to imitate them.

In the mean while the situation of the widow in her straitened garrison was becoming really desperate. Tom Gwynn had not exaggerated in speaking of it as a Sabine marriage. As the reader may be incredulous about the ability to entrap a middle-aged, discreet lady, having a contrary preference, into a match against her will, it may be better to give the exact detail, as explained later by my old chum Tim Griffin, who was then in Europe, and confirmed by his sister Lucy and Nelly Gwynn.

Sally Sampson was a sharp, energetic little woman, of sandy hair and complexion, and gray eyes, in one of which was a brown or chestnut spot as large as a pin's head, as if that color had splashed into the iris.

Mrs. Griffin had been drifting, by a series of civilities, into a sort of forced confidence with her sister-in-law and her confederate. The three were in the sitting-room at Dunhopen, the ladies having some pretense of needle-work, and Mr. Newsants sitting, with that croupier's face on him, watching the game, when Mrs. Sally made her great *coup*.

"Now, Mr. Newsants," said she, "Emma and I have been talking business; and there is a matter in which Emma is directly interested, on which we want your candid opinion."

The croupier is politely willing to explain the rules of the game. Mrs. Griffin is in a flutter, as if asked to stake down on the double zero. She looks to the door, as if meditating flight; but there are her guests.

"Now about those wild lands, Mr. Newsants. Will you please to explain that?" continues Mrs. Sally.

"Certainly, madam;" and he turns and

explains in a clear and incisive way to the widow.

"The original investment was a very prudent one; the lands were bought in at a nominal rate of one dollar and a quarter. Colonel Griffin had them examined by an expert, and they developed coal and iron. He might have sold to advantage then. He did better. He fostered a railroad enterprise through them; the lands have gone up cent. per cent. But they have reached the maximum. The object of the investment is accomplished. Had Colonel Griffin lived, he would have realized: that remains to be done, and should be done at once, while the securities are steady."

"What I like about Mr. Newsants is, he is so clear and impartial," interpreted the chorus. "Now, sir, what do you think about Emma's future? She can't stay in this poky place among idle, insolent blacks."

"It is not necessary," responded he. "With capital from these wild lands, and the sale of her Southern plantation and slaves on account of the unsettled political condition of the South, her income will exceed her expenditure. Especially, on Miss Lucy's account, investments should be such as to relieve her mother of care, that she might take personal charge of the young lady."

"Just what I told Emma," interrupted Mrs. Sally. "Will you sacrifice your children for this poky place and its lazy blacks? And there's Timothy! Must he come home from the court of St. Jeemes's and the Tooleries to that sort of thing!"

"Under the arrangements, Mr. Tim Griffin can exercise his own pleasure," said the croupier. "His mother's investments in pork and tobacco will enable her to make his allowance very ample."

"Now that is what I call considerate," said Mrs. Sally, stealing her arm about the widow as she closed the trap. "Every true mother must think of those dear ones first; and it is noble and like Mr. Newsants to think of them and make that so clear. But now, Mr. Newsants, about Emma herself. She can't manage things: she must have some one she can trust. You understand me—some honorable, upright man of established business character, that her family knows and trusts, in order to her perfect security. Robert Miller will never consent to less than that, for dear Emma's sake."

As he made the final *coup*, the gamester's face was as cold and impassive as ever, but a shade paler; for the stake in the widow's hands might touch a quarter of a million. He spoke, however, in the same cool, incisive tone: "I shall be very happy to devote myself to Mrs. Griffin and her interests entirely. I shall see that her tastes and preferences are consulted, and her intentions about the children and the disposal of her property shall remain as completely in her own hands as in her widowhood. I shall be satisfied to have secured her person and happiness by the arrangement."

"I am sure," hesitated the widow, not a little puzzled by this courtship of the third person singular, and not seeing, for her part, what she was to say, or what it all meant—"I am sure you are very obliging; and Tim and Lucy, and perhaps—"

"Perhaps they should be informed," interrupted Mrs. Sally, stringing these fragments on a meaning of her own. "You dear Em! How prettily embarrassed! Mr. Newsants ought to be a very happy man." At which the widow looked down, blushing, more scared and embarrassed than ever; and Mrs. Sally fell to kissing her, as if that feature of the queer courtship must be done by proxy too. "But," she added, "I just knew you two would suit; and I am so glad it has turned out so well." After which she kept up such a rattle as to leave the widow no time for remonstrance or reflection, until Mr. Newsants took his hat, and with a stiff bow relieved her of his presence. He had seemed the same impassive watcher of the game; but out-of-doors he stopped and breathed short, as if he had been running.

"Your brother will be so glad!" began her sister-in-law.

"But, Sally—" interrupted the widow.

"Of course he'll call to-morrow—"

"But, Sally—" repeated the widow.

"—and see you alone," said Mrs. Sally.

"But I don't want to see him," cried the widow. "I want you to see him, and say—"

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing," said Mrs. Sally, who knew very well the widow wanted to revoke, but lacked the courage; "and now I am going to write your brother all about it."

Left to herself, the widow became frantic with apprehension of being married,

in spite of herself, to the wrong man. I got a civil note requesting me to ask Rev. Mr. Bland to call, and a second missive went to Gwynn's. It did not find Tom Gwynn, but it found the only match for Mrs. Sally Sampson the country-side afforded—Nelly Gwynn. The strategy of that young heroine, however, has nothing to do with the Rev. Mr. Bland's experiences. He was sufficiently moved by this second request to order that the hog should be butchered; that is, he sent for an expert to do execution.

It only led to another disappointment. The expert in this business was a shifty, tricky old rogue, who lived somewhere up in Breakneck Gap, known as Old Joe Bumponlog. Indeed, I find so much to admire in old Joe, I wonder I did not choose him for my hero rather than the Chester White. Everything that came to old Joe was a trade. If a cow strayed into his bunch of cattle, he explained that he had got her in trade. If an owner set up an adverse claim, he was required to identify the animal in beef; for old Joe had her hide at the tan-yard in about the time it took to take off his own ragged coat. Old Joe never broke into houses, or waylaid travellers on the highway; and he could barely write his own name, much less forge another's. He just traded —mostly in cows or beef cattle, though he might deal a little in horseflesh, or even poultry, if it came in his way.

He was always to be seen on the poor old sore-backed horse, with a ragged flap saddle, or driving a rickety old wagon with splints out of the sides, and a bit of broken plank for a tail-board. He would stop in the road to pick up a horseshoe or a bit of bridle, which he threw into the "kyart." Nor, to be candid, was this thrift restricted to the highway. He could do the same in your barn-yard, content even with waifs of more value, which he "'lowed warn't no use to nobody, nohow."

In season, he borrowed ploughs and hoes and rakes, and kept them, by that curious function of trade. He would have borrowed a steam locomotive, if he could have found a lender, and converted it into irrecognizable value, by way of trade. He was much about the court-house, and could tell shrewd stories of lawyers and judges, if he would; but these experiences he was a little shy of revealing.

Old Joe had his weakness: he soaked. That is the local definition. He carried a flat green glass flask of the vilest distillation in a ragged pocket, of which he partook raw, without any vanities of water or ice, as he jogged along on his poor old jade. At times this habit got the better of him, and he lay snoozing in the mud, while the old horse picked grass at the road-side, but never offered to leave him. They were very much alike, old Joe and the sore-backed horse. These slips were not common. Generally he soaked and kept his wits, picking up odd, out-of-the-way theories, which, by some mental process, he appropriated to himself, as if he had got them in trade. It often surprised strangers, and even old acquaintances, how much there was in that muddled old head. He had theories of sowing and ploughing and harvesting and butchering and pruning and transplanting, and the weather and the moon, and the power of yarbs, in which, indeed, he was quite a pharmacopœia, and made you think he might have been something if he liked, only he didn't, except to be old Joe. But at all times, drunk or sober, he was the same sly, unscrupulous, but not unkindly or ill-natured old Ishmaelite. His existence had become a habit, if not a necessity, to the neighborhood. He could physic a dog, take the hooks out of a horse's eyes, or cure glanders. He could make rabbit traps and partridge nets, and his clumsy old fingers could manage a salmon-fly that seemed bewitched, it was so lucky. Besides all these, he was the neighborhood butcher, by which your Southern readers understand the one who undertakes to supply fresh meat, and does not do it.

To be entirely consistent, old Joe did not come as he had promised; but Mr. Bland was in earnest by this time, and renewed his application until the slinking old pariah was brought to book. Old Joe stopped and looked at the brute, with his elbows on his ragged pockets, and the stump of a whip-stock protruding, only to pronounce the hog too young, and that the pork would be too green or measly; of which the poor victim only understood it would be highly improper to butcher it.

"Wy, that air's a Chester White," added old Joe. "He ain't got more'n half his size yit. Wait a bit; he'll be too big to git in a door, an' meat enough to do ye more'n half a year."

About the meat was all very well; but the fable that the Chester White could not

go through any door was a greater miracle than any recorded in Mr. Bland's Bible. It did not have to lift now; it just brushed the door off the hinges, and went grunting indifferently through the splinters. It did grow. It swelled visibly before his very eyes, like a blown bladder. He and his daughter had given up. If they heard the hog coming, they snatched whatever could be saved, and fled. The Chester White had taken the parsonage.

Good Mr. Bland never forgot it. He carried the whole tremendous gross weight of the hog on his conscience night and day, and yet by no word or sign did he betray, even to his daughter, how cruel the burden was, or what subject of meditation so engrossed his thoughts. She could but see the change, but she put it down to any cause but the right one. A weaker man would have complained; the minister gave no sign.

It might be too curious a speculation to analyze his feelings at this time, but certainly they were double. In one was the clear common-sense view that regarded the matter as certainly annoying, perhaps vexatious, but too trifling a concern to entertain serious thought over. The other felt the animal to be possessed of the evil spirits once assigned to such, and sent especially to try him. It did try him. He felt that it had tested him in every point in which he had felt strong, and he had proved fragile as a reed. It rebuked him. He began to think he had mistaken his calling. There must be something inherently vicious in one in whose hand so familiar and harmless an animal became so terrible. As to trusting himself with a horse, he did not dare think of it. One brute was enough. A horse in his hands would murder half the village.

He never forgot it. If he thought of his views of the prophecies or of Dunhopen and its fair owner once, he thought of the hog a thousand times. He felt it always, and went about thinking how its ravages had made the villagers hate him, and talk ill of him to one another. It was not fatal; it was not so kind. It was like the itch—something to cause him to be avoided, to be misjudged. It was something loathsome that isolated him from kindly and familiar nature, and set him apart in a kind of moral leprosy, and yet its absurdly, ridiculously insignificant character deprived him even of the vanity of martyrdom. To affect it would be equally profane and contemptible. He began to look forward to the first frost of hog-killing time like a yellow-fever patient in a Southern hospital; and he secluded himself in the interval. It in no way affected his sermons; probably because he was unable to compose a sermon at the time; but his prayers grew to be the fervent and passionate appeals of a broken and contrite heart. It was impossible to hear them without being strongly, even painfully, moved. The suspicion of Phariseeism, peculiar to a pure and rigidly exact nature, was all gone. Wise and good as he was, he was the humblest, most penitent Christian in the congregation. At length the frost came, with a cold snap, and he sent for old Joe, and old Joe delayed. But the preacher would put up with no procrastination in the matter. In rather more cheerful frame of mind, he borrowed a neighbor's horse, and set out in search of old Joe's quarters.

He lived in a remote corner of Breakneck Gap—a rocky ravine that turned a flare edge over the hill-tops from the village below. His cabin stood shouldered against the cliffs, with Dame Bumponlog's wash-kettle at the spring branch in the hollow. He found the master of the house sitting on the stoop, and opened the subject of his neglect.

"But ye ain't noticed it's light o' the moon," said old Joe.

"What has that got to do with hog-killing?" asked the preacher.

"D'ye want the meat all for to run to lard?" was the Socratic rejoinder.

"N-no," said Mr. Bland, "certainly not that. Why?"

"Less'n ye kill an' cure in dark o' the moon, the fat all runs to grease," was the sententious reply.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Bland.

"The moon does oodles high-larnt men dursn't know," said old Joe. "When d'ye sot out seedlin's?"

"In the spring, I suppose," said Mr. Bland.

"But what time o' the moon?" insisted old Joe.

"I don't set them in the moon," said the other, quizzically.

"Ye put 'em out light o' the moon. Long sass, light o' the moon; short sass, dark o' the moon," said old Joe, gravely.

"There is nothing in Holy Writ or common-sense for the opinion," said Mr. Bland.

"Light, light," insisted the hospitable Ishmaelite, as he proceeded to explain. "The moon's loaded stone, you'll 'low?"

"Loaded stone!" repeated the puzzled divine.

"Wot picks up nails an' needles," explained old Joe. "Chunks out'n it, airy lights, has lit down onto the yea'th, an' they're all loaded stones."

"Oh, loadstone," said the preacher.

"Ay. Loaded stone i' the moon draws the water: you'll 'low that?" insisted the philosopher.

"You mean the tides?" the minister ventured to guess.

"Yes, sir. An' it draws the sap into the tree, and busts out in leaf, an' draws the grease outen the fat, ef ye kill light o' the moon," said old Joe; and he was going to set forth his theory in detail, but Mr. Bland interrupted him to insist on having the butchering done at once.

"I 'lowed you'd wait tell dark o' the moon," said Joe; "but seein' as it is, I'll be down tomorrornexday," running it curiously into one word. "Ye done got the trough an' kettles a'ready?"

"Why, no," said the preacher; "but I suppose I can borrow."

"Well, have the critter penned," said old Joe, "agin I get thar, an hour by sun."

Mr. Bland rode off, a little distrustful of the penning, but satisfied withal. Then, as his spirits rose in prospect of relief, he laughed over old Joe's philosophies about the moon, and being in high good-humor, ventured to call on the widow. I do not know what passed, only Mrs. Sally found her yielding sister-in-law suddenly stubborn, and like to take the bit in her teeth. In desperation, she ventured to work upon the widow's superstitious fears through table-tipping. It caused another urgent message, and again Mr. Bland failed to appear. It was only the masterly strategy of Nelly Gwynn that finally routed the hitherto indomitable sister-in-law. But the reader is more interested in knowing what new development robbed Mr. Bland of his courage in such a crisis.

The household of the preacher were up betimes. The hog was lured into a corner by cabbage stalks and pot liquor, and duly fenced in with rails and beams. The trough and kettle were borrowed, and the water heated.

Mr. Bland, in his study, had taken up the subject of the prophecies where he had left it when this huge incubus bore him down. It was a bright, cool, fall day, just right for pork butchering, and as he contemplated regaining his popularity, he felt his hopes and spirits rise. He had borne it all in silence and without a murmur. Surely this world does not know its martyrs or martyrdoms. How the most insignificant trifle may cause more settled, continuous wretchedness than many great calamities! The crossness of a husband, the peevishness of a wife, the pertness of a girl, or, less than that, some petty habit of eating or sleeping—all of these may at some time play the part of the Chester White hog, and be the pebble in the shoe through all our daily walks. But Mr. Bland had borne his cross, and the hour of relief had come. He felt as if his nature was swept and purified. He took up his theory at that point in which, by incontrovertible mathematic solution, he established an epochal identity in the periods of prophetic weeks to the equinoctial and solstitial points of the Great Year, so to fix the apocalyptic dates and periods with a precision and verity never before attempted. Love and fame should be his future handmaids. At the moment, his daughter Estella came tripping into his study to say that Mr. Bumponlog had come, and wished to see him. He came down smiling, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a thought of quizzing this same learned Theban a little upon his lunacies.

Old Joe was in shirt sleeves, a great wooden-hafted knife in his hand. He spoke first: "You air a high-larnt man; I 'lowed you'd better see this here critter you calls a hog."

What did the fellow mean? But Mr. Bland stiffened his cartilage to resist any more humbugging, and followed to the pen.

"You 'lowed it were a hog," getting over into the inclosure and kicking the lazy brute till it grunted and rose to its feet.

"A hog!" repeated the preacher, wondering if the fellow would pronounce it a rhinoceros, or the great behemoth itself, lying under the shady trees, whose nose pierceth through snares.

"Yes, hoss," repeated old Joe, "you 'lowed it were a hog. But it air a sow, an' a brood sow at that. I 'low no man as is a Christian, an' a preacher to boot, don't 'low for to kill a brood sow in litter. Why, the meat 'ud be good for nuthin'; an' the onnateralness on it!"

Mr. Bland was far too meek a man to insist. "No, no," he stammered, mechanically, "not if it would hurt the poor thing."

As old Joe gathered his knives and scrapers, Mr. Bland stole back to his upper chamber. He heard the rude fellow stop outside and tell a villager how the preacher 'lowed for him to come an' butcher a brood sow, and the two burst into a great shout of laughter. It would be all over town in ten minutes, all over the county in a day. He would not dare leave home. He was completely wrecked. As we have suggested, it seemed to him too foolish a thing to pray about, too absurd to ask sympathy in; but as he realized the reproduction of such a creature, a sort of superstitious dread seized him. They would uproot the village. It would cause him to be dismissed from the Conference, and driven into the desert!

Through it all he knew this misery was utterly absurd; that he should pay no attention to it; that no sincere man respected him less because he was burdened with a troublesome animal. Instead of relieving, it quickened his misery to know it was absurd, extravagant, and that he ought to shift it off, for he knew by repeated trial that it stuck close as a cutaneous eruption that must run its course. Before we condemn his weakness, let us study some of our own petty troubles—habits that have grown upon us that we ought to shake off, and yet which we know have stuck to us, and grown stronger for years, in spite of every resolution to rid ourselves of them.

The next report was that Rev. Mr. Bland was seriously unwell, and could not preach the following Sunday. I called, and was admitted to his study. He was sitting at a table in dressing-gown and slippers. He received me in a grave, quiet way, and when I asked for his health, he hesitated, and said he believed it was much as usual. After a pause he added, "I am thinking of resigning the ministry."

I was thunder-struck. I had never met any one who so completely filled my ideal of the minister indeed. I hastily asked the reason for his strange resolution.

"The apparent cause," said he, "would appear too insignificant; but it is not that. He has His way of trying us by means that seem to our fallible judgment wholly inadequate; but they serve—they serve His purpose. He has tried me severely. I have found myself deficient, sadly deficient, in all those things which become the Gospel teacher. I pray, William, that you may be spared the bitterness of finding, after years of experience in error, that you have mistaken your calling;" and he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed profoundly moved. I could not speak from sympathy.

At the moment there was a touch at the door, and the widow Griffin entered with a salver and napkin. She removed the latter, and showed a dish of delicious curds, and a pitcher of thick sweet cream.

"'Stella told me you were not taking anything to eat," she said. "I knew you were fond of this; and you must eat it, for I made it with my own hands."

He thanked her, and looked at her earnestly. It made her blush and hesitate. To cover her confusion, she went on: "I have taken another liberty. 'Stella was much annoyed by a hog you have in this little yard. I made Ben take it in the wagon out to Dunhopen."

"Ma'am!" said he, starting up.

"But," said the frightened widow, "he can bring it back when you are well. 'Stella told me you prized it very highly. It shall be taken care of, or brought back, if you wish."

"No, no, thank you—that is, do as you please. I beg pardon." He was very much agitated. He walked up and down, stopped at the dish of curds, and tasted it, and then turned to the wondering woman. "I beg your pardon. I believe—I am sure—you have saved my life, or at least my reason. If the devotion of a whole life—"

I don't know exactly what followed, for I got an impression that there was one person too many in the room, and could not resist a suggestion that it was myself. But Rev. Mr. Bland did not resign the ministry—at least not at that time—and he did marry the widow Griffin.

OCTOBER.

Long looked for was the summer. Anxious eyes
Noted the budding bough, the crocus flame,
That told its coming. Now, 'neath autumn skies
The leaves fall slowly, slowly as they came.

There is no need to watch while winter weaves
Fair buds to crown another golden prime,
For something heavier than the autumn leaves
Has hidden eyes that looked for summer-time.

The trees shall wake from their forgetful sleep
Unto new blossom and a tender green—
The countless trees!—but never one will keep
A little leaf or flower that she has seen!

SCIENTIFIC COMMON-SCHOOL EDUCATION.

SOME months since an educational document was published in Massachusetts to which the term unique might not inappropriately be applied. It was a report on the common schools of Norfolk County, prepared by Mr. George A. Walton. It is merely necessary to premise that Norfolk County, in Massachusetts, lies immediately south of Boston, adjoining the city limits, and contains a number of the more wealthy and populous suburban towns, while Mr. Walton is well known as a practical educationalist, and has for several years been connected with the State Board as one of its visiting agents. His report on the Norfolk County schools is unique from the fact that in it he presents, not theories, inferences, and conclusions, but a mass of raw material; it shows exactly what the common schools examined by him do, and how they do it. It shows also what they do not do, and why they do not do it. This is done by means of a series of lithographic reproductions of the written exercises handed in by the children, and through these any one who cares to do so is enabled to judge for himself of the quality and value of the educational staple which is being supplied by a State which certainly has not been sparing of its money when the common schools were in question, and has been wont to not a little pride itself on the results which the money so expended was supposed to produce.

Those results, as now revealed by Mr. Walton, are sufficiently startling, and the secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education certainly did not overstate the case when, in his recent annual report, he said that they were "not altogether flattering to the pride of a Massachusetts citizen." They certainly are not, if the editorial comments upon them of the Chicago *Times*, in its issue of March 22 last, are true, and there seems to be no sufficient reason for doubting that they are. That journal then expressed itself as follows:

"The examinations were, in the first place, of the simplest and most practical character. There was no nonsense about them. They had but one object—to see if, in the common schools, the children were taught to read, write, and cipher. They did not touch the higher branches or the refinements of education; they were confined to its hard, practical results.....As a result, it is not too much to say that there is not a single utterly exploded method of teaching children to read, write, and cipher which was not found flourishing in full vigor within ten miles of Boston State-house. The showing made by some of the towns was excellent, and of them we shall speak presently. In the case of others, and of many others, it is evident from what Mr. Walton says, and still more evident from what he intimates, that the scholars of fourteen years of age did not know how to read, to write, or to cipher. They could, it is true, repeat the pieces in their school readers, and parse and spell in classes, and rattle off rules in grammar and arithmetic, not one word of which they understood; but if they were called upon to write the shortest of letters or the simplest of compositions, or to go through the plainest of arithmetical combinations, their failure was complete. They had, in fact, been taught what to them were conundrums without end; but the idea that the teaching was to be of any practical use in the lives of these children, when they grew to be American men and women, formed no part of the system, and evidently had never entered into the heads of the instructors. Take writing, for instance. As Mr. Walton intimates, to be able to write an ordinary letter of the simplest description is in life not a wholly unuseful accomplishment. He further tells us that in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, 'writing in many schools is limited to what is done in the copy-books,' while 'far too much reliance is placed on oral spelling.' The children taught in these exploded ways were then called upon to write the simplest of letters, and the results, so far as they are given, were even more fearful than they were wonderful. In some of the schools the teachers objected to submitting their scholars to so severe a test, while in others it was found that 'the pupils were wholly unused to the exercise of letter or composition writing; in some, in fact, could neither write nor make the printing letters.' In yet others, the scholars, 'after the materials were placed in their hands, and the directions were given, sat in apparent amazement, as if the most unreasonable demand had been made upon them; to some, indeed, the directions were at first incomprehensible, and had to be many times repeated. Nor was this condition limited to the lower grade of pupils. Some, even of the grammar grade, after dipping the pen in ink, had nothing to write, and finally returned the paper as blank as when it was given them. Very many of both grades gave evidence that they had never been taught even the mechanical part of any written exercise.' And all that within twenty miles of Harvard College, and in the wealthiest portion of New England! Then, when the letters and compositions were brought in, the ingenuity in bad spelling seems simply incredible. Unless the different misspellings of the word 'scholar,' for instance,

were given, as in this volume they are, who would believe that they would be some 230 in number? Then, again, 65 different spellings are enumerated of the word 'dépôt;' 108 of the common word 'whose;' and 58 of 'which.' 'Out of 1122 pupils who used the adverb "too" in the narratives, 859, or nearly 77 per cent. of the whole, spelled the word incorrectly.' Then on pages 218–219 and 246–248 of the report we are given fac-simile lithographs of these letters and compositions, showing their average excellence in certain of the towns, and anything worse it would be hard to conceive. Language fails to do justice to them; they only can do it to themselves."

So far as Norfolk County is concerned, this does not seem to be an overstatement of the case; and, moreover, there would seem to be good reason for suspecting that the schools of that county are not, as Mr. Walton says, "neither better nor worse than similar schools in other parts of our State," but that, on the contrary, they are distinctly of the better class. In publishing for general distribution a special edition of Mr. Walton's report, the committee of the Norfolk County School Association go yet further than this, and clearly intimate their belief that, if subjected to similar practical tests, the schools of no other section of the country would, as a whole, show any better results. It is always asserted that this is not the case—that an ideal condition of affairs exists, if not in the next county, then surely in some neighboring State. That there are cities and towns which have been exceptionally fortunate in having intelligent direction, and through it have secured an excellent system of schools, no one would deny. Speaking generally, however—taking one district, as a whole, with another—the weight of evidence would seem to indicate that the highly unsatisfactory condition of affairs which has been found to exist in Massachusetts will be found to exist pretty much everywhere else.

The question, then, naturally recurs,—Why is this so? It certainly is not so because the proper apparatus is not supplied, or a sufficiency of money spent on it. In Massachusetts, the common schools alone, as now conducted, cost some $4,000,000 a year. There is then a whole system of normal schools to train teachers for the common schools. In fact, as is well known, instead of being behindhand in this matter, Massachusetts is rather famous as a nursery of teachers, who are looked upon as one of the staple products of the State. The results shown in the Walton report are not due, then, to want of money, or natural aptitude, or suitable apparatus. To what are they due?—Mr. Walton says that his "examinations clearly indicate that more depends upon the supervision of the schools than upon all other causes combined"; and the secretary of the State Board, in his accompanying report, very distinctly intimates that the one thing, in his opinion, needful for the Massachusetts common schools is a good system of county supervision.

In this conclusion he is probably right. But the question yet remains,—What is "a good system of county supervision"?—and are there in Massachusetts the materials now at hand and the organization out of which to create it? This is at least open to doubt. That a system of supervision—a new machinery of old school superintendencies—could be organized in Massachusetts as good, perhaps, as is to be found anywhere else, at least in this country, admits of very little question. Is that, however, all that is required?—Is not something very different and more far-reaching called for?—And if it should so appear, and we do not at least make an effort toward realizing that something, will we not show ourselves unequal to the occasion?—Is not the systematic development and organization of a new phase of the common-school superintendency the thing now needed?—and is not that implied in Mr. Dickinson's "good system of county supervision"?

To make clear, however, what is meant by the development of a new phase of the superintendency—to show that this expression represents a distinct idea, and is not a mere sounding form of words—something of a retrospect is necessary. Of late years a great deal has been heard about evolution—a new word to describe a familiar process. Evolution, as every one knows, is the tendency of things to pass from lower and simpler to higher and more complex forms of organization. In speaking of this tendency as it has evinced itself in the common-school superintendency, it is not easy to avoid saying things which it will not be pleasant for many superintendents to hear. It is not agreeable, of course, when one has done good and honest work in one's life—been, indeed, the pioneer of the coming time—to be classed as of a by-gone period;—to have it plainly intimated that one's labor may

have been—nay, was—good and necessary in its day and place, but that now it is done, and that the time has come for it and you to make room for something better. Yet, except in art and in poetry, this is the fate common to all workers. In building their lives into the great edifice of the higher civilization it can not be given to all to work on frieze and cornice. The vast majority must perforce expend their toil on the foundations and the inner walls, where its results are doomed to be forever out of sight. None the less they are all there, and foundations and inner walls are not without their uses. All the builders are present in the grand results.

Recurring, then, to the common-school superintendency, there would seem to be some reason for supposing that, in a general way, it has now in this country passed through two distinct phases of development, and is on the threshold of a third. The two phases it has passed through were preliminary; that upon which it is now entering will prove final. The two phases of the past may be designated as the first, or material, and the intermediate, or pseudo-intellectual phase; the coming, or the final phase, as the scientific.

Naturally the material was the earliest phase. The crying need of the common school thirty and forty years ago was a material one, and the possibilities of the situation were not appreciated. The school-house, the window, the out-house, the desk, the map, the slate, and the text-book, all stood in pressing need of intelligent reforming. The low, dark, ill-ventilated, dirty room, with its long rows of benches and continuous desks, hacked and disfigured by the jackknives of succeeding generations, had slowly to give place to something better. One thing at a time, and this was the first work of the superintendency. It was a necessary rather than a great work. The office also was a new one, and those who filled it were in no way specially trained for it. They were looked upon with suspicion by the school committees, and there was a general disposition to make them as nearly as possible mere purchasing agents, and superintendents of—repairs. Perhaps the two great monuments of this earlier period are the four-square school-house and the separate desk. They are good monuments too. But it is not necessary to spend much time over this earlier phase. It speaks for itself. Even those solely identified with it will not claim that its work was more than preliminary. Cleanliness, however, is next to godliness; and those who introduced cleanliness, light, and order into the beastly old common school deserved well of their successors.

The material requirements of the schools being in a measure provided for, the next work, naturally enough, related to education proper. This period is here designated as the pseudo-intellectual, because in its broad features and general results it would seem to cover a time during which an intellectual subject was mechanically dealt with. It is not yet over, and the workers in it are still upon the stage. To one viewing the whole process from the outside it is not easy to speak of it or of them with more than qualified admiration. So far as organization was concerned, the work was most thoroughly done. It was, too, not only a necessary work, but one of great magnitude. It called into play, however, exactly those qualities which the American people possess in higher degree than any other—the qualities which constitute the essence of their political capacity. As every one knows, if two Americans meet together for the transaction of business, they instinctively, as it were, organize: one of them is appointed chairman, and the other secretary, and they make a record of their proceedings. So in politics we have the caucus and the party. When a great domestic war bursts upon us, after half a century of peace, we organize our armies and victory with a rapidity which other nations are at a loss to understand. We hold a World's Fair, and the whole country throngs to it without confusion, as if by one impulse. The importance of this instinctive organizing faculty can not be overestimated. It means empire. It also means, however, the constant tendency toward the uniform and the mechanical—to what is known in politics as "the machine." As Tennyson expresses it, "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." We organize for the mere sake of the organization, with little regard at last to the spirit which inspires it; if, indeed, we stop to ask whether there is any spirit or inspiration at all about it. So during the period referred to, we organized our common-school education to meet the tide of immigration and the outward flow of population; and those having the

work in charge did it, in a mechanical point of view, with energy and skill. It is not easy, either, to exaggerate the magnitude of the task or the thoroughness with which it was done. Admiration of it must, however, be limited to its mechanical aspects, for in its spirit and methods this period was essentially empirical. There was very little that deserved to be called scientific about it. The subject-matter with which it had to deal was the training in a purely educational way of vast aggregates of human minds. Approaching this work in an organizing instead of a scientific spirit, the impossible—as might have been foreseen—was attempted, and it was attempted in a purely mechanical way. The indefinite multiplication of things to be taught became the fashion of the day, with little or no regard to the laws of mental development. This went on until, for instance, the following is the list of studies prescribed by law to be taught in all the high schools of Massachusetts: Orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, drawing, the history of the United States, and good behavior; algebra, vocal music, agriculture, physiology, and hygiene; general history, book-keeping, surveying, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, the civil polity of the commonwealth and of the United States, and the Latin language; the Greek and French languages, astronomy, geology, rhetoric, logic, intellectual and moral philosophy, and political economy.

The same spirit of unreflecting diffusion pervaded the common schools, naturally resulting, in the hands of any mechanical or routine superintendent, in what may perhaps best be described as the drill-sergeant stage, or the company front, in education. Not that it should for an instant be inferred that throughout this, as all other periods, many good results were not reached by what must be considered irrational and mistaken means and theories. It is quite unnecessary to say that this always has been and always will be the case. A born workman will produce good work no matter how poor his tools or how bad his training. So a natural teacher will teach, and teach successfully, no matter how false the methods he may use. Even in the old, old days, when the grammar of the Latin language, with its *propria quæ maribus*, was flogged into little boys in the original tongue, there were great teachers who produced great results. No one, however, would to-day defend their methods, though then they were, *ex cathedrâ*, pronounced the best and only correct methods. Without, therefore, at all detracting from the good results accomplished by individuals, reference is now made simply to the drift and general tendency of the recent and intermediate period—the presence in it of the mechanical and the absence of the intellectual. Whether agreeing with this proposition or not, any one who has had to do with modern common schools knows what is referred to. Huge mechanical educational machines, they are peculiar to our own time and country, and are organized, as nearly as possible, as a combination of the cotton mill and the railroad with the model State-prison. The school committee is the board of direction, while the superintendent—the chief executive officer—sits in his central office with the time-table, which he calls a programme, before him, by which one hour twice a week is allotted to this study, and half an hour three times a week to that, and twenty hours a term to a third; and at such a time one class will be at this point and the other class at that, the whole moving with military precision to a given destination at a specified date. Mechanical methods could not be carried further. The organization is perfect. The machine works almost with the precision of clock-work. It is, however, company front all the time. From one point of view children are regarded as automatons; from another, as India rubber bags; from a third, as so much raw material. They must move in step, and exactly alike. They must receive the same mental nutriment in equal quantities and at fixed times. Its assimilation is wholly immaterial, but the motions must be gone through with. Finally, as raw material, they are emptied in at the primaries, and marched out at the grammar grades—and it is well!

This was the very general—in fact, the inevitable—result on the large scale of the system of superintendency in vogue during the last twenty-five years. It was also, perhaps, a natural and necessary phase of development, something which had to be passed through, though it immediately resulted in several undesirable things. In the first place, so far as the

child was concerned, the imitative or memorizing faculties only were cultivated, and little or no attention was paid to the thinking or reflective powers. Indeed, it may almost be said that a child of any originality, or with individual characteristics, was looked upon as wholly out of place in a public school. The idea, under the system, was masses of children designated from usage by names, instead of more conveniently by numbers, who learned certain rules by heart, and applied them with mechanical promptitude and correctness. Any deviation from this semi-military method was sternly repressed as a breach of correct discipline. Starting from this point, the course of so-called educational development up to a recent period has been natural, logical, and—commonplace. There have been just three steps to it—memorizing, examinations, programmes—the last two, the latest educational hobbies built upon the traditional foundation of the first. The way in which these led from one on to the next is obvious enough. In the first place, time out of mind, all knowledge was, educationally speaking, looked upon as a vast accumulation of facts, rules, and definitions, and the grand aim and object of teaching was to impart as many as possible of these to the youthful mind. The way to impart was to cause them to be laboriously committed to memory. Thus the teacher sat in his chair, a sort of lone fisherman on the shore of the great ocean of things known, and he hooked up out of it now a rule, and now a fact, and then again a definition, and he gave them to the children, and saw that they swallowed them, whether they liked them or not, and whether they were nourished by them or not. But in process of time it became apparent to the more observing that the knowledge thus imparted was not retained, and the examination was then devised as a means of assuring the purveyor of knowledge that the facts, rules, and definitions imparted were held, so to speak, on the intellectual stomach for at least a reasonable period. The examination, however, as it was organized and gradually ramified into a fully developed whole, almost necessarily called the programme into existence. The world of knowledge was too large; there were too many facts and rules and definitions for the teacher, as well as for the taught; and so, for the protection of the former, it became necessary to stake out from the wide domain, by certain metes and bounds, the districts within which he was to search for the hidden treasures. Anything obtained or to be obtained outside was not to count. The programme was thus a relief to the teacher, clearly marking as it did the limits within which the cramming process was to be carried on. It made his work possible. The development of the system was then complete.

Under these circumstances, education being reduced to little more than a mechanical process of cramming, with periodical nerve trials to ascertain the degree of retention, the average child not unnaturally felt toward his school and what was there required of him very much as a learned dog or monkey may be supposed to feel towards his task-master. Accordingly, the sickening dislike of school, and of things taught at school, is with the majority of those emancipated from it almost the strongest association connected with early life.

The work of organization being completed, and the mechanical having been overdone, a new course of thought was inevitable. A reaction was certain to come. It began several years ago. Of late it has assumed a more definite shape, and is finding clearer expression. This reaction is founded on very deep principles. Its direction is away from mechanism, and toward science. Indeed, the cardinal principle of this "new departure," if it may so be designated, is that there is just as much a science in developing the more ordinary faculties of the human mind as there is in raising crops or extracting minerals from the earth. There is an easy, natural, and attractive way of training the intellect, as there is of training the body, if your philosophy could but find it out. It is not the way to find it out, however, to analyze the thing to be taught, dividing and defining, and taking to pieces and putting together. On the contrary, the work must begin at the other end. The operation of the child's mind, the natural processes of growth and assimilation which go on in it, its inherent methods of development and acquisition, must be long and patiently studied. The superintendent of the future is thus a Baconian in his philosophy. He rejects at once all mechanism, all tradition, all *a priori* theories, all military methods. He has recourse to a slow, pa-

tient process of induction. Believing that the human mind is something more than a cabbage, he argues that if there is a science in manuring and growing cabbages, there is probably a science of mental development. Accordingly, he watches the child in its mother's arms and at play. He sees it learn to speak and to walk, and analyzes the processes through which it does it. Then he follows the school-boy out to the ball-ground and the skating pond. Wherever he goes, he notices one thing, that at every age, from infancy to manhood, the child is continually learning to do with infinite ease and skill things most difficult to do—things which he himself would in vain attempt. If he questions that fact, he has but carefully to study the principles of equilibrium and momentum; and then, having thoroughly mastered them, and got them at his tongue's end, let him go upon the ice and try to follow some boy through a little fancy skating. He has taught the boy the rules of grammar, and then called upon him to write the English language: why is it that he, having taught himself each principle of speed and balance involved, can not now slide off on the outer edge? To skate is as difficult as to write; it is probably more difficult. Yet in spite of hard teaching in the one case, and no teaching in the other, the boy can skate beautifully, and he can not write his native tongue at all. So the superintendent of the future learns a lesson on the skating pond, and goes home from it with a new conception of the little worth of formulas, and more faith in practice. Thus it is in everything. The processes he applies to the child he finds that he can not get any results from when he applies them to himself. Take base-ball, for instance. He teaches the child to write by putting it in a certain position, with a pen in its hand, and causing it to imitate with up-and-down strokes a printed legend at the head of the page of a copy-book. This is done three half-hours a week. Then he himself studies the rules of base-ball, and takes a bat in his hand, and imitates blows, and runs imaginary bounds, and keeps it up painfully and conscientiously—as a good boy writes—three half-hours a week, for the entire term. And at the end of the term he can no more play base-ball than the boy can write. Then he turns to the examination papers of the Norfolk County schools in Mr. Walton's report, and no longer asks himself, Why is this so? It is all clear to him now. He has been expecting of little children what he could not do himself. So he goes back to the beginning, and, before he undertakes to teach, sits humbly down, a grown man, at Nature's knee, and patiently cons the alphabet of her methods.

The scientific superintendency is, however, as yet in its first infancy. It is wholly unorganized. How completely it is in its infancy, how wholly it lacks organization, becomes very apparent when the single indisputable fact is stated that in this country the development of the average human mind is not recognized by our highest institutions of learning as a scientific study at all. They pay no attention to it—make no provision for it. They have medical schools devoted to the study of man's body; they have dental schools devoted to the study of his teeth; but any one who is not a fool, the learned doctors tell us, can train the child's mind! All there is to know on that subject can be told in half an hour, and learned by practice at an older teacher's side in a few weeks. Is not this curious? That it is a fact is indisputable. There is a science of law, and schools and professors to teach it. There is a science of agriculture, and colleges devoted to its study. There is a science of mining, and institutes of technology in which it is taught. It is even claimed that there is a science of divinity. But when it comes to the educational development of those who are to constitute the future state, though we spend millions on millions upon it, the universities turn their heads away, and class them as something less than the grass of the field. They grade the child's mind as lower than its teeth. They assume that any callow youth, fresh from his graduate course, and with the ink hardly dry on his degree, is quite competent to train the first, though not to take care of the last. We thus turn over our children to those whom we would never dream of intrusting with our potato patch. Such a denial in a republic of a science of general, as distinguished from higher education, assuredly merits to be classed among the inexplicable facts of the day. To it, and to it alone, may be attributed the long continuance of the company-front and time-table phase of the superintendency—the slowness with which the scientific is made to supersede the mechanical and automatic.

Accordingly we have the results we have; and, in spite of all local and disconnected strivings after better things, the condition of affairs found by Mr. Walton in Norfolk County is likely to continue to be found there, as well as pretty much everywhere else, by whoever chooses to look, until the whole subject is approached in a wholly new spirit, and from a wholly new direction. The old *ex cathedrâ* utterances must be disregarded, and all faith in prescriptive ways abandoned; while, in place thereof, the existence of a new field of scientific inquiry must be recognized.

The remedy for the condition of affairs described in the Walton report can not, therefore, rationally be looked for through any supervision which means simply more mechanical methods, more company fronts, more time-tables. We want supervision badly enough, but not that supervision; and where any other kind of supervision is at present to come from, in the degree and volume required, it is somewhat difficult to see. It is certainly not the province of the Normal Schools to supply it. They educate teachers, it is true; but the work in hand is something more than direct teaching—it is the philosophy of teaching. It is a distinctly higher walk of the profession. It accordingly implies in those who devote themselves to it a preceding groundwork of general education not required in the pupils of our Normal Schools. It is, in fact, a legitimate portion of university training, which always supposes the groundwork of an under-graduate course.

Here, however, we come in direct contact with a traditional feeling, and of all difficulties to be overcome, a traditional feeling is the most difficult. Time out of mind—from the earliest colonial days to the present time—the Eastern colleges have lived in the faith that the chief useful purpose of the master's desk in a common school was to afford a poor subsistence to those of their graduates who were struggling forward to future eminence at the bar or in the ministry. That tradition has survived the simple condition of things in which it originated and had its uses, and now it has become the bane of the common-school system. It singles out teaching in it as an unworthy thing, as a mere calling, which can lay no claim to being an honorable profession, much less an elevating science. Any 'prentice hand is equal to it. And holding this tradition in regard to elementary teaching, the universities have failed to draw the line between the superintendent and the usher. They have, on the contrary, held aloof from the whole subject as one of little consideration, and by so doing separated, in so far as they could, the college from the district school. This in America was most unfortunate—unfortunate for the college, unfortunate for the district school. Here is a wide field which might be made to return a harvest of untold richness, and at Cambridge and New Haven it is as a barren waste. In so treating it these universities are not fulfilling their mission. They are not influencing as they should the destinies of the continent.

The immediate difficulty is, therefore, with the universities. So far as the common schools are concerned, they are not doing their work. The schools need a scientific impulse and direction, and they will respond to it with a quickness which is magical. This is the whole secret of that movement in Quincy which has recently excited so wide an attention. The same result, under similar influences, would follow everywhere. The remedy, therefore, for the condition of affairs revealed in the Walton report is an obvious one, though one which does not admit of immediate application. In this matter the longest way round will be found the shortest way home. The superintendency of the common schools must follow in the path of development which the other professions have pursued.

And in this connection we may as well recall to mind how very few years it is since divinity, medicine, and law even were any of them scientifically studied. At Cambridge, the oldest and most fully developed of our universities, the Divinity School dates but from 1819, the Medical School from 1782, and the Law School from 1817; while the Scientific School there, and the School of Technology in Boston, are of even later origin, the former going back only to 1850, while the latter is as recent as 1865. Thus the whole system of American scientific education is less than a century old.

The law, perhaps, affords the better analogy to illustrate the existing needs and future development of the general education. It is but a very few years since the same line of argument was heard in regard to jurisprudence that is now heard

in regard to education. The attempt to deal with it as a science was deprecated. It was declared that the best possible legal training was that acquired in the office of some advocate of established reputation, in active practice. The student was a veritable limb of the law. He began by drawing writs and copying legal documents. He did what the young teacher must do now —approached the philosophy of his profession, if he approached it at all, through its drudgery; but it was thought necessary to make the drudgery its most prominent feature. So the young teacher begins with the humdrum of the school-room, and it is argued that six months' service as the assistant of a good master is better than any amount of theoretical training.

The general education is, therefore, now passing through this phase of transition: it is claiming recognition as a science, and its claim has not as yet been listened to. Consequently everything for the time being is in a state of confusion. The necessity for a scientific training exists, but there is no provision for supplying it. Hence the present movement of the waters. That they are troubled, no one denies; but while some assert that the trouble is due to a mere spirit of meaningless agitation which will soon subside, leaving the old order of things restored and forever vindicated, others see that a great change is impending. The general education is at last thoroughly organized—that vast labor is accomplished—and the call is for the modern scientific spirit to be widely infused into it.

There being as yet no provision for the constant supply of men trained to carry on this work, the movement, such as it is, is for the present local, spasmodic, and unreliable. It is an advance by points, not along the entire line; and the ground gained is never secure. Take the case of the schools of Quincy, Massachusetts, which have already been alluded to. As the result of six years of sustained, intelligent effort, what Mr. Walton terms in his report "rational methods of teaching" have been introduced into the schools of that town. Certainly the change has been greater and more gratifying than those engaged in bringing it about ever supposed possible. It has also attracted a degree of wide-spread attention which is one of the encouraging symptoms of the time. It shows at least that on this subject the public mind is generally in a thoroughly receptive condition. The difficulty with the Quincy schools is, however, a practical and a very obvious one, due to their extreme isolation. The tendency is always backward into the surrounding ruts—old and worn and hard. Teachers come to Quincy, for instance, and take up a class in the middle of the course. They do not understand it; they do not know what to make of it. They insensibly begin to teach in the familiar conventional way—the way in which they themselves were taught. They set the children to memorizing, to repeating formulas. They go to work secreting in their minds solid nuggets of wisdom, just about as nutritious as an equal amount of lead would be in their stomachs. It is months before these teachers make out what it all means. Under such circumstances, of what use are boys with fresh degrees in their pockets and the law in their minds? To do the work, men must look upon teaching as a career, and not as a make-shift.

This is one of the practical difficulties incident to isolation. Another is that the children can not well go from the Quincy schools to those of other towns and cities without being sent back at once to lower grades and the old processes. This experience is uniform. They are looked upon as having been instructed in wholly false methods. It is true that they know how to read, to write, and to cipher with remarkable facility. But then they are very poorly equipped with rules, they know the answers to but few conundrums, and they are absolutely ignorant of the time-honored formulas. They can express their thoughts on a sheet of paper wonderfully well and clearly; they can not parse!—they actually do not know a neuter verb when they see it, nor can they explain why it is neuter.

The tendency with the Quincy schools, therefore, both is and must continue to be retrograde—toward the old irrational methods, the drill-sergeant superintendency, with its platoon front and its time-table schedules. The same tendency is undoubtedly felt by all others in similar positions. It is the penalty one pays for being in any way exceptional. To be successful, the advance must be along the whole line, and there can be no advance along the whole line until the line is not only officered, but officered in such a way

as to act under a concerted as well as a scientific impulse. And thus we are brought back to the immediate need of the hour, which would seem to be, not a development of the existing methods of the superintendency, but some action directed on the universities to influence them to enter upon the work of organizing the superintendency into a profession. They must create a class, individual members of which are already at work—a class which shall be to the teacher what the staff officer of the army is to the line officer, what the jurist is to the attorney, what the physician is to the pharmacist. They must be imbued with the science of their calling.

We need, in a word, another and distinct post-graduate course, with chairs occupied by professors of pedagogy, as it is called, but which is in reality nothing but the familiar science of psychology, hitherto as barren as it is old, but made useful at last in practical connection with teaching. When this is done, the higher learning will have been brought to bear on the common-school system. The beneficial effect of such a combination in a country like ours, ruled and to be ruled by that universal suffrage which is but the expression of the average common-sense and the average instruction, would be, it is safe to say, impossible to forecast, and not easy to overestimate.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

[The following account of Ferguson's defeat on King's Mountain is supposed to have been given by an aged gentleman-volunteer, who (in his youth) had taken a prominent part in the fight, to a company of his friends and neighbors, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, viz., on the 7th of October, 1830.]

OFTTIMES an old man's yesterdays o'er his frail vision pass,
Dim as the twilight tints that touch a dusk-enshrouded glass;
But, ah! youth's time and manhood's prime but grow more brave, more bright,
As still the lengthening shadows steal toward the rayless night.

So deem it not a marvel, friends, if, gathering fair and fast,
I now behold the gallant forms that graced our glorious past,
And down the winds of memory hear those battle bugles blow,
Of strifeful breath, or wails of death, just fifty years ago.

Yes, fifty years this self-same morn, and yet to me it seems
As if Time's interval were spanned by a vague bridge of dreams,
Whose cloud-like arches form and fade, then form and fade again,
Until, a beardless youth once more, 'mid stern, thick-bearded men,

I ride on Rhoderic's bounding back, all thrilled at heart to feel
My trusty "smooth-bore's" deadly round, and touch of stainless steel—
And quivering with heroic rage—that rush of patriot ire
Which makes our lives from head to heel one seething flood of fire.

And hide it as we may with words, its awful need confessed,
War is a death's-head thinly veiled, even warfare at its best;
But *we*—Heaven help us!—strove with those by lust and greed accurst,
And learned what untold horrors wait on warfare at its worst.

You well may deem my soul in youth dwelt not on thoughts like these;
Timed to strong Rhoderic's tramp, my pulse grew tuneful as the breeze,
The hale October breeze, whose voice, borne from far ocean's marge,
Pealed with the trumpet's resonance, which sounds "To horse, and charge!"

A mist from recent rains was spread about the glimmering hills;
Far off, far off, we heard the lapse of streams and swollen rills,
While mingling with them, or beyond, from depths of changeful sky,
Rose savage, sullen, dissonant, the eagle's famished cry.

We marched in four firm columns, nine hundred men and more—
Men of the mountain fortresses, men of the sea-girt shore;
Rough as their centuried oaks were these, those fierce as ocean shocks,
When mad September breaks her heart across the Hatteras rocks.

We marched in four firm columns, till now the evening light
Glinted through rifting cloud and fog athwart the embattled height,
Whereon, deep-lined, in dense array of scarlet, buff, or dun,
The haughtiest British "regulars" outflashed the doubtful sun.

Horsemen and footmen centred there, unflinching rank on rank,
And the base Tories circled near, to guard each threatened flank;
But, pale, determined, sternly calm, our men, dismounting, stood,
And at their leader's cautious sign crouched in the sheltering wood.

What scenes come back of ruin and wrack, before those ranks abhorred!
The cottage floor all fouled with gore, the axe, the brand, the cord;
A hundred craven deeds revived, of insult, injury, shame—
Deeds earth nor wave nor fire could hide, and crimes without a name.

Such thoughts but hardened soul and hand. Ha! "dour as death" were we,
Waiting to catch the voice which set our unleashed passion free.
At last it came, deep, ominous, when all the mountain ways
Burst from awed silence into sound, and every bush, ablaze,

Sent forth long jets of wavering blue, wherefrom, with fatal dart,
The red-hot Deckhard bullets flew, each hungering for a heart;
And swift as if our fingers held strange magic at their tips,
Our guns, reloaded, spake again from their death-dealing lips,

Again, again, and yet again, till in a moment's hush
We heard the order, "Bay'nets, charge!" when, with o'ermastering rush,
Their "Regulars" against us stormed, so strong, so swift of pace,
They hurled us backward bodily for full three furlongs' space.

But, bless you, lads, we scattered, dodged, and when the charge was o'er,
Felt fiercer, pluckier, madder far, than e'er we had felt before;
From guardian tree to tree we crept, while upward, with proud tramp,
The British lines had slowly wheeled to gain their 'leaguered camp.

Too late; for ere they topped the height, Hambright and Williams strode,
With all their armèd foresters, across the foeman's road,
What time from right to left there rang the Indian war-whoop wild,
Where Sevier's tall Waturga boys through the dim dells defiled.

"Now, by God's grace," cried Cleaveland (my noble colonel he),
Resting (to pick a Tory off) quite coolly on his knee—
"Now, by God's grace, we have them! the snare is subtly set;
The game is bagged; we hold them safe as pheasants in a net."

And thus it proved; for, galled and pressed more closely hour by hour,
Their army shrank and withered fast, like a storm-smitten flower;
Blank-eyed, wan-browed, their bravest lay along the ensanguined land,
While of the living few had 'scaped the bite of ball or brand.

Yet sturdier knave than Ferguson ne'er ruled a desperate fray:
By Heaven! you should have seen him ride, rally, and rave that day.
His fleet horse scoured the stormy ground from rock-bound wall to wall,
And o'er the rout shrilled widely out his silvery signal call.

"That man must die before they fly, or yield to us the field."
Thus spake I to three comrades true beneath our oak-tree shield;
And when in furious haste again the scarlet soldier came
Beside our fastness like a fiend, hurtling through dust and flame,

Their sharp demurrers on the wind our steadfast rifles hurled,
And one bold life was stricken then from out the living world.
But, almost sped, he reared his head, grasping his silver call,
And one long blast, the faintest, last, wailed round the mountain wall.

Ah, then the white flags fluttered high; then shrieks and curses poured
From the hot throats of Tory hounds beneath the avenger's sword—
Those lawless brutes who long had lost all claims of Christian men,
Whereof by sunset we had hanged the worst and vilest ten.

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We slept upon the field that night, 'midmost our captured store,
That seemed in gloating eyes to spread and heighten more and more.
Truly the viands ravished us; our clamorous stomachs turned
Eager toward the provender for which they sorely yearned.

Apicius! what a feast was there blended of strong and sweet!
Cured venison hams, Falstaffian pies, and fat pigs' pickled feet;
While here and there, with cunning leer, and sly Silenus wink,
A stoutish demijohn peered out, and seemed to gurgle, "Drink!"

Be sure we revelled merrily, till eyes and faces shone;
Our lowliest felt more lifted up than any king on throne;
Our singers trolled; our jesters' tongues were neither stiff nor dumb;
And, by Lord Bacchus! how we quaffed that old Jamaica rum!

Perchance (oh, still, through good and ill, his honest name I bless!)—
Perchance my brother marked in me some symptoms of excess;
For gently on my head he laid his stalwart hand and true,
And gently led me forth below the eternal tent of blue;

He led me to a dewy nook, a soft, sweet, tranquil place,
And there I saw, upturned and pale, how many a pulseless face!
Our comrades dead—they scarce seemed fled, despite their ghastly scars,
But wrapped in deep, pure folds of sleep beneath the undying stars.

My blood was calmed; all being grew exalted as the night,
Whence solemn thoughts sailed weirdly down, like heavenly swans of white,
With herald strains ineffable, whose billowy organ-roll
Thrilled to the loftiest mountain peaks and summits of my soul.

Then voices rose (or seemed to rise) close to the raptured ear,
Yet fraught with music marvellous of some transcendent sphere,
While fancy whispered: These are tones of heroes, saved and shriven,
Who long have swept the harps of God by stormless seas in heaven!

Heroes who fought for Right and Law, but, purged from selfish dross,
Above whose conquering banners waved a shadowy Christian Cross;
Whose mightiest deed no ruthless greed hath smirched with sad mistrust,
And whose majestic honors scorn all taint of earthly dust.

Doubt, doubt who may! but, as I live, on the calm mountain height
Those voices soared, and sank, and soared up to the mystic night.
A dream! perhaps; but, ah! such dreams in ardent years of youth
Transcend, as heaven transcends the earth, your sordid daylight truth.

The voices soared, and sank, and soared, till, past the cloud-built bars,
They fainted on the utmost strand and silvery surge of stars.
Then *something* spoke: Your friends who strove the battle tide to stem,
Who died in striving, have passed up beyond the stars with them.

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What, lads! you think the old man crazed to talk in this high strain,
Or deem the punch of years gone by still buzzes in his brain?
Down with such carnal fantasy! nor let your folly send
Its blunted shafts to smite the truth you may not comprehend.

Would ye be worthy of your sires who on King's Mountain side
Welcomed dark Death for Freedom's sake as bridegrooms clasp a bride?
Then must your faith be winged above the world, the worm, the clod,
To own the veiled infinitudes and plumbless depths of God!

The roughest rider of my day shrank from the atheist's sneer,
As if Iscariot's self were crouched and whispering at his ear;
The stormiest souls that ever led our mountain forays wild
Would ofttimes show the simple trust, the credence, of a child.

True faith goes hand in hand with power—faith in a holier charm
Than fires the subtlest mortal brain, the mightiest mortal arm;
And though 'tis right in stress of fight "to keep one's powder dry,"
What strength to feel, beyond our steel, burns the Great Captain's eye!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was natural that Mr. Henry James's book upon Hawthorne should excite a great deal of attention and discussion. Its subject, Mr. Lowell recently said in London, at the dinner of the Savage Club, is the man who "was certainly the greatest poet, though he wrote in prose, and who perhaps possessed the most original mind, that America has given to the world." Its author, Mr. James, is one of the most noted among the later brilliant group of American writers, which includes Mr. Howells, Mr. Warner, Mr. Bret Harte, and Mr. Aldrich.

Of Mr. James's work we have already spoken more than once. It is that of an exquisitely discriminating observer, whose hand has been trained to singular skill in expression, and whose popularity, like that of Mr. Howells, is the recognition not only of genius, but of remarkable literary conscience and diligence. His essay upon Hawthorne has both stimulated comment upon the genius and inquiry into the life of the author, accompanied, it must be confessed, with some very sharp but to us incomprehensible censure of Mr. James's alleged injustice and want of patriotism. In speaking of the want of picturesque suggestion in American life, however, Mr. James does only what Hawthorne did before him, as we have already pointed out. Although himself an American, Mr. James proposes to himself to treat his country as quite strong enough to bear any kind of criticism derived from honest and friendly perception, and the character of his fellow-countrymen and women as not needing the constant assertion that it is the greatest and best and most wonderful character in the annals of mankind.

Indeed, Hawthorne's own dealings with his native land were not of a kind to satisfy those whose patriotism manifests itself in a morbid fear lest some American should suggest that America is not perfect. Some of his most powerful minor tales are pictures of aspects of early New England life which are not flattering to a sensitive local pride, while his first great romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, is a terrible revelation of the Puritan spirit, and a lurid study of the early New England community. But very few thoughtful critics would be disposed to deny that Hawthorne was a good American, and he must be a very poor American who does not feel the tribute which Mr. James pays to the essential worth and vigor of American character in his studies and sketches which treat of it. That, however, is not the present text. The Easy Chair wishes to call attention to an interesting and valuable supplement to Mr. James's volume upon Hawthorne, contained in the report of a conversation among some of Hawthorne's old friends during the late session of the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, the historic town in which Hawthorne lived so long, and in whose ancient grave-yard he is buried.

The friends were, first, Miss E. P. Peabody, the sister-in-law of Hawthorne, and the friend and correspondent of Dr. Channing, a lady conspicuous in the intellectual and moral movements in New England during the last half-century, and who retains in age the freshness of interest and ardor of feeling and sympathy which have made her the friend of so many of the most eminent persons of her time; then William Henry Channing, the biographer of his uncle, the famous Dr. Channing, now and for some years a clergyman in England, and the father-in-law of Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia"; Mr. A. B. Alcott, the patriarchal friend of Emerson, and Hawthorne's neighbor; Mr. Lathrop, the son-in-law of Hawthorne; and Mr. F. B. Sanborn. Miss Peabody, who probably knew Hawthorne longer and more intimately than any person now living, spoke of his mingled aversion to society and interest in it. When he lived in Salem he used to go with his wife to the door of a friend's house, then leave her, but await her return with eager curiosity, and sit up half the night to hear her story of the evening. Mr. Alcott told some amusing stories of what he called Hawthorne's diffidence. He lived next to him for three years, but he never saw him in the street, and during all that time Hawthorne was in Mr. Alcott's house but twice, and then by stratagem. There were some young women, guests of Mr. Alcott, who one day persuaded Hawthorne to step into the study. But after a little while, beating his bars all the time, he said, suddenly, "The stove is too hot," and vanished. Once more the sirens took him in their net, but when they had landed him, he said, "The clock ticks so loud I must go," and again he disappeared.

But Miss Peabody objected to Mr. Alcott's word diffidence as applied to Hawthorne. He had, she said, great sensibility, and he had not had the kind of intercourse with society which gives self-possession. But he liked to see people. He was immensely sociable, and he reproached his wife when she kept persons away. Yet we should hardly call him "sociable" in the usual sense of the word. Mr. Sanborn said that Ellery Channing—the poet, and brother-in-law of Margaret Fuller—had told him that Hawthorne was very fond of sitting in hotels and bar-rooms watching people coming and going. His Note-Books show this disposition, and the Easy Chair may add that it has heard Hawthorne say that he was never so much at ease as when he was in charge of a vessel as a customs officer to deliver the cargo. He was entirely unknown to the ship's company except as an inspector, and he was released for the time from that painful shyness or sensitiveness which in Concord made him for a long

time unknown to his fellow-townsmen, and in Lenox sent him over the fence by the roadside to escape meeting a stranger. Miss Peabody says that in sympathizing society he felt no shyness. But in Mr. Emerson's library, among a circle of neighbors and friends, we have seen him standing by the window and looking out into the winter afternoon with a remote and solitary air, as if he were longing for the wings of a dove.

This disposition of seclusion is shown by Miss Peabody to have been hereditary. Hawthorne's sister, she says, shut herself up when she was eighteen years old, and saw scarcely any one for twenty years; and Miss Peabody's description of Hawthorne's mother recalls Miss Haversham, in Dickens's *Great Expectations*. That the mother was, as Miss Peabody says, a person of very fine common-sense, with a strong, clear mind, would not be inferred from the fact that after her husband's death she secluded herself in her own room, and dressed altogether in white—a custom which broke up every family arrangement. Hawthorne did not remember sitting at table with his mother until after he was married, when she herself proposed that her granddaughter should remember her first Thanksgiving dinner as eaten with her grandmother. But Hawthorne laughed when his wife said that she would make his mother laugh at table. All this seems to indicate a rather grim domestic interior; and we remember hearing Hawthorne say that in the earlier days, after leaving college, when he was at home in Salem, the members of the family lived much by themselves. For his part, he passed the day in his room, writing stories, which he subsequently burned, and he went out to walk after night-fall. This kind of life, with the temperament to which it was largely due, readily explains the furtive way, in the hotel and on the vessel, in which alone he enjoyed society afterward.

Miss Peabody's account of her first acquaintance with the young Hawthorne is very charming. He was called Oberon at Bowdoin College, because of his beauty. At five or six years he began to tell stories, and at twelve was a devoted reader, and especially familiar with Shakespeare. He was troubled about his career. He could not be a doctor nor a lawyer, and he was sure that he did not know enough to be a minister. He wrote a book called the *Story-Teller*, in which there were two characters, one drawn from Jones Very, who was well known in the "Transcendental" days, and of whose verse and prose a small and admirable volume survives, and the other from himself. Very represented a minister who wanted to convert the world, but could get no parish, and Hawthorne a mere idler, who could only write stories. "Peter Parley," Mr. S. G. Goodrich, declined to publish the tale, and Hawthorne said that he was like one talking to himself in a dark place. But when the *Gentle Boy* was published, which Miss Peabody says describes himself, she was very anxious to ascertain the author, supposing him to be a gracious and venerable man who had done with the world and human passion, and was at last proud to say to the Salem world that the Hawthornes had been to her house. The handsome Oberon was enchanted with Flaxman's illustrations, became a "diner-out"—in the moderate Salem way—waited upon the Misses Peabody home, and at last urged them to spend an evening with his sisters, promising to come for them and attend them home, and humorously adding that he had an interested motive, for his sister Elizabeth was very witty, and he wished to see her, not having had that pleasure for three months. "We don't live at our home," he said, "we only vegetate."

Hawthorne's political relations were Democratic, but he had very little political or partisan feeling. At college he was a friend of Franklin Pierce, and when Mr. Pierce was nominated for the Presidency, Hawthorne wrote his life. He had held places in the customs under Democratic administrations, when Mr. Bancroft was collector; and when Mr. Pierce became President he appointed Hawthorne to the consulate at Liverpool. It was generally supposed that he had little sympathy with the national cause during the war, and his dedication of one of his books to ex-President Pierce was resented by the warm Union feeling of many of his friends. It is, therefore, all the more interesting to see what Mr. Channing says of Hawthorne. He first knew him at Brook Farm, but most intimately during the Liverpool consulate. Channing says that Hawthorne "stood by the Union always, and yet met the Southerners just as freely as he did the Northerners. I never shall forget a conversation we had once. He folded his arms and looked up, and said, "Yes, I think I would like to go home. One might as well go home and die with the republic." Mr. Channing says that he had no hope of a successful issue of the war, and that he died of a broken heart. Mr. Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law, quoted Mr. Lowell as saying that the war shortened Hawthorne's life. Mr. Lathrop added that his wife had told him that Hawthorne said if Boston were attacked, he and his son Julian would volunteer for the defense. Mr. Alcott said that Hawthorne seemed to him to desire the preservation of the Union without seeing how it was possible; and Mr. Alcott also said that he thought he saw in Hawthorne a kind of patriotism which sympathized with the South, but he had an equal sympathy with the North. The fact probably is that he thought there was mutual wrong, and he was in despair over what seemed to him the inevitable result. Even if the war should end, he thought, doubtless, that the ties of fraternal feeling, the soul of union, were snapped forever.

It is not likely that so many capable observers, who knew personally and well this shy re-

cluse, will ever again compare their recollections, and it is interesting to add their views of this unique and solitary genius to the impression of a younger man like Mr. James, who knew him only through his works, and who has described that impression so vividly and picturesquely in the elaborate and thoughtful estimate of Hawthorne which has provoked such wide discussion, and which in some quarters has been so severely condemned. We can not help feeling, however, that the author of *Monsieur Aubepine* would have enjoyed greatly Mr. James's *Hawthorne.*

A KINDLY critic reproves the Easy Chair for apparently supposing Captain Miles Standish to have been a Puritan, and consequently the Pilgrim Fathers to have been Puritans. Our critic adds, "Badly informed people have been in the habit of confounding the Pilgrim with the Puritan." Upon this point, however, nobody has further excuse for bad information. Mr. Gay, in *Bryant's History,* and Dr. Dexter, in his great *Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature,* and, indeed, the lecture of Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, "The Pilgrim Fathers neither Puritans nor Persecutors," delivered in 1866, and reprinted in the *Illustrated Pilgrim Memorial* for 1878, clearly and conclusively show that there were serious differences among Lutherans, Calvinists, non-conformists, and separatists. But that they were rigidly and absolutely different, and that the Pilgrim Fathers were not Puritans, in the sense of belonging to the great anti-prelatical movement, is by no means clearly established.

The Pilgrim Fathers—that is, the original members of the Leyden congregation who came to Plymouth—certainly did not persecute. Quakerism did not "break forth" in America, as George Fox said, until 1656, and then every one of the chief Pilgrim leaders was dead, and could not be held responsible for the laws against the Quakers. The sympathy and friendship of Plymouth colony with Roger Williams are familiar; and when Winslow asked him to remove across the river from Seekonk, he assured him expressly that it was only because of the desire of Plymouth to keep on good terms with the Bay, and not because of any want of regard and respect for Williams himself. The Plymouth colony was separatist; the Massachusetts Bay or Boston colony was non-separatist. Winthrop's company, upon leaving England, formally declared that they esteemed it an honor to call the Church of England "our deare mother." The Salem colony, again, was non-conformist, but not separatist. "We do not go to New England as separatists from the Church of England, though we can not but separate from the corruptions in it." On the other hand, Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, denies that the church of Plymouth were schismatics, Brownists, or rigid separatists, and asserts that Mr. Robinson was always against separation from the reformed churches, and urged great caution in separating from any church.

All these things show, not that there were no differences, but that the lines were not so definitely drawn as Chamberlain Scott, for instance, seems to hold. To maintain that the Brownists and the Leyden church and the Pilgrim Fathers and Plymouth were not an element of Puritan England, and do not share in the Puritan glory, is to lose the grandeur of the whole movement. Roger Williams refused, in the abominable ecclesiastical phrase, "to fellowship" the Boston church because it would not absolutely separate from that of England; John Winthrop professed to honor his "deare mother" the English church; John Milton denounced Presbyter as "Priest writ large"; but Milton, Williams, and Winthrop were all, in the true, historic sense, Puritans. They are heroes of Puritan, not of Cavalier England; and in the same sense Miles Standish is of their company.

Doubtless the Pilgrims were Puritans of a milder and humaner spirit than their brethren of the Bay, and they held to religious "independency" and separatism. This is a very important distinction, and undoubtedly it has been overlooked in estimating them. The annual Knickerbocker criticism which follows the New England dinner is that the Pilgrims are honored as apostles of religious liberty although they hung Quakers and banished Roger Williams. The precise fact is that the Pilgrims did neither of those things, and it is a fact which becomes more and more illustrious. But Forefathers' Day becomes naturally the commemoration of the great progressive and ameliorating force in English civilization called Puritanism, of which in its religious aspect Hooper and Cartwright, and Brown and Brewster, and Robinson and Endicott, and Winthrop and Williams, and in politics Milton and Pym, and Eliot and Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, were all, in different degrees, representatives. Milton was an extreme independent and separatist, but Green calls him the highest and completest type of Puritanism.

When the sons of New England, with feast and eloquence and song, annually commemorate the bleak landing on Plymouth Rock, it is not Cromwell's Drogheda, nor the Pequot burning at Saybrook, nor the hanging of Mary Dyer, that they honor, but Robert Brown's and Roger Williams's principle of soul-liberty in religion and in politics, the Petition of Right, Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money, and the Grand Remonstrance, the principle of popular right against royal prerogative, all of which the Pilgrim Fathers brought with them to Plymouth Rock. This is Puritanism, this is what the sons of New England honor, the world over and world without end.

If the Easy Chair implied that Miles Standish was a Puritan, it was because he was one

of the Pilgrim Fathers, who were one of the noblest illustrations of the best spirit of Puritanism.

ALCIBIADES writes us that he has passed the summer at Newport, and that he read with pleasure what the Easy Chair recently said of old Newport. But he adds that although his name and the fact of passing a season at Newport might not suggest the fact, he is yet a philosopher of a moralizing turn, and regards the spectacle there with less of a musing and sentimentally pensive emotion than he is pleased to attribute to the Easy Chair. His comments are sometimes so unexpected, and they are sometimes so unlike the Easy Chair's own impressions and opinions, that it declines all responsibility for its correspondent, and leaves his views to justify or condemn themselves.

Alcibiades begins by remarking that it is evidently some years since the Easy Chair has been upon the island, and that it has, therefore, never seen the Casino. The Casino, he explains, is intended to take the place, in this greatest of modern watering-places, of the Pump-Room at Bath in the days of Beau Nash, or the Esplanade at Tunbridge Wells, at which places the fine society of those old-fashioned English resorts met daily for mutual review. "Invalids and such persons I do not count," says our philosopher: "they may really go to Saratoga to drink the water for their health, and they may come to Newport to dip in the sea for the same purpose. But the great world comes to see and to be seen. Newport is a pageant. It is an elaborate and costly spectacle, of which the peculiarity and the pleasure are that the same persons are simultaneously both actors and spectators. The *mise en scène* is lavish and showy in the highest degree. Marie Antoinette's pastorals in the park at Versailles were doubtless pretty, but upon a smaller scale. The court there wore the costume of peasants, but in the Newport play the costume of fine society is preferred."

Now until this year, remarks Alcibiades, if the familiar advertising phrase may be allowed, there has been A Felt Want at Newport. The great object being to see and to be seen, the means were not entirely appropriate to the end. The life *comme il faut* is cottage life. Drummers and travelling Englishmen may go to the hotels, but the life of Newport, as Mr. Henry James, Jun., sets forth in the *International Episode*, is that of the piazza—the broad, deep, beautiful piazza looking seaward; and it is just here that the Felt Want has appeared. The amount of new and fashionable morning clothes in Newport, says Alcibiades, is prodigious. Their intricate and elaborate and exquisite variety outruns the imagination. They represent a thought, a care and attention, a devotion, in fact, and an expense, which are quite inconceivable. There is always danger of having something like something that somebody else has, and the ingenuity necessary to avoid such a catastrophe is incessant and exhaustive. The morning dresses may be said, indeed, declares Alcibiades, to represent months of diligent reflection. At least, adds this philosopher, that is the impression which they make upon my mind.

Just here, then, has been the trouble. There has been no proper arena and opportunity for showing them. "How often, as I have sat in the morning upon a seaward-looking piazza, with perhaps a dozen of the performers, each of them clad *à ravir*, I have found myself murmuring,

> 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Here were a group of spectators, indeed; but what is a group? The whole world of Newport could not see the clothes, while the very object of buying them, and coming to Newport and wearing them, was to have them seen. The odious hotel parlors are a resource *défendu*. One can't make many calls in a morning, nor dawdle up and down the Avenue. Under the conditions there was really no proper opportunity for showing fine morning toilets." The situation, Alcibiades asserts, had become painful. The Want was Felt, with a very large F. Suddenly—Eureka! the Casino!

"The Casino," says Alcibiades, "was unknown to old Newport. I see that you had your drives upon the beach—an extraordinary form of amusement—and I have heard there was a dreary entertainment in the hotel dining-rooms—Heaven save the mark!—called *hops*. I should think so. Worthy of the Dark Ages. Hops on a dining-room floor! There is some tradition of similar excesses at Saratoga. Why not on the dining-room tables? But the Casino has solved the last of our great problems. Evening dresses could be properly exhibited at evening parties in select cottages, and dinner dresses at dinners, and driving dresses upon the drive; but now Heaven and Mr. Bennett, who was the chief vicegerent upon this occasion, have opened a way to display to the utmost advantage and to the largest audiences those morning dresses which were positively blushing and wasting unseen.

"Our Casino is a huge building, an omnium gatherum, a universal club, with convenient dispositions for every kind of amusement, but mainly it offers broad piazzas around lawn-tennis courts, whither, every morning, Newport can repair in morning toilets, and a grand dress parade, hitherto impossible, take place. Nothing could be more improving to morals, because it has at once removed that demoralizing discontent which is produced by the consciousness of unseen and unappreciated clothes. Nothing could be more intellectually stimulating, for you may imagine the conversation. It is delightful, also, to remark some of the *habitués*, who treat the occasion domestically,

so to speak, and who bring their work, as if they were country wives at a rural tea party. This emphasizes the simplicity of our life, and one of the finest pieces of art that we have is this domestic or family treatment of the Casino. Indeed, we have all been so happy with our new resort that I am proposing to suggest to the Governors to inscribe in old English letters either upon the Moorish tower or perhaps under the noble Florentine rings, which are now ready for the flambeaux, the simple words,

A Felt Want Met.

"All this must seem to you very different from the old Newport which you remember, and yet I doubt if that scene which seems to you so idyllic was essentially different from this. A fine gentleman in peruke and laced coat is very much the same fine gentleman in a dress-coat and white cravat, and the feelings that swelled the bosoms of youth at your horrible old 'hops' were in kind, I wager, precisely the feelings that agitate the most dainty and tasteful morning toilet at our Casino. You had no polo in those days, and you drove upon the beach! We have polo in addition to your bowling, and our promenade along the Avenue and round by Bateman's is but an amplification of your beach drive.

"Dear Easy Chair, the new Newport is but the old under more prosperous conditions. The consul Plancus lived a great while ago, and things were pleasant under his mild sway. But these are imperial days, and your remembrance of Plancus strikes a charming minor key in the brilliant prestissimo of our performance."

It is a canon of art that the faithful transcript of any fact of nature which is not in itself repulsive, however simple and unimposing, has a distinct charm. This occurred to the Easy Chair upon lately looking into a slight volume called *My College Days*, by Robert Tomes. The author has written several other books, one which especially we recall, *The Champagne Country*, which is bright and vivacious, like the wine whose manufacture it describes. Possibly the reader of *My College Days* may be inclined to ask the purpose and value of apparently desultory reminiscences not essentially different from those that lie in many memories. The reply is that the little work is a thoroughly frank and sincere sketch of certain local celebrities and customs of forty or fifty years ago, done with literary ease and simplicity, and with the good-humored plainness of a man who likes to prick bubbles. It has the value of graphic letters of the last generation, describing persons and things which would else remain unnoted. The loss, indeed, would not be great, but all such pictures are pleasant, and the aggregate of them is a very important part of literature.

Dr. Tomes is well known in literary circles in New York, although he retired to Europe some years ago, where he still lives. He is a genuine Knickerbocker, like his friend the late Evert A. Duyckinck, and the slight cynical tone which pervades the volume is pungent and amusing. To city boys fitting for college when Dr. Tomes was one of them Dr. Anthon was a kind of Dr. Busby, and he is nowhere so vividly depicted as in these pages. It is not a portrait which is altogether agreeable, nor one which every artist would wish to display while there were still those living who would prefer that it had not been painted, but there can be no question of its vigor.

When Dr. Anthon took charge of the grammar school of Columbia College, "he never wielded the cane or deigned even so much as to box a boy's ears, but the pains and penalties vicariously inflicted were none the less severe. He established a Draconian code, one law of which, I recollect, though not from personal experience of the penalty, was that the last four boys of each class should be daily whipped." Dr. Tomes gives instances of what he calls Dr. Anthon's heavy and pedantic humors, his elephantine banter. He calls him a good but not a great or liberal scholar, an indefatigable worker, and an excellent teacher of his kind—the first, indeed, who gave young Tomes an interest in classical study. "He was constantly tossing about on his seat in the rostrum, his hands in motion twirling a large silver pencil-case which he held loosely between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and struck with the forefinger of the right, and his head ever turning as he scanned us from top to bottom and bottom to top, while he never ceased talking and shouting to the boys as he corrected their translations, and substituted his own, or sent down a question to run the gauntlet of the class, crying out in quick succession, *Imperator, Dux*, Smith! Jones! Brown! that's it: up, Robinson!"

The book gives a ludicrous and dismal picture of the beginnings of Washington, now Trinity, College, at Hartford, whither the author was sent upon leaving the grammar school. It was fifty years ago, and Mrs. Sigourney was an accepted poet, living at Hartford, and held to confer "much distinction upon the place she had honored with her abode." The poor charity students who were "preparing for the ministry" were especially distasteful to young Tomes. They were, according to him, a lazy, lounging, unclean set. "Their habitual dress was a long, loose, and almost shapeless gown of thin printed calico, such as is seldom seen outside of a sick-room, hanging in scant folds from their stooping shoulders down to the heels of their slipshod feet. This they wore on almost every occasion. They went to prayers in it morning and evening, to recitation and their daily meals..... They seldom left (except in case of urgent necessity) their rooms, in which they passed hour after hour, lying at full length upon their beds, or vibrating to and fro with their bodies

crouching in a cheap New England rocking-chair." None of them ever excelled in study, or attained distinction of any kind.

It will be properly inferred from the young Knickerbocker's tone in speaking of the charity students that he was one of the group of happier-conditioned youth who maintained the ancient "fast" traditions of college. They hazed and smoked Freshmen, blocked up the chapel doors, broke locks, infested recitation-rooms, barred out president and professors, and transferred signs from the town to the college walls. Of the faculty our author speaks with contempt, and a more useless institution than the Washington College of 1831–35 it would be hard to imagine. "We were left undisturbed in our high jinks both inside and outside of the college walls. We had our frequent symposiums in our rooms, eating and drinking to any excess, without much fear of check, and I attribute much of my subsequent ill health to these irregular indulgences. We were eating doughy mince and apple pies, and washing them down with eggnog and punch, which we mixed in our wash-basins, stirred with the handles of our tooth-brushes, and drank out of our soap boats during the night and throughout the small hours of the morning, when we should have been fast asleep in our beds. If not in our college rooms, we were probably in the town taverns and confectioneries doing worse."

Dr. Tomes left such a "benign mother" without regret and without the least affection. He does not take the blame to himself. "I was eager for knowledge and amenable to discipline," and it was because the guides were blind that he stumbled. With its new name he hopes that his old college received a new inspiration. But this story of life at "a one-horse college" shows how inadequate it is necessarily to the real purpose of a college. The sole differences between it and the grammar school from which he came were that he was removed from parental supervision, and that he was much more poorly instructed. It is time, as President Barnard, of Columbia, says in his admirable paper upon academic degrees, that the law made some distinction among institutions which are authorized to confer degrees, and that schools of a day which are chartered as colleges and disappear in the night should not be allowed to confer degrees of an equal legal value with those of old and amply endowed and equipped institutions.

A large part of Dr. Tomes's volume is devoted to his Medical College days in Edinburgh, where he hunted out every house of fame and noted corner, and describes the noted men whom he saw and heard. Dr. Hawks, a popular preacher in the Episcopal pulpit of New York thirty years ago, came to Edinburgh while Tomes was there, bringing stories of Sydney Smith's fun and wit from London. The dean made sport of a late excellent divine in the New York diocese, who, as the wit saw, ardently desired to be a bishop. Dr. Hawks told the story perhaps not altogether without unction. The dean described the priestly manner of the divine, and his scrupulous observance of ecclesiastical niceties, and attention to the details of clerical costume. "'And would you believe it?' he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, 'it is said that he has been seen trying on a bishop's apron before his looking-glass.'" Dr. Hawks, in turn, gives the dean a pat, which Dr. Tomes records with relish. "Dr. Hawks went to hear Sydney Smith preach at St. Paul's, but heard Dr. Adam Clarke, the old Bible commentator, instead; for it was one of his sermons that the clever but not overscrupulous divine delivered as his own."

De Quincey the young American saw walking in the open meadow-land near the Palace of Holyrood, which was within the jail limits for debtors, "a little, meagre, sharp-eyed old man," always attended by a pretty daughter; and Macaulay he heard begging "the stinking breaths" of the people, of whom the young republican does not show himself to be enamored, "and there was nothing in his heavy manner and puny voice to tempt me to linger among the throng of his dirty and turbulent supporters, and endure their rough elbowing and noisome presence."

To the student of Burns, one of the most interesting notes in this part of the book is that of Robert Ainslie, who lived next door to Tomes's snug quarters with the widow Munro. Ainslie was one of Burns's earliest comrades in the Crochallan Club in Edinburgh, and travelled with him in one of the two journeys about Scotland that Burns made. Only a year or two before Tomes saw him Ainslie wrote the interesting letter to James Hogg, with anecdotes of Burns. He was now very old; but although past eighty, the widow Munro cast upon him an approving eye, and married him, as it were, despite himself, mindful, says our shrewd doctor, that his snug pension as a writer of the signet would revert to his inconsolable widow. Ainslie still retained relations with Mrs. McLahore, the Clarinda of Burns, to whom his most passionate and high-flown love-letters were addressed by him as Sylvander. "She was a very old little woman of more than fourscore years, with an artificial front of hair to conceal her baldness, gray eyebrows masked in dye, and her once 'lovely eyes' hid behind a pair of goggles." Campbell, the poet, he saw in the president's chair at a printers' dinner, but brought in drunk, and lying like a log during the feast, intent only upon the black bottles before him. The doctor, having lost his own illusions, is resolved to leave his readers none.

John Wilson, "Christopher North," one of the extinct celebrities of forty years ago, whose *Noctes* and other writings have, as Tomes says, a strong flavor of whiskey, was Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy at

the Edinburgh University. He knew little, Tomes thinks, of the first, and less of the last. Nobody thought him a fit successor of Dugald Stewart, and he was appointed by political influence solely because he was a high Tory. He demoralized the students, with whom he was immensely popular, by giving them the impression in his writings that whiskey and literary inspiration go together. He always looked as if he had slept in his clothes, and had hurried out without adjusting them; but his class greeted him warmly every day, and he spoke with a rumpled manuscript before him, to which he never referred, his terriers crouching under his table, and yelping when in the ardor of speech he happened to tread upon a tail.

Here is pleasant gossip enough, and bright reminiscence, with the wise restraint of the accomplished writer. The little book turns a sudden light upon some vanishing figures, with vivid glimpses of a life that has passed away. It is the entertaining after-dinner conversation of a shrewd and well-bred *raconteur*, the man of the world enjoying the fallow leisure of his life.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE concluding volume of Mr. Green's *History of the English People*[1] covers the one hundred and thirty-two eventful years from 1683 to 1815, which witnessed the death of Charles the Second; the succession and deposition of James the Second, and the destruction of the exercise of personal government without restraint of law by English sovereigns; the accession of William and Mary, and the establishment of a constitutional and responsible government, deriving its existence from the will of the nation, and exercising authority in obedience to law; the passage of the Act of Settlement, by which the crown of England was vested in the house of Hanover; the growth of England, under the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the first three Georges, in wealth, in naval and military supremacy, and in commercial, industrial, intellectual, and political power, and its vast territorial expansion; the adoption of the policy which led to the war that wrested the American colonies from Great Britain, and resulted in the establishment of their independence; the bloody drama of the French Revolution; and the life and death struggle with Napoleon, beginning in 1801, and ending with his overthrow and captivity in 1815. The magnitude and number of these events, and the limited space he could devote to them, have disabled Mr. Green from giving as minutely detailed accounts of them as he gave of the earlier events in English history. Nevertheless, his outline is singularly comprehensive, and nothing is omitted from it which is necessary to enable the reader to trace the currents of history with exactitude, or to estimate their influence with intelligence. While giving this general outline, Mr. Green has not lost sight of his original purpose of chronicling the history of the people of England along with the deeds, policies, and careers of their kings, statesmen, and soldiers, and concurrently with the march of great national events. Throughout his recital the influence of the people on thought and opinion, on social, industrial, religious, and political institutions, on public affairs, both domestic and foreign, and on the progress of the nation in every department, is dwelt upon with emphasis and at considerable length, and they are credited with their just share in making England as free, as happy, as stable, and as powerful as she is.

A VOLUME compiled by W. Baptiste Scoones, entitled *Four Centuries of English Letters*,[2] furnishes an interesting illustration, not only of the fidelity with which private letters reveal the genuine feelings and characteristic traits of their writers, but also of the minuteness with which they reflect those minor features of the times that elude the observation of the grave historian, or are reluctantly excluded from his record because of the wideness of the field that engages his attention. Compositions of this kind, whether proceeding from friend to friend, from patron to dependent, from master to servant, from husband or father or lover to wife, child, or sweetheart, or *vice versa*, often supply just the one bit of color that is needed to make a picture of the social or domestic usages and habits of the times perfect in its tone; and as often, by a word, a hint, or a careless and unstudied phrase, they throw a familiar light upon the religion, the morality, the more notable public and private events, and the currents of the popular thought and language of the age. The volume before us does not pretend to be a complete treasury of English epistolary literature, but its author modestly offers it as a collection that fairly reflects the characteristic merits of this branch of letters. The selections extend from 1450 till the present day, covering nearly all the modern English period, and do not include political or controversial letters, but are judiciously confined to those easy, genial, and fa-

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[1] *History of the English People.* By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Vol. IV. 8vo, pp. 519. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Four Centuries of English Letters.* Selections from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited and Arranged by W. BAPTISTE SCOONES. 8vo, pp. 573. New York: Harper and Brothers.

miliar missives which, whether grave or gay, sober or serene, appeal the most successfully to our sympathies, and compel our interested attention. We miss some admirable letters from the collection, such, for instance, as those of Sir Philip Sidney to his brother, and of Lady Russell to her husband (in which she styles him her "dear man," her "best and only true joy," her "dearest dear," etc.); but such omissions are almost inseparable from a task covering so many writers and so wide an extent of time. There are enough that are curious, instructive, illustrative of the times, and sufficiently agreeable in matter and style to afford a delightful banquet to those who are content to dispense with stimulating intellectual condiments.

MESSRS. JANSEN, MCCLURG, AND CO., of Chicago, have added to the series of "Biographies of Musicians," in course of publication by them, a *Life of Mozart*,[3] which, among its other excellences, is a model of brevity. It is a translation, by Mr. John J. Lalor, from the German of Louis Nohl, a writer who adds to literary tastes the familiarity with music which is especially desirable in the biography of a musical genius like Mozart. The brevity of the biography has not been secured at the expense of its style or of its fullness as a personal record, the former being clear, elegant, and unambitious, and the latter a rounded and sympathetic outline of the incidents of Mozart's brief and checkered life, particularly of those that exerted a formative or modifying influence upon his character as a man, or upon the development of his genius as an artist.

IT is easy to foresee that the biographical sketch of *Byron*[4] which has been contributed by Mr. John Nichol to the "English Men of Letters Series" will equally disappoint the blind panegyrists of the poet, and those who denounce him as the corypheus of the "Satanic school" of English poetical literature. And herein, as we conceive, lies one of the chiefest merits of his excellent sketch. Too impartial to gratify partisans on either side, it gives a clear and candid view of the poet's career, and thus enables the reader to form a calm judgment as to the character of the man and his literary and intellectual rank. Eminently fair, it conceals none of the defects and vices that marred Byron's character; neither does it magnify nor dwell microscopically upon them. So, likewise, while it does not commit the error of unduly exaggerating his genius, or of extravagantly extolling the quality of his poetical performances, it avoids the opposite fault of belittling his really great powers, or of decrying the brilliant productions which gave expression to them. By pursuing this even course between extravagant eulogium on the one side and extravagant depreciation on the other, Mr. Nichol has not only arrived at the proverbial mean of truth which lies between extremes, but he has made a book that is a safer and more instructive popular companion, and more readable also, than if he had carried a brief on either side. His estimates of Byron's character and endowments are able and dispassionate; his criticisms of his productions are careful, fair, and soundly discriminating; and his outline of the poet's life is a full and graceful narrative, containing in moderate compass the cream of the numerous larger memoirs, narratives, lives, etc., stripped of the dregs and impurities.

MR. SYMINGTON'S biographical sketch of Bryant[5] is on the same modest plan as his sketches of Lover and Moore. Panegyrical and appreciative rather than critical or analytical, and containing little that is new or original, it evinces a loving and easily pleased study of so much of Bryant's works and correspondence as sheds light upon his long and symmetrical life, and also of much that has been written by others illustrative of his character and genius. Together with great industry, Mr. Symington has shown much editorial tact and discretion in his collation, arrangement, and condensation of the information derived from these various sources; and although the portrait that he has drawn may not be in the highest and most enduring style of the art biographical, it is yet a pleasing, familiar presentment of the fine features of our first great poet. In this volume, as in his former volumes, Mr. Symington has shown himself an adept in the sort of biographical mosaic which is made up of a combination of the personal incidents in the life of an author with samples of his literary performances, and a collection of the opinions of well-known writers as to the man and his works. Such a treatment, coupled, as it always is in Mr. Symington's sketches, with great brevity and a plain and popular style, is calculated to win attention, and to be specially attractive to youthful readers, and those who have no taste or time for closer, more elaborate, or more extended studies.

ONE of the most interesting literary events to be noted this month is a new poem by the author of "The Epic of Hades," entitled *The Ode of Life*,[6] which is marked by many of the characteristic excellences of that fine work of imaginative art. Unlike its predecessor, however, "The Ode of Life" is not an echo, with

[3] *Life of Mozart.* By LOUIS NOHL. Translated by JOHN J. LALOR. 12mo, pp. 236. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[4] *Byron.* By JOHN NICHOL. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 212. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *William Cullen Bryant.* A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Poems and other Writings. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. 16mo, pp. 256. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Ode of Life.* By the author of "The Epic of Hades" and "Gwen." 16mo, pp. 152. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

variations, of classic mythological fable, but deals with, and robes in the atmosphere of the present, realities that are co-existent with the race of man in every age and clime, and in every class and condition. The poem is an ode on human life; and in order to overcome the objection which lies against a long poem in this form of English verse, the poet has constructed it upon a continuous plan, dividing it into minor odes, each of which is distinct from the other, each mirroring some permanent and universal phase or condition of human life, and each contributing to the consecutive development of the general idea that pervades the poem as a whole. These minor odes have a logical as well as a natural coherence. Beginning with creation, they celebrate life from its first appearance as a germ "when life and time began," and follow it through infancy, through boyhood and girlhood, through early manhood and maidenhood, through the more perfect years of fatherhood and motherhood, through the autumnal days of age, and through the wintry hours of decline, down to the "cold threshold of death," which, however, is no death, "but only change forever." Besides these odes on the regular stages of human life, there are others in the nature of episodes or interludes, which commemorate certain attendant states and conditions which are in a peculiar manner incidental to each successive stage, and are their natural complement or fulfillment. For instance, one is on love, the sequence and complement of young manhood and maidenhood; another is on labor, the cheerfully endured and chastening penalty of fatherhood and motherhood; another on rest, the sweet reward of labor; and others on good and evil, the inevitable heritage of all. The odes, in both kinds, are separate poems of various degrees of excellence, the least poetic being the opening one on "Creation." This is merely an ingenious condensation of the scientific theory of the advent of organic life upon the earth, and an equally ingenious investiture of the dry and unpoetical terminology of science in the garments of smoothly flowing rhyme. Those on infancy, on boyhood and girlhood, and on young manhood and maidenhood, are delightful conceptions, full of tenderness, and abounding in subtle touches of gladsome fancy. Those on the later stages of life—fatherhood, motherhood, old age, and decline—are in a vein of calm and lofty Christian philosophy, and convey impressive lessons of contentment and resignation in verse of quiet dignity and exquisite melody.

In an able work, entitled *The Brain as an Organ of Mind*,[7] Dr. Bastian, of University College, London, traces the gradual development of the nervous system, from its earliest manifestations in the lowest invertebrates up through the vertebrate series, as a preparation for the study of the brain of man. Guided by the most recent researches of others, as well as by his own discoveries, he describes with scientific accuracy and clearness the different parts of man's nervous organization, and especially of his brain; and then discusses their functions in relation to sensation, intellect, emotion, and volition. The chapters on the Origin of Instinct, on Nascent Reason, on the Mental Capacities of the Higher Brutes, and on the size and weight of the human brain, are particularly interesting and instructive. Nor does he fail to treat fairly the old phrenology, while marking out the boundaries of a new system. And just here emerges the distinctive and original part of Dr. Bastian's work. He holds neither with Gall and Spurzheim to the localization of the mental faculties in topographically separate areas of the brain, nor with Flourens to the theory that the cerebral lobes act as a unit in making different mental manifestations, but rather with Dr. Brown-Séquard that the mental faculties are associated with distinct cell and fibre mechanisms existing in a more or less diffuse and mutually interblended manner; that is, similar cells of gray matter engaged in producing the same kind of mental activity, instead of being closely packed together in one continuous mass, may be scattered over wide areas of the cerebral cortex, and their co-operation secured by intercellular processes. This view, though now adopted by Dr. Brown-Séquard, was, nevertheless, Dr. Bastian maintains, his own original discovery. "Simple as the notion may now seem," he says, "that we have a right to look for distinct Perceptive Centres in the cortical substance of the Hemispheres which should be in direct structural relation with their respective sensory and lower ganglia (or nuclei) in or near the Medulla, no mention of this kind of localization was up to that period [1865, when he put it forth] to be found in medical or physiological works." He gives Dr. Broadbent the credit of being the first one to indorse and extend his doctrine, and makes ample use of Ferrier's experiments; but instead of adopting Ferrier's conclusion that they prove the existence of perceptive centres limited in area and topographically distinct from one another, he argues that they support his own theory of perceptive centres which are diffuse in seat and interblended with each other. In another respect, also, Dr. Bastian's views are radical. While agreeing with Bain in the belief that the mind does not use the brain as its "instrument," and has no existence independent of the body, he proposes to identify mind not with the brain alone, but with the *entire nervous system*. "Let us," he says, "make *mind include all unconscious nerve actions* as well as those which are attended by consciousness." It need scarcely be said that this is the language of materialism, against

[7] *The Brain as an Organ of Mind.* By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D., F.R.S., etc. With One Hundred and Eighty-four Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 706. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

which our consciousness and sense of moral obligation are ever lifting up their living protest. The book abounds with deeply interesting facts in regard to brain and mind, and while designed to be popular in style, is yet thoroughly scientific in matter and reasoning. No advanced student in mental philosophy should fail to examine it.

THE republication by the Messrs. Harper of Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*[8] recalls an entry made by Sir Walter Scott in his diary in March, 1826, four years before his death, in which he gives his impressions concerning it. "I have read again," he wrote, "and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." Sir Walter's ideas of young-ladyhood must have been exceedingly vague, or else he carried his gallantry to a great extreme, since Miss Austen lived to the tolerably mature age of forty-two. His criticism of the novel, however, was as just and discriminating as it certainly was sincere, and not prompted by the mere desire to give pleasure to its author, Miss Austen having been dead nine years at the date of the entry in his diary. This fine old-fashioned tale is less highly spiced, and is perhaps more tedious, than our modern novels, but it is greatly superior to the most of them in purity and delicacy of sentiment, and in simplicity and naturalness of style. Its careful pictures of a vanished state of society and manners give it a peculiar value.

As the sub-title of Mr. Black's new novel *White Wings*[9] [10] suggests, it is the story of a love affair whose growth and culmination were assisted by the opportunities and incitements attending a yachting cruise. It is true that the love whose career is traced by Mr. Black did not originate on yacht-board, the ground having been first prepared and the seed sown on *terra firma*, at Edinburgh, where the light-hearted and vivacious as well as brave-spirited and self-denying heroine attracted the notice of the hero—a young and largely endowed physician and man of science—by her affectionate attendance upon and skillful nursing of an old family friend and servant. The seed that was sown under these propitious circumstances, which invited mutual sympathy and trust, and enabled each to discern the sterling qualities of the other, might, however, have never germinated had they been permanently separated when the occasion passed that threw them together. Fortunately, through the agency of a common friend whose sweetly imperious and loyal character is delineated with admirable grace and spirit, and whom the reader comes to regard with affectionate familiarity, although the author leaves her strictly impersonal, the twain are brought together again on the beautiful yacht of their friend and hostess, and in the course of its pleasant voyagings among the islands of the Scottish seas the sunshine of close comradeship, and the genial atmosphere of kindred tastes, sympathies, and ideals, warm the chance-sown seed into life, and ripen it into the beautiful flower of perfected love. Mr. Black's pictures of sea scenes and happenings, and especially those depicting the varying effects of color produced on sea and sky by atmospheric changes and alternations of light and shade, fully maintain his reputation for descriptive power. Without being in the least sensational, the love story, around which the incidents of the tale revolve, is sufficiently varied, and its mutations are striking enough to engage the interest of the reader without making any great demands upon his sensibilities. The character of one of the actors who figures prominently in the story—that of the Laird of Denny-mains—has been felicitously drawn by Mr. Black. Denny-mains is of the same type as Monkbarns, in Scott's *Antiquary;* less acid and crusty than his testy old prototype, but equally original, equally prone to exhibitions of dry humor, equally addicted to hobbies which he rides in season and out of season, equally gifted with practical good sense in ordinary affairs, and as lavishly endowed with sterling qualities of mind and heart.

MR. ALDRICH'S *Stillwater Tragedy*[11] is a cleverly told story, whose chief ingredients are a mysterious murder and a factory strike. The incidents and actors are such as are common in such cases, but are made very attractive by the skill with which they are made to enter into new combinations. In point of taste the story is faultless. It is absolutely free from sensational clap-trap, it is sweet and pure in its tone, and its descriptions of still-life and of rural sights and sounds are such only as could proceed from the pen of a poet who has listened to the language of Nature, and held intimate communion with her visible forms.

A CERTAIN interest attaches to anything written by Charles Dickens, independent of its intrinsic merit, and simply as a literary curiosity, or as a means of tracing the stages of

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[8] *Pride and Prejudice.* A Novel. By JANE AUSTEN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *White Wings.* A Yachting Romance. By WILLIAM BLACK. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 362. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 67. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Stillwater Tragedy.* By T. B. ALDRICH. 12mo, pp. 324. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

his literary development. These latter considerations are the sole excuse for the republication of a series of sketches, entitled *The Mudfog Papers*,[12] [13] contributed by Dickens, very early in his career, to *Bentley's Miscellany*, and from which they have now been exhumed by Mr. George Bentley. Under much wearisome verbiage and tedious extravagance we have in these early sketches occasional glimpses of Dickens's ingenuity as a word or phrase monger, some suggestions of his odd, genial, half-sportive, half-satirical humor, some hints of the activity of his perceptive powers, and of his faculty for description. But, after all is said, it must be confessed that they are very poor performances, and if written by an unknown author would hardly be thought worth reading.

THREE manuals, highly deserving of commendation for the modesty of their pretensions and the thoroughness of their performance, have been published by Messrs. Clarke and Co., of Cincinnati, intended for the instruction and assistance of students and amateurs in as many branches of art, namely, Pottery Decoration, Modelling in Clay, and Charcoal Drawing. The one on the subject first named is a practical manual of under-glaze painting,[14] by Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, who claims to have discovered the method of painting the celebrated Limoges faience, and in a convenient little volume gives the details of the process, together with instructions in modelling upon pottery, in incising and carving in clay, in painting upon the biscuit, in the colors needed in the art, and in such elementary matters as are necessary for an understanding of the subject. The work is noteworthy for the clearness, preciseness, and simplicity of its directions.—The second is a manual of *Instructions in the Art of Modelling in Clay*,[15] by A. L. Vago, relating principally to the modelling of the human figure, and prescribing simple directions for every step in the work. Mr. Vago's lessons are supplemented by a practical elementary treatise on modelling foliage for plaques and vases, and for architectural decorations, by Mr. Benn Pitman, of the Cincinnati School of Design.—The third of these useful manuals is a treatise on *Charcoal Drawing*,[16] by Karl Robert, in which the author enters minutely into the simplest details of the art, and gives clear instructions as to materials, accessories, and methods. These instructions are followed by practical lessons, in application of them, on landscape studies after Allongé.

SOME years ago Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated African traveller and explorer, wrote a story combining fiction with facts, which he dedicated as a Christmas offering to boys. In the form in which it was originally published it was out of the reach of young readers with very slender purses, and we are glad to see that it has now been reprinted by the Messrs. Harper in their popular "Franklin Square Library," so as to be accessible to boys and girls of the humblest means. The title of the story, *Cast Up by the Sea*,[17] is suggested by a shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall, England, by which the hero is washed ashore when an infant, and is saved by a fisherman, who was also a daring smuggler, and in whose family he was reared. After the lad has grown nearly to manhood he is pressed into the British navy, where his intelligence and courage win recognition, and afterward he is shipwrecked with a faithful negro companion whose life he had saved at an earlier day, and they undergo many harsh experiences, their adventures carrying them into various unexplored parts of Africa, and subjecting them to many extremities, which are related with great spirit. Other actors in the story are involved in stirring incidents by sea and land, and the tale abounds in matter admirably calculated to conciliate the taste of young readers, while it adds to their stock of information.

THE agreeable chronicler of the doings and sayings of the Bodley family has added another capital volume to his excellent series, entitled *Mr. Bodley Abroad*,[18] which will give unmixed pleasure to the intelligent boys and girls who are sure to become its readers, in all save the announcement that it is the final volume of the series. Like the former volumes, it is a record of home chat, home diversions and occupations, diversified with sparkling records of travel, and the instructive reflections and observations suggested by them. While the Bodley family remain at home, and interest themselves with home pleasures or with visiting historic places in New England, the father of this wide-awake household goes to Europe, and from there writes letters home describing his visits to interesting or remarkable places—letters telling about Scotland and Abbotsford, the Low Countries and its ancient and modern celebrities, Switzerland and the Alps, Geneva and Bonnivard—which are the occasion of great delight and many suggestive

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[12] *The Mudfog Papers.* By CHARLES DICKENS. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 249. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[13] The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 16. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Pottery Decoration Under the Glaze.* By M. LOUISE MCLAUGHLIN. Sq. 8vo, pp. 95. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.

[15] *Instructions in the Art of Modelling in Clay.* By A. L. VAGO. With an Appendix on Modelling Foliage. By BENN PITMAN. Sq. 8vo, pp. 72. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.

[16] *Charcoal Drawing Without a Master.* A Complete Practical Treatise on Landscape Drawing in Charcoal. With Lessons and Studies after Allongé. By KARL ROBERT. 8vo, pp. 112. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.

[17] *Cast Up by the Sea.* By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Mr. Bodley Abroad.* With Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, pp. 210. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

talks to his family. Mr. Bodley returns home for Thanksgiving-day, and enhances the pleasures of that joyous season by further stories of Europe. The children also contribute their share to the general fund of enjoyment by rehearsing their own journeyings and adventures; and in this way both Europe and America appear in equal proportions. The book is finely illustrated, and, like its predecessors, is luxuriously printed on a broad tinted page, in large clear type suitable for either very young or very old eyes.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of September.—State elections were held as follows: Arkansas, September 6, Democratic majority of 60,000; repudiation amendment defeated. Vermont, September 7, Republican majority of 25,000. Maine, September 13; returns appear to show a small plurality for the Fusion candidate.

State Conventions were held and nominations were made during the month as follows: Texas Republican, Galveston, August 25, E. J. Davis for Governor and A. Siemering for Lieutenant-Governor; Iowa Republican, Des Moines, August 25, J. A. T. Hall for Secretary of State; Colorado Republican, Leadville, August 26, Governor Pitkin renominated, and George B. Robinson nominated for Lieutenant-Governor; New Jersey Democratic, Trenton, September 1, George C. Ludlow for Governor; Massachusetts Democratic, Worcester, September 1, Charles P. Thompson for Governor and Alpha E. Thompson for Lieutenant-Governor; New Jersey Prohibitionist, Trenton, September 1, S. B. Ransom for Governor; Iowa Democratic, Des Moines, September 2, A. B. Keith for Secretary of State; Nebraska Republican, Lincoln, September 2, leading officers renominated; Delaware Republican, Dover, September 2, John W. Houston for Congressman; Kansas Republican, Topeka, September 2, Governor St. John renominated, and S. W. Finney nominated for Lieutenant-Governor; Georgia Republican, Atlanta, September 7, declaring inexpedient to nominate State officers; Massachusetts Prohibition, Worcester, September 8, Charles Almy for Governor and T. K. Earle for Lieutenant-Governor; Massachusetts Republican, Worcester, September 15, Governor Long and Lieutenant-Governor Weston renominated; New Hampshire Democratic, Concord, September 15, Frank Jones for Governor; Missouri Republican, St. Louis, September 15, Colonel D. P. Dyer for Governor and Milo Blair for Lieutenant-Governor; New Hampshire Prohibition, Concord, September 16, George D. Dodge for Governor; Massachusetts Greenback, Worcester, September 22, General H. B. Sargent for Governor and George Dutton for Lieutenant-Governor.

A divergence of views between the French Premier and his colleagues relative to the application of the religious decrees led to the resignation of M. De Freycinet, September 19. Three days later a new cabinet was announced, under the leadership of M. Jules Ferry.

The British Parliament was prorogued September 7 until November 24.—The Hares and Rabbits Bill passed both Houses; the Irish Constabulary Bill passed the House of Commons; the Employers' Liability Bill passed the House of Lords September 3, as recommended by the House of Commons; the Burials Bill passed the House of Lords the same day, and the bill for the registration of voters in Ireland was negatived by the House of Lords September 1.

The British forces in Afghanistan, under command of General Roberts, attacked and completely routed the army of Ayoob Khan near Candahar, September 1, and entered the city the same day.

DISASTERS.

August 18.—Hurricane in the island of Jamaica, wrecking forty vessels in the harbor of Kingston, and destroying many houses.

August 29.—Steamer *Marine City* burned on Lake Huron, two miles off Alcona. Ten lives lost, probably more.

August 29.—Steam-ship *City of Vera Cruz*, of the Mexican Line, foundered in a cyclone off the Florida coast. Sixty-eight lives lost.

September 3.—Explosion of a floating tank containing 1000 tons of kerosene at Tsaritsin, on the Volga. Thirty persons killed.

September 8.—Explosion at the Seaham Colliery, ten miles from Durham, England. One hundred and sixty-four lives lost.

September 19.—News of steamer *Aurora*, bound from Oporto for Southampton, foundering at sea. Fifty persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

August 29.—In New York city, Sanford R. Gifford, artist, aged fifty-seven years.

August 30.—At Orange Mountain, New Jersey, Rev. Dr. William Adams, President of the Union Theological Seminary, and for many years pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in this city, aged seventy-three years.

September 11.—At Saratoga, New York, Marshall O. Roberts, aged sixty-eight years.

September 18.—In England, Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Edward Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, aged eighty-four years.

September 19.—At Norwich, Connecticut, ex-Senator Lafayette S. Foster, LL.D., President *pro tem.* of the Senate and acting Vice-President of the United States in 1865–67, aged seventy-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME managed to get to the Oberammergau *Passion Play*. Some did not. The Drawer did. Taking a fearfully and wonderfully made trap at Murnau, the railway terminus, we were rolled over a well-made road some fourteen miles, until we reached Underammergau, a small village three miles this side of Oberammergau. While stopping to water the horses a portly person emerged from a little wayside inn, and asked if we were going to Gaze's Hotel, and had rooms engaged. If these had not been previously secured, it was useless to go on, as not a room or cot was to be had for any outlay of affection or ready cash. The portly person added that there were eight beds disengaged in his house, which was a branch of Gaze's. The Drawer took one, but determined to go on to Oberammergau, and obtain, if possible, a reserved seat for the play. "No use," said the portly person; "all taken two weeks ago."

"I'll try," meekly responded the Drawer.

"Well, wait a moment," said he, in very imperfect English, "and you can ride with me, as I have to go up to get two places that have been reserved for Prince W——, who is in the house."

We were soon *en route*. The seat question was now the problem, its solution important. The Drawer was slightly perplexed, but soon soared to the occasion. Taking from his pocket a certain formidable official letter of introduction, he showed it to the portly aforesaid, and explained to him that it was a document of very many horse-power. The Drawer supplemented this brief oration with the frank and truly American proposition, "If you get a good seat for me, I'll give you half a sovereign." This was an unusual incentive. We reached Oberammergau, and drove to the residence of the burgomaster. While waiting to be ushered into his office the Drawer asked his guide, philosopher, and friend, in a casual, indifferent tone, "By-the-way, do you happen to know if the Elector of Hesse-Cassel has been here, or the Elector of Brandenburg?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! I'm very sorry; should so like to have met them!"

"I'll ask," said he.

"Oh, no matter; don't trouble yourself," replied the Drawer, and added, *sotto voce*, "By-the-way, when we go into the burgomaster's you may say to him that *I* am *one* of the *Electors of New York*, travelling privately, and that I would feel greatly obliged if he could give me a *good* seat."

It took. The Drawer was formally and gravely introduced as *one* of the *Electors of New York*. The good burgomaster had but eight seats left, which he had reserved for persons of distinction. One was handed politely to the Drawer. The Drawer paid the usual price for the same, executed a graceful obeisance, and emanated from the presence. Next morning at eight o'clock, when the booming of a cannon announced the commencement of the performance, the Drawer found himself in one of the very best places in the auditorium, and seated next the Prince. It's *something* to be an *Elector* of New York.

DURING the last session of the court at ——, Wisconsin, Lawyer Blank had been trying for two long hours to impress upon the minds of the jury the facts of the case. Hearing the dinner-bell, he turned to the judge and said, "Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?"

Weary and disgusted, his honor replied, "Oh, *you* keep right on, keep right on, and *we* will go to dinner."

A CURIOUS inquirer asks if any one can give the words of a Puritan hymn, one verse of which is as follows:

> My soul is but a rusty lock:
> Lord, oil it with Thy grace;
> And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,
> Until I see Thy face.

AN English admirer of *Harper* sends the following:

"Our minister, the Rev. Mr. S——, was preaching a kind of farewell sermon before leaving town for a few weeks' holiday. You may imagine our feelings when he said, in finishing up, 'I leave you my blessing, brethren, and may the Lord be with you *until I return!*'"

"On a previous occasion he had been called up in the night to visit a sick parishioner. We could hardly put the drag on a laugh when he said, 'The moon was out, the stars shone in the heavens—in fact, it was the finest night I have seen for many a day.'"

THE Rev. Mr. B——, of P——, Illinois, when preaching his farewell sermon to his people, pointed out to them the kind of preacher they should get as his successor, and having obtained such a one, urged them to keep him. He said, "You have not been given to keep your pastors long; you have never had a pastor die among you, nor do I think you ever will, unless he should be struck by lightning while on the wing."

SCENE in a magistrate's court at Anderson, West Virginia, September, 1880:

Aunt Peggy Clemens (colored) called for the defense.

THE COURT. "Aunt Peggy, tell us, from what you know of ——'s character, would you believe her under oath?"

AUNT PEGGY. "No, sah, I wouldn't. You

see, I hain't ben ter her house for more'n three years. I hain't got nothin' agin her, but I doesn't go ter her house. Some one dug fishin' worms, you know, an' she said I done it, an' tied 'em in a rag, an' put 'em on her gate pos' ter 'witch her, an' she said dat jes as she come ter de do' I tuck wings an' flewed off like a buzzard. No, sah, I ain't believin' 'er oaf, *an' I didn't flew, nuther.*"

A CANDIDATE for the office of County Clerk in Oregon issues a handbill to the public, in which he says:

"I present myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk for the following reasons:

"1. I can conscientiously claim to possess the requisite qualifications—honesty and capacity.

"2. Having been a consistent server of my fellow-men, not through a term of office, but through a lifetime, I am entitled to expect a helping hand in my time of need. That time has arrived.

"Lastly. This is my '*dig for the woodchuck—am out of meat.*'"

HERE is a case of a little five-year-old Flushing boy, whose mother commonly soothes his feelings and rouses his courage by saying, "Try to bear it like a man." Lately the next older brother returned from the post-office with the remark, "Mamma, the postmaster says I look just like you." Thinking that this was some sort of an affliction, the five-year-old exclaimed, with encouraging emphasis, "Try to bear it, Louis—try to bear it like a man."

A FRIEND in the Pension Office at Washington is so kind as to send us the following verbatim copy of a petition to the Commissioner of Pensions, asking for a pension:

to Commissioner of Pentions Washington D. C.

these many years ive tried in vain
an honest Pention to obtain
For wound received in Sixty one
at first battle of Bull Run
one of ohioes sons so brave
who went to the front the union to save
And whilst Engaged in above said fight
a rebel Shell took half my sight
Not content by taking an Eye
this treacherous shell in Passing by
took my Eye Brow Clear of the bone
and Left me as unconcious as a stone
burning a blister of Crystal Clear
from the jaw bone to the Ear
but thanks to god my Life was spared
Cheek and Eye brow but sLitly Scared
and one Eye was Left to me
for to wright and Read Poetre
I hope with that Eye to see the day
when unkel Sam his Cripples will Pay.

H. V. C,
gordon, Ohio.

A BAPTIST clergyman is responsible for the following:

A good brother was visiting at the house of a friend whose wife was very deaf. The morning after his arrival they read a portion of Scripture, followed with prayers, when the visitor went with his host to the barn. When they returned to the house, the deaf wife was still on her knees. Her husband immediately went to her and shouted in her ear, "Amen!" Upon hearing that, she arose and went about her household duties.

BORROWED BOOKS.—H. E. complains sadly, in a Rotherham paper (England), of the habit of friends borrowing books and never returning them. He writes:

"I am myself minus several which have been lent at various times to friends some considerable time ago, and I should be glad to have these back in their places on my shelves. It is with a view of keeping the subject before the notice of those to whom it may concern that I trouble you with these lines. Sir Walter Scott once lent a book to a friend, and as he gave it to him, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding, good-humoredly, 'Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers.' In conclusion, I beg to give the following extract from some poet's witty verses, entitled, 'The Art of Book-keeping':

"I of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.
They've picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.
They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne."

IN one of our Northern New England towns there lived, some years since, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, of gentlemanly address, and possessed more than one illustrious patronymic in his own person. He had a good wife, though inferior to him in mental ability and attainments. She had a sister living in a neighboring town, who had been seriously ill for some time. The husband of the former went one day and visited her. On his return home his wife inquired how he found her. He replied, "She is convalescent." Immediately, in the most emphatic manner, she says, "George W——, tell me whether my sister is dead or alive!"

THERE is in Michigan an organization of ministers known as the Saginaw Valley Ministerial Association, which meets on the first Monday of each month. Recently this body met at the Frazer House, Bay City, and after several hours of literary and theological work, dined together. The next day another organ-

ization, the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, was to hold its annual meeting at the same place. A lady, having the latter in mind, but not the exact date of their meeting, and so mistaking the Revs. for the men of the rod and the rifle, after observing them attentively from another table, and remarking upon the generally intelligent and manly appearance of the company, sorrowfully added to her husband, "*But what a pity it is that they will drink so much!*"

THE rabbi teacher of a Sabbath-school in Washington was very anxious to secure a full attendance of his confirmation class on the then approaching *Shebout* (Pentecost) festival, and requested that none be absent without good and sufficient cause. After the holiday the rabbi accosted a bright black-eyed little "daughter of Judah" with the inquiry, "Why were you not in synagogue yesterday?"

After twisting in her mouth for some moments the end of a dubiously clean apology for a pocket-handkerchief, Rebecca, with downcast look, replied, "Because my hat was not clean, sir."

"Not clean?" said the rabbi, somewhat sternly. "Don't you know that God cares not for outward appearances? that He looks to that which is of infinitely more importance, that which is within?"

"But," quickly interrupted the seven-year-old matron, as a perfect solution of the difficulty, "*the lining was dirty too.*"

And that settled the controversy without further argument.

THE following, from a little six-year-old girl in Kansas City, Missouri, aptly shows the logic of an infantile mind. Looking up from her play one day, she said to her mother,

"Adam wrote, 'Jesus loves even me,' didn't he?"

"Why, no, Mamie. What made you think so?"

"Why, he says *Eve 'n'* [Eve and] me that Jesus loves, and I thought it must be Adam who wrote it."

AN Ithaca correspondent says:

"When a lad I was walking one day with my father in the quiet streets of Burlington, New Jersey, when we met the late Bishop Doane. The intense heat of the weather was the engrossing topic, and the natural question was asked, 'Well, bishop, how many more dog-days are we to have?'"

"With the faintest twinkle came the quiet reply: 'I don't know; they say that *every dog* has his day. I'm afraid we'll have a good many.'"

NUMEROUS are the anecdotes of the late Father Taylor, of the Boston Seamen's Bethel. A prayer-meeting had been prolonged one evening beyond the usual hour of closing, and Father T. had been pretty well warmed up. Just then a few restless spirits in the rear of the audience took occasion to leave. The old man rose, and swinging his arm in his peculiar way, shouted out, "That's right, brethren; the tide's rising, the drift-wood is beginning to float!"

THE MUSICAL BOY.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

It is a ruthless, toothless wight
  Who dwells beside a wall,
And spends his time in singing songs
  As loud as he can bawl,
And casting stones at passengers
  Who may neglect to call.

The knave deals out inflated corn
  And other fluffy things,
Gum-balls and miscellaneous pies,
  And doughnuts shaped like rings;
The pea-nut branch he also plies,
  As all day long he sings.

O urchin rude, of manners crude,
  Of unangelic voice,
Pray tell me true, young ruffian, do,
  If thus you live from choice,
Or if in your unhallowed ways
  You really *don't* rejoice.

Your wares are insalubrious,
  Your carols are the same,
Your bold career is fraught with fear,
  Your traffic one of shame—
A dark, mysterious, dreadful trade,
  A deed without a name.

Boy, cease your harmful, dreary notes,
  And fling your goods away;
Go get you to New Zealand, or
  Some cove in Baffin's Bay:
Expenses out (but no return)
  Myself will gladly pay.

The rogue looks up with knowing leer,
  And bids me not repine,
Then aims a missile at my head,
  With phrase that's not divine,
And croaks a still more dismal song—
  The words, alas! are *mine!*

SOON after the close of the last war Captain X was appointed a justice of the peace in a country place not far from Raleigh, North Carolina.

His father had been a planter in a rather small way, and his son the captain had acquired considerable experience in the business of managing real estate, drawing up deeds, etc., during the father's lifetime, and then in settling the estate after his decease. Further than this he had no legal knowledge, and, indeed, his entire stock of "book-learning" was small and poorly selected, but any lack in general information was fully made up, for his uses, by self-assertion. Late one afternoon, as he was riding home from Raleigh, he met a young woman and two men, who hailed him and inquired if he was Captain X. The young woman and one of the men wished to be married at once. The other had come as a witness. They had procured the necessary

license, but an irate father was on their path, and swore that they should never be married. It was considered on all accounts safest to have the ceremony performed without delay, and try pacification afterward.

Now the captain had never witnessed a marriage, and naturally had no very clear idea of what was usual in such cases. He remembered having seen a book about the house years before with a form for marriage in it, but what the book was and where it was he could not remember.

"Why," said he, when he told the story afterward, "I knew the 'Postles' Creed and Commandments, and at first I thought I'd use 'em to begin on, but then I reckoned, on the whole, they was too durned solemn."

He asked the couple to come to his house, secretly hoping that he could find that book; but they declined, for the reason that the matter admitted of no delay.

A less assured man would have been sorely perplexed, but not he. He lost no time in removing his hat, and remarked, "Hats off in the presence of the court." All being uncovered, he said, "I'll swear you in fust off. Hold up yer right hands."

"Me too?" asked the friend of the groom.

"Of course," said the captain, "all witnesses must be sworn. You and each of you solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, th' 'ole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, s'elp you God. You, John Marvin, do solemnly swear that to the best of your knowledge an' belief you take this yer woman ter have an' ter hold for yerself, yer heirs, exekyerters, administrators, and assigns, for your an' their use an' behoof forever?"

"I do," answered the groom.

"You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man for yer husband, ter hev an' ter hold forever; and you do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee-simple, are free from all incumbrance, and hev good right to sell, bargain, and convey to the said grantee yerself, yer heirs, administrators, and assigns?"

"I do," said the bride, rather doubtfully.

"Well, John," said the captain, "that 'll be about a dollar 'n' fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the other.

"Not by a durned sight ye ain't," quoth the captain, with emphasis; "but *the fee comes in here.*" After some fumbling it was produced and handed to the "Court," who examined it to make sure that it was all right, and then pocketed it, and continued: "Know all men by these presents, that I, Captain X, of Raleigh, North Carolina, being in good health and of sound and disposin' mind, in consideration of a dollar 'n' fifty cents to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do and by these presents have declared you man and wife during good behavior, and until otherwise ordered by the court."

The men put on their hats again, the young couple, after shaking their benefactor's hand, went on to meet their destiny and the irate father, while the captain rode home richer in experience.

A CORRESPONDENT at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, informs us that the Legislature of Kentucky, at a recent session, repealed the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps. An effort for the repeal was made last year, but was defeated by the pathetic appeal of a mountain county member, who said: "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents of the benefit of the preach-ed Gospel? Presbyterians is too high-minded for poor people, and there ain't water enough there for Baptists. Once a 'Piscopalian came up, but there wa'n't nobody to scotch for him, and he never came again. So we are all Methodists. Now our preachers won't come without chickens. We can't raise chickens except we kill the foxes, and it ain't worth anybody's while to hunt them for nothing. So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law, you deprive my constituents of the benefit of the preach-ed Gospel."

OUR Kentucky correspondent adds the following:

"During the war my father wrote that he had sent me a runlet of fine brandy. Not having received it, I sent to the stage-driver for information, who replied that being overloaded, he had divided the baggage, and put part in an extra wagon which was coming along. So I sent for the negro wagoner, and asked,

"'Presley, where is the runlet of brandy you brought down in your wagon?'

"Presley answered, 'Miss Mary, I declar', madam, it worked and busted.'

"The explanation was, of course, *perfectly* satisfactory, and Presley departed with the air of a man who had done his whole duty."

ANOTHER from Kentucky:

"Hard-shell Baptists are not yet extinct in Kentucky, though their ministrations are confined chiefly to the rural districts. Last summer a friend of mine, a Presbyterian elder, finding himself in the neighborhood of a Baptist meeting, went to hear old Brother N—— preach. My friend, though a handsome, 'personable' man, has not much more hair on his head than there is on a billiard ball. In the course of the sermon the preacher said: 'My brethren, ef it's intended a man shall be saved, he'll come in in spite of himself. Yes, he'll come in ef he's got to be dragged in by the ha'r of his head; but that old brother thar [pointing to my friend] will have to be brought in some other way, for he ain't got no ha'r to hold by.' Imagine my modest friend's feelings, especially as the preacher's sharp way of putting the thing had brought a general smile over the faces of the congregation."

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